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CASE OF THE MEXICAN PRISONERS

Concise History of the Persecution Against the Mexican Patriots Magon, Villareal and Rivera---Manuel Sarabia Tells the Story of His Kidnaping and Escape From the Rurales and Hermosillo Penitentiary---Arizona Paper Issues Warning Appeal

For over a year, three Mexican patriots, Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, have been imprisoned in California in the Los Angeles county jail. They have been denied the right of bail, although ample bonds were offered by their friends. They have been held "incommunicado" since July 7, 1908—that is, refused the liberty of seeing or even communicating with their families or friends. Magon is seriously ill, having been attacked by a dangerous bronchial disease which will have but one end if his imprisonment continues. Two physicians have examined him and pronounce this to be the case. The other two men are worn to mere shadows of their former selves by reason of their confinement.

These three Mexicans, two of them editors and the third a college professor, never had the slightest desire to break the neutrality laws of the United States—as the Pinkerton detectives, hired by the Mexican government, assert.

It is true, that after President Porfirio Diaz destroyed the right of a free ballot throughout Mexico, the Liberty party called upon all Mexican citizens to fight for their constitutional rights if they could obtain them by no other means.

It is true, that the Organizing Junta of the Liberal party advised their compatriots in Mexico to take up arms rather than be shot down, defenseless, by the rurales of Porfirio Diaz.

It is true, that Magon, Villarreal, Rivera and all the members of the Junta have openly denounced the despotism of Mexico's president, who today rules this unhappy country solely with his troopers' carbines.

But these imprisoned patriots deny that they have at any time sought to make war upon Diaz from the territory of the United States.

Forced to flee for their lives into this country, Magon, Villarreal and Rivera are now in jail because of the strange influence possessed by President Diaz, who seems to have the power to stretch his hands across the border line and use American jails for holding Mexican patriots.

Many pages could be written upon the atrocities practiced upon Mexican working people in their country, but let these few facts suffice:

On the tobacco plantations of the Valle Nacional alone 15,000 slaves are annually purchased, under the infamous "Contract System." Three-fourths of these miserable beings die in the space of twelve months (a fact acknowledged by the overseers themselves). And the Valle Nacional is but ONE of the many deathtraps of Mexico. Conservative estimate places the annual importation of slaves upon the various Mexican plantations as not less than 125,000 souls.

For ten years the Mexican Liberal party has protested against these horrors and in reply Porfirio Diaz has caused its members to be thrown into prison, kidnaped or shot down. For attempting to publicly defend Mexican-constitutional liberty, Magon, the Liberal party's president, has served, in all, four years' imprisonment in the jails and penitentiaries of his country—and to these incarcerations must be added one year more in the Los Angeles county jail. Villarreal and Rivera have also felt the grip of Diaz, and Manuel Sarabia, another patriot member of the Junta, has just been released on bail from the Tucson jail in Arizona, after being confined for ten months. The vice-president of the Junta, Juan Sarabia, is now in the dungeon of San Juan de Ulua, where the sea water oozes through the coral rocks and drips continuously down upon him. Hundreds of Mexican patriots are today likewise confined in the various prisons of Porfirio Diaz—prisons so foul that nothing in Russia can compare with them. From the letter of a political prisoner who escaped from San Juan de Ulua the following is taken:

"The fortress of San Juan de Ulua is on an island facing Vera Cruz. The prison cells occupy the outer, or sea side. Those above the sea level are for the non-political prisoners, but the dungeons below the water are for the political enemies of Diaz.

"Thirty feet wide and forty-five feet long are about the dimensions of these larger dungeons, whose thick walls are continually dripping with water seeping through from the sea. Within them are eight hundred men living like vermin.

"The three dungeons in which we were confined were separated by iron bars, and were called, the first 'Hall of Reflection,' the second 'Gloria' and the third 'Inferno.' Thousands of parasites, common to hot, damp lands, ran over us, and the prison smell was made worse by the filth and mud upon the floor. Three small ventilators kept us from quick asphyxiation, and in every one of these holes were vile barrels of excrement, only carried away once a week, and therefore overflowing upon the floor, causing the condition of our living to be horrible beyond description.

"But Juan Sarabia is confined in even a more horrible hole called 'Purgatorio,' which is only large enough for one person, but is not long enough to permit the inmate to straighten himself out when lying down."

Such is the fate of the Mexican patriots. Fortunate are those captives who do not live to see San Juan de Ulua, but instead meet their deaths quickly from the carbines of the rurales.

THE MISSION OF THE BORDER.

President Porfirio Diaz has the most perfect secret press bureau at work in the United States. Readers of magazines will remember the large number of laudatory articles on the Mexican president that have lately appeared. The daily papers, especially in the West, are constantly printing columns of praise of the Diaz policy, even cynically declaring that the present dictatorship is a necessary evil in Mexico. The proprietors of two of the biggest dailies in the United States are large holders of Mexican lands, in Sonora and in Chihuahua.

