Regeneracion.

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Tolstoy And The Spirit of Revolt

This week brings the arguments in the celebrated Darrow case to a conclusion, and it would be premature to comment on them before the verdict is returned. Suffice it to say that the opening address for the prosecution contained astounding governmental claims, and that at every point peeped out the irrepressible conflict between privilege and natural right. One uses the latter term for convenience sake, ignoring the fact that both Anarchist and Socialist writers deny that such a thing exists. For my part I agree with Stirner that a right without power to enforce it is practically non-existent, but the question is one I cannot argue here. What interests me for the moment are some letters from a man almost as well known as Darrow, in which he tries to discover the way out.

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Can we get out by way of revolt? That is the question my friend debates, both as regards Mexico and the world at large. He decides against revolt, and marshalls arguments that are most powerful. Revolt is the appeal to force, and, in his opinion, the contest grows more and more unequal. Everything in the past has been in favor of the rich; everything is so today; it will be worse tomorrow. Revolt, assassination, strikes, sabotage and saving have all been tried and tried in vain, resulting only in a tightening of the chain. Governments increase in power; invention equips the wealthy with both offensive and defensive weapons which the poor cannot command; co-operative effort serves only to lift a few exceptionally stingy proletarians a few inches above the level of their brothers. If Anarchists or Nihilists threaten the powers that be it is easy to fill their organizations with spies, for the "Anarchist is a talking animal." In short, my correspondent comes to the conclusion that the one "great instrument of progress must always be the peaceful appeal to men of good will." It is Tolstoy's position, but my friend considers that "a Parliament, working along with a free press and plenty of platform speaking, is an excellent means of gradually arousing the benevolent side of human nature and bringing about changes as fast as the advance of benevolence makes them possible." Tolstoy, unless I am much mistaken, had no use whatever for politics as an educational force.

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No subject can be more interesting, for the "civilized" world today stands ready to welcome change. In fact, in my conception, modern society is like the drowning man, and I believe this accounts for the multiplicity of ridiculously ineffective straws, in the shape of remedial legislation, at which it clutches despairingly. I have no idea that discontent is confined to the workingman, the Socialist, Anarchist or I. W. W. Indeed, I consider that one of the most preposterous and injurious delusions, due to partizan fanaticism and the fact that most of us have no experiences beyond our own necessarily limited circle. I hold that, as a rule, character is a tremendous force, for the man of character will continue to be a propagandist all his life, whereas a trifling increase of well-being usually takes all the revolutionary spirit out of the characterless. In my own personal opinion the march of what we call democracy is causing us to exaggerate enormously the influence of the collectivity, and I say that it is hardly possible to find an organization in which the initiative of a few is not as the mainspring to the watch. In a word, there is much to be said for the Carlylean view, which was that "the world's wealth is its original men. To them we owe it that this is a world and not a waste."

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Here let me introduce a quotation from Tolstoy, which upholds Carlyle. In "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you" he uses this, to me, beautiful simile: "Men in their present situation are like bees that have left their hive and are hanging on a twig in a great mass. The situation of the bees on the twig is a temporary one, and absolutely must be changed. They must take flight and seek a new abode. Every bee knows that, and wishes to make an end of its own suffering condition and that of the others; but this cannot be done so long as the others do not help. But all cannot rise at once, for one hangs over another and hinders it from letting go; therefore all remain hanging. One might think that there was no way out of this situation for the bees; and really there would be none, were it not that each bee is an independent living being. But it is only needful that one bee spread its wings, rise and fly, and after it the second, the third, the tenth, the hundredth, for the immobile hanging mass to become a freely flying swarm of bees."

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Doubtless it was because that passage represented accurately his general view of life that Tolstoy hated government, for government always tries to keep the swarm together and stop the rebels from starting on their flight. If the simile is a correct one it is an unanswerable attack on orthodoxy, government and all forms of organization that compel their members to stick together. It represents a philosophy that will meet with as much opposition from Berger or Gompers as it will from Taft or any other regular party man. We need not worry our heads about that. Things do not go by what these gentlemen approve or disapprove, but by what is in accordance with the laws of life. There is, however, another passage in the same work which runs as follows: "The passage of men from one order of life to another does not take place steadily, as the sand in the hour-glass runs out, one grain after another from the first to the last, but rather as a vessel that has been sunk into water fills itself. At first the water gets in only on one side, slowly and uniformly; but then its weight makes the vessel sink, and now the thing takes in, all at once, all the water it can hold."

