

How Does Authority Benefit The Poor?

(FROM THE SPANISH OF RICARDO FLORES MAGON)

I. Bent over the plough and irrigating with his sweat the furrow that he turns, the peon toils and entones one of those inexpressible folk-songs that seem to condense and sum up all the bitterness that social injustice has been accumulating for centuries in the poor man's heart. The peon toils and sings, thinking at the same time of the hut wherein his family is awaiting him to share its humble meal. His heart is flooded with tenderness as he muses on his wife and little ones, and looking up to note the position of the sun and tell the hour of day, he perceives a light cloud of dust which gradually grows larger as it nears him. Those who are approaching are soldiers of the cavalry, and they ask him: "Are you Juan?" On receiving an affirmative reply they say: "Come with us. The government needs you." And away goes Juan, bound like a criminal, on the road to the city, where the barracks await him; while in the hut is left his family, to die of hunger or to turn thieves and prostitutes to save itself from perishing. Will Juan tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

II. For three days past, Pedro has been tramping the city streets eagerly in search of work. He is a good workman; his muscles are of steel; on his face, which stamps him a child of the people, honesty is reflected. Vainly he tramps the city, begging the employers to "take the trouble" to employ his sturdy arms. On every side the doors are shut against him, but Pedro is energetic and does not allow himself to become discouraged. So, streaming with sweat and with hunger's sharp teeth gnawing at his entrails, he offers and offers, and offers his fists of iron in the hope of meeting a master who will "kindly" consent to employ him. Crossing the city for the twentieth time he thinks of his wife and children in their poor pigsty, who, like him, are suffering from hunger and are about to be put out by the landlord who is not willing to wait any longer for the rent. He thinks of his little ones and his heart taut with grief, hastens his footsteps in his efforts to find a master, a master, a master. A policeman has noticed Pedro's incessant passing, turning to pass again and turning to pass yet again the street whereon he himself is posted to "keep public order." He takes Pedro by the collar and conducts him to the nearest police station, to charge him with vagrancy. While Pedro suffers in the prison his family perishes of hunger, or prostitutes itself or steals to escape starvation. Will Pedro tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

III. Santiago, full of content, bids his wife farewell. He is going to ask the hacienda owner for the share coming to him as co-partner in the abundant harvest they have raised. The hacienda owner pulls out books, memoranda, notes, bills, and after adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, says to his co-partner, "I owe you nothing. On the contrary you owe me for provisions, clothing, wood," etc., etc. The co-partner protests and runs to a judge, asking for justice. The judge goes over the books, memoranda, notes and bills; adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, and condemns the co-partner to pay the hacienda owner what is owing and the costs of the suit. The wife, all smiles, comes to meet Santiago, her youngest child in her arms, believing that he will bring plenty of money, since the harvest has been a splendid one; but she turns pale when she sees the tears flowing down his sun-burned cheeks as he comes with empty hands and broken heart. The hacienda owner has falsified the accounts, and the judge, as always, sided with the strong. Will Santiago tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

IV. In the little shack, saturated with the smoke of coal

oil and tobacco, Martin, the intelligent agitator, talks to his comrades. "It is not possible to tolerate any longer the iniquitous exploitation to which we are subjected," says Martin, tossing back his fine, lionine mane. "We work twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours for a few cents; they take us on every pretext to lessen still further our starvation wages; they humiliate us by forbidding us to shelter in our miserable lodging our friends, relatives, or whom we please; they forbid us to read papers that tend to awaken and educate us. Let us not put up with any more humiliations, comrades. Let us declare a strike and ask for an increase of wages and a shortening of the hours of labor, that they may learn to respect the guarantees the Constitution grants us." A salvo of applause greets the orator's words, and it is voted to strike; but next day the workers learn that Martin was arrested on returning to his house, and that warrants are out against others of the most intelligent among them. The panic spreads, and the mass of the workmen becomes resigned and returns to breaking its back and being made the subject of humiliations. Will Martin tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

V. Before daybreak Epifania was afoot, filling carefully a big basket with cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, green chilis and onions, gathered in her little garden, and with the burden on her back she reached the city market, to realize on her humble merchandise and buy the medicine needed for her aged father and the bread of which her little brothers stood in want. Before she had sold a couple of bunches of onions the tax-gatherer appeared, demanding, in the name of the Government, the money needed to pay ministers, deputies, senators, judges, gendarmes, soldiers, place-men, governors, sheriffs, and jailers. Epifania is not able to pay and her little stock is seized by the Government, since neither the poor woman's prayers nor arguments can melt the heart of the public functionary. Will Epifania tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

VI. What, then, is the use of Authority? It serves to inculcate respect for the law, which, written by the rich and by educated men in the service of the rich, has for its object the guaranteeing them tranquil possession of their riches and the exploitation of human labor. In other words, authority is the gendarme of capital, and this gendarme is not paid by capital but by the poor.

To have done with authority we must first have done with capital. Let us take possession of the land, of the machinery of production, and the means of transportation. Let us organize production and consumption communally, bringing it about that all shall be the property of all, and then it will not be necessary to pay officials to guard capital kept in a few hands, for every man and every woman will be at once a producer and a guardian of the social wealth.

Mexicans, your future is in your own hands. Today, when, thanks to popular rebellion, authority has lost its power, is the opportune moment to lay your hands on the law and render it in pieces; to lay your hands on private property and make it the property of all; of each and every one of the human beings of whom is composed the Republic of Mexico.

Let us not permit, therefore, the formation of a powerful government. To the work of expropriation, therefore, without delay. And if, unhappily, some other individual should climb to the Presidency of the Republic, let us war against him and his followers, to prevent him from becoming strong, continuing meanwhile the work of expropriation.

Curing Causes By Doctoring Effects

One of our correspondents—a somewhat prominent lawyer, deeply religious churchman and enthusiastic Single Taxer of long standing—writes me earnestly and sadly respecting the militant suffragette movement in England and our own Mexican Revolution. He gives strong expression to his intense loathing of violence, but concludes with the reflection that the movements mentioned seem to be going as they have to go, and that his own long experience with purely verbal propaganda has made him pessimistic. Naturally I have had to reply to him at considerable length, and in doing so have referred him particularly to that great master of facts, Charles Darwin. I argued that it could not be otherwise, since all new movements are departures from the prevailing type; must be fought for by the few who have in them those subtle differences that lead to variation of species, and are subject invariably to the great law which Darwin expounds and illustrates with overwhelming proof. The law is that every variation from the prevailing type must fight a terrific battle, which, if eventually won, is the victory of quality over quantity. If life has not taught us that the new has to be fought for by the few, it has not taught us anything.

The fatal weakness of Democracy, and of all such movements as Political Socialism, the Single Tax, which pledge themselves at the start to follow Democratic principles, is that they promise the IMPOSSIBLE. Either of the movements named may cheer its followers with the assurance that it is adding steadily to its army of adherents, that it is permeating thought, and so forth. But all the eloquence in the world cannot conceal the fact that, so far as action is concerned, it has taken the vow of perpetual impotence, since the basis of its program is that no new departure shall be taken until the majority is on its side. That, by the very nature of the case, will never be, and I am positive that history can show no instance of the majority in any large-sized aggregation ever stepping voluntarily out of the beaten track to break a new and unknown trail. It is contrary to all we know of human nature, and opposed to our invariable experience in the conduct of our own movements. There, at least, we should be able to realize that the new trail is always taken by the bold few, and that the majority invariably favors disciplining the wiser and more clear-sighted rebels. If you want a good illustration look at the history of the Socialist Party during the last two years, and consider the grilling to which the pioneers of Direct Action have been subjected. They were variations from the established Socialist type, and, in accordance with the universal law, had to fight tooth and nail to keep themselves alive.