A realization of the hopelessness of awakening the American people to the true condition of affairs without the aid of a publication, national in its circulation, has forced the friends of the imprisoned Mexicans to establish The Border Magazine. Tucson, Arizona, has been chosen as the place of publication of The Border. Close to the international line, where information can be quickly gathered, the city of Tucson has attracted not only the friends but also the enemies of the Mexican patriots. The Mexican consul at this place has already openly shown his power in the United States by methods of intimidation whereby the first set of bondsmen for Manuel Sarabia were frightened into withdrawing their support.

In order to reach the greatest number of people and hold their interest, permanently, in this great struggle for freedom now taking shape along the international line, The Border's publishers are printing a thoroughly up-to-date magazine filled with stories redolent of the West and of border life. In addition to this, two of our writers have just returned from Mexico with material of the most sensational character, facts gathered from the slave camps of the tierra caliente. Another man whose knowledge of Sonora covers many

years has in preparation articles on the enslavement and massacre of the Yaqui Indians by the Mexican government, which more than all else show the terrible cruelties commonly practiced under the Diaz regime.

One plan of The Border's must be clearly understood: This publication is not a private, money-making scheme: The Border will be owned and controlled, absolutely, by its subscribers. This co-op-

A GRAND PUBLIC PROTEST MEETING

—IN BEHALF OF THE—

Mexican Political Refugees



MOTHER JONES, "THE ANGEL OF THE MINERS," Will Speak at This Protest Meeting.

MAGON, VILLAREAL AND RIVERA, NOW IMPRISONED IN THE UNITED STATES BY REQUEST OF PORFIRIO DIAZ GOVERNMENT WILL BE HELD

Sunday, Jan. 31 at 2:30 O'Clock P. M.

—AT—
Druids Hall
Market and Ninth Streets

ADMISSION FREE! LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED.
P. S.—If you are opposed to forcing Uncle Sam into Cossack and Rurales Service for the Czar's of Russia and Mexico, it is your duty to attend this meeting. Chairman of the meeting: Comrade L. G. Pope; Speakers, Mother Mary Jones, Wm. M. Brandt, G. A. Hoehn.
HALL OPEN AT 2:30 p. m. Bring your Friends Along.

SOCIALIST PARTY OF ST. LOUIS.

RUDOWITZ IS FREE

Russia Does Not Get Her Refugee---Secretary Root Refuses to Turn Over Rudowitz, Who Was a Revolutionary.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Secretary Root refused today to grant the request of the Russian government for the extradition of Christian Rudowitz on the ground that the evidence in the case shows that the offense is a political one.

Rudowitz, whose case bears close resemblance to that of Jan Pouren, is in Chicago, where he has fought against Russia's demands. Russia asked that he be surrendered as a common criminal, but his contention that his offense was purely civil in that he was a revolutionist is upheld.

Rudowitz Is Happy.

Chicago, Jan. 26.—Christian Rudowitz shouted with glee when informed by an interpreter that Secretary of State Root had refused to surrender him to the Russian government.

"Justice still lives," he cried, "even for a friendless immigrant like me. America is indeed the home of freedom, and I shall always love her while fighting for my poor oppressed country across the water."

Friends of Rudowitz immediately prepared for a big reception for the refugee when he is freed.

Last Act in Fight.

The liberation of Rudowitz is the final act in a long fight by Russian revolutionary sympathizers and sociologists to keep him from the clutches of the Czar's agents. Root's decision is believed also here to put a definite end to the efforts of the Russian government to extradite 20,000 political refugees now in this country on charges of committing civil crimes. The Refugees' Defense League will meet in a few days to arrange for the further defense of these men.

United States Commissioner Foote, who committed Rudowitz to the custody of the State Department, expressed satisfaction with Secretary Root's decision.

Rudowitz was arrested in the United States at the request of the Russian government on the charge of murder, arson and robbery, alleged to have been committed in one of the Baltic provinces in 1904. In his defense he held that the crime was a political one, committed in connection with the Socialist labor propaganda in Russia. The case was heard at Chicago, and the testimony, consisting of over 1200 pages, was submitted to the State Department. It is on the basis of this testimony that the extradition was denied.

"They Must; or God and the Social Democracy." By Rev. Hermann Kutter. Price \$1.00. For sale at Labor Book Department.

Socialist Gains in German Municipal Elections.