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That gives us another view of the social question, though one connected logically with the first. Whatever "original" men may or may not do, there is a collective evolutionary force at work which finally brings things to such a pass that the old vessel fills and we have to take another. That appears to be the position today, for it is preposterous to suppose that, in the midst of and even because of overwhelming productive power, we can go on indefinitely multiplying millionaires and paupers. Furthermore, it appears to be the case that evolution works through an immense number of forces one cannot label as belonging to any special party, organization or dogma; on a scale infinitely larger than any particular school of thought or action. Under all lies the law of struggle, which is incomparably more powerful than any human teacher or body of teachers.

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Tremendous were the denunciations of the modern philosophy of crime in which the prosecution in the Darrow case indulged, for Darrow is a noted exponent of that philosophy. I do not suppose my correspondent would class Crime among the influences that make "peaceful appeal to men of good will," yet I myself am convinced that crime is one of the world's most powerful educational agencies. I am convinced that we learn far more from our failures than from anything else, and that what applies to the individual applies to society at large. I am certain that the complacency of the vast mass of the well-to-do is proof against all the blandishments of eloquence, and that great changes do not take place until they have become imperative. It is when the struggle on the old lines has become impossible that we find ourselves compelled to think out new ones. It is when the pressure from the masses—be that pressure legal or illegal, moral or immoral—becomes unendurable that lazy human nature rouses itself to the necessity of cleaning house. It is when some one has begun to punch holes in the vessel, which begins to fill, that most of us sit up. It is when a few lawless bees take flight that the mass prepares to fly. Personally I bank much on necessity, and I believe that in our standing armies and navies, our gathering host of tramps and habitually-out-of-works, our crowded jails and lunatic asylums, etc., society is staggering under a load it will find it necessary to discard. These seem to me the really potent forces; the great facts that talk more eloquently than words; and I think that the instinct of life will accomplish ultimately what is beyond the power of any human philosophy, however logical or glowing the language in which it may express itself.

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It is the lazy season, and perhaps I have saved myself the trouble of writing a private letter. In truth, however, critical examination of such a position as that taken by my correspondent seems to me always the thing of which we stand in need. I believe most of those who talk about revolt do not believe in it, for hope tells a flattering tale and they trust that somehow things will muddle along in the future as in the past. I do not think so. It seems to me that we have passed through a Titanic revolution in our conquest of the secrets of productive power. It seems to me impossible for the revolution to stop there. It seems to me that it must run its logical course, not halting until it has rescued mankind, as a species, from want and the fear of want. It seems to me that this implies colossal changes, greater doubtless than the most revolutionary of writers has yet foreseen. Finally, it seems to me that such changes can only be brought about by the primary force of human necessity—a force infinitely more powerful than Socialist parties, labor organizations, the benevolence of the wealthy, or all of these combined. Necessity has forced the fighting in Mexico, and I believe it will be so elsewhere. Meanwhile discussion makes those it can affect more ready to accept and assist in hastening what will be ultimately the inevitable.

WM. C. OWEN.

BLEEDING BUT HAPPY.

One takes it that Dr. William F. Waugh, of Chicago, is no small potatoes, for he is dean of the Bennett Medical College and chief physician of the Jefferson Park Hospital in Chicago. The papers speak of him as one of the foremost neurologists of this country.

Dr. Waugh insists that, under our varnish of civilization, we are still cave-dwellers, and that the proper thing to do with, at least, many women is to beat them. In the current number of the "Alienist and Neurologist" he writes: "Does he pusillanimously weep and surrender his headship, sinking into her slave? Then for him she has only contempt. She is not mated yet. But if he turns on her with masculine fury, reducing her to subjection with his fists, she creeps in by his side, bleeding, disfigured and bruised, but completely happy and contented."

It is to be hoped that Dr. Waugh will not attempt to run for office in California. The Democratic candidate for president once remarked mildly that women are too apt to be "led away by charm of manner and speech." That is being used against him most industriously.

Orozco Will Not Make Peace; Could Not

When American and other plutocrats bought Mexican land by the hundreds of square miles did they ask what right the vendors had to sell it? Did they ask how it was that a few were able to dispose of principalities? Of course they did not. They took their alleged titles knowing them to be absolutely rotten. They knowingly made themselves partners in one of the most gigantic crimes on record. By every principle of justice they should be punished. Most certainly they should not be upheld by American bayonets.

