

LAND!

At this very moment millions of human beings are casting sad looks to heaven, hoping to find there—beyond the stars they see—that something which is to them everything; because it has been the aim and object of all the grief-stricken efforts and painful battle of the species, Man, from the day when his hesitating footsteps bore him a handbreadth in advance of the unreasoning species. That something is happiness.

Happiness! Happiness is not of this world, say the religions. Happiness is in heaven; there, beyond the tomb. And the human herd lifts up its eyes and, knowing nothing of heaven, thinks that it is there, in the far away; whereas it has its feet on this planet, which, with its brother stars, constitutes the glory and the grandeur of the firmament.

The Earth forms part of heaven, and humanity, by that very fact, is now in heaven. We should not raise our eyes in the hope of finding happiness behind those stars which make our nights so beautiful. Happiness is here, on the Earth, and it is not to be conquered by prayers or won by supplications, entreaties, humiliations or floods of tears. It must be battled for on foot and with force, because the Earth Gods are not like those of the religions, who can be softened by supplication and entreaty. The Earth Gods have soldiers, they have policemen, they have judges, they have hangmen, they have penitentiaries, they have scaffolds, they have laws, they have all that constitutes what are known as institutions—rugged mountains which hinder the human race from stretching out its arm and possessing itself of the Earth; making it its own and bringing it under that subjection which would result in happiness being the patrimony of all and not the exclusive privilege of the few who today withhold it from the others.

The Earth is the property of all. When, millions and millions of years ago, the Earth had not yet separated itself from the chaotic cluster which, as time passed on, was to dower the firmament with new suns; and when, as the result of gradual cooling, planets became more or less fitted for organic life, this planet had no owner. Neither did the Earth have any owner when humanity was converting every old tree-trunk and every mountain cavern into a dwelling place and a refuge from the inclemency of the weather and from wild beasts. Neither did the Earth have an owner when humanity, having advanced still farther along the thorny path of progress, had reached the pastoral period, in which there were pastures whereon the tribe, which held its herd in common, settled. The first owner appeared with the first man who had slaves to work his fields, and who, that he might make himself master of those slaves, did of those fields, found it necessary to take up arms and levy war against a hostile tribe. Violence, then, was the origin of private property in land, and by violence it has been upheld to our own days.

Invasions, wars of conquest, political revolutions, wars for the control of markets, and acts of spoliation carried through by governors or kings under their protection—these constitute the titles to private property in land; titles sealed with the blood and enslavement of humanity. Yet this monstrous origin of a right which is absurd, since it is based on crime, does not hinder the land from calling that right "sacred," inasmuch as those who have withheld the land are the very

ones who have written the law.

Private property in land is based on crime, and, by that very fact, is an immoral institution. That institution is the fount of all the ills that afflict the human being. Vice, crime, prostitution, despotism, are born of it. For its protection there have become necessary the army, the judiciary, parliament, police, the prison, the scaffold, the church, the government and a swarm of employees and drones, supported by the very ones who have not so much as a blot of earth on which to rest their heads, since they have come into life after the Earth has been divided up among a few bandits who appropriated it by force, or among the ascendants of those bandits, who have come into possession through the so-called right of inheritance.

The Earth is the element from which everything necessary for life is extracted or produced. From it are extracted the useful metals, coal, rock, sand, lime, salts. By its cultivation we produce every kind of fruit, for nourishment and pleasure. Its prairies yield food for the cattle; its forests offer us their woods, its fountains are the generative waters of life and beauty. And all this belongs to a few; makes happy a few; gives power to a few; though nature made it for all.

Of this tremendous injustice are born all the ills that afflict the human species and produce its misery. Misery makes man vile; misery prostitutes him; misery pushes him to crime; misery bestializes the face, the body and the intelligence.

