

Stranded Without
Money Or A Job

While waiting for the bank to open I visited our Central Park. It was a lovely morning and every seat was occupied, so I strolled about and fell to studying the crowd. That interest more than does the perpetual studying of books, which tell us only what their writers think or wish to think. The crowd is a living fact, is the uncertain but all-important factor in our problem, and is the one most universally ignored. Governments hold it in subjection, and marvel at its discontent. Privilege, backed by Government, robs it at every turn, although it is certain that men do not like being robbed. Reformers denounce it as incurably stupid because it will not gulp down their patent cure-alls, and every visionary who has mapped out a Co-operative Commonwealth tries to shove it down the masses' throat. Yet the masses are not dummies. They cannot be handled like so many bricks and built into whatever fantastic structures certain self-appointed architects may evolve from their own inner consciousness. They are living human beings, with elementary needs and passions common to us all. Perhaps they only want the opportunity of satisfying those needs and passions, and then to be left alone.

That is about what I was thinking to myself as I surveyed the crowd. In itself the park was beautiful. Squirrels raced merrily about, birds sang, the trees and flowers, fresh from their morning bath of dew, still sparkled, and the scene was full of life. But the crowd was not. Some were nodding on the benches; a surly sign that the night had gone hard with them. Others were reading the papers listlessly, which meant that their eyes were roaming vaguely over a mass of disconnected matter which left no impression on the memory. Others were staring stolidly into space. Now and again one saw an eager, concentrated face, and his owner was studying the "Help Wanted" advertisements. On the whole, the human display was most depressing, and I asked myself, "What is the matter with these people?" The answer came easily enough: "They are out of work. They are wondering how and where they can get a job. They feel that they are helpless; flotsam driven hither and thither by tides they cannot control; outsiders in the great game of life." "That," I said to myself, "is the secret of their obvious discontent, their obvious helplessness, their obvious lack of life. These men are helpless and they know it. Helplessness is the one depressing thing."

All men—hundreds of them—were of the ages, nationalities and social ranks. Many of them doubtless would have been refused admission to the workers' only, for many more of them the A. P. of L. would have had no use, and in the great bulk of them a Socialist organizer would have felt little interest, since they certainly had no vote. Yet there they were; true types of the unassimilated whole; impossible to classify; impossible to place definitely in the much-talked-about "class struggle" as commonly defined, and yet, the people. The people, who are supposed to rule; the people, whom the allegedly-suspicious policeman is supposed to serve; the people, whose existence is supposed to make good this country's brag that it is the world's one luminous example of Democracy. What irony! How bitter, observation makes one!

However, bitterness is useless. The one question is "What are you going to do about it?" and my thought naturally ran on, as would anybody's. "Here," it said to me, "you have the problem; the real problem; not as the book-makers think it but as it actually is. We all understand that union is strength and to write or debate on that is useless. But, how are we to bring about that union? How are we to strike the chord to which these men will all respond? Some common ground, wider than any hitherto offered, must exist, if ingenuitly could but find it out. What is it?" And again I looked at the crowd and my thought, answered again, "their helplessness."

Practically all these men I was surveying were without a job. Within a few hours every one of them would become hungry, if they were not so already; within a few more hours every one of them would need shelter for the night. These things must be bought with wages, and wages mean possession of a job. Jobs do not grow on trees. The squirrels and the birds were picking up their breakfast and laughing with one another over the fun of it. But to the unemployed seated on those park benches the problem was not funny. It could not be solved by cheerful alacrity and willingness to pick up the meal. It could not be solved by being well-behaved and thus getting into the good graces of the park policeman or other devotees of civic order. It could be solved only by finding some entirely selfish employers who would make a personal profit by setting the petitioner to work. To find such employers is never easy, is often hard, is sometimes as impossible as is jumping to the moon. If, in such conditions, which depend on the state of the market, men are not helpless, what do you mean by "helplessness?"

Personally I have a job, and it is one of which for years I have been tired to death. I am tired of presenting simple truth, week after week, in varied dress, because simplicity undressed does not please our artificial taste. I am tired of demonstrating that freedom is a fiction while men must beg leave to work; tired of pointing out that the essence of slavery is that you must hand over to another, most unwillingly, a portion

of your product; tired of explaining that to herd men by the millions into cities, wherein to be jobless is to starve, is a cruelty so subtle that it makes men long for the despotism associated with the names of Asia or the Caesars in the time of Rome's decay. I am tired of showing that to elect "good" men to office and pull them out again, or to stop people from doing this and compel them to do that, for the sake of pretended civic righteousness, does not bring us within hailing distance of the problem of the man on the park bench; the man hopeless as no other living creature is helpless, and helpless because our vaunted economic liberty denies him even the chance of working as a slave. Of all this fraudulent, hypocritical dodging of the real issue I have been sick for years and years. For all these humbugging reformers, who are everlasting polishing up the outside of the cup, I have a disgust so deep that I consider the bold pirates of our race angels beside them. I can sympathize with men like Otis, who would whip the masses into Revolution or leave them to siew in their own juice, as a fit punishment for their stupidity and cowardice. The men for whom I have not a particle of toleration are those who cry aloud that the masses are in hopeless slavery, and then bid them be content with electing some nonentity to office. Of all creatures the labor politician is, to me, the one who betrays the trust of life most deeply; and there can be no career more criminal than that.