Wednesday morning the bulletin boards of the "Los Angeles Daily Times" carried as their leading and hugely-capitalized item: "Agent of the International Peace Forum obtains statement from Orozco of his terms for ending the rebellion in Mexico." It is to laugh; but, when one understands for what the people of Mexico are fighting, it is to laugh with unspeakable bitterness. As if Orozco's word could end the struggle of a nation for fundamental economic rights!

Within the last week we of Los Angeles have had a surfeit of plump, prosperous leading-citizen—duly photographed for the papers you may be sure—who have been conferring with Luis Terrazas, conferring with the exiled Mexican millionaire colony, addressing meetings and otherwise talking for publicity, to the great delight of the well-to-do investor. Sr. Jose Castellot, president of the Mexican Senate and Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of Mexican Masons, is the latest. He addressed a crowded meeting of the Scottish Rite Masons, August 14, with a judge in the chair and a somewhat noted local lawyer distributing a circular letter, begging those present "to help put down the rebellion and restore peace in the sister republic by refraining in any way from aiding the rebels with money, arms or food." That is the cry of all these gentlemen. The United States government, they all tell us, is doing everything in its power to thwart the enemies of the ex-rebel, Madero; but let us do still more.

Col., F. E. L. Hamilton is quoted. He declares that "the great sum of American capital invested in Mexico is, in itself, a formidable reason for maintaining the balance of peace." There you have the true note; the true cause of all this activity. For publicity purposes it is necessary to interject an occasional word of sympathy for the peon, and drop a passing tear. In reality the oratory is inspired by fear for the safety of our money bags. Thus Col. Hamilton, who chooses to speak as if Orozco constituted the revolution, insists that he is nearing the end of his rope, and finishes with a eulogy of Madero. What he emphasizes is that Madero "cordially invites Americans with intelligence, energy and capacity to come to Mexico and develop her manifold resources, and gives assurance that foreign capital and property is as safe there as in any civilized part of the world.' All the same as Diaz.

Others Should Understand.

At present the moneyed people CANNOT understand, for they have no conception of any other system as being possible than that which permits them to invest their capital where they will, and get from it all the returns the cheapest labor available—coupled with the greatest possible squeezing of that labor—will afford. But those who see through the cruelties necessarily inherent in that philosophy and system; those who make the exposure of and attack on capitalism their religion—such people should be able to understand that Diaz' proposals, Madero's proposals, the proposals of Col. Hamilton, Wall Street and the whole capitalist crowd, are exactly what have driven Mexico to revolt. The Mexican of today is quite convinced that he does not profit when his lands pass into the hands of those foreign capitalists whom Madero welcomes so heartily. He is quite convinced that Wall Street takes no interest in his welfare except when it believes it can get more out of him than it has to give; and he is quite convinced that, in the end, that is to him a losing game. He may not have read much, but he can put two and two together, and he has had ample opportunities of studying the contrasts between wealth and poverty illustrated by the United States. Now let us listen to Mrs. Orozco, mother of the rebel leader of that name. She is living for the moment in Los Angeles, and, in consequence of the perpetual rumors that her son was about to patch up a peace with Madero, she naturally was interviewed. Being asked: "Would it not be better to end the war and save further loss of life?" she answered:

"At the cost of liberty? Do you know that my son is freeing slaves down there? Do you know that he is fighting for the lands of the people, which have been sold or given away for a song to foreigners, to persons who have never even seen them, but work them for what they can get out of the country? That is what we are fighting for, and rather than see my son bend to the will of Madero I would see him dead on the battlefield."

Truth Crushed to Earth.

We of the Mexican Liberal Party have had our quarrel with Orozco, largely because, in the opinion of the present writer, he could not see this conflict as the advanced revolutionist sees it—stern, uncompromising, one in which it is impossible to sit on two stools. Nevertheless we take off our hats to Orozco's mother. She has said exactly what the Mexical Liberal Party has been saying from the very first, and the Mexican Liberal Party will figure prominently in history precisely because it was the first to say it and has had the courage to stick to it tenaciously through storm and sunshine. Of the latter there has been precious little.