Degraded and what is worse—unconscious of their shame, generations succeed one another, living in the midst of wealth and abundance without tasting that happiness a few have monopolized. With the Earth belonging to a few, those who possess none of it must hire themselves to those who do possess it, if they are to keep their hides and skeletons on foot. The humiliation of hire or hunger—this is the dilemma with which private property in land faces each as he enters life; an iron dilemma which forces humanity itself to put on itself the chains of slavery, if it would avoid perishing by starvation or giving itself up to crime or prostitution.

Ask yourselves today why government oppress, why men rob and murder, why women prostitute themselves? Behind the iron bars of those charnel houses of body and soul which men call prisons, thousands of unfortunate are paying, in torture of body and agony of soul, for that crime which the law has lifted into the category of a sacred right—private property in land. In the deifying atmosphere of the house of public prostitution thousands of young women are constituting their bodies and crippling their self-respect as the result of private property in land. In the asylums, in the hospitals, in the foundling institutions, in all those gloomy abodes wherein misery, abandonment and human misery take refuge, men and women, the aged and the child, are suffering from the consequences of private property in land. And convicts and beggars, the prostitute, the orphan and the infirm, are lifting their eyes to heaven; in the hope of finding there, beyond the stars which they can see, that happiness of which the masters of this Earth are robbing them.

And the human herd, unconscious of its right to life, turns and bends its back to develop by its toil for others this Earth which nature has placed at

its own service, thus perpetuating by its own submissiveness the empire of injustice.

But from the slavish and benumbed mass rebels arise; from a sea of backs there emerge the heads of the first revolutionists. The herd trembles, for it foresees attack. And, breaking the silence, a shout, like the roar of thunder, rolls over the backs and reaches even to the thrones: "The Land!"

"The Land!" shouted the Gracchi. "The Land!" shouted Munzer's Anabaptists. "The Land!" shouted Bakounine. "The Land!" shouted Ferrer. "The Land!" shouted the Mexican Revolution; and this shout, drowned a hundred times in blood during the course of ages; this shout, which echoes the thought guard affectionately in all times by the rebels of our planet; this hallowed shout will bring the heaven of the mystics dream down to this vale of tears, when the human herd ceases to throw sad glances at the infinite and fixes itself here on this planet, which shrinks with shame at the thought that, amidst the splendour and grandeur of its celestial brothers, it has to drag along the leprosy of human misery.

Silent slaves of the clod; resigned peons of the field; throw down the plough! The clariens of Acayucan

and Jimenez, of Palomas and Las Vacas, of Viesca and Valladolid are calling you to war; that you may take possession of this Earth to which you give your sweat, though it denies you its fruits because you have consented, in your submissiveness, that idle hands should become masters of what belongs to you, of what belongs to all humanity, of what cannot belong to a few but to all men and women who, by the very fact that they are living, have a right to profit in common, by reason of their toil, all, that wealth which the Earth is capable of producing.

Slaves! Take the Winchester in hand! Work the Land, but only after you have taken it into your own possession! To work it now is to rivet your chains, for you are producing more wealth for the masters, and wealth is power, wealth is strength, physical and moral, and the strong will hold you always in subjection. Be strong yourselves! Be strong and rich, all of you, by making yourselves masters of the Land! But for this you need the gun. Buy it, or borrow it, in the last resort! Shoot yourselves into the struggle, shouting with all your strength: "Land and Liberty!"

—(From the Spanish of Ricardo Flores Magon, in "Regeneracion" of Oct. 10, 1910. Translated by Wm. C. Owen.)

