

Mexico Not Expelling Bolsheviks and Exiles

By Linn A. E. Gale.

Mexico City.—Despite the fact that the New York Times correspondent here proposed to General Obregon the extradition of all American political exiles back to the United States, and despite a steady stream of lying reports sent out by newspaper men here, nothing of the kind has been done.

There are several radicals in the administration who declare emphatically that while Obregon did not care to flatly refuse extradition, he has no intention of granting the request. Others who make no pretense of radicalism, however, say the same thing. The general impression is that the government wants to play "safe" with both the capitalists and the radicals, and will do nothing aggressive to anger either side, on the theory that it can then jump on the bandwagon of the winners at any time that international conditions seem to warrant it. A sort of "progressive liberalism" will, therefore, be in vogue for the present. While it will mean scant amelioration of the condition of the masses, neither will it mean any persecution of them or of labor organizations,—not yet, anyway. Workers say this is all they ask just now. They do not want to try to set up Soviets yet—they are not well enough organized. But in a year or so, if they are left alone and permitted to construct a powerful industrial movement thru the Mexican I. W. W., they will be in a position to wrest power from the bourgeoisie.

A great hullabaloo was recently made in certain newspaper articles emanating from Mexico City, in which it was stated that four Russian Bolsheviks had been jailed and would be deported. As a matter of fact, the four were not Bolsheviks but merely youths who fled from Poland and eventually found their way to America. Reaching Mexico they unwisely went to the Russian "consul" who is a hold-over from the czar's regime and not only without any authority to represent the Soviet government, but actually a treacherous scoundrel who works hand-in-hand with the American embassy. With characteristic perfidy, the "consul" had the lads arrested on a trumped-up charge and they were held a few days in the local police station. It is probable that the consul's real object was to bleed them for money as this is his customary mode of procedure. He has frequently sold fake Russian passports and then tipped off the American authorities so they could catch the unfortunate purchasers in Havana or elsewhere after they left Mexico. In any event, when the truth concerning the affair was brot to the attention of the officials, the boys were released.

Most dependable of all the information as to the government's probable attitude toward slackers, is the statement made by President De la Huerta to one of the members of the Chamber of Deputies. A Hindu who escaped the wrath of the British government a couple of years ago by fleeing to Mexico, received a notice to appear before an official in the attorney general's department and was astonished to note that his real name appeared on the summons. He had been using an assumed name during his stay here, as a protection against possible attempts of the British government to "get" him, and his real name was known to very few persons. Answering the summons, he was questioned by a clerk in the office in question, asked if he was a Bolshevik and interrogated regarding his activities here, then allowed to go without being advised of the purpose of the inquiry or the probable result. A Deputy who had an appointment to see the President, was asked to look into the matter and accordingly took it up with De la Huerta who unhesitatingly and emphatically responded that any such procedure was entirely unauthorized and that the government would not expel anybody, regardless of his political or economic beliefs. He added that evidently one of the government clerks was trying to scare the Hindu in question and hold him up for such money, and that the matter would be probed thoroughly.

Meanwhile, the newly organized Mexican I. W. W. is going ahead with an extensive work of organization, as also is the Communist Party.

The Bolsheviks and "slackers" are still alive and doing well in Mexico. Also they cannot read the future, they are not fearful about it.

As a rule the Mexicans, even the anti-Socialists, are rarely inclined to obey the dictates of foreign capitalists or their governments. They have felt the iron heel too often. It is doubtful if Wall Street will ever be able to exact extradition from any government of native Mexicans but if it ever should succeed in seating a government that would obey it in this regard, the political exiles here are hopeful that the Mexican Social Revolution will be so near at hand that

The White Terror in Hungary

— By Ernest Lorsy, —
II.

The visit of our Italian comrades was remarkable in more than one respect, I had the opportunity to question them thoroughly after their return to Vienna about their impression and intentions. I found them deeply moved by what they had seen and determined to do all they could to secure to the Hungarian workers the assistance of the workers in other lands in fighting against their tortures. The Italian Delegates took the Hungarian Premier to task about some of the cases selected from the gigantic mass of documentary evidence which has been collected. The premier gave them evasive, embarrassed stammering answers. They wanted to visit these cellars of Budapest hotels, where the innocent victims of officer-terrorist troops are daily ill treated and killed by choice tortures, but the prime minister declared it was beyond his power to authorize the entrance into these military torture-chambers.

The Italian delegates further asked for an explanation of the death sentences that had been passed and executed on a number of communists by the exceptional courts not formed according to law. This has been promised but not fulfilled. The verdicts in question are shocking and may compete with the worst judicial murders known in the criminal history of nations.

