

So! You Will Fight! For What And How?

This morning brought the English section of the customary mail—some ten letters. That in itself is unimportant, but some of these letters, have interested me so deeply that I can think of no better subject for this weekly article. Frankly, however, I cannot imagine how I am to pack an adequate treatment of them into two short columns; for they raise immense issues which are only now beginning to be discussed. I find myself more and more haunted by the conviction that the really great truths around which the battle finally will rage are only now, for the first time, peeping over the horizon. Perhaps the Mexican Revolution has taught me that; it being self-evident that for a struggle so fierce and prolonged as that now rending Mexico, the issues must be deep, underlying, and which the enemies of truth can barely glimpse—between the social instincts, customs and traditions; a conflict to the death between the old and the new; opposing philosophies of life, which have to fight it out, because compromise is impossible. I hold a very similar view of the general social problem, and believe that, if we understood the conflict as it really is, we should throw overboard immediately a whole shipload of good-for-nothing compromises with which even those who pride themselves on being revolutionists still try to patch up peace.

The first letter I wish to notice was from the chief editorial writer of an influential daily. He had been struck with my review of Hillier Belloc's "The Modern State," of which he was anxious to procure a copy. I have known the writer for a long time past as a clear-sighted and impartial student, and it delighted me to read his statement that, apparently, he had reached conclusions similar to those of Belloc, although along different lines. What pleased me most, however, was this American's statement that he was engaged on a work by which he expected to show "that urbanism is creating conditions in America which inevitably will lead to a great monarchy and, probably, history's greatest despotism—on this soil." As my readers must know, I strike continuously the note of weakness is the cause of all poverty and suffering; that is, of all natural for man to break; that he has been forced to do so by our unnatural and artificial institutions; that Democracy is herding men into a helpless mass, tying them hand and foot with paralyzing legislation and castrating the individual life as it never has been castrated. I attack unceasingly Democracy as the bludgeon with which we are having our brains knocked out. I attack remorselessly the theory that herded masses can exercise power and declare it to be the one of the most monstrous absurdities ever flaunted in the face of human intelligence. Naturally, therefore, I have to attack that collectivist thought on which Democracy and Socialism are based; a so-called theory which never yet has had the courage to look facts in the face and will not even admit that its own aggregation is a machine, run by popes, cardinals, archbishops and a complex hierarchy that bosses it precisely as the Republican, Democratic and other parties are bossed. My correspondent is an old and experienced newspaper man; for years he has watched the machines at work, and he knows that the vaunted power of the masses in our great cities is just such stuff as dreams are made of. He has noted the menacingly-rapid growth of these huge population centers; he has coupled that with the phenomenon with the established fact that the larger the city the less; it indicates its own city the less; its degradation of its own lives. He sees the masses sinking into a helplessness apparently more and more beyond relief, and I believe he will ventiliate that great and hitherto fallow field with the care and ability that marked his other literary work.

For my part, like what Patrick Henry, know of no lamp by which my feeble can be guided safely except the experience of the past. I believe that such a study as my correspondent proposes may revolutionize all our ideas respecting the revolutionary movement for it may show us that the instead of great cities being strongholds of liberty they are centers of incurable reaction: slave camps in which ideas of freedom cannot flourish; the natural breeding place of a new and necessarily slavish breed that thinks only of money, of jobs, of eking out an existence **ANYHOW**. I am not indicting our cities as hotbeds of prostitution, drink or crime. I confine myself to the question of freedom, and that round which the contest must be waged; and I say that big cities do not produce a freedom-loving people. They do not develop individualism and idealism. They will be found always on the side of centralized power and, just as Tammany has been New York City's ruler for generations, Tammany will be the type toward which big cities will gravitate more and more. It has been so, in the past; it will be so again. The city masses will clamor not for liberty but for jobs; they will favor the creation of such an enormous patronage as that which Tammany now enjoys, and they will serve the machine that governs them work, no matter what the cost may be, with all the servility of lackeys whose duty it is to fill their bellies from the savings of the master's table. They will not oppose but will smooth the way for the introduction of that "Servile State" which will have as its one mission the fixing of the master and the servant class as society's permanent division.