We have in this nation, I suppose, some twenty million adults. I will stretch imagination and picture them as all having the vote, and anxiously for the truth, as all possessed of that high degree of intelligence which doubtless characterizes, we will say, the "Advanced Reason" staff. I affirm most confidently that in the whole program of proposed institutional changes there is not one single item on which you would find ten million and one of those adults unanimous. Of the abstract proposition that slavery must go they would all be one, for that is an old sentiment which is today part of the inherited mental equipment of every normal man and woman. But on the definite steps which must be taken to that end you would get not one but a hundred differing opinions, and this would be the case however long and arduous might have been the propaganda with which you bees a specially courageous few must always first detach themselves and prospect for the new and fabled home. From the monotonous riot of vegetation a few, differing slightly from their fellow plants, will strike out a new line and enrich the earth with a new variation, which will spread and flourish in proportion to its fitness. From the ruck of human beings a few must separate themselves and work out the new trail; tread it themselves, try it and test it, and gradually bring it into general use. Never by mere pointing to the heights will the masses be seduced to desert the valley; road they know so well, however muddy and disagreeable that road may have become.

Democracy thinks it can create a harmonious majority by talk. The Single Taxers think they can argue the mass into seeing the wisdom of taking taxation off, in order to produce a generation of effort. They have not only failed to make the slightest impression on the mass, but they have found their bitterest opponents in distinguished scholars of the Benjamin R. Tucker type, who want free land as ardently as they. The political Socialists think

they can argue the mass into believing that the millennium will arrive when government becomes the one employer; yet, after nearly a century of extraordinary energy, they are still in a pitiful minority, are at this very moment hopelessly divided among themselves on the question of Direct Action and other basic issues; have as their most uncompromising enemies the Anarchists, who hate Capitalism quite as fervently as they do and long for the abolition of poverty with all the original Socialist ardor. I cannot conceive of a more burning hatred of wage slavery than that which animates every waking moment of Ricardo Magon's life, and he regards the Socialist idol, Debs, as one of the proletariat's most dangerous foes. So far as that is concerned, I am in the same boat.

Fifty years ago Democracy, with its doctrine of education as the universal cure, seized possession of all thinking England. Carlyle, with his gospel of Work, was its great prophet, and the charming delusion that you had only to stuff the masses with knowledge set thousands of reformers enthusiastically busy. Museums and art galleries were opened by the hundreds; lyceums, with literary and scientific lectures, sprang up like mushrooms; settlement work came forward as a society aid, and young ladies, escorted by university graduates, visited the slum dwellers and hung art prints on dingy walls, to elevate their thought. Ferrer imported to Spain the optimistic philosophy, and today the Ferrer Center in New York thinks it is doing revolutionary work in delivering very much the same sort of lectures I used to attend, at the Burbank Lyceum in London, nearly fifty years ago. Emma Goldman—who recently, in answer to my own direct and pointed question, asserted that the overthrow of economic slavery was not the whole thing—has become one of those innocent Utopians. I am under the impression that the ignorant Mexican peon, who is running amuck and actually smashing the chains that held him in slavery—for he is not doing much work under the whip today—does not interest her greatly, but she has thought herself into the conviction that the drama, properly expounded, has a tremendous message of liberation for the race.

Neither personal liking nor dislikes should influence criticism, and in this particular article I certainly wish to lift myself above either fear or favor. For I am writing it to express what I consider an all-important truth; a truth that affects the whole revolutionary movement; one that, firmly grasped, would save us years of fruitless effort and hasten incalculably the march to our inevitable goal. That truth—set out so lucidly by Bakunin—is that we are all material parts of one material whole, and that from the whole the parts must take their character. If that position is correct you cannot have such an all-invasive system of slavery as that under which we live without having also a slavish literature, a slavish drama, a slavish art, a slavish music, and slavish institutions in every realm of human activity. Furthermore, you cannot slay slavery with the art it has begotten, but, when you slay, or valiantly attempt to slay, slavery, you may hope to beget, and for the first time, a non-slavish art.

This is not a speculative but an intensely practical discussion. I am arguing for deeds as opposed to words; for action as opposed to talk; for struggle as opposed to sighs. This article voices militant Darwinism as opposed to Christian submissiveness; the stern Christ whose eyes had been opened by his visit to Jerusalem, and who threw himself against the money-changers, as opposed to the mild, because inexperienced, Christ who, in his early peasant days, dreamed that he could convert the world by parables which I myself consider the world's greatest literary gems. Moreover, the ripest judgment of the more experienced Christ is approved by all literary historians; it being an established fact that great struggles for freedom beget a great literature of freedom but are not by literature begotten. The period of the Renaissance, as shown by Mill in his great work on "Liberty," is the classical example. The Shakespearean epoch, when England—rebellious England, that had fought and died for free speech and was at death-grapples with Rome—became suddenly a nest of singing birds, is another great example of this truth. The splendid libertarian literature that sprang from the French revolution is yet another, and only since Russia began to struggle against the despotism she bore so long without a whimper has she developed an art and literature which have attracted the attention of the world. The drama, as Shakespeare has shown in language that will live as long as the English tongue endures, is life's mirror. Never should we expect it to create life; but always we may look to it confidently

Mexican Notes

Interest still centers on Washington intentions to which libraries are being written, all of mere conjecture. We think it can be said with safety that action will hinge on whether the country means to uphold or abandon the Monroe Doctrine, and to this we have given special attention elsewhere, calling attention to the admirable work being done by Congressman Kent, and to Prof. Hiram Bingham's pamphlet, "The Monroe Doctrine; an obsolete shibboleth." We ourselves have written on that subject in these columns many times, pointing out that this doctrine was formulated exactly ninety years ago, as a protest against the attempts of European Powers to squash incipient revolutions in the Latin-American republics, and that it has been distorted into the declaration that we have a duty to play the policeman and ourselves crush revolutionists. The important aid dominant sentence in the doctrine, as formulated by President Monroe, runs as follows:

"We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them (the Republics), or controlling, in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Times have changed sadly. Ninety years ago we were real haters of despotism, and we did not propose that any one should interpose or attempt to control young Republics struggling to work out their own social problems. Today—let us not flinch the ugly fact—we ourselves have become the abject slaves of the greatest despotism this world has known—the International Money Power. Accordingly, we ourselves propose to interpose and control; down to the Panama Canal. We are even about to annex Nicaragua, that not one else may build a canal. Our attitude as to that canal has cost us already the hatred and distrust of Great Britain, since we proposed to set at naught our solemn treaty with her. If you want to know what all the Latin-American countries think about it, send for and read Prof. Bingham's pamphlet. Lots of trouble ahead for us over that Panama canal.

Hearst in Hysterics. In the "Los Angeles Examiner," of July 30, Hearst fairly shrieks over the danger of a Japanese-Mexican alliance, against which, in Mr. Hearst's opinion, we have only the bulwark of the Monroe Doctrine and our navy. Well; we have not given Japan any reason to love us, and Japan is today a well-equipped military nation, whose inhabitants have shown conclusively that they have no fear of death. Exactly the opposite would have to be said of a large percentage of our people, and that is a factor to be reckoned on carefully. Moreover, as Homer Lea, the recently deceased and distinguished Chinese author, tells us in his book, "The Value of Ignorance," the Japanese nation "is a militant paternalism, where might that belongs to man belongs first for the use of the State." He then describes the United States—the term is horribly-uncomplimentary—as an "individualist emporium, where might that belongs to man is for sale." Of course, the trouble is that our so-called individualism is a sham individualism, founded on the quicksands of privilege, and not a genuine individualism, founded on the solid rock of equal individual economic freedom.