Question these park occupants and they will tell you they are there because they do not know what to do; because there is apparently no opening for them; because they cannot find a job. I use the commonest terms because they explain the trouble far better than all the heavy volumes over which we muddle our brains so painfully. Men do not know what to do when they have no opportunity of setting themselves to work; and that they cannot do when man's tool, the land, has been reduced to private and never-ending ownership, tied up with legal tangle and enforced with all the powers of Government. Men cannot find an opening so long as Monopoly has its grip on all the possibilities of producing wealth. Men can never be certain of a job while the question of employment depends on the state of a monopoly-ridden market. All the efforts of the unions to remedy such conditions, while leaving denial of opportunity untouched, are just about as effective as would be the attempt to stop an Alpine avalanche with a wooden shovel; and, for my part, I am sick to death of the "leaders" who still persist in organizing and cheering on their followers to work at such a hopeless task. Nearly two thousand years ago the Jews scoffed at Christ's advice that they should go to herbs and sowings for those simpler, but the corrupt civilization of the times had buried out of sight. Today the dull indifference of organized labor to the Mexican's struggle for the land and economic freedom presents us with a parallel instance of incapacity to deal with facts.

WM. C. OWEN.

IN CIVILIZATION'S NAME.

Intervention, benevolent assimilation, protectorate, policing for the restoration of law and order, or whatever else you choose to call it, is a fine thing; fine for the gentlemen who own sugar plantations in Cuba, have gobbled or are gobbling the timber of the Philippines, and have had their eye on Mexico's oil wells, mines and agricultural lands, which they hope to market at top-notch prices. Of course also it is a fine thing for the natives. It must be, since it is in their interest that it is done. We ourselves missed the following, but have resurrected it from the "Melting Pot," which is writing powerfully on the iniquities of our capitalistic wars. The press dispatch runs:

"San Francisco, July 30.—The story of the killing of 2,000 Moros in the Philippine Islands by General Pershing's soldiers was related here today by John McLean, a civilian employee of the United States army, Quartermaster Department, who arrived from Manila on the steamer Persia. He said 196 women and 340 children were killed in one day's fighting. When the Moros saw the battle was lost to the American troops they held their women and children in front of them as shields, and the fire from the rifles and machine guns of the troops, mowed them down by scores. The news of the fighting was strictly censored at Manila."

"I think that item over and use it when United States intervention in Mexico is being discussed."

We wanted, very badly, to learn all about the F. W. W. convention, which, as we understood, was to be held in Chicago, Sept. 13. Searching the official organs, however, we could not find even a passing reference to it. Since then we have looked and looked in vain for information as to what transpired. We have been genuinely interested and we have come to the conclusion that the official and editorial ring must have engineered everything on the quiet, which is precisely what the malcontents accused them of wishing to do. Our conclusion may be wrong and we sincerely hope it is. But, can you blame us for reaching it?

Robert Lee Warwick writes us from New York, asking us to announce that he is no longer connected with the "Social War." As the whole revolutionary movement is in a state of flux, and combinations form and dissolve ceaselessly, we usually pay no attention to what steps particular individuals may chance to take. However, it is well to depart from precedent occasionally. This, therefore, is the announcement.

Mexican Notes

With a cynicism typical of our commercial age, "The Los Angeles Times" spreads over its Mexican news, under date of Sept. 24, the following head: "Programme. Would make beef cheap by annexing Sonora. Meat packers also have their eyes on other Mexican border States. Natural advantages of the Northern tracts of the Republic as cattle breeding grounds are shown to be the only hope of rehabilitating a waning industry and reducing the cost of living." After which it starts the day's news with a special telegram, dated Chicago, Sept. 24, which begins as follows:

"The hope that a large tract of Northern Mexico may some day become the property of the United States was expressed before the members of the American Meat Packers' Association and the third Refrigeration Congress today. It was pointed out to the two organizations, which held a joint meeting at the Hotel La Salle, that the tract in question contains the best undeveloped cattle-breeding ground in the world. The high cost of beef and the gaunt specter of a beef famine now confronting this country, would be averted if the United States acquired the tract, it was stated."

Similarly the "Los Angeles Evening Herald," gives prominence to a Chicago telegram dated Sept. 24, which runs: "James E. Poole, editor of the 'Live Stock World,' declared before the meat packers in session here that the United States should annex Sonora, Mexico, as it is the best beef raising country in America."

Then we wonder at the supreme distrust with which our country is regarded throughout the Latin American world. For three years past we have been insisting in these columns that the Mexican Revolution is bringing to the front not only the great question that a nation, and the individuals who compose a nation, cannot possibly enjoy freedom unless they own the land from which, by nature's inexorable law, they have to win their living, but also the great racial problem which arises inevitably when men of one breed, thirsting for profit, seek to invade the rights of men of another breed whose philosophy is to live and let others live.

