EDITORIAL

THE BATTLE FIELD OVER MEXICO.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THERE are two kinds of battle fields—

One is the field on which blows, physical ones, are exchanged;
The other is the field on which “things are done,” without blows, physical or otherwise.

The popular belief is that only the former is a battle field. Fact is that, at least as often, especially in modern days, the latter is the battle field, inasmuch as the latter only is the field where “things are done,” the former being but an accompaniment of the latter—like the noisy thunder, which, though it does the scaring, is the non-essential, non-effective accompaniment of the effective and essential, though silent, lightning.

A body of 20,000 organized men, not counting the marines, armed with ball cartridges, massed in Texas close to the Mexican frontier—these are noisy facts that fill the ear, cause the breast to heave with fright, and set the mind agog. In view of the disturbances in Mexico, where “American and European interests are threatened,” the military move would seem to spell w-a-r, with Mexico as the stake; and would seem to portend at least one battle field of the rough-and-tumble stamp.

Quite possible that U.S. troops will cross the Mexican line; quite possible that, the line being crossed, blows will be exchanged! That is all possible, even probable. This notwithstanding, all indications point to the conclusion that the field on which physical blows are threatened to be exchanged is not the battle field over Mexico’s fate: That battle field is the green-table of Wall Street.

The outlines of four Top-Capitalist Interests are descried in this “Mexican Question.” They are hostile sets. Two are American—the Standard Oil and the Morgan Banks; two are British—the Pearson Syndicate and the Rothschild Financiers. These “forces,” with many minor ones gathered under their respective
standards, are manoeuvering, marching, countermarching, sounding one another’s weak spots, and clashing. Not a blow is struck; not a drop of blood is spilt in these encounters on and around the green-table. Yet there is where “things are being done”—and will be settled. That is the actual battle field over Mexico.

The clatter of armaments on the open field in and near Mexico, in advance of the “treaty of peace” that is to be drawn up under Wall Street roofs, is a case of inverted Nature—the rattle of thunder here precedes the flash of the lightning.