"Tired of it" was the title of the "Times" cartoon of Aug. 13, which represented Uncle Sam nauseated with the contents of a soup tureen labelled "Mexican Revolution.' But that paper, in common with the rest of the Western press, gives more and more space to Mexico's struggle, although it has now taken on the less spectacular form of guerrilla fighting. Endless reports of such encounters, and the confirmation of the inevitable failure to make peace with either Orozco or Zapata, constitute the week's news. We are now solemnly informed that the federal government will have to begin an active campaign against the latter; as though, for a year past, it had not been straining every nerve to crush him. The latest telegram to hand, Aug. 14, reads: "Government troops have been defeated in a series of encounters with Zapatistas in the Tenancingo district of the State of Mexico, a few miles south of Toluca, the State capital, and rebels are in possession of all villages in that district, according to advices received today." In one of such encounters eighty out of 250 federal soldiers were left dead on the field. The Zapatistas are being accused of committing gross cruelties, but such charges should be taken with caution. We do not doubt that the fighting is savage.

Smuggling Ammunition.

Despatches of the same date are to the effect that revolutionists eluded the federal forces at Ladura, Sonora, and are moving toward the West coast. Between eleven and twelve hundred rebels are reported as having gathered at Palomas, opposite Columbus, N. M. Clashes with United States troops have occurred over the smuggling of ammunition, and an El Paso telegram of Aug. 14 declares that the rebels claim they have secured large quantities, 500,000 rounds having been got across the frontier the night previous. U. S. cavalry were rushed to Columbus. Two hundred federals were reported as having been defeated near Ojinaga.

August 12 brought news of an encounter between U. S. troops and Mexicans engaged in smuggling ammunition. One American soldier was seriously wounded and one rebel taken prisoner. The troops captured about 50,000 rounds of ammunition, and smuggling was said to be in active progress at numerous points. On the same day the Zapatistas were reported as having been victorious at Ixtapa, District of Mexico, the total loss on both sides being put at two hundred dead. The victors captured 19,000 rounds of ammunition.

Orozco still remains at Juarez, on which the federals are advancing, and rumor has it that he personally has made his terms, and intends to surrender, but this appears to be mere conjecture. With the end of last week there was a most terrific rumpus in connection with a raid by rebels across the Texas border, but only two horses seem to have been stolen, and they were returned. The incident is only valuable as illustrative of the tense feeling that prevails.

Read This Carefully.

"Current Literature," which is always well-informed, has the following highly significant paragraph respecting Mexico: "Madero has just had the good luck of a reprieve from Europe. It was the influence of our Department of State, the Paris 'Temps' understands, which brought Germany, France and Great Britain to postpone their demand for instant settlement of the civil war claims. The bill, when it is met, must be enormous. No sooner will Madero witness the discomfiture of his foes in the field than he must face a frowning Europe. There is suspicion in some old-world capitals that Madero, taught by the agitation at home, means to defy the powers. His sympathies have been won more and more to the cause of the landless. He feels it to be bad policy to strive for the triumph of those large enterprizes which Europe has been financing in northern Mexico at the expense of the peon. It is feared in Paris and London that Madero will find many charters fraudulent and not a few great concessions illegal. This policy would involve Madero with many influential financiers in Berlin and London. Suppression of the revolution, notes the French daily, will by no means end the Mexican crisis. It will simply be given an international scope."

That, in our judgment, is the real milk in the Mexican cocoanut. Orozco may succeed or fail; Zapata may be crushed or move to fresh conquests; no matter, these are but incidents. The bottom, the immovable, the imperishable fact is that this is a contest between human rights and dollars. It is not "about to be given" an international scope; it has had it from the first. These are no battles of kites and crows to which "Regeneracion" weekly introduces its readers. The spectacle is that of a world-wide struggle; the slow upheavel of a pristine force that eventually will leave the Temple of Mammon without one stone standing on another.

If God is going to strike anybody dead, let him begin with Ben Tillet. Of all the misleaders of labor, he's the worst yet, as his prayer to God to strike Lord Davenport dead, in order to help the transport strikers, instills a two-fold superstition; first, the superstition that labor can be helped by any power outside of its own solidarity; second, the superstition that bad capitalists, instead of capitalism, are responsible for Labor's abominable condition, with its strikes, etc. Tillet is said to be a Socialist. If so, he's taking great pains to show that he has forgotten all he ever learned from Karl Marx. ("Solidarity.")