Mexico and Its Revolution

The following is translated from an article sent to "Regeneracion," of Los Angeles, from Corona, Spain, under date of September 30, 1912, by J. P. Magon, who was editor of "La Luz," Mexico City, and was expelled recently from Mexico. It is entitled to special weight because Mr. Moncaleano visited Mexico with the express intention of discovering, for himself and Spanish comrades, the real truth as to the Mexican Revolution, opinions in his home country being somewhat divided. Having satisfied himself he started a revolutionary paper in Mexico City. It was suppressed almost immediately, he and his assistants were thrown into prison and ultimately he was banished. Having explained that his main anxiety was to get at the facts, in order that the revolutionary movement might not be deceived, he continues:

The Mexican peasants had been, from colonial times, small proprietors; that is to say, each peasant had a piece of land which he cultivated on his own account, living by the proceeds. Little by little the small proprietors began to disappear, being absorbed by the large landowners, who, using their influence with the government, sheltered themselves under its responsibility while despoiling the existing owners. The native and his family then became slaves, toiling on the lands that formerly had been their own, and for the profit of the usurper, who was often by the government's bayonets. The native who rebelled and sought the return of his land was assassinated or imprisoned, official siding with the landed gentry who were relatives of the officials, or themselves members of the government or its supporters. Thus it came about that in the days of the tyrant Diaz there sprang into existence in a seamless manner great proprietors such as Diaz himself, I. Noriega, the Maderos and a thousand others, whose fabulous capitals have been sealed with the red seal of the native's blood.

It was in vain that the natives ran to the authorities for justice, and in vain that certain groups rose in arms to seize by force what the law denied them; for they were assassinated as bandits, the pretorian guards shooting every man and woman who took a rebel stand. The Yaqui Indians were the bourgeoisie's principal victims. They rose in arms, demanding the return of their lands; they attacked the tyrant hirelings, and they succeeded in obtaining a few triumphs. This, however, did not last long, for they were slain wholesale, their movement was extinguished and many thousands of these brave people were made prisoners and taken to the State of Yucatan. There they were treated as criminals and divided up among the big landowners as sheep are divided, sons being separated from their fathers, brothers from brothers, and all being obliged to toil beneath the slaveholder's whip for the profit of the landowner.

The Heroic Few. Self-sacrificing and altruistic men, such as those who constitute the Los Angeles Revolutionary Junta, could no longer endure a crime so great. They protested energetically, and paid for their boldness by having to go to prison, inasmuch as to defend the rights of this Inquisition-ridden people was a crime that had to be expiated dearly.

There comes to the front a man obscure, but one who has the gift of living long; that is to say, a man cynical and charlatanlike man, as I have said already, who is the owner of a great fortune created by the despoiling of the unlettered peasant. A "genius" who had read a few works on sociology, seized the moment to profit by the people's suffering. The moment had arrived at which the people could endure no longer the bourgeoisie's yoke, and thus man rose and sketched a governmental plan, speaking to the people of the repatriation of those who absolute liberty of the press, of legal elections. In brief, he took from sociological works a semi-Socialist program with which he dazzled the people. That plan was called "The plan of San Luis."

In the plan San Luis Napoleon Bonaparte wrote of the benevolence of Socialism and of his vehement desire to implant ideas of such redeeming force, that he might win the favor of the people. Later he becomes President of the French Republic; on December 2 he slaughters Paris; he laughs to scorn his promises and programs, bathes the people in blood and imprisons those who represent their rights. The Republic dies and there is left as sole ruler Napoleon "the little," as Victor Hugo called him. Francisco I. Madero preaches So-

cialist ideas; the people has determined on the dethronement of Diaz; it lets itself be dazzled by the charlatan Madero, and the revolution triumphs. Why should it not triumph? This new Madero has promised his people endless happiness. This spiritualist, inspired as was the prophet of Medina, promised his people salvation, and all who listened offered to spill the last drop of their blood for the triumph of the cause, which was the true redeemer. Their lands were to be returned to them, and by the triumph of some educated man, be it Madero or another, slavery was to end. The one thing was to get rid of Diaz.

Ricardo Flores Magon, his brother Enrique, Antonio E. Araujo, Anselmo Figueroa, Librado Rivera, Fraxedis C. Guerrero, and many other comrades, saw with grief the evolution of events full of terror for the people, which remained deaf and was intoxicated with the hope of having found this modern redeemer. They brought him the tribute of myrrh and showered him with gifts.