We devote our space to these considerations because they are the important factors that will decide the day; far more important than the details of actual fighting, which vary continually. Guerrilla warfare in Mexico, which means expropriation of the land monopolists, goes on unabated. According to the United States papers Washington is said to have received positive information that the government of Huerta cannot last, and that this was the reason for the hurried recall of Ambassador Welles. The lives of American patriots held since his arrival in Washington. As for the ambassador himself, he was at first loud-tongued in his declaration that Huerta was all-right and should be recognized. Later he has been a brilliant flash of silence.

It is reported that the Constitution-alists are about to renew their attack on Glaymas and that Villa is moving against Juarez. On the other hand, today's papers—July 30—report Ojeda's victory over 3000 rebels, between Orits and Torres, on the road to Hermosillo. They say 1000 rebels were killed and eight hundred captured, the victory being represented as the most important of the campaign.

Americans All Safe. Three imprisoned Americans have been released, and Americans resident at Madera, recently captured by the rebels are said to have been unharmed. The Hearst papers thought they had all been massacred.

Felix Diaz, en route to Japan, is in Los Angeles, to confer, they say, with the aged General Trevino. He declares he will be the successful candidate for President at the election, Oct. 26. The local papers are writing columns of conjectures. It is perhaps needless to remark that, both in San Diego and Los Angeles, he was received by "society" with open arms. In the latter city he was met at the depot by the Chief of Police and a special bodyguard of patrolmen. At the Santa Fe depot Diaz found himself facing a crowd of rebellious Mexicans who shouted "Long live Mexico!" and "Death to Diaz!" For a time it looked as if a second revolution might break out in the streets of Los Angeles.

The railway from Laredo, Tex., to Monterrey is announced as being once more open for traffic, for the first time in four months. It is certainly gratifying, generally, communications

for a faithful reflection of the life from which it springs. Now, we have suffered and are suffering most bitterly from the whole tone of Mexican literature is changing—as it for not knowing it before, because Democracy, moving in the Revolution has brought about that change. The on such foolish lines, has landed us in the worst of slaveries and such contrasts between wealth and poverty as this world has never known; but also, most happily, in a struggle which, while it promises to be the bitterest

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are uncommunicated frightfully, as we know from our difficulty in getting Mexico City papers.

A big Constitutional pow-wow was held in Nogales, on the international border, July 28, in which high words are said to have passed as between the leaders; but Arizona is authority for the statement that a peace was immediately patched up, and an immediate advance on Mexico City decided on. The chief disputants, Obregon, Pezquiera and Maytorena, represent a purely political element, which has always been prominent and active in the Northern as distinguished from the Southern revolution.

Huerta and Carranza have been reported as being both utterly opposed to President Wilson's mediation proposition, which we criticized last week. According to "Minister Urrutia," as reported in the "Los Angeles Times," Huerta has 80,000 men in the field, fighting to put down the revolution. The conflict is now on a huge scale and the assistance lent by the Money Power is apparent. The whole problem is whether that Money Power will prove stronger than the determination of the peon to get back his land, for that is the revolution's real strength.

MONROE DOCTRINE.

"At all events let us face clearly and frankly the fact that the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine is going to cost the United States an immense amount of trouble, money, and men."

"Carried out to its logical conclusion, it means, a policy of suzerainty and interference which will earn us the increasing hatred of our neighbors, the dissatisfaction of Europe, the loss of commercial opportunities, and the forfeiture of time and attention which would much better be given to settling our own difficult internal problems. The continuance of adherence to the Monroe doctrine offers opportunities to scheming statesmen to distract public opinion from the necessity of concentrated attention at home by arousing mingled feelings of jingoism and self-importance in attempting to correct the errors of our neighbors."

"If we persist in maintaining the Monroe doctrine, we shall find that its legitimate, rational, and logical growth will lead us to an increasing number of large expenditures, where American treasure and American blood will be sacrificed in efforts to remove the mote from our neighbor's eye while overlooking the beam in our own."

"The character of the people who inhabit the tropical American Republics is such, the percentage of Indian blood is so great, the little understood difficulties of life in those countries are so far-reaching, and the psychological tendencies of the people so different from our own, that opportunities will continually arise which will convince us that they require our intervention if we continue to hold to the tenets of the Monroe doctrine. "It is for us to face the question fairly and to determine whether it is worth while to continue any longer on a road which leads to such great expenditures and which means the loss of international friendship. ("The Monroe Doctrine; an Obsolete Shibboleth," by Hiram Bingham, professor Latin-American History, at Yale.)

Let Them March!

Congressman William Kent, representing the First District, California, is entitled to universal thanks for incorporating in the "Congressional Record" a really able document, in the shape of Prof. Hiram Bingham's article, entitled "The Monroe Doctrine; an Ancient Shibboleth." Originally printed in the June number of the "Atlantic Monthly," it is now issued in pamphlet form, and Congressman Kent is sending copies of it to all his brother Congressmen. A postal address to him, at Washington, D. C., will procure you one, and it is well worth reading. In the signed letter sent by Mr. Kent, he writes:

"The lives of American people's treasure should not be wasted in protecting 'the property rights' of those of our citizens who, having gone beyond our borders, have taken a chance on the laws and conditions of peoples beyond our control. As one financially interested in Mexico, inasmuch as I would not jeopardize my own life nor the lives of my sons to protect a murderer if I should send any of my countrymen to death in behalf of that property."

"That is correct doctrine, and it states, in just and manly terms, the principles by which all just and manly men invariably guide themselves. It being certain that the great financiers now pulling for intervention in Mexico will not even dream of endeavoring so to guide themselves, they should be MADE to do it, on the principle that they who encourage a fight must bear its brunt. We mean, as always, exactly what we say. We mean that, if intervention comes, the Otis and Hearsts—especially the Hearsts—the fat bankers and the scheming politicians of the Fat type, should be FORCED to the very front, where they will be the first targets for the Mexican sharpshooters."

It is high time that the people should understand that the foregoing is not only in accordance with the principles of justice, as supported by the general instinct of our race, but strictly in accordance with legal precedent, as established in these United States.

No one ever knew who threw the Haymarket bomb, but our comrades were hung because it was held that their writings and speeches, pronounced unanimously in evidence, instigated the throwing of that bomb. On that principle our men, brave champions of the disinherited, were hung

and that principle apples with incalculably added force to those who are attempting to bring about a conflict that would mean death, not to a policeman but to tens of thousands of American workmen.

Precisely in the same manner, in the case of the conviction of the members of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta, now imprisoned in McNeill's Island, the government prosecutors admitted, before the Senatorial Investigating Committee, that it had been extremely difficult to prove that the Junta had enlisted troops, which was the charge on which they were convicted. We know now that the evidence needed to prove that all-important point was perjured, for in a long series of affidavits the perjurers have confessed. What, as a matter of fact, did the Government prosecutor, Mr. Dudley W. Robinson, do? He introduced and orated, with all the eloquence at his command, on various writings and statements by the accused, to show that they had instigated war.

Show us the difference, if you can. Show us why champions of the workers should be hung and jailed, as responsible for violence suggested by their public utterances, while financiers and their editors are permitted to embroil nations in war, that they may line their pockets with camp-followers' loot.

There is no difference; and, if intervention comes, men of the type described should have a rifle forced into their hands, and should be made to march, in the very foremost rank.

