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To Fight For Leaders The Worst Of Dreams

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF RICARDO FLORES MAGON)

The evening dies vulgarly away. For once the sun, in lazy mood, has not cared to toss athwart the horizon his golden mane, being disgusted apparently with the littleness of men who kill one another for littlenesses, and, like miserable worms, suffer for and amuse themselves with littlenesses.

Along the dusty highway, and himself covered with dust, a man of mature years is marching. Long must have been the day's journey, judging by the fatigue reflected in his face and the pain with which he walks. On his shoulders is a light knapsack, containing perhaps a coarse cotton shirt and a pair of ragged drawers. It is a soldier of the Orozco-Cientifico-Vazquez army returning home.

The man walks and walks and walks, contemplating as he goes the settlements scattered along the plain, peopled with men and women toiling at their eternal labor, dressed in the humblest clothes, with sadness and despair written on their sun-burned faces. These people toil and dress and present the same appearance as before the revolution.

The revolutionist stops to contemplate the picture and asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

And he continues his march toward the village in which those belonging to him live; where his helpmeet and his sons should be awaiting him anxiously after so long an absence.

Gradually the road begins to sink into shadow. There passes him a group of workers who walk with the same air of lassitude, of weariness and even of anger as was to be observed in them before they set out for the war, from which the traveller deduces that they suffer as before and are equally unhappy.

The revolutionist takes the group in at a glance and asks himself:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

And he continues his march toward the village in which those belonging to him live; where his helpmeet and his sons should be awaiting him anxiously after so long an absence.

The barking of the dogs announces the nearness of the village, now in total darkness. The wind sobs amid the branches of the ash trees that border the road. Our traveller walks and walks and walks, thinking of his family.....

Next day the revolutionist must betake himself to the furrow, like any other of his neighbors, to earn his twenty-five or fifty cents a day, for even if Vasquez Gomez has seated himself in the Presidential chair, the unfortunate are still unfortunate and the poor are still humiliated by the rich and by Authority.

The revolutionist reflects and asks himself:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

Overcome by fatigue he returns to his hut, which he reached the night before. His supper is a pot of beans and a few pancakes. The dog yawns beside the fire; the crickets sing their love-songs in the crevices; the children are asleep, with scarcely a stitch to cover them.

"Who won?" asks his wife, who hitherto, overjoyed at having clasped her companion once more in her arms, has not had the time to put the question. After a few moments' reflection the revolutionist says:

"Why, we did."

"But you have not a cent!"

"Well, however that may be, we won; for we downed Madero."

"But we remain at the bottom, as always," says the woman.

The revolutionist rubs his head, not knowing what to say, and silently asks himself:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

"When you joined the revolutionists you had a few cents in your pocket, a good rifle and ammunition, and good clothing, and today you have nothing. How is that, if you are among those who won?" asks the woman.

The revolutionist scratches his head, not knowing what to answer. He knows that his leaders have good jobs, and that Vazquez Gomez is now President; but that for him, as for all the rank and file, there has been nothing except the payment of a few cents for his arms; not even enough to pay his way back home. And then, remembering the trying days passed in the mountains; the fatigues incident to a campaign so long and unequal; the sacrifice of so many lives, and the hunger and nakedness suffered by his family during his absence, he feels a lump in his throat and asks himself once more silently the question:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

"For what did they make the revolution?" the woman asks; and the revolutionist, surprised to find his wife thinking the same thought as himself, can no longer contain the indignation boiling in his heart and he exclaims:

"*The revolution was made for the wide-awake ones;* for those who want to be governors; for those who want to live by the labor of others. We obstinately refused to listen to the "Regeneracion" Anarchists who advised us, in every tone, not to follow leaders, but to take possession of the land, of the water supplies, of the forests, of the mines, of the factories, of the workshops, and of the means of transportation, making all that the common property of the inhabitants of the Mexican Republic, and consuming in common the product. They told us that to fight in order to elevate certain individuals to power was a criminal task. We did not want to listen to them, because they were poor, because they were of our own class; and, as the saying goes, the sin has brought its own punishment. We deserve what we have got, animals that we are! At this very moment our leaders are living high, while we, the cannon's flesh; we who truly fought; we who showed the enemy our chests; we are today more unfortunate than ever.....

Juan hears the bugle sounding the assembly. He rubs his eyes. It has been a bad dream. He seizes his rifle, congratulates himself on the fact that he is fighting in the ranks of the Red Flag Libertarians, and shouts in stentorian tones: "Long live Land and Liberty!"

Revolution's Tidal Wave Sweeps Onward

Upon the shores of human activity a gigantic tidal wave, that has been slowly gathering strength in Time's great ocean, is about to break. Within the gloomy chrysalis that still shuts in the human grub a terrific struggle has begun. Throughout society there is running that cold shiver which, as all who have camped out know well, invariably precedes the dawn. Today we stand face to face with one of the greatest crises of our race, for we are passing out of the age-long cycle of Reform and into that of Revolution. For this innumerable skirmishes undoubtedly have cleared the way. For this the writhings of billions of unknown serfs and chattel slaves, straining to throw off their chains, have been a tragic preparation. For this unnumbered thinkers, mankind's heroic vanguard, have died in obscure starvation or perished in dungeons and at the stake. For this scholars have toiled, as toils the ant, accumulating knowledge, to be wrought subsequently into the web of those material inventions which today make nature responsive to our lightest touch. A vast evolutionary process, in which myriads of wavelets have united gradually to form the colossal wave at last about to break.

* * *

Reform is as old as the hills and Slavery itself, since Reform and Slavery are natural bed-companions and sleep side by side in perfect amity. But Revolución, as we Moderns understand the term, is a new idea and could not have crept into the brain until Slavery had palpably begun to fail. It signifies exactly what the word itself implies—a complete *revolution of the wheel, an inversion of the* pyramid, a transmutation of existing values. It does not mean, as does Reform, that by smoothing the rough edges and knocking off the sharp angles of the Pyramid of Life, its hardships will be lessened. On the contrary, it means that thought has undergone a total transformation; that the point of view has changed completely; that we no longer look out upon the world with the dull vision of the grub, but with the radiant, searching glances of the butterfly into which we should develop. It means that, as we now see the thing, our Pyramid of Life is standing wrong way up, and that we are going to reverse it; placing it on its broad, secure and proper base. This because, in the great march of Evolution, Slavery 's long agonizing night is drawing to a close and the dawn of Individual Liberty peeping above the mountain tops.

* * *

If you asked Tolstoy or Bakunin, Proudhon or our own American Tucker, what the trouble is all about, each would give you substantially the same answer. Each would tell you—as would thousands and thousands of others, who have thought deeply and investigated widely—that only Revolution can cure our sickness, because our social institutions defy certain basic laws by which we must abide, if Life is to remain worth living and society hold together. Tolstoy would tell you that we shall not much longer be able to endure institutions which compel us, daily and hourly, to cut each others' throats. Bakunin would tell you that the law of human Solidarity is fundamental, and that our grab system, with the economic inequalities it has produced and the privileges and privileged classes to which it has given birth, is fatal to Solidarity. Proudhon and Tucker would tell you that all this social hostility, all these economic contrasts, so painful to our sympathetic instincts and so odious to our sense of justice, are due to the fact that still we drag round with us the poisonous carcass of Slavery in the last throes of dissolution, and that no doctoring with the quack remedies of palliative reforms can make that union healthy. Tolstoy would repeat that the misfortune is that the rich will do everything imaginable for the poor, except get off their backs, which happens to be the one thing needed. Herbert Spencer would give you his *comprehensive and accurate definition of Slavery* as being the condition in which the laborer is compelled to part with a portion of his product, against his will. Henry George would explain that until mankind retook possession of its natural heritage, the earth, its progress would be toward ever-deepening poverty. With fire in his eye and his voice quivering with emotion, Ricardo Magon would tell you that diplomats and scheming politicians may talk till Doomsday, but that his race's only hope lies in the recovery of those lands from which it has to draw its living. This is not the language of Reform but Revolution.