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Belloe's book appears to me most valuable, for it grips those great modern, basic facts we are all stepping, for the sake, as I think, of that sensational propaganda which attracts the superficial mob. He shows us frankly that the Capitalist system is passing, and that the present question—which is ten thousand times more important than the philosophical and artistic studies on which, as I hold

Anarchists are frittering away their time—can be settled only in one of two ways. Either there must be most extensive Individual Redistribution, which shall make each man and woman owner and master of the means of life, or there must be Collectivism. The first is—as I, at least, maintain most stoutly—the Anarchist and the second the Socialist ideal. They are absolutely antagonistic and cannot be reconciled by any compromise, however ingenious. And the value of Belloc's work lies in the fact that he shows that the realization of the Anarchist ideal means an extraordinary upheaval, whereas, the realization of the Collectivist, or Socialist, ideal need cause no friction, for it is merely a development of the Capitalist ideal and is, in fact, the very thing for which the master minds of Capitalism today are working. He contrasts the two possible changes in these words: "In general, if modern Capitalist England were made by magic a State of small owners, we should all suffer an enormous revolution. We should marvel at the insolence of the poor, at the laziness of the contented, at the strange diversities of task, at the rebellious, vigorous personalities discernible on every side." In other words, at last the people would be economically free, and their native independence, which alone makes life worth living, would assert itself. As opposed to this, he shows that "the Collectivist experiment is thoroughly suited (in appearance at least) to the Capitalist society which it proposes to replace. It works with the existing machinery of Capitalism, appeals to those appetites which Capitalism has raised, and ridicules a fantastic and unheard-of just those things in society, the memory of which Capitalism has killed among men wherever the blight of it has spread. So true is this that the stupider kind of Collectivist will often talk of a 'Capitalistic phase' of society as the necessary precedent to a 'Collectivist phase.' A trust or monopoly is welcomed because it 'furnishes a mode of transition from private to public ownership.' Collectivism promises employment to the great mass who think of production only in terms of employment."

For lack of space I cannot trace the enormous distance we have traversed lately along the road from Capitalism to collectivism, not through the Socialist but to the Republican Party; not to the destruction of Capitalism but to its great upbuilding, for we have been buying the Capitalists out on their own terms, taxing ourselves and our descendants to pay them off, taxing ourselves to improve the property left in their hands, and taxing ourselves to maintain an army of officials who are Capitalism's most loyal allies and docile servants. It has been a charmingly smooth and pleasant road, and our socialist friends have cheered us on the way with scraps of philosophy about the list of least resistance, and scientific discourses on the law of natural development. But the broad and pleasant road is that which leads to Death, while the ascent from the Valley of Slavery is steep and dangerous, but leads eventually to Life. It is necessary that we should understand this: it is imperative that Anarchists and would-be Revolutionists, at least, should understand that already the bourgeoisie is in the "unserviceable state," and that the Socialist (or Collectivist) movement has enormous strength, because it draws on those who long for security and are indifferent to freedom; on those who think only in terms of jobs, and have no higher life-ideal; because it will always have the support of the masses herded into cities, since they have lost all touch with natural life; because the master minds of Capitalism are working for it. Last week dealer John Huntington of the University will sell his "City of Los Angeles," and it will be at his own price. So it will go all round. Always there will be Socialist jubilation and we shall be told that the people have won new economic power. Always, in reality, the Capitalist will have used the masses as his catspaw and he alone will get the chestnuts