Remember the Chicago executions! Think over McNeill's Island!

WHEN THEY UNDERSTAND.

Some day the Revolutionists of all the world will be ashamed that they have paid so little attention to the movement which, for the last three years has kept itself afloat in Mexico. While columns and columns of space are given to some insignificant strike, involving a mere handful of workers and over some petty increase of salary, the expropriation movement of the Mexican peons, which has as its object the complete elimination of privilege and the wage system, receives only an occasional and passing notice.

Our exposition of this fact should make us understand quite clearly one thing, viz. that however much our propaganda may have aroused in the proletariat a desire to better his condition, it is not adequate to the task of making him understand that property and wealth ought to belong exclusively to him who produces them.

The movement now taking place in Mexico should not only receive the attention it deserves, but should be imitated and surpassed, if possible. ("L'Era Nuova," Paterson, N. J.)

SLANDERED BECAUSE WEAK.

What lies the foreign correspondents tell! The public has been harrowed with accounts of cruelties committed by the Greeks against their Turkish prisoners, and led to believe that the former are fiends incarnate. Now comes a witness who should be reliable, since his name is Thomas S. Hutchinson, former Brigadier General of the National Guard of Tennessee, who testifies that he has been in close touch with the campaign in Epirus and that the stories are made out of whole cloth. He says he saw thousands of Turkish soldiers in the island of Corfu, and that "they were treated kindly and were well fed and housed," and that "these stories are absurd, unfair and untrue," for the Greek "have shown great courage and true manhood in their policy of the war" and "should be applauded and not condemned."

We allude to this, not merely to do justice to a race many of whose members the writer has known as exceptionally kind-hearted, but also as a warning to those who are disposed to accept too credulously the stories of Mexican atrocities. There also we have the case of a people, naturally most courteous and kindly to a fault, whom the correspondents are misrepresenting grossly. The policy seems to be that the more powerful white nations should be flattered into the delusion that they are more powerful because of their superior humanity, the smaller and weaker nations being little better than barbarous savages. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

WORDS WITHOUT DEEDS.

We are in receipt of a letter from Senator Miles Poindexter, in which he says that he has received the copy of your excellent petition to the President in the matter of the Magon. All of which I have read with very great interest." He asks for more information, that he may make the matter up with the President and "get some publicity in behalf of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta." We have done the best we can in the matter of sending additional documents, and we understand that the intricacies of the Mexican situation are great.

So far as the expression of sympathy by leading representatives at Washington is concerned we do not know that we have reason to complain. Unfortunately more sympathy does not restore our friends to freedom.

ZAPATA ENVOYS' REPORTS.

Next week we expect to give much space to the reports of two separate envoys who have returned recently from the mission of interviewing Zapata. They are full of interest and our Spanish section gives them in full. Unfortunately, they are very long, and we have not the space this week even for the condensation on which we have been working.

If there were more extremists in evolutionary periods, there would be more in revolutionary periods. (Tucker.)

We have suffered and are suffering most bitterly from the whole tone of Mexican literature is changing—as it for not knowing it before, because Democracy, moving in the Revolution has brought about that change. The on such foolish lines, has landed us in the worst of slaveries and such contrasts between wealth and poverty as this world has never known; but also, most happily, in a struggle which, while it promises to be the bitterest

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A SCANDALOUS RESOLUTION.

"The World" invites the thoughtful consideration of the United States Senate to the following clauses in the personally prepared biography of Albert Bacon Fall of New Mexico, printed in the Congressional Directory:

"Became extensively interested in mines, lumber, lands and railroads; now engaged in farming and stock-raising in New Mexico, and IN MINING IN MEXICO."

Senator Fall is the author of the highly original resolution which asserts that "the constitutional rights of American citizens," should go with them throughout the world, and that every American citizen "residing or HAVING PROPERTY in any foreign country," should be given "the full protection of the American Government both for himself and for HIS PROPERTY."

Amid the comfortable upholstery of the United States Chamber, we assume that Senator Fall's life is reasonably secure from the raids of mauling Mexicans. But how many American lives does he think should be sacrificed in order to enhance the output and value of his Mexican mines? How many American soldiers should be shot down for the promotion of his private profits? How much blood and treasure should the American people pour out to swell the dividends on his Mexican investments?

Bismarck once said that "it is easy for a statesman, whether he be in the Cabinet or the Chamber, to blow a blast with the wind of popularity on the trumpet of war, warning himself the while of his own fireside." It might be equally easy for a statesman to do it while he was slipping compasses.

Senator Fall can view the possibility of war with Mexico placidly and serenely. He will not be called upon to do any of the fighting. He can remain in the Senate and encourage the Nation's heroes with patriotic speeches. Those that did would have the satisfying knowledge that their blood was not shed in vain; for Senator Fall's Mexican mines would certainly be worth more after American intervention than they are now.

The Fall resolution would have been had enough coming from a disinterested United States Senator who was not engaged in "mining in Mexico." Coming from a Senator thus engaged it is beyond description, or excuse, or apology. ("New York World.")

THE TRUE EUGENICS.

In his latest book, "Social Environment and Moral Progress," Darwin's great co-worker, Alfred Russel Wallace, who at an advanced age is still brilliantly active, speaks straight from the shoulder. He surveys the evolution of the last three generations, declares that the "whole system is rotten from top to bottom," and proclaims that the social environment we have created, "as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen."

Wallace's name carries great weight in thinking and scientific circles, and what he has written will justify to many minds the position of the revolutionist, which is that the false and fatal social environment must be smashed in order to render possible a healthy life, and that nobler art and literature which will spring from such a life, and faithfully reflect it.

Like a true scientist Wallace also has stern words of criticism for that meddling pseudo-science now coming so greatly into vogue under the name of "Eugenics," and advocated by authoritarian reformers, most of whom never heard of "natural selection," or, if they have, could not give, to save their necks, a resume of the proof by which biology has demonstrated that it is the great process by which the entire vegetable and animal world has developed.

Still less do they understand that the survival of the fittest—a doctrine they usually denounce as cruel—is, in Wallace's own words, "the one brilliant ray of hope for humanity," or that, in the upward urge of evolution and the instinct of the female to raise the type which is itself part of that upward urge), "it is certain that when women are economically and socially free to choose, numbers of the worst men among all classes, who now readily obtain wives, will be almost universally rejected."

In other words, the revolutionary method of smashing the fatal environment is true to natural law and, therefore, scientific. On the other hand, the Eugenic method deals only with results, and actually seeks to make Government, which is the main cause of those results, its partner in what it calls "Reform."

SOCIALISM'S TRUE CREED.

The articles in the "Daily Nome Industrial Worker" are always worth reading, and are a real credit to the Western Federation of Miners, of which it is the organ. That of June 28 scores mercilessly the fanning of race prejudice against the Japanese and tells the American worker that "this anti-Asian obsession will help nothing." It ends by asking whether Marx, when he called on the workers of the world to unite, "meant workers of any particular nation." Quite a relief from the political squirmings of the Stitt Wilsons, Harrimans and other political Socialists, who thought they could get a few extra votes by playing traitor to the first principle of Socialism—international brotherhood.

"The only parrot a free-souled person can sympathize with is the one that insists on being let out, as the first condition of its making itself agreeable. A selfish bird, you may say, one that puts its own gratification before that of the family, which is so fond of it." All the same, you respect that parrot in spite of your conclusive reasoning, and, if it persists, you will have either to let it out or kill it." (Bernard Shaw.)

The voice of the majority saves bloodshed, but it is no less the arbitrament of force than is the decree of the most absolute of despots, backed by the most powerful of armies.