* * *

For my part, I follow Herbert Spencer and presume that some unknowable force is steadily at work through the process we have christened "Evolution." I regard my race as scaling laboriously never-ending heights, by paths the keenest watchers can descry but dimly. I conceive that, in common with all life, our species passes through set metamorphoses, accompanied by exceptionally bitter pain and struggle, which intelligence may shorten and minimize, but cannot avoid. With one of those metamorphoses, called Revolutions—the shedding of the old skin and the adoption of a new and brighter garment—we, I say, now, as it seems to me, about to come face to face, and instinctively all the world is arming for the fray. *Through society's bones there is running that cold shiver* which, as I have said already, invariably precedes the ushering in of a new day.

* * *

How unprecedentedly discontented and abnormally restless is modern society, as we see it in every walk of life! Does not that presage a violent eruption, after which things must once more settle down, since life cannot be forever one unceasing strain? Surely to some definite head things must come at last, and I am convinced that, looking carefully, we shall see that the head has all the well-known earmarks of Revolution as distinguished from Reform. For example, it is customary to say that the masses are stupidity itself; yet today, thanks to that gradual absorption of the Spirit of the Age which goes on unceasingly, they are voicing claims of most profound significance. Take the common statement that "Labor is entitled to all that it produces;" a statement that nowadays is found on every workman's lips. What is that but Herbert Spencer's definition of Slavery, which I have spoken of as being so exact and comprehensive? It is so baldly revolutionary that I shall give it a paragraph to itself.

* * *

What do the workers mean when they mutter that "Labor is entitled to all that it produces"? Do they mean merely that they want their wages raised some paltry cents, or the hours of labor clipped a trifle; that they want a parliament to insure them against poverty in the decline of life, or to see that their masters pay them when they are injured at their work? Those may be the temporary, often impracticable and always pitifully timid claims, but obviously they have nothing to do with the real meaning of the sentiment just quoted. Obviously, if that sentiment means anything at all, it means that the non-producer *shall not get one cent. It must mean, therefore,* the abolition of our landlord system, under which the few draw many billions annually by leasing what assuredly not one of them produced. It must mean the overthrow of all monopoly, for the monopolist commands the sale of certain opportunities or articles, and is therefore able to dictate the price and get far more than he produces—to the worker's loss. In short, it must mean the abandonment of our entire existing social system; Revolution and not Reform. You may be sure, moreover, that thousands of agitators are only too glad to explain it thus to those who still may fail to understand, and that they are actually doing it persistently, day and night. Presently, in all its full significance, it will become part of the general stock of knowledge, and, a little later, an inherited tradition. No one then will venture to deny its justice, and millions will be delighted to fight for its realization. Who in these United States can be found nowadays to defend the institution of chattel slavery, which only sixty years ago was considered by eminent divines a sacred thing, embalmed in and sanctified by what they call Holy Writ?

* * *

Revolution, therefore, is to be the order of the day, and authoritatian force will be impotent to stop it. The tidal wave is coming due, and the date for the emergence of the grub from its chysalis is near at hand. Look, for *instance, at the history of Anarchism in this country,* which has honeycombed the entire social structure and is today ten thousand times stronger than when Authority sought to strangle it out of existence, in Chicago, less than twenty-six years ago. Similarly, the Economic Revolution now developing in Mexico can be suppressed only by exterminating the race, which itself will give landlordism the sort of world-wide advertisement that will hurry it to a grave from which there will be no resurrection. Either way Revolution gains and the tidal wave sweeps onward.

* * *

Nevertheless, though the butterfly is going to be born, we may sadly mar the process by handling the affair so stupidly that there may emerge not a glorious creature full of health and beauty but a weak, maimed specimen, condemned to creep through life on crippled wing. Instead of splendid Individual Freedom, wherein none will be in bonds or rendered helpless by being stripped of rights to arm the hand of privilege, and all will co-operate as equals, receiving the full value of their toil, the Economic Revolution may bring that abortion known as the "Servile State." That is the danger we must fight against, tooth and nail, for that would bind us to the chariot wheels of Privilege, as of old, and perpetuate wage slavery indefinitely, under the protecting aegis of the State. That is the danger with which Political Socialism threatens us *most seriously, and no greater misfortune could befall the* human race. For, Privilege would be fully as oppressive though labelled "Public Service," and the political employer might, for aught we know, be infinitely worse than the present industrial boss. The danger is very great, and perhaps our greatest shield against it lies in the ever-deepening and widening disgust of politicians. Luckily also the labor politicians have proved themselves, on the average, most corrupt. Corruption has no lasting strength.

* * *

Economic Revolution, forced on us irresistibly, is coming, and it will mean desperate struggle and frightful sacrifice of blood and treasure, since mankind has not reached that stage at which the intellect alone decides. Let us see to it that under no circumstances shall we be cheated, but that we get full value for our sacrifices. The Revolution will be the most serious business we could take in hand. Let us master it as we master other business; eliminating slipshod methods and studying it painstakingly in all its details, that it may be made to yield the best results. It will be our great opportunity, and if we neglect it we shall suffer appallingly, for Life has its arithmetic and keeps its books most carefully. We shall not be able to flinch vital issues—after the manner of orators—without paying heavily for our cowardice. We shall not be able to dodge dangers without falling into worse ones. We shall not be able to make chicken-hearted compromises and play politics, for the sake of supposedly-profitable alliances, without coming to grief, as the politicians of the French Revolution came to grief, and as those in Mexico have come to grief quite recently. Just as the Mexican Revolution must be fought through to the bitter end, a hundred devils are not to enter into the place from which the one Porfirio Diaz was expelled, so we must *grasp the nettle, danger, firmly,* that from it we may pluck triumphantly the flower, safety. From the broken shell of slavery we must emerge "great, good and joyous, beautiful and free," having left poverty and dependence forever behind our backs.

WM. C. OWEN.

Mexican Notes

Mexico City, Aug. 6. (By United Press.) Any offer of mediation by the United States through John Lind, who is coming here as the personal representative of President Woodrow Wilson, will be rejected by Provisional President Huerta of *Mexico. Speaking in unmistak*able terms, Huerta, Wednesday, reiterated his declaration of a "hands off" policy in regard to the Mexican revolution.

"I have said publicly," said Huerta, "that I will not accept mediation or intervention of any kind, because national dignity and honor do not permit. I have declared also that I will not treat with the rebels, and much less will I do so if the insinuation that I do so involves a flagrant violation of our sovereignty.

"The question of dignity admits of no transgression and the present struggle should be conducted implacably until the national aspirations are satisfied. All should be joined in the hands of peace, rejecting all suggestions of a violation of sovereignty and an insult that may be offered to our national dignity."

"By order of the President of the Republic I declare, as Minister of Foreign Affairs ad interim, that if Mr. Lind does not bring credentials in due form, together with recognition of the administration of Mexico, his presence in this country will not be desirable." (Manuel Aldalpe, Minister of Foreign Affairs.)

Henry Lane Wilson, ambassador from the United States to Mexico, and prior thereto banker and attorney, has resigned. A Mr. John Lind now goes to Mexico as a sort of plenipotentiary on behalf of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. His stated qualifications are that he cannot speak a word of Spanish and has never set foot in a Latin-American country, but that he has been a Congressman and Governor of Minnesota.