The delegates wanted to see Keeskemet, one of the towns where the officers of the terror-troops dragged out of prison several hundreds of perfectly innocent workers (here their number was 397), who were imprisoned without warrant in the prison of the lawcourt, tortured, castrated and finally killed. They were not allowed to do so. They wanted to talk, in the prisons of Budapest, to the former People's Commissioners, awaiting trial. They got permission to do so, but then the minister of justice was disavowed and the permission to visit the prisons revoked. No information could be given by Hungarian authorities to the Italian delegates as to the whereabouts of numberless murdered persons; they simply insisted that they never heard these names.

Of course Della Seta and Vella wished to visit the numerous confinement camps, where the relatives of the imprisoned or murdered socialists as well as person of socialist or in any way radical convictions together with small profiteers—the big ones are free and highly honored—are kept imprisoned and slowly starved to death. Against these prisoners not even the Hungarian attorney general had been able to find the slightest pretext for any kind of indictment.

Out of the twelve large confinement camps the one next to Budapest, Hajmasker, was fixed up in state for the occasion and was to be shown to the Italians. Previous to that long expected visit things there may have resembled the bustle in a barrack right before the visit of the general in command. Great masses of food, chiefly flour bags, had been heaped up to give the impression how well the interned were provided for. These flour bags had arrived in motor-cars from Budapest on the eve of the Italian visit.

The two delegates asked the interned how they were treated. Their faces betrayed that they yearned to speak but just as much they dreaded the issue if they did. At last a man stepped forth and volunteered the following:

The prisoners did not dare to talk because last time, when they had answered the question of a British Red Cross Mission, they received 50 strikes each. None of them knew why they were there, none of them had yet been tried. Food was miserable, scarce, irregular and disgusting. They were starving. They were regularly flogged by the guards, mostly with the flat of the swords, sometimes with sticks, with rubber batons, with dog's whips, with leather straps, with iron-braced pickets and sometimes with the palm of the hand. They were tried to a stake as a punishment. The man showed the Italians the stakes which were used for this purpose.

The Italians discovered two scourges studded with lead and a "nagaika", which had been forgotten there by the guards in their hurry. The other interned prisoners corroborated these statements. Among them there were some old men absolutely helpless, and some pregnant women very near their time, who had been interned to take revenge for not being able to find their husbands, brothers or other relatives who had managed to escape.

The Italians tried to comfort all these poor people. This was a welcome pretext for the Hungarian authorities to set an end to this greivous visit. They had reported to them by the military reports of the Italian delegates, that the latter had tried to make communistic propaganda in Hajmasker, and forbade them the visit of any more public institutions. The delegates protested through the chief of the Italian Diplomatic Mission in Budapest against this stupidly concocted statement. As a matter of fact they had, for the sake of their mission as well for that of the interned, strictly refrained from any word that might have been misinterpreted, and had left directly after inspecting the camp.

This visit has had two sequels. The first, a sad one, happened in Hajmasker. As soon as the Italians were gone, a review was held. One of the officers inquired: "Who is the man who spoke to the Italians? The man reported himself and stepped forth. Instantly armed officers and soldiers rushed on him and knocked him down. He died of his injuries after thirty-six hours. This incident is warranted by the confession of a soldier, who, by order, had helped to ill treat this brave man and who, tortured by remorse, has since fled from the confinement camp to Vienna. This man, an absolutely reliable eye-witness, has told us a lot of other horrible details about life in Hajmasker.

The other sequel to the Hungarian sojourn of the comrades, Bella Seta and Vella happened in Italy—and probably some more are going to follow it there and, it is hoped, in other places also. The two delegates reported about their experiences in the "hell of Europe" at a meeting of the Italian Socialist Party on May 9th. They declared they were convinced that the most barbarously horrible White Terror is raging in Hungary. The Italian proletariat knows what it must do. It will appeal to the Labor Parties of all countries. It will appeal to the workers of the world to do all they can to put an end to this disease. Besides the delegates have interrogated the Italian government, in order to compel it to abandon its attitude of passive toleration towards the rule of terror in Hungary.

(To be continued.)

The British Opium Monopoly

CHICAGO—Ellen La Motte, an American nurse, has just revealed the horrors of the opium evil in a book titled "The Opium Monopoly". The book is based upon Miss La Motte's actual investigations in the Far East, and upon her study of the British Blue Books.

The opium monopoly is a British monopoly. It is spoken of as the opium monopoly in the British Blue Books. India is the source and supply of the British opium trade; and it is from India opium that the drug is supplied to the world, according to Miss La Motte. The revenue derived from opium directly in India alone nets the British government over \$15,000,000. Aside from this sum the opium sold under the Excise Department, including opium and liquors, nets the government \$50,000,000. These excise duties are collected on spirits, beer, opium and intoxicating drugs. In British pounds the figures were thus:

In 1916-17; Excise, 9,215,899 pounds sterling; opium, 3,160,005 pounds sterling; total revenue, 12,375,904 pounds sterling.