The mail brought me also a letter from Prof. Geo. D. Herron, who lives in Italy and is a well-known Socialist writer, for whose article in the May "Metropolitan" I recently had words of praise. The letter was written to and forwarded by Dr. Craghe, and in it Mr. Herron is good enough to say that he has been receiving and reading "Regeneration" regularly and has been greatly stirred by the ability and dynamic power of the articles written in English. He then speaks of his own articles in the "Metropolitan," and says: "They seem to have awakened grateful response in different parts of the world, and yet I am not sure that they will have any effect upon the final course the Socialist movement will take. The whole movement is now being weighed in the balance. Will it become a mere political and reformist party or will it become a true revolutionary and creative movement. It does not appear yet which it will be. Having read which I turned to Mr. Herron's latest article in the "Metropolitan," for June, and waded through one of the most unsatisfactory specimens of rhetoric; it has been my misfortune to peruse. Not because it has that vague and self-contradictory title, "The Soul and the State," not because it defends the Berger type or assures us that the German Social Democratic Party will play in the future a gigantic role; but because it seems to me to smother lack of logic in a wallow of words. For example, Mr. Herron insists that collectivism, when adopted as it is being adopted today, is worse than nothing, because (this is italicised) "the larger the power the workers put in the hands of the capitalist state, the more certain it is that they will use it to their own economic servitude their surer political impotence, their deeper spiritual degradation." Having delivered himself of which, and shown in detail that the nationalization of railroads, etc., helps the ruling powers, Mr. Herron makes the customary Socialist jump and assures us (also in italics) that somehow, "Socialism would make the State as the expressed and well-ordered fellowship of the whole people. It comes to displace political government with industrial administration."

and spiritual freedom." In other words, what we are told is this: "Look out! When you nationalize railroads, telegraphs, etc., you are strengthening the hands of the capitalistic State. So, let us nationalize everything and Liberty will be won."

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Anarchism has a very simple economic code, and I think it the Anarchists' first duty to make that simple code known to all the world—which it most certainly is not. Anarchism says that man cannot live without access to natural opportunities, and that Justice demands that such access shall be equal. Abolish land monopoly, by making use and occupancy the title to possession, and your production problem solves itself. Abolish your absurd, government-created money monopoly and let men make their own arrangements for the distribution of their products, and your distributive problem solves itself. As for machinery, you have a half-effected government protective system which you call your "patent" laws, whereby you give the originator of some new thought a monopoly for a few years. Tell that man that a monopoly also, and let thought and invention range free. In a word—**MONOPOLY IS THE FOE.** Monopoly of property, leading to monopoly of power, leading to the impotence of the mass, leading to such slavery and despotism as the world has never known.

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My other letters were about our projected tour, and the publication of the book, as to which I write in another column. Some of my correspondents—comrades who won my spurs many years ago—write urging me to go loudly to the Anarchist movement in this country; to tell it that it is not doing the educational work expected of it; that it is running after vain Gods, and wasting its strength on sensations, hero-worship, vague philosophisings and other dilettante recreations, while shirking the real battle; that its place is in the middle of the front line of the foremost fight, and that the fight is over property, over monopoly, over the wrenching from the clutches of the greedy few what was meant for the use and happiness and glory and elevation of the whole. One man told me that there is the post of danger and, therefore, the place where honor must be won. Indeed I think so. When I heard Ricardo Magon say in court—his own liberty being in most serious jeopardy—that the object of the Mexican Liberty Party was "to take their property away from the rich and give it to the poor who needed it," I said to myself: "There is the whole Anarchist movement in a nutshell, and there is the man for me." I may add that Voltairine de Cleyre wrote me, regretting profoundly that she had not been able to see her arms put on my neck and kiss him. I am any rate, that is how I feel, I am with Belloc. I stand, not for any hopelessly-elaborate scheme of Collectivism, to be accomplished through the creation of that most tyrannical of masters, the Servile State; but for redistribution, thorough, unflinching, carried out in accord with the demands of Life and accomplished by the overthrow of that monopoly which centuries of slavery have bequeathed us as their baneful legacy. I am for a free manhood and womanhood, and I know that this must mean a mocking death to the women and men who become individually masters of the individual things necessary to maintain a life of freedom.

WM. C. OWEN.

LET US HEAR FROM YOU.
Dr. Coggeshall, of New York, has sent us \$10, toward the publication of our proposed book; Mr. Spradling, of Los Angeles, promises a similar sum; Mr. Fay Lewis, of Rockford, Ill., writes that he will be one of thirty to give \$10 each, one of twelve to give \$25 each. Several others have promised support, without going into details. We have made no canvass.