WM. C. OWEN.

Fight For Realities, Not For Shadows!

(FROM THE SPANISH OF RICARDO FLORES MAGON)

The fruit, well-ripened by ardent revolt, is about to fall—fruit bitter to all who have become flushed with pride, thanks to a situation which brings honor, wealth and distinction to those who make the sorrows and slavery of humanity the foundation of their pleasures; but fruit sweet and pleasant to all who have regarded beneath their dignity the filthiness of the beasts who, through a night that has lasted thirty-four years, have robbed, violated, slain, cheated and played the traitor, while hiding their crimes beneath the mantle of the law and using official position to shield them from punishment.

Who are they that fear the revolution? They who have provoked it; they who, by oppression and exploitation of the masses, have sought to bring the victims of their inhumanity despairing into their power; they who, by injustice and rapine, have awakened sleeping consciences and made honorable men throughout the world turn pale with indignation.

The Revolution is now about to break out at any moment. We, who during so many years have followed attentively the social and political life of Mexico, cannot deceive ourselves. The symptoms of a formidable cataclysm leave no room for doubt that we are on the eve of an uplift and a crash, a rising and a fall. At last, after four and thirty years of shame, the Mexican people is about to raise its head, and at last, after this long night, the black edifice, which has been strangling us beneath its weight, is about to crumble into dust.

It is timely that we should here repeat what already we have said so often: this movement, springing from despair, must not be a blind effort to free ourselves from an enormous burden, but a movement in which instinct must be dominated almost completely by reason. We Libertarians must try to bring it about that this movement shall be guided by the light of Science. If we fail to do this, the Revolution now on the point of coming to the surface, will serve merely to substitute one President for another, one master for another. We must bear in mind that the necessary thing is that the people shall have bread, shelter, land to cultivate; we must bear in mind that no government, however honorable, can decree the abolition of misery. The people themselves—the hungry and disinherited—are they who must abolish misery, by taking into their possession, as the very first step, the land which, by natural right, should not be monopolized by a few but must be the property of every human being.

No one can foretell the lengths to which the impending Revolution's task of recovery will go; but, if we fighters undertake in good faith the helping it as far as possible along the road; if, when we pick up the Winchester, we go forth decided not to elevate to power another master but to redeem the proletariat's rights; if we take the field pledged to conquer that economic liberty which is the foundation on which all liberties rest, and the condition without which no liberties can exist; if we make this our purpose, we shall start it on a road worthy of this epoch. But if we are carried away by the desire for easy triumph; if, seeking to make the struggle shorter, we desert our own radicalism and aims, so incompatible with those of the purely bourgeois and conservative parties—then we shall have done only the work of bandits and assassins; for the blood spilled will serve merely to increase the power of the bourgeoisie and the caste that today possesses wealth, and, after the triumph, that caste will fasten anew on the proletariat the chain forged with the proletariat's own blood. Its own sacrifices, its own martyrdom, which will have conquered power for the bourgeoisie.

It is necessary, therefore, proletarians; it is necessary, therefore, disinherited, that your thought be not confused. The conservative and bourgeois parties speak to you of liberty, of justice, of law, of honorable government; and they tell you that when you replace with others those who are now in power, you will have that liberty, justice, law and honorable government. Be not deceived! What you need is to secure the well-being of your families—their daily bread—and no government can give you. You yourselves must conquer these good things, and you must do it by taking immediate possession of the

land, which is the original source of all wealth. Understand this well; no government will be able to give you that, for the law defends the "right" of those who are with holding wealth. You yourselves must take it, despite the law, despite the government, despite the pretended right of property. Your yourselves must take it in the name of natural justice; in the name of the right of every human being to life and the development of his physical and intellectual powers.

When you are in possession of the land you will have liberty and justice, for liberty and justice are not decreed but are the result of economic independence. They spring from the fact that the individual is able to live without depending on a master, and to enjoy, for himself and his family, the product of his toil.

Take, then, the land! The law tells you that you must not take it, since it is private property; but the law which so instructs you was a law written by those who are holding you in slavery, and a law that needs to be supported by force is a law that does not respond to general needs. If the law were the result of general agreement it would not need upholding by the policeman, the jailer, the judge, the hangman, the soldier and the official. The law has been imposed on you, and these arbitrary impositions we, as men of dignity, must answer with rebellion.

Therefore, to the struggle! Imperious, irrestrainable, the Revolution will not tarry. If you would be really free, group yourselves beneath the Liberty Party's banner; but, if you merely want the strange pleasure of shedding blood, and shedding your own, by "playing at soldiers," group yourselves under other banners—that of the Anti-reactionists, for example, which, after you have done "playing at soldiers," will put you anew under the yoke of the employer and government. In that case you will enjoy the great pleasure of changing the old President, with whom already you were becoming disgusted, for a spick and span new one, fresh from the mint.

Comrades, the question is a grave one. I understand that you are ready for the fight; but fight so that it shall be of benefit to the poor. Hitherto all your revolutions have profited the classes in power, because you have had no clear conception of your rights and interests, which, as you now know, are completely opposed to the rights and interests of the intellectual and wealthy classes. It is to the interest of the rich that the poor shall be poor eternally, for the poverty of the masses guarantees their wealth. If there were not men who could themselves be compelled to work for other men, the rich would be under the necessity of doing something useful, of producing something of general utility, that they might be able to exist. No longer would there be slaves they could exploit.

I repeat, it is not possible to foretell the lengths to which the approaching Revolution's task of recovery will go; what we must do is to endeavor to get all we can. It would be a great step in advance if the land were to become the property of all, and if among the revolutionists there should not be the strength, the conscious strength, sufficient to gain more than that, the basis would be laid for further recoveries which the proletariat by force of circumstances would conquer.

Forward, comrades! Soon you will hear the first shots; soon the shout of rebellion will thunder from the throats of the oppressed. Let not a single one of you fail to second this movement, launching with all the power of conviction, that supreme cry: "Land and Liberty!"

(Translator's Note:—The foregoing article was written twenty-four hours before the outbreak of the revolution that finally landed Madero in the Presidential chair. It constitutes a complete answer to the charges made by Magon's numerous detractors, for it shows that, acting as the spokesman of the Mexican Liberal Party, he had a firm grip and understanding of the situation. No one can read it without seeing clearly that it was written not by a politician but by one who realized that the economic revolution is the only thing worth fighting for.)

Free Speech Crushed! What Can You Expect?

As a consequence of the increasing frequency with which radical speakers are being arrested, meetings suppressed, headquarters raided and objectionable agitators run out of town, a great cry is going up from all the labor and semi-labor revolutionary press. Notably from that owned by the Socialist Party; for, despite all its vehement declarations, that it is a political party and favors law and order, the authorities draw no nice distinctions. Accordingly the Socialist papers swarm with protests—though it has been their settled policy to say nothing when Anarchist speakers are suppressed—and I take the following from the "New Times," of Minneapolis, as typical: "The rights of a free press, free speech and free assembly have always been necessary to free men from oppression. But history never goes backward. The rights gained by untold hardships will not be lightly relinquished by the working class. They realize that, if further progress is to be made, these fundamental rights must be protected at any cost, and it is for this reason that all attacks on free speech, a free press, and free assembly are so stubbornly resisted by a class-conscious proletariat."

The passages quoted are such as you will find in almost any Socialist or Labor paper; and, because they reflect the general opinion of what calls itself, and should be, a revolutionary movement, they fill me with dismay. They account for the universal weakness because they are themselves so weak; and they are weak because they betray total ignorance of that which all should know, because they flinch the issue and put the cart before the horse; because they misstate facts.