"A nation," says Miss La Motte, "that can subjugate 300,000,000 helpless people, and then turn them into drug addicts—for the sake of revenue—is a nation which commits a cold-blooded atrocity unparalleled by any atrocities committed in the rage and heat of war. The Blue Book shows no horror at these figures. Complacent approval greets the increase of 44 per cent of opium consumption, and the increase of 67 per cent in the use of other habit-forming drugs. Approval, and a shrewd appreciation of possibilities for more revenue from progressively higher rates of duty," knowing well that drug addicts will sell soul and body in order to procure their daily supply."

One outstanding fact in this study of the opium monopoly is that wherever the British flag waves over sub-

ject peoples, whether it be in India, the South Islands, or even in South America, there opium is sold, as cigarettes are sold in the United States. The British Isles are carefully guarded against opium and drugs, as are Canada, Australia, and South Africa.

Many instances are cited by Miss La Motte in substantiation of this contention. Thus she points out that Shanghai is supposed to be a Chinese city. Divided into two sections, one is under nominal Chinese control, one under foreign concessions, known as the International Settlement. Over the latter section China has no control. Although opium has been abolished in Chinese territory, in this International Settlement anyone may buy as much opium as he wishes "merely by stepping over an imaginary line, into a portion of the town where the rigid anti-opium laws of China" do not apply.

"In October, 1917, there were 87 licensed opium shops in the International Settlement. In May, 1914, there were 663. In 1907 the average monthly revenue from opium licenses, dens and shops combined, were taels 5,450. In May 1914, the revenue from licenses and opium shops alone was taels 10, 995.... At the beginning of the anti-opium campaign in 1907 there were 700 dens (for smoking) in the Native City and 1,600 in the International Settlement. The Chinese closed their dens and shops at once. In the Settlement the dens were not all closed until two years later, and the number of shops in the Settlement increased by leaps and bounds."

In 1913, the amount derived from opium license in the International Settlement amounted to taels 86,386. The Statistical Abstract Relating to British India for 1912-1913 shows the export of British opium into the Chinese Treaty Ports, over which the Chinese have no control, amounted to over \$15,000,000. This is a tremendous increase.

Evidence also clearly shows that now much of the morphia which reaches Japs for distribution in China passes through the United States. All of the drugs do not pass through the United States. Much of it remains here. The drug evil in New York City alone is

Czecho Troops Arouse Curiosity

By Joseph Corbett,

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Who pays the expenses of the 10,000 Czecho-Slovak troops who arrived here a few days ago and then passed over the lines of the Canadian Government railways to Valcartier camp, Quebec, where they are demobilizing before departing for their own land?

Even the private press of Vancouver asks this question mildly. Labor is asking it volubly and in some quarters answering it with the reply that Britain is paying the bills of the 10,000 smiling soldiers who refused to continue warfare against the Bolsheviks whom they regard as friends rather than enemies.

It is doubtful if ever before has the evidence of the international character of the war on Soviet Russia been manifested so plainly.

Blue Funnel and Dollar line boats unloaded the men here from Vladivostok. Chinese crews manned the boats. A French general still in the old land was in technical charge of the transports, the men told a Federated Press interpreter.

The soldiers wore uniforms supplied by the Japanese. Their rifles were Lee Enfields. Their knapsacks bore the letters "U. S." in large figures on a knaki background. The Canadian Government railroads speeded them to a military camp and the men themselves have Kolehak money in their possession.

"Bolshevik Good." This was the answer the average curious Vancouverite received on querying the soldiers as to their opinion of the Bolsheviks. The biggest fact that stands out in

well known. To quote again from Miss La Motte:

"The number of drug addicts in America today is fairly startling. The number is variously estimated in New York City alone as from 10,000 to 100,000. It is said that there may be 1,000,000 in the country."

She further shows that we cannot grapple with this problem if we ignore the source of supply and distribution and the reasons for immense over-production of opium on the part of the British opium monopoly.

RUMINATIONS OF A REBEL

By Tom Clifford.

Grievous necessity has at last driven the American bourgeois government to remove the trade embargo on Soviet Russia. After Great Britain had entered into a trade agreement with Russia, with the prospect of securing the cream of that country's market, continuance of the embargo spelled suicide to American manufacturers. The action was, of course, grudgingly taken, but no other course was possible. Markets must be secured at once if a widespread industrial depression is to be postponed. Signs of its approach are not wanting, and the astute big fellows in industry have insisted that their government come to their relief. It came, all right, even at the sacrifice of pride. Some of the provisions in the new policy are decidedly amusing. For instance, the declaration that "persons trading with Russia do so at their own risk" will provoke broad grins, if not hilarious merriment, among the American manufacturers. Since when did governments become so paternal as to underwrite the accounts of their citizens or subjects engaged in trade? Another declaration—"no political recognition is either granted or implied"—will doubtless be received with consternation at Petrograd. Since Russia is now an industrial government it has little consideration for the empty honor of political recognition. However, that must eventually come as a necessary concomitant of trade agreement, and any declaration to the contrary is as insincere as it is absurd. "Thus endeth the first lesson."