But this deafness of the people did not last long. At length the people came to understand the farce and to comprehend that it had dethroned one tyrant only that it might shoulder another executioner. Then it called to its aid and made its last stand, and said to itself: "From the bloody Madero, that barbarous Aztec emperor who slew thousands of our ancestors, to this Madero, who has done hardly anything but oppress and murder us at their whim. We are men with rights, and we will make them respect those rights at all costs. Madero's promises shall be fulfilled, for we will make him fulfill them."

Why does the suffering native speak thus?

Because it all has been a fraud; because Madero decapitated the new-born Republic, robbed the people of its right to liberty, made bayonets his support, trod the law under foot, and struck down the press, gagging the vilest with gold, imprisoned those who dared to speak, and persecuting tenaciously those who, like Magon and his comrades, had sought shelter in North America. Thence they fired their protest against the new tyranny which had overthrown the statue of Liberty and had erected on its pedestal the gallows. Of the famous Plan of San Luis they made an incendiary torch which they poured fiftieth towns in the State of Morelos.

Zapata Appears. But there was a man, a peasant, a native, full of vigor and love for his brothers, who resolved to rise as a symbol of true redemption and chastise with the strong hand the insolent bourgeoisie, against whom were marching the liberal forces organized by Magon and his comrades. These groups rose to the cry of Land and Liberty, and were called by the bourgeoisie "Magonistas."

That man was Emiliano Zapata, who, putting himself at the head of the peasants of the State of Morelos, rose in arms, seeking first only the restoration of the lands of which they had been robbed.

Struggle ensued and the Madero government began, at first, to laugh at the pretensions of peasants who sought by force to compel it to carry out the Plan of San Luis. Later, however, it saw the danger, and then Madero and the bourgeoisie decreed the extermination of the revolutionary peasants. Towns were burned; telegraph posts were adorned with the corpses of revolutionists who had been hanged; in the small town of Puruandiro 220 peasants—men, women and children—were assassinated for suspected sympathy with the revolution; a law suspending guarantees was promulgated.

Reprisals were not lacking. Our comrades rounded up the revolutionary leaders and inculcated among them truly Anarchistic ideas. Many of those who called themselves Magonistas, and who are nothing less than Anarchists, wormed their way into the Zapata ranks, and thus one finally sees the evolution of a Social Revolution, in which are enlisted many comrades who have come from Spain, Buenos Aires, Chile and other parts, to struggle for the ideal.

Well, then; already the Revolution has assumed an Anarchist aspect. Railroad bridges are destroyed, passenger trains blown up and the bourgeois travellers despoiled of their jewelry and effects; towers are assailed and commercial houses sacked; the proprietors being exterminated. Those who own country estates are shot, the authorities are hung, the clergy are killed, archives are burned, there have been combats fought out

with nothing but dynamite bombs, trains have been set on fire after an end has been made of all the guards, government houses have been blown up, together with their defenders, mines and country estates seized and exploited for the account of the revolutionists themselves, prisons thrown open and the prisoners set at liberty.

Why have these ideas of Social Revolution taken such an increased hold? Why are the papers at the capital so troubled and why are they crying out that society is in danger? Why is the people moved to proceed thus? Let us look at the interesting phase in which this people finds itself.