First, as to facts. In my opinion we should acknowledge bravely that, where there is economic slavery, free speech does not and can not exist. We should acknowledge bravely that in the United States that condition has been reached. We should lay aside patriotic prejudice and admit impartially that in American everything is BUSINESS, and that business, wherein we are all begging for customers or pulling wires to get and hold a job, is fatal to free speech and that truthfulness without which free speech is worse than useless. Commercialism, which has become this country's God, is the condition of mutual and slavish dependence. Freedom is the condition of individual independence, and where that individual independence has gone out of existence free speech is practically dead.

It was my own good fortune to live for years where we all habitually spoke our minds, for we were economically free. It was my subsequent misfortune to be caged for years in business, as conducted in these United States, and to chafe unceasingly at restraints on free speech which apparently my associates took philosophically, as part of the day's work. As a newspaper man I know something of the "sacred cows" whom it is sacrilege to criticize, though they are almost invariably the community's great criminals. I have scores of business acquaintances in Los Angeles who attend church regularly, and scoff, in private, at the preposterous fairy tales the church still teaches. But the church means valuable business connections; for the whole town hangs together—and that means bread and butter. You may talk to such people until Doomsday and they will still be trotting to church. Give them the economic independence that will enable them to snap their fingers at business connections, and they will go a-fishing. He who does not understand these things after a short business experience is either stupid beyond redemption or willfully blind.

It is no better among workmen, and you will walk far before meeting one who dares speak out his actual opinions, either in the shop or at the union meetings. In these latter workmen will inveigh against Capitalism, for that is safe and popular, but ask them to criticize their own officials, who have economic power and can make jobs insecure, and see how they will wilt. Free speech may be well enough in theory, but business is business, and they do not propose to risk their bread and butter. All of us are in the meshes of the same commercial net, and the very fact that we talk so much about free speech is proof that we do not possess the thing itself.

Habit makes the man, and people who today habitually to customers and employers are not going to be heroic in their defense of such agitators as the authorities see fit to suppress. They may go to a protest meeting, for that means pleasurable excitement; but that is as far as they will go, and if has been proved a thousand times. Nor, under such conditions are the agitators themselves likely to be heroic, and this also the history of the last eighteen months has demonstrated most sadly. Fear of jail, fear of putting themselves in a position where they would be blacklisted and barred from the all-essential job, has gagged millions of workmen during the last eighteen months; and you will notice that practically the only exceptions have been found among the I. W. W. As the advertisements say, "there is a reason." The I. W. W. is composed largely of men who have ceased to care for jobs, who are rebels against Business and have made up their minds to beat their way through life. As for the others, they are all dependent on the commercial machine. Even the rich banker must keep his tongue between his teeth to win depositors, and while Emma Goldman cries out for men of backbone, I myself doubt if her own devotion to business has left her the rudimentary vestige of such a thing. If she had it she would say the things which need, most sternly, to be said. As it is, she picks the subjects that are popular, which is a vastly different thing.

Why should one spare the whip? These Labor leaders, Socialist leaders, Anarchist leaders, etc., what are they but flies upon the wheel? Our task is to shove around the revolutionary wagon, at present stuck fast in the mud of an agitation that deals only with effects. We must lift it to the firm ground of causes. When we howl about the suppression of free speech, we deal with an effect. When Emma Goldman whines, as she did recently in Los Angeles, about the cruelty of modern "economic efficiency," she deals with an effect. When we treat of sexual evils and are horrified at the discovery that faded millionaires pay large sums for virgin flesh, we deal with an effect. When we surround the ballot with secrecy, that the master may not know how his dependent slave has voted, we deal with an effect. We do not get to causes until we discuss that artificial dependence, which is our punishment for living on each other, and contrast it with the exultant strength of the Mexicans enjoying before they let their politicians steal the land from beneath their feet—which comes with access to and getting our living in the natural way, from nature. Our economic dependence on one another is the cause of our troubles, and we should recognize it frankly. We should not be such hypocrites as to pretend that, while that rotting slavery endures, we can purify the social system by Ferrer schools, Socialist law schools, oratorical orgies, sensational trials, dramatic strikes or any other of the thousand and one devices contrived by editors and party leaders and lecturers to attract the crowd and bring in business. We should, so straight to the real job. We should say to ourselves—"The first thing we must do is to get out of this condition of dependence; for, if we prize free speech so highly"—and most highly it should be prized—"until we become economically independent free speech we cannot have."

The article I am criticizing and have taken as my text asserts that history does not go backward. It is a lie, for there are long periods of reaction, and we in this country are struggling to emerge from one of them. It sneaks of "further progress" and that is a most gigantic lie, concocted and frenziedly upheld by men of the Gompers class, who would have us believe that their organizations have been an impregnable bulwark of protection to the workers; whereas they are, in reality, a washed-out levee through which the flood of monopoly poured long ago, drowning the former independence of the American workman and converting him into the helpless driftwood that he is today. It talks of the stubborn resistance of a class-conscious proletariat, and the resistance reminds me of the spectacle I once witnessed in New York, where several thousand striking, and starving, cloakmakers scattered like chaff before the winnowing of some half-dozen policemen's clubs. We are not advancing, as the writers of such articles would have us believe, along the smooth and easy highway of reform, but are being hurled,

Here And There

Andre Guernes, sent by the French Government to Mexico, in connection with the proposed Huerta loan, has published in "Le Marche" of Paris, what that paper terms "a critical and fundamental study of the sociological causes of the actual Mexican Revolution." We ourselves quote from and refer to "El Bien Social," a Roman Catholic organ, which itself copied from "El Pueblo" of Guadalajara. Here are one or two extracts:

"The actual revolution, as we have already maintained, and Guernes affirms, is not a war resulting purely from the rivalries of politicians and without other profound causes; it is not a struggle of purely personal interests; it is not one of those political struggles so common in Latin-American countries."—"Its causes, hidden and real, are purely economic, and if we take into account our history, our social environment, our development and, in general, our stage of civilization, we shall see that its importance is vital."

The writer then deals with the theory, propagated so industriously in reactionary circles, that it is necessary to look back to the mailed methods of Porfirio Diaz and make it "hard for the hands." On that head he says: "Nothing could be more erroneous, nothing more profoundly dangerous than the putting such ideas into practice at this historical moment, for it would mean the perpetuation of civil discord, complete suicide for those who are calling on us to be patriots, and the death of the Fatherland."

Contrast these views, set forth ostentatiously on the front page of a Roman Catholic paper, with an article, published in the "Fort Worth Record," Texas, by Dr. John R. Frazier, who claims to have resided ten years in Mexico and to be exceptionally familiar with the country. Indeed, his article is encyclopedic and furnishes many valuable details as to the magnitude of foreign investments in Mexico. He tells us that railroads are bonded for some \$350,000,000, eighty-five per cent of which is owned by foreigners, chiefly Americans; that we have more than \$140,000,000 invested in smelters and mines, and our interests will be placed conservatively at \$100,000,000. We anticipate that, in view of the enormous wealth of the Tampico field, this last figure is very far below the mark; but enough has been said to show how gigantic is the stake for which those who would have the United States rush to arms are playing. It may be added, however, that Dr. Frazier estimates all foreign investments in Mexico at the colossal total of \$1,350,000,000, gold; considers that it has been depreciating at the rate of twenty per cent per annum during the now long-continued disorders, and holds that without armed intervention there is no possibility of those disorders coming to an end. What does he propose?