Mexicans Protest Against Killing Of Gutierrez

"Police kill rioter in battle with mob." That head appeared in last Monday's "Los Angeles Daily Times," as descriptive of the killing of Leonidas Gutierrez by Patrolman Perry. The general account given by the papers is that in trying to arrest one Moreno, accused of having stolen a watch, Perry and another patrolman found themselves in danger from the mob, whereupon the former fired in self-defense. The "Times" speaks of Gutierrez as a "Mexican Anarchist," and says he himself was pointing a pistol at Perry when the latter killed him.

That, of course, is the police account. Mexicans tell a very different story, and say that, in the first place, Moreno was being run in, as the police constantly run Mexicans in, because there is money in it. They also say that the crowd was protesting, and properly, against the manner in which the police were ill-treating their prisoner, and that the shooting was without excuse. In Los Angeles County we still have what is known as the "fee system," and it is the parent of hideous injustices toward the poor. More than others the Mexicans suffer, and, while there is talk of getting up a Mexican Defense League, it is safe to predict that it will be impossible to raise a fund sufficiently large to secure adequate legal protection. What can be done, at any rate, is to arouse the public to the fact that the poor, and particularly the Mexicans, have rights. On this head an exceedingly strong feeling is being developed, and the following statement to the Mexican consul received immediately hundreds of signatures:

We, the undersigned, workers conscious of our rights and mostly Mexicans, as a matter of Justice lay the following facts before you, as representative of the United States of Mexico.

Sunday, August 5, at half past five in the afternoon, we were in what is known as the San Fernando plaza, when suddenly a Mexican was seen running from one of the side streets, with two uniformed policemen after him. The Mexican entered the "Quiroz Cafe" and the policemen, guns in hand and without any circumspection, rushed in and immediately began hauling him about and striking him in a manner so brutal that from those present came cries of: "Do not beat him!" "Arrest him but do not beat him!".

On hearing this just protest the officers at once redoubled their blows on the defenseless prisoners, and not content with that, when the crowd continued to cry out indignantly against so barbarous an outrage, one of the policemen—the most cruel and bloodthirsty, named Perry—drew his revolver and fired at the crowd, the bullet finding lodgment in the head of a poor worker who had been doing no more than the others were doing. Thus we were witnesses of one of those numerous and savage offenses which are committed daily in this country, solely against the Mexican workers.

We are prepared to prove by evidence that the crime was committed in the manner just described; and to prove also that the story given out by the city papers, to justify this act of high treason against humanity, is false and criminal. We trust that your honor will comply with duty by demanding in the proper quarters, and with all energy, that which we want first of all—Justice.

GOVERNMENT'S CRIMES.

Recently I visited a Mexican family residing in this city; one of the thousands and thousands of Mexican workingmen's families that have emigrated to this country, having been expatriated by reason of the political, economical and social conditions now prevailing in Mexico. Here they live in pitiable circumstances. The family consists of several young ladies and children, and, although it came to this country some time ago, it finds itself isolated socially. When I presented myself at the house a dear little boy introduced me to his elders, among whom I found not the hypocritical reception customary in ordinary society but profound demonstration of true affection.

Who, viewing the abode of the family in question, could doubt that it enjoyed absolute tranquility, absolute well-being, happiness of every kind?

My visit was an unexpected one, but in our short conversation I learned of one of those deeds for which the rascals who governed Mexico in the time of Diaz, and still do so, are unfortunately only too celebrated. I asked what part of Mexico they came from, and they replied, Sonora. My curiosity was excited at the sight of so large and fine a family without either father or mother, and it impelled me to discover whether they were alive or dead. Thereupon a voice full of emotion replied that they had been murdered by order of one of Diaz' governors. I felt deeply moved by the statements made to me by one of the señoritas, who spoke with great difficulty and with tears flowing from her eyes.

My visit ended and, reflecting how great are these "crimes," I set myself on foot for the humble offces of "Regeneracion," to denounce the punishment-deserving deeds of the class that calls itself the government; a class consisting of a minority, stupid, gross and haughty, which, in its blind passion for power, abuses the ignorance and meekness of the people; seeking to suffocate at all costs its desire for liberty, and, above all, that economic liberty without which no liberty can exist. This is the class which surrounded the tyrant-murdered Porfirio Diaz, and no less despicable is that which surrounds his bandit successor, Francisco I. Madero, in its effort to sustain governmental power and continue the martyrdom of the Mexican people by the exploitation of their labor. This is the class which alone is responsible for the tears and sufferings, physical and moral, not only of the orphaned family referred to, but also of the millions of human beings who mourn over a similar or even worse situation.