This week we publish the first chapter—a translation from the Spanish of Ricardo Magon. We shall pursue that method week by week, and expect to get out the first part, of sixty-four pages, by less than the month of January. As far as possible, we put it on the market at ten cents, that it may get a large circulation and that friends may be able to buy in lots.

We also want to republish "Anarchy vs. Socialism," by the editor of this section, which is out of print, but had in the past a large sale. At this moment we have an order for a hundred copies which we cannot fill. Also we should like to publish a pamphlet showing the intimate connection of the Mexican Revolution with the world movement.

If plans do not miscarry Mr. Gerke and the writer hope to start on a lecture and literary distribution tour about the first of October. They will talk straight on the vital, immediate-lying questions of the day, and solicit correspondence, addressed to this office.

FOR VOLTAIRINE'S WORKS.
The social given to collect money for the publication of Voltaireine de Cleyre's works was not, in our opinion, the least judicious. The merits of the cause deserved. Perhaps a hundred and fifty were present, and they, at least, listened attentively to earnest speeches. Mr. Sprading dwelled particularly on the continuous nature of the struggle for liberty, and Emma Goldman gave many details of the pacific way with which she had lived, suffering but constant ill health, much suffering and deep poverty. Voltaireine de Cleyre stood by her ideals and insisted on living them unflinchingly.

It is to be hoped profoundly that a sum will be raised sufficient for a large circulation of the two volumes which will be brought out; both the cause there could be no more fitting memorial to the memory of a most valiant revolutionist, and because our movement is badly in need of new and out-spoken literature.

Diversity reigns throughout every kingdom of nature, and mocks at all human attempts to make laws, or constitutions, or regulations, or governmental institutions of any sort which shall work justly and harmoniously amidst the unforeseen contingencies of the future. (Stephen Pearl Andrews.)

Esteve Writes For Those Who Can't Understand

(Continued from last week.)

That the Mexican Revolution is not a simple revolt, to eject one man and put another in his place, has been demonstrated by facts. Madero knew how to abrogate to himself the position of representing the Mexican revolutionists, expelled Porfirio Diaz from power and even from the country, and seated himself in the Republic's presidential chair—but the revolution went on as potentially, or even more so, as when Madero was pretending to direct it. Vasquez Gomez sought to lead the movement and broke down, but the movement pursued its ascending way. Part of the garrison of Mexico City revolted and, acting in accord with his military rallies, got out of Madero, assassinated him and caused Huerta to take power. In the interim president of the Republic, that time might be gained in which to legalize the presidency of Felix Diaz—and the revolution goes on all the time, the more powerful because it has no visible head. No; what it wants is not the presidential chair or "get out that I may have your place," but the land, to be cultivated for the people's own benefit. Some of the Mexican revolutionists will be Indians, who are Communists by tradition; others, the peons, will be peasants, who desire a piece of land to cultivate for themselves; others will be adventurers in search of loot, who fish in the stream of revolution and are the tools of different ambitious men; a few will be convinced Anarchists, but they are nearly all the same, who long for something from the government; who have no longer any respect for property; who set prisoners at liberty and burn records wherever they pass; who appropriate whenever they can and carry as the motto of their red flag the words "Land and Liberty."

What of it that they do not understand our doctrines? Did the French peasants who, assaulted by the feudal castles in 1789 understand the doctrines of the Encyclopedists? Were those who, in 1835, burned the Spanish convents, atheists? Are working-men who fight against capital, and its defender, Government, all Anarchists or Socialists? No. Only a minority, a very small minority, has been convinced. It is, intuition that impels the masses to their games. The mission of revolutionists is precisely to convert into conscious act this intuitive impulse, and it is for this we make our propaganda, for this we agitate, for this we struggle in the midst of the mass.

Doing Their True Work
This has been the work of Ricardo Flores Magon and his companions of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta (from which they succeeded in throwing overboard the political-ballast it had originally carried) up to the moment when they crossed the threshold of the prison in which they are now incarcerated. They made "Regeneration," a frankly Anarchist paper, which urged the Mexican people to struggle against all government against private property and against the Church. That "Les Temps Nouveaux" can describe that work as "incoherent and ridiculous" explains itself to us by the fact that in all probability there is no one on its staff which is able to read "Regeneration." Let "Les Temps Nouveaux" reproduce the article entitled "The Worker's Future," by Magon, which our celebrated colleague ought to receive and read. And by whom Magon may be read, and by whom has written in "Regeneration," I do not know if he is or is not proud; but it appears to me most incorrect to attack him when he is in prison and, therefore, rendered incapable of defending himself and more than incorrect—being unjust—to say that "Regeneration" is still an "incoherent and sterile paper."