Would Pour in Troops. First: he would have 25,000 troops poured into the country, by the United States, England, Germany, France, Spain and Italy, in case of need. Of these the United States should furnish 8,000, and they should occupy a number of towns and sea-ports, which he names.

Secondly: he would "immediately pass a law making it a heavy penalty for anyone to own or have in his possession any firearms of any description, whatsoever;" disband the federal and revolutionary armies, and force them to give up their arms; declare a general amnesty to those who took the oath of allegiance within thirty days, and "get busy and exterminate those who do not accept the amnesty, if there should be any such."

The last phrase strikes us as humorous, for we fear there would be many, very many such. We hesitate to pit ourselves against the Doctor's long residence and encyclopedic information, but we expect he has studied medicine more carefully than militarism. The late Von Moltke, who had the reputation of being quite a general, was in the habit of saying that he had figured out a hundred ways of getting his German armies into England, but never one of getting them out again. He feared they would be shot down from behind every hedge, and that, above all, the country people might object to feeding them with food. Similarly, an American soldier, however comfortably housed in the cities named by Dr. Frazier, will have to eat, and for that he would be dependent largely on the country folk. In short, these things are not so easy as they look on paper.

Very significant was the opening address made at the Agricultural Congress, held in Mexico City, June 30. It is almost needless to say that the attendants were not peons but employers of peons—a very different matter—and that their spokesman was a lawyer. His discourse was chiefly on Socialism, Anarchist-Socialism and Anarchy, and it was reported fully in "El Pais," the great Roman Catholic daily. We give a few extracts.

Monopoly's Real Foe. "Our country had kept itself free from the error of Socialism," said Sr. Padilla. "Hardly ten years ago we all believed that our people, by their fine natural disposition and their very lack of letters, could not be impregnated with Socialist ideas. But gentlemen, the culture, on the wing, has crossed the ocean and has sunk his claws into our people's very heart. What else but Anarchist-Socialism is represented by these hordes now over-running our unhappy country and spreading devastation and ruin everywhere?"

The speaker entered at great detail into the history and principles of Socialism, and gave a dialogue in which the Socialists were represented as saying: "We seek independence and absolute independence; we desire that Man shall be sovereign in everything and everywhere, having no other master than himself." To this he made Society reply: "Authority! Liberty, yes; but without authority, no." Essentially the legal aspect. Naturally Sr. Padilla pleaded for that vague generality, better treatment of the peasants, and especially more education. We have heard that sort of recommendation from many allegedly revolutionary lips. He also called on all landed proprietors to organize volunteer bands for the defense of their properties and the suppression of banditry, saying that the task was obviously beyond the powers of government. He acknowledged frankly that the task would be both difficult and costly, but remarked: "Gentlemen, as the navigator in a storm throws overboard a portion of his treasure that he may save the rest, so ought you to spend a portion of your fortunes to save the rest, for otherwise you will lose everything." Fancy an American, British or German landlord talking in that strain!

The "Appeal to Reason," which boycotted the Mexican Revolution for two years, is now frightened and has brought about the "most serious situation that has faced this country for years, and foresees a year that 'will retard Socialism for years.' Let the Socialists pick up heart, in spite of the "Appeal to Reason," and learn the higher wisdom that great changes are born of storm and nursed by bitter conflict. In "Cultura Obrera" we find Pedro Esteve stating the truer doctrine when he says that "there will never be possible again in Mexico the dictatorial power of a Porfirio Diaz or the infamous slavery in which the peon formerly lived."

As against the timid counsels of political Socialism, everlastingly afraid that its organization will suffer, and its machine be put out of commission if things do not run peaceably, we place the philosophy of Struggle, fierce and relentless, as that by which alone enslaved humanity will ever be able to unseat the tyrant that rides upon its back. There is chaos in Mexico, but out of it is coming much for the poor man's good.

WHOM DOES IT HIT?

The "San Francisco Examiner" has published an excellent cartoon, in which Bryan, about to deliver a Chauvauque lecture on "Grape juice as a beverage," is confronted by Europe, asking sternly:—"The Mexican situation! What are you going to do about it?"

Does it not strike you that such a cartoon hits pretty hard at a whole bevy of allegedly-revolutionary lecturer who, confronted with the life-and-death struggle of some 14,000,000 of the disinherited, just across our border, are Chauvauquizing about all sorts of grape juice remedies—hygiene, sex development, homes for fallen women, the influence of art on the submerged tenth, anything and everything except the fundamental struggle for the right to live?

We are having quite a demand for Caminita's cartoon, in which he shows us a social pyramid, with the peon at the base and the capitalist at top, gathering the richest fruit. We have a mind to publish a companion picture, in which the base shall be a tattered anarchist or I. W. W. man, carrying on his shoulders some organizer, himself topped by some salaried lecturer, with a really popular spell-binder over all, pocketing the juiciest plums.

Whom shall we make the topmost figure: for several are available? Perhaps we had better start a guessing contest. Is not that a bitter proposition, and how unamiable must be the wretch who makes it? Well; we are poor. Caminita, who has the skill to execute and the brain to devise these cartoons, is very, very poor. The Magons, and others whom we know as intelligent, sincere and fearless fighters, are either in jail or exile. Why should we not feel bitter, when we see the compromisers on velvet? Why should not class feeling develop among agitators? We are lean

every side, have a tap root which lies far deeper than the temporary class distinctions social war develops. It is to be found in our denial of the individual claim to life; in our stubborn refusal to acknowledge that every child of man has a right to the free and equal use of this world, into which he has been born without his asking. When that right has been theoretically acknowledged, and won by actual struggle—as eventually it must be—we shall rise, unconsciously and as a race, to heights of which today we can but dream. We shall be free individuals, and by that very fact we shall be co-operators on a scale the magnificence of which we of this generation cannot sense, for each of us will stand on his own feet, able to lend all his emancipated powers to the advance of civilization's common task. At present we live under a vast system of co-operation, which is verily a very complicated and hideously oppressive by the very fact that it is conducted under conditions of slavery, deny the equal right to life. It is the co-operation of dependents, in a thousand grades of varying dependence, but none of them free men; none of them able, without personal sacrifice, to speak out bravely what he or she actually thinks, and, therefore, none of them able to contribute his or her just share to that swelling flood of knowledge on which depends Man's future. We must get out of slavery at any cost; for freedom beats it, in the furtherance of human happiness, all to pieces. Hence the necessity of a deep-cutting revolution. Hence the necessity for encouraging such a struggle for the fundamental right to life as that in which Mexico's disinherited are engaged, against the blind forces of Monopoly and Privilege. The road ahead of us is long and hard. Let us shorten it as much as possible by marching straight.

WM. C. OWEN.

and hungry, like Shakespeare's Cassius; the one man Caesar feared, and rightly.

WOULD THEY LIKE IT?

Nothing could be better or more thought-provoking than Eva Trew's article on Sex Sterilization, in this month's "International Socialist Review." She takes the case of Mark Jukes, from whom, by 1900, there had come down to us 125th descendant, practically all of whom were what are known as failures. It is the stock case, everlastingly quoted by criminologists who insist that criminal tendencies are inherited, and who want to be given a free hand to use the knife. Against this hackneyed instance, Eva Trew sets the case of that eminent divine and preacher of eternal damnation, Jonathan Edwards, from whose distinguished loins we had inherited, by 1900, no less than 1394 bankers, lawyers, ambassadors, governors, members of congress and persons—an exceptionally fine collection of Old Men of the Sea, all riding on the producer's back.