Let us go to the great Aztec metropolis, and there we shall meet what is simply a drunken population; one that has only the prison for its home. It earns little, and one cannot go a block without meeting a tavern, a pawnshop, a brothel, barracks, or one of those centers of infection they call "hospitals." One sees men half-naked, more than two thousand blind persons who live by public charity, an infinity of churches, mothers who punch out the eyes of their newly-born sons to blind them and thus assure them of a future in which they will be supported by alms. The workers declare strike and are murdered by orders from the government. The factories are closed but the barracks are open. At the street corners one sees such notices as this: "Five hundred soldiers needed for the gendarmerie," and the workers, finding themselves without employment, hurry to get a position as soldier, in which they earn \$1.50 a day. The worker who is so unfortunate as to fall into the clutches of the police is conducted next day to the barracks to be made a soldier. One day I saw signs in which were written: "Stand on one more than five hundred men, without hats and half-naked, were being escorted by the mounted guard, while a great multitude of women, some old and some of them mere children, were following the unfortunate prisoners, crying aloud and weeping in despair. When the crowd of women attempted to approach their comrades the cavalry trampled them under foot."

I saw another picture which I recall with terror. A woman, carrying in her arms a mere skeleton of a child, was about to enter a pawnshop and fell to the ground. I tried to assist her, but vainly, and I was compelled to leave her lying beside the street. Two hours later I passed by once more and the woman was lying in the same attitude in which I had left her. The child, about a year old, was trying to such a corpse's breast.

Recently the government has decreed that natives who visit the city must wear trousers, and to facilitate their use has placed the price at twenty-five cents (gold) a pair, selling them at the native warehouses. Madero is asking the American bourgeoisie for money, and is getting it. The public debt mounts. Madero keeps one part of the money received, and the other part he uses for arms sold to him by the Americans, with this get back the money lent. This people has a thousand reasons for making its revolution—the most just of all.

In the country districts the native earns six cents (gold) a day, working unceasingly and under the slaveholder's whip. This native has a wife and five or seven children, whom he has to support on six cents. This is the reason why the revolution has found an echo throughout the country; this is the reason why the natives have risen everywhere, and why they are now seeking, not what they sought at first—the return of their small holdings—by a general division of the lands.

Moncaleano sums up his article in the following statement: "My opinion is that this Revolution will be of great profit to the proletariat of the world. That Mexico is the France of America is beyond doubt. Not to support this revolution is a crime. To port the Red Flag to fall at the very moment when it is flaming victorious over the fields watered with the blood of our brothers, is the greatest of all crimes."

THE ENGLISH MOVEMENT

By Guy A. Aldred.

Glascow, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1912.

It is very difficult for a thoughtful person to write an account of the progressive development of any living movement. For the "movement" is a powerful, intangible something, that permits of little analysis. The personalities that go to make it possible are always shifting their standing, now emerging from, and now returning to, obscurity. Behind the prominent persons is an army of ever-active "lesser lights" whose work and devotion makes possible the public shining of the greater luminaries. And these are not to be trusted. For the limelight that keeps them before the glare of the public, identifies their glory with class-society, with the continuance of authority, with the perpetuated enslavement and ignorance of the mass. I am not applying this to politicians and not to Anarchist propagandists, but to all, myself included. Not individualism but mass individualism is wanted. Freedom can only be secured by social action—the action of thinking individuals—leagued together by the common bond of a mutual interest against all forms of slavery. And the movement that makes for this end is the trend of which I have promised to write.

What can I report? I can tell of the Anarchist meetings in London, of Comrade Ray's magnificent propaganda work in Woolwich and Brixton. I can also describe how my comrade, A. Blanchard, has held the fort for revolutionary agitation in Hull. The work of these comrades is having magnificent results. Outside of them are the activities of those identified with them, there is little actual described "Anarchist" movement in England.

In my opinion the cause of this is Syndicalism. The Anarchist movement—always a Trade Union and

therefore reformist movement in this country so long as I have been acquainted with it, except for the activities of Ray, Blanchard and myself—boomed Syndicalism at the expense of Anarchism. The former has taken a hold of most of the propagandists of the latter. Beyond these it has very few, if any, advocates. Nothing, therefore, has been gained and much lost through this bid for popularity. Pure revisionism and crooked policy has been substituted for the abandon of revolution. There are signs, however, of an awakening.