It is certain that only a few numbers of "Regeneracion" make their way into Mexico, - but it circulates freely in the Mexican colony of North America, which sustains it, although it does to do costs more than a hundred dollars a week. From that Mexican colony many Mexican revolutionists (and how many of other nationalities) have crossed the frontier to fight for the revolution, and implant the principles of Anarchist Communism. It is certain that many of the principal chiefs and thousands of the rank and file, and that is not a few (above all those who have become chiefs) have passed over to the political side. But nobody who has read "Regeneracion" can deny that its campaign has been, from the very beginning of the revolution, Anarchistic. Ought Anarchists to deprecate the Mexican Revolution because in it Anarchist-Socialist ideas have not been able to accomplish the miraculous? Does not the force which

revolution is showing, in spite of the various political changes, tells us another thing? If we co-operate gladly with every workingman's movement, however insignificant it may be and however poor its aspirations, why should we not co-operate with one in which almost an entire nation is trying to free itself from the economic and political yoke? That the money collected here and outside this country has not gone to those who are fighting on the battlefield—who knows? Perhaps "Regeneration" has not published details of all the amounts sent, or indicated how they have been used. "Regeneration" has been itself and the printing of manifestoes, or for the assistance of comrades. Does any one think that with a few cents and a few hundred dollars it is possible to supply with artillery those who are fighting for Land and Liberty? They get that for themselves, by attacking the federal troops. At the worst, some comrade resident in the country will be able to furnish the wherewithal to get a gun and a little ammunition, but generally those who have crossed the frontier have stolen these weapons from these countries.

The important thing for the Mexican Revolution is not that we should aid it with a few cents, but that we should make all the world acquainted with it and create an atmosphere fa-

At this moment millions of human beings are casting sad looks at 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 their 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 religious. 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, constitute the glory and 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 Star, 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 are soft and supple, and who are content with 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 incessant emergency of the weather and from wild beasts. Neither did the Earth have any 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, with herds 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 and 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 those 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 law 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 clod 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 descendants 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 we get 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 general waters of life and beauty. And all this belongs to a

Is this Anarchist work? I continue to believe it is.

Mexican Notes

Huerta, defeated at every point, the victim of as long a series of reverses as ever befell a military commander, nevertheless has been able to borrow \$100,000,000 from the international banking trust, and obtain general recognition of what he calls his Government. Where lies the secret of this willingness to support a wretch who only yesterday waded to the throne through a sea of foul treachery and blood; who has no popular backing and has given no proof of military skill? How comes it that this man is able to borrow \$100,000,000 when money is notoriously tight and gilt-edged securities of flourishing communities go begging vainly from door to door?

The answer is OIL, the enormous wealth of the Tampico and other deposits, monopoly of which may well be tantamount to the obtaining of the whip hand in the industrial system of the entire civilized world. Diaz, Madero, Huerta, whoever could get hold of the reins of government in Mexico, had the selling of these monopolies—the richest on record. The result is a final financial coup which, in the words of the "Los Angeles Tribune," is now exploiting Mexico's misery to a fineness of exaction not hitherto attempted with any other nation within the memory of man."

All this we ourselves anticipated more than three months ago; publishing, March 22, an exhaustive five-column article in which we showed that, while the Rothschilds were for the time being on top, a terrific war between the great oil speculators was raging, with the Standard Oil buckling on its armor for the struggle of its life. We headed that article, "The Assyrian came down, as the Wolf on the Fold," and did our best to explain that, if ever a country was in a position to show the world the evils of land monopoly and the grab-all game we are pleased to call "civilization," that country is Mexico. It is this which makes the Mexican Revolution the all-important question it actually

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 few have monopolized. With the Earth belonging to a few, the few have no more interest in the masses than slaves 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 humiliates the human race to pay for itself the chains of slavery, if it would avoid its crushing by starvation or giving itself up to crime or prostitution.