Does it not all read like opera bouffe? First there is the proposition that Uncle Sam shall police a fair election in Mexico and see that the Mexicans abide by the result; although it is now conceded universally that Mexico is passing through a purely economic revolution, that the people are bent on getting back their land, and that the enormous majority—all those of Indian stock—are utterly indifferent as to who becomes their presiding officer, but keenly determined to assert and enforce their right to free use of the soil to which they have been born. Then we have a country lawyer and banker—Wilson came from Spokane—questioned and requestioned as to what the Mexican masses really want, although it is self-evident that a man of that type is the last to be in sympathetic touch with those masses. Now everything is to hang on the say-so of a successful Northern politician, who confessedly knows nothing of the country or people to whom he is to be despatched, and who must sit like a dummy while interpreters give their version of what the other side has said.

So far as can be gathered from the voluminous reports, Mr. Lind's mission is to induce Huerta to retire, and to coax the numerous quarreling politicians to agree on a fair election and stick by it. In order to make a better theatrical impression he is to travel from Galveston to Veracruz aboard the battleship New Hampshire, and the papers characteristically report him as confident that his conciliatory mission will be successful. He, who confessedly knows nothing of the country and cannot speak a word of Spanish!

The other special agent, former Senator Del Valle, of Los Angeles, had the advantage of having been a native of the country, and, of course, familiar with the language. He has resided in Los Angeles many years, practicing law and local Democratic politics. It would seem obvious that men of the type described cannot be in touch with the masses, and that our Government, lawyer-ridden and politician-ridden as is that of no other country, is basically incompetent to perform the task undertaken with such eager zeal. The man who can imagine that at such hands the Mexican peasant will get a fair or even an intelligent deal must be, indeed, a dreamer. As always and everywhere, the people have to work out their own problem unaided, and keep the lawyers, as far as possible, at a distance.

It is said that William Bayard Hale, described as President Wilson's *personal friend and biographer, is likely* to succeed Wilson as ambassador. He is a former journalist, and during his connection with the Philadelphia "Ledger" was an apologist for the late King Leopold of Belgium, of infamous Congo atrocities notoriety; a royal financier of the most vicious type. We have alluded to this before but do so again because Hale's name bobs up continuously.

Squabbling Over Offices.

Apparently the conference of Constitutionalist leaders held at Nogales did not succeed in quenching the fires of personal greed for office, in which rival politicians are threatening to consume their movement. The curse of the revolutionary movement in the North has been its politicians, and time and again the really earnest revolutionists have been compelled to disavow them and form their own independent guerrilla bands. According to general information, and the reports made by the two special envoys who visited him recently on behalf of the Mexican Liberal Party, Zapata himself has the greater difficulty in standing off these gentry. We in the United States should be in a position to know the part they have played in paralysing for more than a generation what was originally a revolutionary working-class agitation.

Operations have been resumed in the neighborhood of Guaymas, the insurgent state troops having mobilized at Batamotal, in the immediate vicinity. Fear of complications with the United States has been given as the cause of the recent cessation of hostilities.

Detailed telegrams of Aug. 6 were to the effect that Guaymas had fallen into the possession of the Constitutionalists, after heavy fighting, but later despatches indicate that it is only closely beleaguered.

At Manzanillo the fire of the Mexican gunboat is said to have forced the rebels to retire, but only after a considerable portion of the federal garrison had mutinied and joined them.

The Huerta forces are said to have recaptured Matamoras, meeting with but little resistance.

Sonora will not hold the elections scheduled for Aug. 10, owing to the unsettled condition of the country. For the same reason the Catholic party announces that it has abandoned its intention of running a Presidential candidate.

The Sonora rebels have confiscated twenty-two carloads of garbanzo (peas), valued at $250,000, Mexican, and the bitter quarrel between Maytorena and Pesquiera, rivals for the governorship of Sonora, is understood to have its real root in the fact that the former is opposed to, while the latter favors, extensive schemes of confiscation.

Some 500 Mexican Federals, hitherto held at Ft. Bliss, Tex., as refugees, have been removed to San Diego, Cal.

Perhaps nothing is more suggestive of the true nature of the social struggle now convulsing Mexico than the reception accorded Felix Diaz in California. In Los Angeles he was hooted vigorously by the Mexican proletariat, but welcomed with open arms by "society," as have been the countless other wealthy refugees who have flocked here for safety. At this writing Diaz is the honored guest of the University of California, whither he was conveyed in Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's private car. Her son has an investment of some trifling value—a few odd millions—in Mexico.

WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER?

Q. What does the soldier do?

A. He puts his life at what is called "the service of his country."

Q. What does "his country" really mean—in the case of Mexico, for example?

A. Wall Street; financiers who, having milked the cow dry in the United States, have moved to other pastures.

Q. What have you in common with such people that you should rush to their defense?

A. Echo answers, "What?"

Q. What do you yourselves get out of it?

A. Such treatment as you got during the Spanish war, when they fed you on embalmed beef, clothed you in shoddy uniforms, and let you die by the thousands in malarial camps.

Q. Did those of you who survived *find your country" grateful? Did it* make heroes of you and see that your declining years were passed in ease and plenty.

A. For the last ten years the ranks of hoboism and the jails have been full of discharged soldiers; men broken in health and fortune who must beg or steal to live.

Q. Had you any personal quarrel with the Filipinos, whom you were sent out to shoot? Have you anything against the Mexicans who are fighting against slavery?

A. On the contrary, these were and are your fellow workmen, engaged in a fight for economic free*dom, which, if successful, will benefit* you incalculably.

Q. Then, what is there in it for you, naturally intelligent man as we pay you the compliment of supposing you to be?

A. We cannot for the lives of us see, since the women no longer run after you, and your superior officers—the "gentlemen" who order you about—consider you dirt beneath their feet. What does a common soldier amount to anyhow? Food for powder!

No wonder they have to cover the country with lying posters to lure you to enlisting. No wonder the percentage of desertions grows continually larger. Because of this we pay you the compliment of considering you intelligent. Did we not think so we should not waste ink and paper on you.

THE NEW MILITARISM.

The Dick military law aroused the workers for a time to its possibilities of evil. Then they went to sleep.

Now this infamous measure is to be supplemented by amendments that will make it more harmful than ever.

The new law, which has been agreed on by the various organizations of killers, including the capitalists, provides that the state militiamen become members of the national guard and may be sent out of the United States for service.

It is preparatory to the assumption of protectorates over Nicaragua and other Central American countries, in accordance with the plan outlined by Secretary Bryan. It means a revival of militarism that may not be overcome for a century to come. It means "entangling alliances" that will embarrass the United States for decades.

It is the most far reaching and infamous act in support of adroitly manipulated diplomacy that has ever appeared in America.

The author of the great lecture, "The Prince of Peace," is doing more to insure war than any man of modern times. ("Appeal to Reason.")

PURE STATE SOCIALISM.

Bit by bit the federal government is showing that it can do things for the people, and in doing that is demonstrating the right way to do things. The latest is a concerted move on the part of the department of agriculture to devise a means of shipping eggs by rail in safety. Last year nearly 14,000,000 eggs were broken in shipment to New York City alone. The government now proposes to foster an invention to protect this loss. It is answering the question so often asked, "What will become of the inventor under Socialism?" It is also demonstrating that when the people want a thing done, if they are notified of it they will devise ways and means of doing it."