... Rixdorf, Germany, Jan. 12.—The Socialists have gained a great victory here, electing six Social-Democrats out of ten seats from this place. The six seats are a clear gain, as in every instance the Liberals were replaced in the Reichstag. The successful Social-Democrats are: Franke, Hoppe, Fischer, Schuch, Rohr and Zepf-weisel. Returns from the municipal elections throughout the Black Forest and South Bavarian districts indicate great gains for the Social-Democrats everywhere. In Ebersgrund and Rheinsdorf, Socialist mayors were elected. In Schneeberg the Social-Democrats elected the entire municipal council of six. In Lichtenhain, near Jena, the entire council is now composed of Social-Democrats for the first time in the history of the commune, this election showing a clear Social-Democratic gain of five seats in the council. In Untertitzbach the elections held were for two seats in the council and the Social-Democrats gained both. Here in Munich at the judicial elections the Social-Democrats for the first time in the history of the city have succeeded in electing party members to the magistracy, two Socialists being among those chosen. The party is celebrating the victory in approved style by parades and processions.

erative plan was decided upon in order that there could be no question as to the intentions of the magazine's founders.

The details of The Border's co-operative plan, whereby it will become an actual people's magazine, will be gladly sent to anyone.

HOW I WAS KIDNAPED. Manuel Sarabia.

The kidnaping of Manuel Sarabia from the jail at Douglas, Arizona, by the orders of the Mexican Consul, Antonio Maza, caused a furor of popular indignation in southern Arizona. Public meetings were held, telegrams were sent to Washington, and finally the Mexican government was forced to release its prey. More than all else, has this kidnaping opened the eyes of Americans to the astonishing power of President Porfirio Diaz on this side of the line. Apparently, he can open and close the doors of United States jails at will, give orders to United States officials, and finally protect his secret service system now operating in this country from being punished for its misdeeds.

In Mexico, the rurales ride like Cossacks of Russia, threatening, capturing and killing all who oppose the will of their master, the Dictator.

Mexico is accustomed to a military rule that strikes in the dark and gives no reason. To be taken from one's home suddenly and without warrant, imprisoned without having committed a crime, held "incommunicado" because your political opinions differ from those of the ruling power, all this Mexican citizens expect as part of their daily life.

But in the United States, everything is different, and so, when the long arm of President Porfirio Diaz stretches across the border line into this country and kidnaps those whom he fears and hates, it is time for American citizens to be on guard. For this reason, I write the account of my kidnaping.

It began with the red-faced man, who had been watching me from the opposite side of the street, crossing and intercepting my efforts to catch the train leaving Douglas, Arizona, for El Paso. I had a letter to drop into the mail car and the locomotive was just then making a noise which meant "hurry up," so I motioned to the man that he should wait and I would return. But my strange interceptor would have none of it, and striding in front of me, attempted to catch me by the shoulder.

"I stopped, suddenly, facing him, amazed at the affront. Then he questioned me in a menacing voice:

"Can you speak English?"

I replied curtly, "Certainly—but what business have you with me?"

"You're under arrest—that's all," was his harsh answer.

This made me indignant, for I was not then in Mexico, where people are caught up suddenly by the police and hurried away to jail because of their political opinions—this was the United States, and I demanded his warrant.

"Warrant! I need no warrant for you—look at this; hold up your hands!" And drawing a big, blue-barreled revolver from his hip pocket he placed the muzzle against my breast.

All this violence on the part of a man who wore neither star nor uniform made me angry and suspicious. I refused to either hold up my hands or go with him until, finally, he caught me roughly by the shoulder and forced me along the sidewalk. I went, protesting, but what could 115 pounds do against 200? But my small frame against his great bulk still made him uneasy, and thinking that his revolver and himself needed help, my captor called to a workman in a neighboring lumber yard, to come to his assistance "in the name of the law," and between them I was soon standing before the prison door.

You can imagine how helpless I felt and how my indignation increased when the jailer, a big, black-browed fellow, said laughingly, as he turned the key of my cell door, "two millions of money couldn't get you out." And to further add to my trouble, he refused to allow me to communicate with friends, lawyer, or even tell what charges had caused my arrest. "You're to be held incommunicado, that's all," he said with a parting grin.

These two men I shall never forget. At that time they were nameless and unknown to me, but now I know them well—greetings to you, Sam Hayhurst, ranger, and Lee Thompson, jailer of the Douglas bastille.

You, my reader, have never been man-handled. And therefore you can not imagine the quick blood rushes through one's veins when the officer's hands search your pockets, piling upon the jailer's desk private papers, letters, or possibly a photograph that should be kept from all but friendly eyes. All that day I was in a fever of anger at the injustice of my arrest, and at night I lay down upon the jail floor to rest. I could not sleep. In front of my jail door was an armed guard who peered back and forth in the white glare of the electric light.

It must have been about an hour before midnight when I heard the big key grate in the cell door. Raising my head from the floor, I saw Shorpsshire, the constable of Douglas, and a stranger (whom I afterwards learned was a Pinkerton detective) standing before the grating. The constable ordered me to get up and put on my coat—I had been using it for a pillow—adding, "You're going with us."