Notwithstanding all this the parasitic class of this "civilized" country is predicting speedy intervention in Mexico, for the suppression with fire and sword of an entire nation which is struggling for its economic emancipation through the expropriation of natural wealth—the land, mines, factories, tools of labor and all that is necessary to life. Thus it has ever been; when one country rebels the tyrants and exploiters of another lay hands on it. Forward, revolutionists! Expropriate and set yourselves to work producing and distributing your products like brothers, that the revolution may strength itself more and more. But do it gun on shoulder, and the triumph will be yours.

We must not be afraid of intervention. Here there are also conscious workers who know well that such predictions are made with the object of protecting the interests of Americans and other foreigners, who, like the Mexican capitalists, are so many banditti. In any event let us leave them to defend their interests, and ourselves unite against them. Long live Land and Liberty! (From the Spanish of Blas Lara.)

MORE THAN MERE TALK.

Group "Amor y Libertad," of Cuba, recently devoted itself to doing its full share toward paying off the debt that unfortunately hangs over this paper; not for lack of circulation but because of the great amount of propaganda matter we have distributed gratuitously and other efforts we have made. Each member pledged him or herself to contribute one whole day's pay in August to wiping out that debt, and the group issued, through "La Tierra," a call to Anarchists everywhere to take similar action. In Los Angeles "El Centro de Estudios Racionales" has followed suit, forty-three members signing a like call and pledge. That is a live propaganda society, holding meetings nightly, maintaining classes and conducting a most useful educational work.

It was with something of this sort in mind that we called attention recently to the action of Chinese workers, who were pledging their earnings to save their country from the clutches of the foreign money powers.

To give up a whole day's pay looks big to the ordinary worker. Let him compare the proposed sacrifice with that of the thousands who have sacrificed entire lives to the struggle for emancipation—the greatest service any human being can render the disinherited. Voltairine de Cleyre was one of them, and for that reason her memory, like that of Louise Michel, is revered. The Magons, and scores of their Mexican fellow-workers, have been others; to an extent which the revolutionary movement some day will appreciate. If ever a story has been heroic it is theirs. Moreover, it has been heroism mixed with brains. It has produced results; revolutionary results of the most far-reaching kind. The Mexican and American governments have known that very well if their working-slaves have not.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

We are specially asked to insert notice of the Voltairine de Cleyre Publication Fund, and to state that advance orders and donations should be sent to Harry Kelly, care of "Mother Earth," 55 W. 28th St., New York, or S. Yanovsky, "Freie Arbeiter Stimme," 30 Canal St., New York. Further information can be had of Margaret Perle McLeod, 78 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. The circular sent us is signed—on their behalf—by Leonard D. Abbott, S. Yanovsky, Jos. Kucera, Marg. Perle McLeod, Harry Kelly and Hippolyte Havel.

Once more we express the hope that the publication of Voltairine de Cleyre's writings will be confined to careful selections, issued at a price well within the reach of the poor. Her title to recollection rests mainly on the sincerity of her life and the tenacity with which she struggled for her ideals. It is the argument that, as our sense of the sternness of the social combat grows, is becoming infinitely more convincing than fine words or platform popularity.

Voltairine de Cleyre belonged essentially to the class which wishes, above everything else, that the continuation of its work shall be its monument. We state the simple truth when we say that, in the last year of her life, she came to regard the Mexican Revolution as the most important of all world-movements; although possibly she may have excepted that now going on in China. She had grasped its full significance and understood that it would eventually develop into an international conflict with the money power.

What Is The Real Truth About Socialism?

Among various treatises on the social question received recently is one entitled "The Truth about Socialism," by James B. Osborne; published by the International Press, Oakland, Cal. The title page asserts that it is "An analysis of the philosophy enunciated in the Declaration of American Independence, as compared with the philosophy of Social-Democracy," and the preface states that the purpose is to remove the prejudices against Socialism as being un-American.

The pamphlet demonstrates, at least, that at present we are worlds away from those ideals for which the American revolutionists fought; but all Socialist literature does that, as will every political speech delivered during the coming presidential campaign. General criticism has become universal, and for that very reason general criticism is no longer the thing required. What we want is analysis; explanation of the way out of our troubles; thought instead of hysteria.