We reproduce, most intentionally, *the foregoing, which appeared as an* editorial in the "Appeal to Reason," of August 2. We reproduce it because we hope, some day, to force that paper, and the party it represents, to take a definite stand. As things have gone hitherto, whenever some clear-sighted critic has pointed to the obvious fact that governments as we know them today, are the mainstay of plutocracy, and that it is folly to clothe such an open enemy with still greater powers, the "Appeal to Reason" and the Socialist Party have always replied: "We agree with you entirely. We are as much opposed to the Capitalist State as you are, and to strengthen its hands is the last thing we desire." Notwithstanding which, whenever this same capitalistic State takes some new industry under its wing, assumes some new function and thereby adds to its army of officials and sworn supporters, the "Appeal to Reason" and the Socialist Party—Debs, Berger & Co.—are the *first to cry: "Hallelujah! Hosannah* to the Highest! We are one step nearer Socialism!"

Put on your thinking-caps. Pull the wool from over your eyes. Use a little logic, or, before you know it, you will find yourselves the eternal wage-slaves of an omnipotent governmental machine which operates for the benefit of the possessing class and is manipulated and owned by it, and it alone.

OLDEST OF ALL GRAFTS.

The first man who figured out how to live without working was the first priest, and the working world is still supporting a horde of these useless parasites, who are squeezing the fat things of life out of this world by pretending to enjoy a superhuman knowledge of an alleged world to come. But you'll notice that, in spite of all the storied glories of that other world they tell us about, none of the *story-tellers is in any hurry to get* there.

Young man, if you want "your calling and election sure" (to a soft snap), follow in the footsteps of the servants of the gods. Mahometan, Buddhist, Christian, Catholic or Protestant, Confucian, Taoist, Voodoo men and witch doctors. The formulae are *all alike: Put on a frock coat and a* high cut vest, and learn to button your collar behind, or paint your face with some tabooed color; wear sacerdotal robes or none at all, a white surplice, or an extra large ring in your nose; master the tricks of turning your eyes up and your mouth down, a solemn intonation and an austere front, and go to it. The world around, louts who are too busy working to think, will flatten themselves out before you one moment, and pile your altars high with burnt offerings the next. It is up to you then to pull the offerings over on your side before they get too much burnt—and long *practice makes you perfect in the art.*

ALAN BRACKINREED.

UNMUDDLE YOUR THOUGHTS.

We are exceedingly sorry to find the editor of the London "Herald of Revolt" declaring that "no man who is not a Communist can be an Anar*chist," and deciding accordingly that* Benjamin R. Tucker has no title to the name. Tucker was elucidating the principles of Anarchism, and with a clarity of thought and language it will be hard to match, before the editor of the "Herald of Revolt" was born.

Words are precise things, and "Anarchy," taken straight from the language of the ancient Greeks, who excelled in precision, means exactly what it says. It is "ana", without, "arche", rule, and you cannot make anything else out of it. It signifies that people must be free; not ruled from above but conducting their lives, as equals, by mutual consent. Freedom necessarily implies and involves economic freedom.

Tucker translated Proudhon into English and says, most properly, that Proudhon is entitled to be called the "Father of the Anarchistic school of Socialism." He shows conclusively that Proudhon—recognized by all as *an Anarchist*—was the bitter foe of Communism, and we advise Mr. Aldred to buy a copy of Mr. Tucker's "Instead of a Book," turn to pages 390 and 393 and read the quotations by which Tucker proves his statement to the hilt.

Anarchy simply says that men must be without rule—free; and the editor of this section calls himself an Anarchist for this, which he considers to be an absolutely irrefutable, reason. His mind cannot conceive of any good reason why the science of sociology should be an exception to all other sciences. In all other sciences we find that truth can be reached only by experiment, under free conditions. In sociology also, as it seems to him, the best form of social arrangement can be reached only by experiment, under free conditions. We want economic freedom precisely in order that men, individual men, may experiment and find out what suits them best. We venture, furthermore, the opin*ion that what suits some will not* suit others; that the Latin races, and even more the Mexicans, will arrange their affairs very largely on a communistic basis; that the Northern races are much more likely to lean toward individualism. That, however, is for THEM to determine; as free men under free conditions. Assuredly Mr. Aldred has no title to ORDER them to adopt Communism, pure and undefiled.

The dogmatism of which Mr. Aldred is guilty has done more to check the progress of the Anarchistic movement than all other causes combined, because intelligent and self-respecting rebels, who must be the backbone of the movement, will not be dictated to or commanded to wear special labels.

Again we say: there are Anarchists who think the future will be communistic; but they only THINK it; they can only guess. Also, there are Anarchists who think the future will be individualistic; but they only THINK it; they can only guess. The future will be as the people living in the future make it, and they will have the better chance of moulding it according to their wishes in proportion as we of this generation win individual freedom for them.

Anarchy is the doctrine of Freedom, individual freedom, and nothing else. The rebellious individual, determined to win freedom, constitutes by far the greatest force for the overthrow of slavery, and that rebel is not to be ostracized by the dogmatism of men who evidently have not read the works they write about so glibly. For example: the attack on Tucker for his expressed opinion that under Anarchy there will be policemen, ought to be laughed out of court. Tucker simply insists that the freer men become the more quickly they resent invasions of their freedom; and that they will unite, when necessary, *to resist such invasion and* punish the invader. Does Mr. Aldred doubt it? Would he wish it otherwise?

The Mexican Revolutionists are struggling to recover that economic freedom which they formerly enjoyed by the fact that every individual had free access to land, wood and water. They are struggling to overthrow the Government which, protecting private monopoly, robs them of that economic freedom. If they succeed they will have Anarchism. If, having recovered that free access, they decide—as doubtless they will, in accordance with their customs and traditions—to pool their newly won *economic power*, it will be Communism.

Surely the two ideas are most distinct. The individual's right to economic liberty is a RIGHT—useless, it is true, if he cannot enforce it. The question of whether, having won that right, he exercises it communistically, is an expediency for him to decide. The winning of the right—the acquisition of economic freedom—comes first, and constitutes the present struggle.

SICK OF POLITICS.

George Kennan, of Russian prisons fame, contributes to this month's "North American Review" a study of direct legislation as exhibited in our Western States, and complains that the people are wasting themselves on details, which should be left to the legislature, and neglect fundamental issues. He doubts seriously whether the recall, and similar contrivances for getting public opinion to assert itself, have any tendency to take power out of the hands of the political bosses, for he points out that the bosses have no difficulty whatever in manipulating machinery of that kind, and do so with an adeptness that leaves the amateur far behind. The "Los Angeles Times," reviewing the article in question, says: "No method alone is going to secure good government when two-thirds of the people habitually remain away from the polls, unless a personal contest is on, and when four-fifths of them neglect to vote at the primaries. That neglect is seriously felt at election after election in Los Angeles."

We have insisted repeatedly that Los Angeles is sick to death of the incessant politics, always on trumpery side-lines, with which Progressives, Political Socialists and other Reformers, does her so habitually. However, we did not know that she was showing it as forcibly as stated, *nor did we expect to find the revolt* acknowledged so frankly.

Meanwhile, English people might be interested in knowing that Lord Murray of Marconi fame, the boon companion of Isaacs and Lloyd George, and late chief Liberal Whip, is at *present in Mexico*, securing concessions from this bloody-handed Government, and English people are invited to take up the shares. Every penny of the dividends will be stained with Mexican blood. ("Freedom," London.)

In his recent work, "South America," Bryce, the noted English author and late British ambassador to the United States, points out clearly that "the Spanish-American's regard for the United States, and his confidence in its purposes, have never recovered from the blow given by the Mexican War of 1846 and the annexation of California."

Properly speaking, the land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all his Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell land on any other principle; it is not the property of any generation. (Thomas Carlyle.)

Aggression is simply another name for government. Aggression, invasion, government, are interconvertible terms. The essence of government is *control, or the attempt to control.* He who attempts to control another is a governor, an aggressor, an invader; and the nature of such resistance is not changed whether it be offered by one man upon another man, after the manner of the ordinary criminal, or by one man upon all other men, after the manner of an absolute monarch, or by all other men upon one man, after the manner of modern democracy. (Tucker.)