Ask yourselves today why governments 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 unfortunates 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 wretched women are selling their bodies for the upholding 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 owners of this Earth are robbing them.

Meanwhile the human herd, unconscious of its right to life, turns and bends its back to develop by its toil for others. Thus the Earth which nature has placed at its own service, thus the penetrating by its own submissiveness the empire of injustice, the slavish and benighted masses of rebels arise; from the sea of backs there emerge the heads of the first revolutionists. The herd trembles, for it foresees chastisement. Tyranny 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 guarded affectionately in all times by the rebels of our planet; this hallowed shout, will bring the heaven of which the mystics dream down to this vale of tears, when the human herd ceases to throw its glare at the infinite and fixes itself here on the planet which today shrinks.

That, amidst the splendor and grandeur of its celestial brothers, it has to bow down the forehead of human misery.

Silent slaves of the clod; resigned poems of the field,
throw down the plough! The clarions of Acaycan and
Jimenez, of Palomas and Las Vacas, of Viesca and Vallad-
olid 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 belong 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 share 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 posses-
sion, and work it not only to rid your chains, for you are
producing men and 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! Throw
yourselves into the struggle, shouting with all your
strength—"Land and Liberty!"

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governing themselves; told by the
dictatorial few what they shall and
shall not do; whipped to obedience.

It is the assassination of all man-
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murder of that divine instinct of re-
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due.

well fortified with Wall Street finance production. The railway interests—William R. Hearst—were gobbled. John G. White was gobbled. The Max Whittier and the Californians, the O. C. Company, the Anglo-American gobblers and Arthur C. George, A. Smith and George Jeffers, and Martin Hyde, and Major Olley, and hundreds of others led."

is going on the arrangement which sells the heritage—the government money powers

You have it—hugged, fondled and worshipped—in the Roman Catholic Church, which has on her conscience the ruin of more civilizations than any other scheme of government known to man. You have it in your Puritan churches, which manufacture a canned morality that smacks you down with its stench the moment you venture to lift off the figs. You have it in all your patriarchal legislation, which puts the sheep's pasture into the keeping of the wolf, and has led to a system of monopoly that is driving all the world to bloody revolution. You have it present in your professedly revolutionary societies—such, for example, as the I. W. W., which sink into centralization as fast as the herding instinct of their unthinking members, clamoring for what they fancy are results, can bury them.

The priest still rules; GOD merely spells itself today as LAW; the orders are thundered from above, as when the horde of Berber fugitive from Egypt shivered around Mt. Sinai. Nothing has been changed. In New York City the children of America look to Tammany to rain down the manna of jobs, as the Children of Israel looked to Jehovah for their breakfast. In politics millions are watching for the Messiah; the omnipotent Wilson or Roosevelt who will take the country by the hand and lead them out of the Wilderness of Want. Even in that rebel land of robust self-assertion which calls itself "Anarchism," we are setting up Kings and Queens who tamogrow

FROM SINAI.
 sun, June 30.—(A. E. Turkey trot, the tango are forever in.) Catholics. Ex-
 -dancing the new
 -the city Sunday
 -from the Right
 -of Nashville,
 -ese. He condemn-
 -algar, vile and lewd.
 -form of an order
 -who participate
 -the sacraments.
 -ments to excommuni-
 -the principle; the
 -emasculating prin-

THUNDERED FROM SINAI.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 30.—(Despatch).—The turkey trot, the monkey hug and the faugo are forbidden to Memphis Catholics. If communication will be the penalty exacted of those dancing the nances. The edict read from every Catholic pulpit in the city Sunday morning, came direct from the Rector, Thomas Byrnie of Nashville, bishop of this diocese. He condemned the dances as vulgar, vile and lewd. The ban is in the form of an oration, warning all Catholics who participate in these dances from the sacraments. This in itself amounts to excommunication.

There you have the principle; the eternally-enslaving, emasculating pri-