Every citizen of Ohio ought to be "one-stepping" about with his chest protruding like unto that of a pointer pidgeon, for hasn't the historical producer of Presidents "copped" both the Democratic and Republican candidates! Don't permit any inconsequential question of the competency of either of these "saviors" to dampen your ardor or minimize your exuberance, (much less quibble because they are handpicked for you by your masters. Either of them can be depended upon to hold aloft the banner of conservatism, and isn't that the crying need of the hour to prevent the Bolsheviks from running amuck and spreading their vicious propaganda among the happy and contented people

MARK TWAIN ON CONSTITUTIONS. You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country—not its institutions or its officeholders.

The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing. It is the thing to watch over, and care for and be loyal to. Institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease and death.

To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags, that is loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy. Let monarchy keep it!

It was from Connecticut, whose constitution declares "that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have, at all times, an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such manner as they may think expedient."

Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's

of this great and glorious democratic country! Just remember how kind and considerate were your masters in assuming the task of selecting the candidates for you, thus conserving your gray matter for the more necessary work of production in the factory, for which, through long experience, you are especially fitted. Don't allow any captious critic to poison your mind by impugning the sincerity of these splendid exponents of "one hundred per cent Americanism." In choosing either Cox or Harding you can't go wrong. Both will be loyal to the interests of your masters, and what more can you ask? They are similar links of sausage from the same bull pup. It is their business to rule and yours to work. This is the constituted arrangement for the preservation of the capitalist state, and if you are so unreasonable as to kick about it, well—then you are not a good American citizen. Sabotage!

By the way, the selection of a Roosevelt as the running mate for Cox was a little more that reflects credit on the perspicacity of the politicians. They know that there are a multitude of worshippers of the big-toothed swashbuckler, many of whom are ignorant of his demise, and will support the Democratic ticket thinking they are voting for Teddy. This statement may appear absurd, but just the same it is the gawd's truth. The politician's best asset is the ignorance of the voters.

The Allied governments are playing in hard luck. It now seems certain that the millions they expended in financing Poland's aggressive warfare against the Russian Soviet government have been wasted. The hope that the Poles would be successful is shattered by the developments of the past week. The last card has been played and still the Soviet goes marching on. From day to day the position of the bourgeoisie becomes more insecure by the increasing stability of the workers' industrial republic. On the whole, the developments up to date should be hope inspiring to the workers with vision. The sun of the new day has already appeared above the horizon and is slowly but surely climbing toward the zenith. Let us be joyful, comrades. Our dream is about to come true.

holds his peace, and does not agitate for a new suit is disloyal—he is a traitor!

That he may be the only one who thinks he sees this decay does not excuse him. It is his duty to agitate anyway, and it is the duty of others to vote him down if they do not see the matter as he does—From a Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

MOSCOW.—(By Mail)—(N. Y. Bureau)—That a grave economic crisis is threatening Europe which can only be averted by lifting the blockade against Russia is the assertion to D. Florinsky, a member of the Moscow Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, in a letter of A. Shanfield, American Charge d' Affairs, in Denmark. Florinsky was formerly a member of the Diplomatic corps under the Czar's regime, and recently offered his services to the soviet republic. He was granted an amnesty and given a position in the government.

A Dinner Pail Epic

— By Bill Lloyd —

Written for The Federated Press

Just over in the office is a fellow that I know, not so very bad a duffer, as office-workers go. But because he posts a ledger and wears a soft, white collar, he is inclined to beef around and let an awful holler, because he says that I don't know percentage from baked beans and yet have got him beaten with the paycheck in my jeans. Now goodness knows it strains my check to keep myself in hash, and I don't have to dress up swell nor out no awful dash. I don't play golf, nor run a car—the clubs are not for me—but when I have made both ends meet, there's little left to see.

If this here system hits me hard—a solar plexus blow—that duffer in the office has got precious little show. What gets my goat is simply this—I give it to you straight—it ain't my fault if his think car is twenty annums late.

If he and his gang over there just ain't got any sense, I just can't see why they should try to pull me off the fence. No matter what the bosses say, that gang will chirrup, "Yes". They're short on ideas of their own or even half a guess. They think if they read "System", work overtime, and grind, they'll leave the other feller some twenty years behind. About one in a thousand will really get the prize; the other odd nine hundred will grind on till they dies.

Of course the boss he cashes in on all that eager strife that those poor ginks stake in the game of "Getting—On in Life".

If their poor brains were not so close to the felt pads in their chairs, they'd organize and join with us. Perhaps someday they'll dare!