A recent feature of the Syndicalist activity here was that bringing over from France to Guisave Hervé for anti-militant propaganda. I have nothing to say against Hervé's past courage in the face of persecution and imprisonment, but he is nevertheless a believer in parliamentarism, a militarist and not an anti-militarist. Our French comrades knew this to their cost, and the English Syndicalists knew it also. Yet Hervé was brought over here as an anti-militarist. I am not an anti-militarist in one sense as I am opposed entirely to the system. But what Hervé preached here was pacifism, and even anti-militarism. He pleaded for the soldier and asked men to join the army, as one might plead for bandits and then urge uniting with them.

So well has the poison of Syndicalist revisionism taken hold of the movement here, that the most radical of our two labor dailies, the "Daily Herald," reported Hervé's speech as a great anti-militarist speech, ignoring his real attitude and making no reference to Malatesta's splendid opposition from the true Anarchist standpoint. From the balcony box to an audience of thousands, where he only had three hundred, and quoted a magnificent reception where his remarks gave rise to tremendous opposition. "One thing is certain and the rest is lies"—the revolutionary cause cannot prosper on bogus courage and incorrect statistics any more than on the half-truths that are now Hervé's stock in trade.

Subsequently, Malatesta debated with Hervé before the French Anarchists in London. The latter urged all methods, "from the ballot-box to the bomb." But Malatesta held that it was impossible to combine constitutional and revolutionary methods at one and the same time. I would that space permitted me to reproduce Malatesta's splendid logic, so true in theory, so correct in reality. Strange to say, "Freedom" hesitates in backing Malatesta and hovers about Hervé's attitude with mild affectation if not with positive love. As you secure this journal in exchange, you can verify this statement for yourself.

Last summer, the Glasgow Clarion Scouts invited me up here to conduct a week's open-air mission for them. As no embargo was placed on my utterances, I accepted. I came and preached anti-parliamentarism, anti-trade union revisionism, absolute revolutionary Socialism and Anarchism without compromise. The "Herald of Revolt" and the numerous pamphlets issued by me from the Bakunin Press were widely circulated, and my meetings left a definite revolutionary atmosphere in the city. Little propaganda was being done by the local Anarchists here at this time. Altogether, this mission so pleased the Clarion Scouts that they brought me up to the Pavilion Theatre and the local Secularists to the Secular Hall. Once more a splendid meeting has been held—in the Pavilion Theatre—and the "Mexican Revolution" issue of the "Herald of Revolt" splendidly circulated. The Scouts have a free platform and bring all views before the people, but here in Glasgow, they are giving a splendid show to the Anarchist propaganda, and most of them unite anti-parliamentarism with uncompromising anti-reformism. Glasgow renews my faith in the revolutionary cause.

The weekly "Anarchist" after being suspended has been renewed. But I am critical of the style and the matter of this journal. It lacks the life, the abandon, and knowledge of which we stand so much in need. "Freedom" plods the orthodox path and John Turner has discovered salvation in Syndicalism. "The Herald of Revolt" is gasping for funds but increasing its circulation and influence. Twelve pages of matter such as it contains are an innovation amongst monthly journals here. And it seems adventuresome, even of its editor's own publications. For its mission is to give light and life to the full. The comrades who center round it stand boldly for the free press and are watching the Mexican insurrection with loving admiration for the courage of the insurgents. When the final struggle comes here, as it must in all countries, they promise to emulate present Mexican daring, and to win freedom as freedom only can be won—by the direct action of open insurrection—the insurrection not for palliatives, but for and of revolution.

So greeting from England in your splendid work and magnificent stand. Greetings to our imprisoned comrades. In the Mexican revolution England's rebels perceive a promise of the not-far-distant international upheaval.

GUY A. ALDRED.
(Editor, "Herald of Revolt," London.)

LISTEN!

By Praxedis G. Guerrero

Translated by E. D. T.