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.

On Its Knees Offers Agrarian Reforms

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ANTONIO DE P. ARAUJO)

Considering the government of Mexico's capital as lost and seeing that the millions of dollars spent in armies and armaments are of no avail to smother the Revolution—whose character is evident from the features that have continually marked the various uprisings which continue to shake Mexico—they are once more putting forward measures such as Madero would never have proposed and, much less carried into effect.

Nevertheless, it is now late for the implanting of social reforms and for the partition of the lands. In the heart of the Mexican proletariat there are beating today anti-authoritarian and anti-capitalist sentiments, and they will not allow themselves to be deceived as they have been in the past. They will not swallow the hook of a repartition of the lands at the hands of Government.

The Republic's government has confessed that in Mexico there is a war of classes. By the mouth of the Minister of Regulation, Dr. Urrutia, who calls attention to the selfishness of the rich in the matter of contributing funds with which to carry on the struggle against the proletariat, it has said as follows: "The war which is destroying us implacably is not a civil war; it has no political ends in view. It is the war of the poor man; of the man who possesses nothing against the rich man. And it is a curious, not to saw an immoral, fact that in the combats recorded daily, in which so many fall, those who fall are all of the disinherited class, those who have nothing to lose and who are fighting only because those who give them orders take them to the battlefield. The well-to-do are helping in this frightful war without taking any actual part in it. They expect us to defend them against assaults, against incendiarism, against pillage, but, with a few honorable exceptions, they do nothing to bring about peace and a definite equilibrium. And I think that the hacienda owners, those who possess much, those who do not know where their haciendas end and who can ride for days without coming to the boundary posts that mark the limits of their holdings, could contribute something, some few acres of land, without reducing to any great extent their capital; and that would be the first step, a gigantic step, toward the solution of the future and the scattering of the black clouds that now involve it."

Again, from the secretaries' offices of the Departments of Public Works and Regulation orders have been sent out for the immediate splitting up of the lands belonging to the nation, with instructions to grant permission for the working and exploitation of the national lands neighboring on towns. Here is what "El Imparcial," a bourgeois Mexico City paper, says in one of its last issues respecting these orders:

"The Secretary's office of the Department of Regulation has just sent out a circular to the Political Prefectures of the Federal District, ordering that, without delay, the inhabitants of towns and municipalities where national lands are situated be allowed to work and exploit them. Thus, all the timber lands of the Federal District and the lands which belong to the nation, as well as the bottom lands of lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, will be worked and their products exploited—wood, fodder, sand and other mineral deposits, etc., etc., by the inhabitants of the different towns, registered as paying taxes, without any restriction other than that of the morality of the individuals concerned.

"We are informed that this measure is to be put into immediate effect, having in view the special circumstances through which the country is passing, with a view to facilitating the re-establishment of peace while reserving for a later date more detailed legislation. At the ministerial council held last Tuesday night the Secretary of the Department of Regulation proposed this transcendentally important measure, and it met with the approval of the President of the Republic.

"We are informed also that at a meeting of the various great landed proprietors of the Federal District it was agreed to cede a portion of their lands, to be cultivated by the workers of the respective municipalities.

"In Xochimilco a well-known man is willing to divide up for the benefit of the natives a large tract of very fertile moor land, whose cultivation and products will be henceforth for the benefit of the poor and industrious of the neighborhood.

"We know also that the wealthy proprietor, Senor Don Inigo Noriega, will cede an important portion of his Xico haciendas and their annexes, with the same noble end of favoring the native working class.

"We conceive that alike the disposition shown by the government and the altruistic proposition of the great landowners constitute a great step toward the work of pacification, and, as we have said repeatedly, we should not trust solely to military action. It is very probable that the realization of the new measure dictated by the Secretary of Regulation may meet with obstacles and hindrances in the matter of carrying it into effect, but no one can doubt that such an arrangement has been inspired by a self-evident spirit of patriotism, and that it will contribute largely toward the re-establishment of peace by providing means of livelihood and subsistence to the native class which today the rebel chiefs and highwaymen are making use of, that they may drag it to revolt and banditry."

And, immediately after the issuance of the order of the Secretary of Public Works, the same paper expresses itself thus:

"In view of the fact that, at the ministerial council held in the National Palace last night, the Secretary of the Board of Public Works, Engineer Alberto Robles Gil, offered to make known a plan for the repartition of the lands, an 'Imparcial' representative interviewed him at noon yesterday and requested him kindly to furnish us with some details on a subject of such importance.

"Sr. Robles Gil showed us that, inasmuch as the law prohibits the Government from alienating its lands until they have been surveyed by the Government's own engineering commission; and inasmuch as the Mexican Republic comprises 197,000,000 hectares, more than ten per cent of which—that is to say, 23,000,000 hectares—are the nation's property; and inasmuch as the Agrarian Section of the Department has not a staff adequate to the task of surveying and dividing up the lands which must be partitioned; with a view to carrying out the splitting up of the lands as speedily as possible, the Department of Public Works has entered with the President of the Republic into the agreement we publish hereafter, to the end that the Governors of the various States may occupy themselves with the division of the said lands, at the cost of the Federal Government." (Here follows a somewhat lengthy order by President Huerta to the Governors and "Jefes Politicos" of the different States, directing them to divide up without delay such portions of the national domain as may be susceptible of cultivation, in tracts of not less than ten and not more than one hundred hectares, and to put them into the possession of small agriculturists, "in order to alleviate their necessities and contribute to a partial satisfaction of the popular aspirations in the matter of the land." The order is somewhat lengthy and Mr. Araujo has given it verbatim, but the present translator thinks it sufficient to reproduce its general purport, which he has done quite faithfully. Mr. Araujo proceeds:

Minister Urrutia's declarations, as well as the decrees of the Executive, issued without waiting for authorization by Congress or even by what calls itself the law, show how great is the Government's agony, and its anxiety to attract to itself the proletariat and induce it to renounce the Revolution, which goes on marching forward in its work of general expropriation.

The splitting up of the lands, while the Government and the principle of private property remain alive, does not mean the helping of the worker on his road to the conquest of well-being, nor would it be practicable; for, as we have said often, the acquisition by ALL the towns in the Republic of the land necessary to provide them with commons, would necessitate the buying out of the hacienda owners at increased prices, since it comprises the lands and forests surrounding the towns, the titles to which are in the hands of private landowners, since they are not the nation's property. Such a purchase is an impossibility, because the Government, although it would force the workers to contribute substantial sums, would need millions and millions of dollars for such an expropriation, and no banking syndicate in the world would be able to accommodate it with the monstrous amount of cash needed. Today the national lands which Huerta orders given to the disinherited are those which the foreign speculator and native hacienda-owner have rejected and declined to take over because of their aridity, their marshy character or for other reasons that make their working full of difficulty.

No system of agrarian laws can be adopted in Mexico. Legal measures or governmental orders—which, lacking the sanction of Congress, proclaim themselves illegal—cannot solve a problem which, as the Minister of Regulation himself says, is social and has no political end in view.

The social problem can be solved only by each and all taking possesion of that which belongs to all. The land, which is the gift of nature, and the machines, the plows, the houses, the industries, the trains and all that has been the common work of the past and the present generations, should be expropriated. With the expropriation of the now-usurped common patrimony, bequeathed to man by Nature and his ancestors, the right of all the inhabitants of Mexico to the enjoyment of existing wealth will be secured.

It is this method of solving the problem which is making the Government tremble, and, being lost, it is now pretending to be interested in the disinherited and is playing its last card, hoping that thereby it will induce the Social Revolution to commit suicide.