The last chapter in Mr. Osborne's pamphlet is devoted to "Socialism and the American Flag," and is an attempt to show that the United States banner and the red flag of Socialism stand for similar ideals. That may satisfy those who believe in removing prejudice at the expense of truth, but not those who hold that facts are facts, whatever prejudice may say. In fact this last chapter, with the preface, reveals the intrinsic weakness of the pamphlet, which, unconsciously no doubt, seeks not truth but popularity—two very different things. Consequently such analysis as it contains is worthless, facts being twisted to make the argument instead of the argument developing naturally from the facts.

Think how ridiculous is literature of this type! The writer sets himself the task of showing that the Declaration of Independence is "a doctrine of the sovereignty of all the people. That is to say, that the people collectively shall be the supreme authority." Therefore—this is the deduction drawn—the enormously complicated Socialist Party platform is but a latter-day version of the Declaration of Independence, and should receive the support of all good Americans!

No Two Leaves Alike.

Mr. Osborne scoffs at "the doctrine of the ruling class" and says it is "the foundation for modern jingoism and false patriotism." In obedience to science he has also to admit that "the argument for human equality is not an argument against human differentiation," and has to acknowledge that "differentiation seems to be a universal law," which makes the rule of man by man a folly. But why the word "seems"? Does not he KNOW that no two leaves of the forest are alike?

In reality he knows it, but he is a governmentalist, and the differentiation of life is fatal to governmentalism. What kills the governmental idea is the perception that officials necessarily have to treat us all alike; that all governmental institutions—armies and navies, civil service, penal institutions, anti-immigration laws, municipal arrangements for administering charity, etc.—deal with human beings not as men and women but as numbers. It is the worst treatment they ever have received; the worst because it violates most directly the fundamental principles of life. Men and women are individuals, not mere numbers; not 51,357, Class B, Subdivision C, in an official handbook.

Those who drew up and signed the Declaration of Independence knew that; knew it because life then was simpler and men had not lost sight of basic truths. Jefferson believed that the less government we had the better; all of them subscribed to what they considered a statement of individual rights. Like all rebels they had their eyes open to the fact that governments crush individual rights, and they were distinctly anti-governmental. What had the simple farmers of that day in common with the ambitious schemes of Social-Democracy, whose persistent aim it is to establish a bureaucracy that shall be more powerful and extensive than any history has known?

Free Access to Land.

Mr. Osborne himself describes most correctly the conditions then prevalent in this thinly-scattered country, for he writes: "The American Revolutionists had free access to land. Today this is denied to three-fourths of the population. The American Revolutionist could work for himself or find an employer." Precisely. Monopoly had not then clutched all opportunities, and there was great individual freedom. That freedom the Declaration of Independence sought to secure, intensify and broaden. Do you suppose it meant to take it out of the hands of the individual and deposit it in the hands of the official elected by the majority?

If you allow yourself to be guided by Mr. Osborne you will believe that the object of the Declaration of Independence was to secure "the will of the majority." In our view when people have dreamed themselves into the conception that they strengthen their individual rights by handing them over to the merciless mercies of the majority, they have become ripe for just one place the State lunatic asylum. One might have written "Hell," for the terms are synonymous.

Whatever politicians, fishing for a majority of votes, may say, life is individual; with basic individual rights, endless differences of capacities and tastes. Those individual needs and rights cry aloud for recognition, but they cannot get it because monopoly bars the road. Are we to overthrow that obstacle that we may replace it with one ten thousand times more destructive—monopoly by the State?

Liberty not Monopoly is the goal, and it will be found that wherever government is most powerful monopoly flourishes most rankly. That is not theory but fact, and the United States today furnishes the overwhelming proof. More and more clearly it is becoming evident that the real enemy of monopoly is the anti-governmental Anarchistic movement, which stands—first, last and all the time—for individual liberty. From politicians, with their inevitable enthronement of the majority as God, we get only the ideal of a disciplined collectivity, broken to harness and obedient to the bugle call.

Whither State Socialism is carrying us may be shown most clearly by a recent utterance of one of its most distinguished English exponents, Mr. Philip Snowden, who declared: "Parliament has made working men what they are, and it is Parliament that will make them what they ought to be." There you have the unadulterated doctrine; life, which should be "great, good and joyous, beautiful and free," mere clay in the hands of the legislative potter.