Jonathan Edwards' grandson, Aaron Burr, while land commissioner, "sold" to himself and a few friends the trifling matter of 3,630,200 acres, situate in New York, at the fancy price of sixteen cents an acre, and Eva Trew suggests that this forehandedness may account for the family's remarkable record of prosperity. As Zola said: "It is astounding what awful secondreds these respectable people are." Meanwhile, what shall we do with this prolific family of parasites? Sterilize them?

PEACE PROPAGANDA!

We view with deep suspicion this peace propaganda, started by the Social-Democratic politicians in Germany and echoed by their fellow-partisans throughout the world. It seems to us to militate against the philosophy of virile struggle, from which alone emancipation can come; it smacks too much of the old appeal to leave everything to the wisdom of the party leaders—an appeal that has become badly discredited and, therefore, needs to be togged out differently. Moreover, Liberty hitherto has always been won—true woman that she is—by fighting for her. Moreover, force happens to be the one thing that the workers have in what is practically inexhaustible abundance, whereas they have neither the training nor the necessary leisure to keep track of all the turns and twistings of the learned minority which wishes to regulate the universe for them.

With these thoughts in mind we have been looking through the writings of Prof. Herron—a self-expatiated Socialist author, who was formerly a preacher, married a rich wife, and is understood to be living a life of pleasant leisure in Italy. That always prejudiced us against him, but he seemed to be the best of the case of Socialism, and the overthrow of the Capitalist system on a moral and noble basis, in the "Cosmopolitan," so we played it up. Then he appeared to us to go all to pieces and we called him down. This evening we have been reading his "From Revolution to Revolution," which is an address he delivered in memory of the Paris Commune, of 1871. Therein, following a long argument in favor of the ballot, we came across this sentence: "And whoever counsels violence in these days may be safely set down as a conscious or unconscious emissary of capitalism, a conscious or unconscious traitor to the Socialist movement."

The rubbish of that sort which has led thousands of Socialists to smother the healthy natural instinct which led them originally to sympathize with the great fight for economic liberty the Mexican disinherited are making. But there is much more than that. Such statements are the foulest kinds of calumny; were used freely against true heroes of the Bakunin type, even when they lay in dungeons, and surely represent a charge that would make the warriors of the Commune—whose cause Herron was supposed to be pleading—turn in their graves.

No man has a right to dictate, what weapons the workers shall or shall not use in this life-and-death struggle. Least of all when he himself passes his existence wrapped in the cottonwool of comfort and security, as does this Mr. Herron.

WE MUST SPEAK OUT. This page habitually bristles with attack, and naturally its editor is himself criticized for criticizing so freely. Especially has this been the case as regards the strictures passed on Jack London, of whose serious illness the editor had not heard.

RUT—of what good is the pen if it is not to write indignantly when a gifted author, who thereby owes society a heavy debt; declares publicly that he cares only for money, and that, although he has scooped thousands on to revolution, he himself intends to stand selfishly aloof? "Of what good is the pen if it does not expose such a far-reaching and infinitely malevolent misrepresentation of the case of Mexico as that we criticize this week, having written it specially for our forthcoming book?"

Of what good is the pen which, if what should be the relentless war of a great revolutionary movement, has not the courage to protest against public trust is turned to private gain; when the character of such a warrior as Ferrer is watered down to satisfy the timid souls that sigh eternally for peace and gradual progress; when no stone is left unturned to push to the front the pacific side of a fighter like Kropotkin, that the Anarchist movement may not alarm the respectability of that middle class it is becoming fashionable to court? These are CRIMES against a movement which exists mainly to attack unceasingly economic slavery and the vested interests which defend that slavery most fiercely, but are coldly indifferent to side-issues that do not threaten to unseat them.

Never can we dodge without losing ground; without throwing ourselves open to the charge of cowardice; without thereby weakening, all along the line, the movement of revolt.

The most injurious of crimes are those of omission, and the deadliest of lies are those expressed by silence. If we are to be useful we must be truthful, and if we are to be truthful we must speak out.

tion of the case of Mexico as that we criticize this week, having written it specially for our forthcoming book?

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All One Fight

"The Saturday Review." (Socialist, but Red Socialist, organ) of Medford, Or., reproduces on its front page our translation of Ricardo Flores Magon's article, "We are moving from illusions towards life." It prefaces this with a seven-column-wide introduction, set in large type and running as follows:

A PEOPLE IN REVOLT. We present to our readers below a translation, recently published in the Los Angeles "Regeneracion," of a portion of the writings of Ricardo Flores Magon, a Mexican revolutionist. And by that we do not mean, nor does Ricardo Flores Magon mean, a revolutionist only against the Mexican political government. No. We mean a revolutionist against the Real Revolution, the revolution for which the Mexican peons are fighting—ignorant men, if you will; uneducated, if you will; ragged and hungry, if you will—but inspired by the writings and the leadership of Magon and others of his kind, the peons are FIGHTING.

Whatever passing errors of judgment may be crystallized from time to time in the Presidential chair in the City of Mexico, the revolution remains, the revolution continues, it goes straight on toward its goal—the re-possession by the people of Mexico of the land in Mexico, with all the fruits of labor to be gathered from its bosom, and to be enjoyed by them only whose hands have first sowed and then garnered. The Mexican peons WANT THE EARTH—AND THEY KNOW HOW TO GET IT.

Alan Backreiner follows with a soul-inspiring comment, in which he pays his compliments to the federal authorities for permitting the continued imprisonment of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta members, and in the course of which he says: "They are fighting the battles of Labor the world around who are putting their lives in jeopardy upon the altar of universal freedom for Man-kind. Those humble and unlettered peons who are watering the plains of Mexico with their best blood. May their every wound have a tongue to cry out to the whole world that laborers, just one word—Revolt!" We are very glad.

OUR NOTION TO A DOT.

In a carefully-elaborated editorial the "Los Angeles Times" explains away, to its own satisfaction, the Declaration of Independence, demonstrates that equality is a myth and assures itself that the freedom for which the Anarchist pines is the isolation of the coyote and the tree squirrel. We don't know much about the former, but it always seemed to us that the latter was a pretty sociable sort of an animal, whose chief worry appeared to be the pot-hunter. However, the "Times" conclusion is that the Declaration of Independence "was a necessary protest against the system of caste and privilege that for so many generations has been the controlling influence in the European forms of government," and that "it was a plea for giving to everybody an honest chance in the world, with special privileges to none." Amen! Selah! Three cheers for the Declaration of Independence. Count us in on that.

FROM FAR-AWAY AUSTRALIA.

Friend Fleming read an article from the Mexican revolutionary organ, "Regeneracion," and also the revolutionists' manifesto. He said that the Mexican Revolution was as great as other famous revolutions. In the beginning it arose, in part, out of the struggle between Standard Oil and the Rothschilds, the latter arming the peasantry to gain their ends, but the peasantry grasping the opportunity to raise the cry "Land and Liberty." Gradually the lecturer recounted thrilling incidents of the revolution, and, pointing to a picture of armed Mexicans, cried, "That's better than voting!" In the course of his remarks, Mr. Fleming claimed that as the land had been taken from the people by fraud and force, it could only be restored by force. He said also that God was on the side of the rich, and only with the loss of faith in religion would the poor rebel. It was the power of the day that pulled the strings today. There was applause when the lecturer commended the revolutionary declaration that all deeds in property had to be publicly burned. Our comrade found his time all too brief, and had to cut his remarks short in consequence. ("The Socialist," Melbourne.)

Power feeds on its spoils, and dies when its victims refuse to be spoiled. They can't persuade it to death, they can't vote it to death, they can't shoot it to death; but they can always starve it to death. (Tucker.)