This method of solving the problem—that is to say, expropriation by violence—is causing the most important bourgeois paper of Guadalajara to exclaim, in tears and with dismay:

"Who knows with what the future may present us? We shall say simply that never, during all the Republic's life, have revolutionary movements exhibited a character so sanguinary and vandalistic as they do today, when even private houses are dynamited and there is nothing which can inspire the bandits with respect or restrain their passion."

It is now too late for the government to talk. The time has gone by for it to show itself interested in a proletariat that, during four centuries, suffered in slavery. Its weak voice is lost in the clamor of the revolutionary forces, now enured to war, which are moving from victory to victory, from triumph to triumph, from expropriation to expropriation, and are now well-nigh surrounding the Republic's capital, not that they may shout, with the inevitable fall of President Huerta: "The President of the Republic is dead; long live the President of the Republic!" but the great cry of proletarian redemption: "The Capitalist system is dead! We have killed the Republic! Long live the Commune!"

IMPOSSIBLE!

Impossible! This is the cry of the impotents; the howl of the reactionaries; the ejaculation of the bourgeoisie face to face with the picture of the Society of the Future. Impossible! Impossible! Impossible!

Tell them that no one has a right to take to himself a portion of the wealth the toiler produces; tell them that the earth is the natural possession of all humanity; tell them that the police, the soldiers, the office-holders, are but leeches who live without producing anything useful or contributing to life's pleasure; tell them that thousands and thousands of human beings at present shut up in prisons are merely the victims of a bad social system; tell them all this and they call you blasphemer, evil-doer, criminal, every other name to which they can lay their tongues.

Yet, beyond all question, we are telling the truth; and, being convinced of that, we are directing all our blows at the heart of the old social system. We are not wasting our time attacking the superficial; we are going to the bottom of the question.

That which would seem to be really impossible is the fact that the workers have lived so long without understanding that they are slaves. That which would seem to be really impossible is that the workers have not acted on the proposal that they should throw off the yoke.

But the workers are not to blame; or, at least, not wholly to blame. The real culprits are the politicians, who have lulled the proletariat to sleep with the dream of a smiling future won by the simple expedient of casting a vote. Time has demonstrated that if there is one thing truly "impossible" it is the achievement of economic liberty by the ballot.

Run over the list of nations in which the people have the right to vote and investigate the conditions under which their inhabitants live. At once it will be seen that the vote has had no influence in bettering conditions. On the contrary: year by year misery grows everywhere more acute; year by year thousands and thousands of workers are without employment; year by year the garrison populations increase at a rate truly frightful; year by year a larger percentage of women takes to prostitution; year by year the number of suicides grows; year by year the struggle for existence becomes more hard and full of tragedy, and humanity finds itself more and more unhappy, in spite of the electoral vote, in spite of representative governments, in spite of the progress claimed by what calls itself democracy.

The Mexican Liberal Party is fully convinced of the fallacy of makeshifts or political reforms. Inasmuch as our party is not composed of politicians or place-hunters but of proletarians whose sole ambition is to redeem themselves from wage slavery, it uses the opportunity now presenting itself and goes straight to its goal—the economic emancipation of the working class, accomplished by the expropriation of the soil and the machinery.

Were this not the final aim of the Mexican Liberal Party it would be a party of clowns and impostors.—

Forward!

DEATH TO SUCH ORDER!

"There must be Order." Thus shriek nowadays all thepholders of what is called Order. For these gentry Order can exist only so long as society is subject to the rod of the policeman, the soldier, the judge, the jailor, the hangman, the governor.

But that is not Order. What I understand by Order is Harmony, and there can be no Harmony so long as anywhere on the surface of this planet there are human beings who feed to repletion and human beings who have not a crust to lift to their lips.

If things were well arranged; if every human creature had enough to eat and could obtain shelter without paying rent—in a word, if by a minimum of healthy labor everyone could obtain the wherewithal to live a decent life, no one would have the audacity to say: "I am a greater man than you. Obey me!"

Then there would be true Order because there would be Harmony. Men would not quarrel; men would not envy one another. We should all be brothers, and the policeman, the soldier, the judge, the jailer, the hangman and the governor would be superfluous. They would be superfluous because, Marmony among human beings having been achieved by the conquest of economic liberty, the paratitism of public officials would have no reason for existence.

Public officials are not, as is generally believed, the guardians of Order. Real Order, which is Harmony, requires no guardian, precisely because it is Order. It is Disorder that requires guardians, and Disorder—scandalous, disgraceful and humiliating, from the very fact that we were not born to be slaves—at present rules society's political and social life.

That one social class oppresses another social class is Disorder, for there should exist but one class—that of the producers, the workers. Humanity will become a working class when the land the machinery becomes the property of all, for then all wil have to work in order to eat.

It is the maintenance of Disorder—that is to say, the maintenance of political and social inequality, of the privileges of an upper and the submission of a lower class, which necessitates the governors, the laws, the police, the soldiery, the jailers, the judges, the hangman and the whole mob of big and petty officials who sponge on the people'fis energies. The existence of these officials serves not to protect humanity but to hold it in submission; to hold it in slavery to those who have been clever enough to get possession of the land and the machinery.

"Theer must be Order." Thus shriek nowadays the upholders of Disorder; that is to say, the upholders of social and political inequality.

No! Order does not mean the slavery of part of humanity by another part, but liberty for the whole human species. As for bourgeois Order, we Mexicans are battling against it in our present rebellion. Against that kind of Order we shout: "Death to such Order!" For it is an Order that shackles man's free initiative; the Order of the guardroom and the barracks. Death to such Order!

DEMORALIZE THE ARMY.

According to the "Los Angeles Times" at the recent troubles at Fort Stevens, one of our Oregon military posts, have been due to the pestiferous I. W. W., aided by "the destructive element of the Socialist Party, from Hammond and Astoria." As the "Times" puts it, while these agitators have been absorbing the attention of the public with their soap-box oratory, they have been chiefly busy underground, sending their agents to enlist in the army, spreading seditious doctrines surreptitiously among the rank and file and otherwise raising Cain. Awfull Ten thousand times more dangerous to the existing order than mayoralty campaigns, Berger insurance legislation or Debs oratory.

They are a good, hardy people, the fishermen of Astoria, and they have kept up a social war against the exactions of their masters, to our personal knowledge, for more than thirty years. They are worth an army of city "parlor" revolutionists, enslaved by the meeting habit.

What the "Times" and other journals of its class may as well understand, first as well as last, is this: all our teaching is that the most infamous feature of modern society is that it has made the masses powerless, and that, to abolish that impotence, we shall have either to disarm the classes or to bring about a universal arming of the masses. Which shall it be? We are after human equality, and we know that as between the man with the gun and the unarmed citizen no equality is possible. The proletariat is growing weary of having its head broken and its life crushed out of it by awalking arsenals to whom it can oppose only the futility of bare hands.

THE GOD THEY TRUST.

We clip the following editorial from "The Appeal to Reason," because it shows with singular clarity the avowed object of modern Socialism. The old Socialism proclaimed loudly that it meant to make men economically free. The new Socialism states frankly—now and again, when rudely cornered—that its one aim is to build up a popular Government, which shall be TRUE TO ITS TRUST. We ourselves had hoped that this trust idea was getting played out, but we will let the "Appeal to Reason" speak for itself. After quoting Henry Clay to the effect that "Government is a trust," the editor writes:

"The class which at present rules this government has a different idea than Henry had about trusts and trustees. It is quite true that government is a trust and that public officials are trustees, but this has never had more than a theoretical application in any country, ancient or modern, on the face of the earth.

"The government under which we live today was not created by the people, but by a select few of the aristocratic and commercial classes who had, generally speaking, precious little faith in the intelligence of the people or in their capacity to rule themselves.