Do you hear it? It is the wind shaking the leaves of the mysterious woodland! It is the gale of the future, awakening the quiet and somnolent underbrush; it is the first sigh of the virgin forest as she receives on her sensitive forehead the kiss of the impetuous Aeolus.

Do you hear it? It is the wind rending to bits an invisible mantle. In the canyons of the sleeping mountain, the breath of the idea blowing in gusts through the thickly clustering branches of a vast nation, a wilderness of souls; it is the first blast that shakes the oak trees; it is the unweaving of the hurricane, sweeping away, through the ravines and upon the peaks, the dim haze of sterile resignation.

Warm and fruitful breeze, pass through the forest. Each leaf that you touch is a voice never born; each branch that you stir is an arm that takes up a weapon—a voice that shall join the heroic concert to salute the morn of redemption, an arm that shall stretch itself forth to find the breast of a tyrant.

It is the breath of the revolution! Do you feel it? It is the upheaving of granite which is cracking to pieces, beaten by the iron fists of Pluto; it is the heart of the world palpating beneath its enormous chest; it is the fiery spirit of a giant who breaks from his prison and huris into space the words of flame.

It is an earthquake announcing the bursting forth of a crater. Do you feel it? It is the vibration made by the hammers of the gods striking at the bottom of the abyss. It is like that is beating born in the black whirlpool, life that creates shudder in the asylum of death where reign the gloomy vampires.

It is the revolution which is advancing!
(Additional English on page 7.)

FEBRUARY 28, 1913

The third part of the penitentiary term to which our companions are condemned, will end at the time we start these lines; and at the same date, according to the United States law, Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, should be put into preparation for liberty. Notwithstanding we are informed that the Mexican despotism is intrigued with the government of Taft to deny our companions the right to liberty.

This crime with its deceitful appearance of tyranny which we must not consent to consume, as we could not avoid the capitalist court from condemning our fellowmen.

The federal law of the United States voted by the congress in 1910, liberates the prisoner as he finishes the third part of the condemnation. The greater part of federal prisoners are being constantly freed from the penitentiary at the end of the first third of their sentence.

Why, then, should Magon and our companions be an exception and this government to deny them their liberty?

From our actions, depends whether they will be forced to return to prison, or not.

Urge William H. Taft by a letter, to liberate our companions upon our virtue of the future, on the 28th of February, 1913.

Foreign companions, protest to the American consuls, ministers and ambassadors in their respective cities, against the continuance of imprisoning Magon and companions. Demand the liberty on the day mentioned above.

Let us have the United States government understand that we are depending upon the situation of our comrades and we will not permit it to keep them prisoners after February 28, 1913.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE OF THE "REGENERACION."
(We ask the radical press to reproduce this article.)

IMPORTANT.

The companions who wish to apply to the government of the United States in demand of the liberty of our brother workers of the Junta Organization of the Mexican Liberal Party should fill out this coupon and send in sealed envelope to William H. Taft, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. In case there are more than one companion in the place, in favor of it, sign your names on a slip of paper and enclose WITH COUPON.

COUPON.

TO WILLIAM H. TAFT,

The White House, Washington D. C.

According to the franchise known as "Liberty on Parole," Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta Organization of the Mexican Liberal Party ("Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano") should be liberated from the McNeil Island Penitentiary of Washington the coming 28th of February, 1913.

The prison in which these men are suffering, not only punishes them for the violation of the so-called neutrality laws, but even for liberal ideas which they possess and for wishes of the advancement of the revolution stages, when your government will allow politicians to violate the same such laws, as you prove yourself by permitting the coming of the Mexican soldiers to American soil, and allowing Francisco I. Madero and Manuel Bonilla, today presidents of Mexico and Honduras respectively, to depart from El Paso and New Orleans for their countries at the head of filibuster expeditions.

For that reason, I urge from you, the complete liberty of said revolutionists, whose permanency in McNeil Island, dressed in convicts' garbs, has placed the United States in the foremost of the odious conversational world.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....