I asked him where, but he refused to answer, and between the two men I was marched through the jail and out into the night, the cool, sweet air being like a breath from heaven as compared with the foulness of my cell.

Standing close to the curb was an object that aroused my darkest suspicions. As the two yellow lights of the big-hooded automobile shot in parallel lines down the dark street they seemed to go through me, and I shivered.

It was plain, I was to be kidnaped and hurried into Mexico by the means of this rubber-tired devil that stood puffing at the curb. For fear that you may not yet understand why a man who is not a criminal should be handled as I was being handled, let me tell you that I am a member of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal party, a political party that has dared to demand constitutional liberty, the right of free speech, a free press, and a free ballot in the Republic of Mexico. Today all that is denied the citizens of my country—denied by the carbines of the Master of the Rurales—Porfirio Diaz.

My political faith had forced me to flee for my life from Mexico and now it looked as if I was to be hurried back into that unhappy country where waiting hands were ready to clutch me the moment I should set one foot across the border line.

Although I was handcuffed, and between two professional man-handlers, I determined to struggle to the utmost before I would willingly enter that waiting automobile. Ducking suddenly from

Missouri Socialist Party

News From All Parts of the State, Reported by Otto Pauls, State Secretary, 212 South Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Demonstration for Woman Suffrage.

In harmony with the call issued by the National Office, Local St. Louis has arranged a woman suffrage demonstration and mass meeting for Feb. 28. Persistent agitation is gradually making this a live question in this country.

"Local Olivette."

For the benefit of those locals that may have received a communication purporting to be sent out by "Local Olivette," signed by J. E. Lehner, as secretary, the state secretary desires to announce that this "local" is now under investigation by the St. Louis County Committee.

The Recount in St. Louis.

In another column of this week's issue of Labor will be found a resolution adopted by Local St. Louis on the stolen Socialist vote in St. Louis. While it is easy to exaggerate the number, yet it appears that a number of Socialist ballots were not counted as they should have been.

The Weekly Bulletin.

Some local secretaries do not take notice of the matters appearing in this column each week. Each week you will find a column of state news and official business that will be of interest to your local.

St. Francois County.

The locals in St. Francois County came together on Jan. 17 and formed a county organization. Representatives were present from all locals except Doe Run and Leadwood.

McAllister in Dunklin and Stoddard.

The last dates for McAllister in Dunklin County will be Jan. 30 to Feb. 5, in and around Clarkton. He will then speak for a week in Stoddard County, around Bloomfield, Feb. 6 to 12.

Joplin Busy on Spring Election.

Local Joplin is preparing to make a strong campaign in the spring election for city officials. A city convention will be held in the near future and plans made for a vigorous fight on Socialist lines.

John W. Williams Open for Dates.

After Feb. 20, John F. Williams of West Plains will be in a position to speak for locals and Socialists in communities that desire a speaker.

Korngold Dates.

The eight days that Ralph Korngold will be with us will be apportioned about as follows: March 3, St. Louis; 4, Union; 5, Eugene in afternoon and Eldon at night; 6, Warsaw; 7, Sedalia; 8, Warrensburg; 9, Bolton; 10, Kansas City.

"Wrongs of Capitalism" Is Theme in New Magazine.

The Progressive Journal of Education for January, which is now off the press, contains the first of what promises to be a notable series of articles on economics by Professor Dight of the University of Minnesota.

Praise for Socialists.

Chicago, Jan. 11.—"No matter what we may say of the Socialists and their principles, the fact remains that they are honest and sincere in their efforts. They have never fed at the public feed pot, and I for one am in favor of giving them the most responsible positions."

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES.

Individual Instruction—2106 Lafayette Avenue. If you want to learn English, thoroughly and quickly, join Mrs. S. Woodman's private classes.

UNFAIR LIST of the American Federation of Labor

The following is the complete "Unfair List" of the American Federation of Labor. Many of the daily newspaper readers who hear so much about the "Unfair List" during these days may be anxious to know what names of firms the A. F. of L. "Unfair List" contains.

Under these circumstances it becomes the duty of the labor press to keep its readers properly informed. What are papers published for if not for giving correct information?

- It is for this reason mainly that we hereby present the "Unfair List" of the American Federation of Labor: BREAD—McKinney Bread Co., American Bakery Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Gordon & Pagel, Detroit, Mich.; The National Biscuit Co., branches throughout the country.

- Heater Co., Detroit, Mich.; Gurney Foundry Co., Toronto, Ont.; Home Stove Works, Indianapolis, Ind.; Buck Stove and Range Co., St. Louis, Mo. BAGS—Gulf Bag Co., New Orleans, La., branch Bemis Brothers, St. Louis, Mo.

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