"This government was established not for the benefit of the people, but for the benefit of the class, the ruling class, which lives out of the labor and subjugation of the people.

"No government will ever be created for the benefit of the people, in fact as well as in theory, until it is created by the people themselves.

"And to create that kind of a government in which the people, the whole people, shall be supreme, in a democracy of self-rule, is the mission of the International Socialist movement."

Will some learned Socialist have the kindness to explain the guarantee of fidelity to their Trust that will be given by the Socialist dog catcher, the Socialist tax collector, the Socialist jailer, hangman, etc., etc.?

Mr. Herron thinks things are in the balance, and, like an ex-preacher, looks for a miracle by which the leopard will change its spots. We hold a contrary opinion and consider that the beast must be destroyed. We consider that history has a habit of repeating, and anticipate that the "never had more than a theoretical application in any country" experience is likely to lay its whip once more on the backs of those so credulous as to trust themselves to the mercies of Socialist officials.

PINKERTON'S SUCCESSOR.

Pretty well everybody knows that the detective agencies do a large business in the furnishing of spies to watch and report the sayings and doings of labor unions and agitators. Those who have looked the subject up know also that it forms by far the greatest and most lucrative part of their business; that without it they could not exist, and that they nurse and encourage this specially detestable branch of their occupation with untiring care. Men need, however, to be reminded all the time of what is going on hourly beneath their noses, and accordingly we reproduce the following, published in "The British Columbia Federationist," of Vancouver, B. C. It is a copy of the circular letter sent out by the Burns Detective Agency under date of March 12, 1913, from its Seattle office, and is as follows:

Gentlemen:

We desire to call your attention to our Industrial Department, wherein we maintain a competent force of experienced Operatives, comprising every nationality and occupation.

Our system of inspection and checking of employees must certainly appeal to every business man who desires to secure the most efficient service from them, and to know whether they are honest, loyal and working together as one, without friction, finally attaining profits.

Agitators are a detriment to any business, and by eliminating these, strikes and all other labor troubles are controlled, prevented or reduced to a minimum.

By having a secret service operating in your plant, you can know just what is going on all times. They mix up with the employees, finding out just how they feel towards their employers—just what their grievances are, if any.

They, being skilled, scrutinize the work and carefully point out the defects, if any exist. They, in addition to the information, furnish a good day's work, thereby making the cost of the information furnished comparatively slight to you.

You pay a large amount of money each year for Fire Insurance, Employers' Liability Insurance, etc. Why not pay a modest premium to insure yourself against labor troubles? Also to insure yourself in favor of efficiency?

No matter what you may have in mind, we would be pleased to take it up with you further, and respectfully ask an interview for one of our representatives.

Very truly yours,

THE WILLIAM J. BURNS NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY, INC.

Walter R. Thayer, Manager.

HAMSTRINGING THE ATTACK.

"Luke North" (J. G. Griffes), editor of "Everyman's", is circulating postcards containing the following iniquitous sentiment, by himself:

"Let society protect the weak, but no man is good or wise enough to judge or punish another."

We call that postcard iniquitous because, in our judgment—for we claim the right to think—it contains as much injurious error as it is possible to pack into so small a compass.

First; it preaches the swindle of protection; the doctrine that the weak, instead of themselves overthrowing the artificial conditions which doom them to eternal weakness, should be assisted by the benevolent lawyers, politicians and other would-be saviors of society.

Secondly; it preaches that we should not discriminate between the warrior and the camp-follower; between the lion who fights and the jackal who hangs on his trail, that he may glut himself with the offal of the conquered.

Our generation is rousing itself to the struggle to be free. It is checked at a thousand points by those who offer to "protect" it; in the law courts, in the legislature, wherever well-paid talk can catch its hireling fee. It is hounded and preyed on by those to whom the struggle means simply opportunity for loot; but, according to the philosophy of "Luke North," we should not punish or condemn them.

The philosophy of "Luke North" is the submissiveness of Oriental Christianity, filtered through and further weakened by Theosophy, Christian Science and other hybrids grafted on that poisonous stock. It is the creed, par excellence, of the smug, comfortable and, therefore, cowardly bourgeoisie, which plays with what it calls the "higher" criticism, but shrinks in horror from the savage attack so necessary but dangerous to its own tranquillity.

HOW IS THIS, KROPOTKIN?

In an article, in the "Herald of Revolt", Kropotkin contracts the impotence of the modern trades union with the power of the medieval guilds, and shows how these latter were crushed out by kings and States. He then says: 'One union however was not crushed, that of the men engaged in the pursuit of knowledge; the men who continued to work in their silent studies; who were adding new discoveries to the old ones."

Kropotkin is a confirmed Collectivist. Were it not so he would understand that these scholars who escaped the crushing process were not a "union" but individual workers, acting individually and able to do so because their individual economic condition was better than that of the average man. It enabled them individually, therefore, to pursue knowledge.

Kropotkin is talking Collectivism and giving the very illustration that pleads most powerfully for Individualism.

The world owes practically all its knowledge to the comparatively few, who, somewhat better situated than their fellows, had the leisure and surplus energy needed for thought and discovery. The masses—the Collectivity—overworked and underpaid, have never had either the leisure or energy to do much thinking; and to release that huge body of latent power, hitherto paralyzed by economic slavery, is the chief argument in favor of making all men economically free.

TWISTING THE TIGER'S TAIL.

Recently we quoted Clarence Darrow as saying: "The laws we have enacted and the moves we have made are patchwork," and as adding that it was useless to raise the price of labor while a few men in Wall Street, sitting round a mahogany table, can take away all the gain by raising the price of commodities. Clarence Darrow knows, and no man can express himself better, if he chooses to speak out.

Our war—our most bitter, unrelenting war—should be always against shams; against the frauds who cry peace when there is no peace; against, above all, the political and other impostors who mislead the people eternally with their quack nostrums and poison the entire body politic with fake remedies that only aggravate the original disease. It is impossible to write too strongly on this subject, because it is impossible to exaggerate the mischief wrought to the revolutionary cause by these ignorant or wilfully malignant Labor Fakirs. It is impossible to speak too harshly of men of the Berger type, with their sham insurance schemes, advertised with the high-sounding name of Scientific Socialism but, in reality, concocted in the lethal chamber of politics for the sole purpose of trapping the ignorant, and, therefore, easily-deluded labor vote. We single out the workingman's insurance humbug for criticism, because its bogus character is so transparent, and because already it has inflicted enormous suffering on its chief victim—the workingman himself.

The Massachusetts Workingmen's Compensation act went into effect just about a year ago. Times were prosperous, as times go, and, according to the figures furnished by the State Bureau of Statistics and Labor, there were then unemployed, from all causes, only 7,088. Immediately the number began to mount, although it is insisted that business generally has continued good. By December the unemployed had increased to 15,914, and by March 31 the number had reached 19,329. Comparison of a long series of figures shows that the number of unemployed far exceeds even that in 1908, the year following the panic, and a year when there was much general stoppage of work by reason of the strikes then prevalent.

The reasons for this deplorable condition are simplicity itself, and belong to the most elementary teachings of that political economy corrupt labor leaders and politicians deliberately ignore, because to ignore them is money in their pockets.

First, under this and similar acts, the employer has to insure each and every one of his employes. Naturally he seeks to cut down his force as much as possible, and this he accomplishes by "speeding up," by buying new labor-saving machinery, and similar well-known devices.

Secondly, it is obvious that by these tinkering makeshifts we are not getting rid of the employer, diminishing his power or putting ourselves in a position where we may hope to do for ourselves what now he does for us. Not at all. It may be worth while to clip the tiger's claws or pull his teeth, but what is there in twisting his tail? You simply make the beast angry and dangerous.

How are we going to remedy this miserable state of things? How are we going to put an end to this perpetual cheating of labor, this wasting strength in fighting shadows, this wandering in a wilderness of lies which drains it of all its fighting force? We never can do it until we set on foot a straight, unflinching economic propaganda; a propaganda that shall open the workers' eyes to the absurdity of dealing with effects while leaving causes untouched, because they are too lazy to investigate and too cowardly to tackle them. Then, and only then, shall we be able to banish from our ranks that most dangerous of all our enemies—the Labor Fakir.

SOPS TO CERBERUS.

"Why," an admirably outspoken monthly published at Tacoma, Wash., comments forcibly, because truly, on President Wilson's recent "Labor" appointments. It says, in part:

"As for MacArthur he always took great interest in civic matters and, naturally, became pretty chummy with the Frisco labor skinners; the ship-owners will never have cause to complain of his actions. Today the Sailors Union of the Pacific, a body composed of staunch fighters by the very nature of their occupation, through the influence of MacArthur and others, has lost its former inclinations towards direct action, and these sturdy men who can reef a fore-sail in the face of a south-easter emasculated of their spirit of iniative, have degenerated into a bunch of sea-lawyers who sheepishly plead for their rights by lobbying at the legislatures.

"Lynch as U. S. Public Printer and MacArthur as U. S. Shipping Commissioner are in their proper places now in the hand of the enemy. Had they remained where they were, they might have been mistaken for friends of labor. Bully for you, President Wilson!"

The editor of this section was one of the original organizers of the Coast Seamen's Union, considerably more than thirty years ago. It was organized on thoroughly revolutionary lines, and he can testify to the fact that for years it was one of the most powerful revolutionary agents on the Pacific Coast; there being scarcely a vessel manned by its members that did not have revolutionary literature on board, and discussions on the economic struggle having taken almost entirely the place of those barren theological wranglings formerly so dear to sailors' hearts.

Then the union got into the hands of politicians, and for many years its weekly and admirably dressed official organ has been the tamest and stupidest of all the tame and stupid labor exchanges published in this country. That tells the degeneracy tale, and if a conclusive example of the blight that comes with politics is needed, one has only to point to the history of the Coast Seaman's Union.

Certain of its members have drawn salaries for a generation past, and frittered away their lives lobbying at State capitals and hobnobbing with thieves. Contrariwise, the union permitted the man who certainly was at one time the greatest friend it ever had, Burnette G. Haskell, to die in San Francisco of actual starvation. Haskell had his faults, and doubtless made many grievous errors; but he brought the union to birth, and for years worked himself to the bone on its behalf.

"It is quite the vogue to speak of the overpopulation of China, and it is not alone the casual or careless observer who has spoken or written eloquently and impressively upon this theme," writes James D. Whelpley. "The real truth of the matter is that China as a whole is not overpopulated. The impression of overpopulation comes from an inspection of the congested areas, this congestion being due to a number of causes, principal among which is the lack of transportation. Given facilities for moving about, the population problem will in time solve itself; for there are vast areas of China waiting immigration and offering substantial advantage in return. No people in the world respond with greater alacrity to an opportunity for profitable labor than do the Chinese, and with their own country offering itself as a practical field for exploitation, no nation will take quicker or more profitable advantage. The building of railroads will not only give employment to hundreds of thousands of people and distribute money where it is needed, but it will take the people from a limited to a wider environment. Experience has shown that the Chinese are great travelers when travel is possible."

John Stuart Mill wrote: "No man made the land, it is the original inheritance of the whole species." If so, where is the share of the young men of Middleton? Herbert Spencer wrote: "The world is God's bequest to mankind. All men are joint heirs to it, you among the number." If so, where is your share of the heritage? Emerson wrote: "Have the goodness, gentlemen of the world, to show me my wood lot where I may fell my wood, my field where to plant my corn, my pleasant ground where to build my cabin." That is it—show us where it is. (Middleton "Guard.")

It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine which more than any other evil of the times is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, and against nobility, is not forced from them either by famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill-fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained they cannot endure their own; for they feel that the kind of labor to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one and makes them less than men. (John Ruskin.)

It is the selfishness and stupefied state of the people, who sell their freedom and their honor for insignificant material advantages, which supports the present state of society. Those who stand on the lowest rung of the ladder, partly as a consequence of being stupefied by a patriotic and fasely religious education, partly for the sake of personal advantages, give up their freedom and their feeling of human dignity to those who stand higher and offer them material advantages. In a like position are those standing a little higher. (Tolstoy.)

There is mass attack on slavery, and there is individual attack; but the mass attack is always set in motion by the rebellious few. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that the individualist philosophy, stimulating quick individual revolt, will prove a far more dangerous foe to slavery than will the collectivist doctrine, which waits on the slower action of the mass. That unquestionably is the opinion of Authority, which singles out the individual for punishment.

The net result of more modern legislation is to destroy in one direction what the people are seeking to establish in another, says Charles Daniel. The people are really asking for freedom—freedom to earn a living—whereas their representatives are sanctioning in their name measures for limiting their liberty even in their own homes.

"Freedom" (London), quoting from a recent issue of "Regeneracion," comments as follows: "If this is the condition, no guns, no dictatorship, can crush the new spirit, which is sure to elaborate a new order, a better society, with justice for the peasant and worker." We desire to remark that the passage commented on was not by us but by Frank G. Carpenter, the special writer for the "Los Angeles Times." We gather our information, as far as possible, from hostile sources, considering that the admissions of the enemy carry far greater weight than our own statements.

"At the present rate of expenditure the four countries of Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States will spend in the next forty years, the life of one generation, for the support of armies and navies an amount sufficient to build 2,000,000 country and village houses at an average cost of $2500 each. With father, mother and four children in each of these houses they would furnish homes for 12,000,000 people, which is more than the total present population of these four countries living in villages and the open country. Thus the fear of war is consuming the home of the rural and village population of these great nations in a single generation. (United States Bureau of Education.)

SLAUGHTERED LIKE CATTLE.

Some weeks ago we selected the Los Angeles street railway system for our weekly editorial, that we might illustrate the helplessness of the mass under forms which profess to have made them sovereign at the ballot box. We showed that for fifteen years Los Angeles had been practically a unit in protesting against traffic jams, brutally overcrowded cars and excessive strain imposed on conductors and motormen; who, for all the brag about the power of labor, have never even begun to dare to think of organizing.

Very recently Los Angeles received its first severe chastisement for not having dared to revolutionized its Huntington-monopolized car system. No less than twelve were killed outright and about one hundred and fifty injured, many most seriously, in a collision. The six cars involved were crowded to suffocation, and, although a few escaped by jumping, obviously only a very few could wriggle clear of the mass.

The coroner's jury has brought in its verdict, which begins: "We find that the railway allowed their trains to be operated too closely together, owing to the crowded condition of the cars, and that the accident could have been avoided by the proper observance of rules and by employing competent men."

Not for the sake of saying "We told you so" do we comment on this, but to drive home once more the point that it is typical of all our modern civilization, which, professing to clothe the masses with power, has reduced them to the level of the herd, milling helplessly in the corral.

When there is revelry in the mansions of an idle aristocracy, there must be want and suffering in the homes of the men who do the sowing and reaping.

"All exploitation of the people is based on the land monopoly. With really free access to the land, no body of men would accept wage slavery." ("Freedom.")

The motto on our flag is not "Liberty is a Natural Right," but "Liberty the Mother of Order." (Tucker.)

Bryan, the great Commoner, cannot live on $12,000 a year. If the people do not find out of what stuff their politicians are made it is not the politicians' fault.