Coming Home to Roost.

All these basic problems are coming up, and out from their closets are trooping skeletons that, as we hoped, had been buried years ago. The wholesale slaughter of the Indians, for which we of a later generation are feebly endeavoring to atone by idolizing the few survivors and poetizing over the now-admitted virtues of the race. The rape of territory which followed a war with Mexico, carefully lamented at a time when Mexico was notoriously weak. The filibustering intrigues by which Roosevelt sought to justify the invasion of Panama and the transfer to the United States of one of the most valuable strings of land existent. The imperial expansion which succeeded the Spanish-American war, waged in the name of philanthropy and ending almost entirely to the benefit of a pampered handful of monopolists. Finally, the grotesque distortion of the Monroe doctrine, which, announced originally as being for the protection of struggling Republics against monarchical invasion, has been twisted into a solemn obligation to police those Republics and rather than into the net for the sake of conscienceless speculators who sought, and obtained, thousand percent profits but wish to be insured against all possibility of loss. In a word, the past history of American land-grabbing is being scrutinized as it never was before, and the world is learning to distrust this country as it never did before. Well may Hearst clamor for a larger navy, and well may Dick laws be passed in the hope that ultimately it may be possible to enforce general conscription. With the frankly avowed ethics that rich breeding grounds justify annexation we shall need all the ships and soldiers we can commandeer to hold our own against a world that is looking askance at us as threatening to become the most dangerous of nations.

Truth versus Fiction.

Every imaginable argument likely to create race hatred, fan patriotic fanaticism, appeal to cupidity and thus render intervention in Mexico popular, has been worked to the limit. Property losses have been strung out in imposing columns, but have failed to impose, the public feeling that if Wall Street has had its fingers burned there is no call for shedding tears. If one were to believe the sensational reports issued by the Hearst papers, for example, one would imagine that the Mexican naturally thirsted for gore. In reality, all the evidence of those who know them best is that their great fault has been unwillingness to fight, a generous hospitality that has shown no limit, a careless disregard of worldly possessions that has made them the easy mark of every schemer. Our Government seems to have felt assured of late that antipathy to Americans had grown so strong that they could not safely continue in Mexico another day. Now comes the comic note. The very people whom it brought out so hastily, at its own expense, are now clamoring to be sent back again, and declaring that they have been deceived most grossly by Washington alarums.

The truth is that Mexicans have the greatest respect for those who actually work, and that in no country will the genuine settler who is tilling his own acres meet with heartier welcome. Conversely, they have undying distrust of the mere speculator, and against syndicates who have gobbled them with cheap Mexican labor, they are bitterly at war. Being at war, they have burned rejoicingly the title deeds by which such soulless corporations seek to enslave them; have leveled on the great properties which are administered solely with a view to securing profits for absent millionaires, and are seeking to overthrow the Huerta government which, like those of Porfirio Diaz and Madero, poses as the champion of such speculators.

Looking to future developments it seems to us that the most important item of the week is the announcement that the Roman Catholic Party convention has nominated for the Presidency Federico Gamboa, now acting as Huerta's Minister of Foreign Affairs. Its choice for Vice-President is Gen. Eugenio Rascón, who was Minister of War under Provisional President De la Barra. It is stated that the selection of Gamboa was made with Huerta's full consent, he having been made to understand that it was useless for him to endeavor to remain in office, inasmuch as the government of the United States had declared against him and he was, therefore, heavily handicapped in borrowing money. Gamboa is a man of considerable note as a diplomat and writer, is about 50 years of age and is, of course, a devout Catholic. Rascón is 65, has a long military record, was at one time governor of Yucatan—a State exploited solely for the benefit of a handful of henequen planters—and is now military commander of the Oaxaca district. He is a personal friend of Porfirio Diaz, and—how luminously illustrative of the fact that political revolutions picked him out for the surface—Madero picked him out for De la Barra's War Minister.

It is stated, and doubtless with truth, that the Roman Catholics in selecting Gamboa considered it as his main recommendation that he would be acceptable to the powers which govern the United States. This means that, if Gamboa should be elected, the whole power of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States will be thrown to the support of our present Democratic administration in its insistence that the Mexican people as a whole shall render obedience to the new President elected by the—Roman Catholic Church. In another column we have an article, headed "Our neighbors," in which we speak of the Church's power in Canada and voice our hope that it may still be written on the overwhelming influence it exercises—particularly in our large cities—on the politics of the United States. That influence, when submitted to anything like a searching analysis, is found to be ALWAYS on the side of power and special privilege, and ALWAYS on the side of authority, since the Church of Rome is itself the most authoritarian institution that ever sprang from the slavish tendencies of superstition-frightened man. Against the Church of Rome Mexico has had to fight many a bloody battle in the past. All the signs are that she will have to fight many more in the future, with the powers that actually govern the United States as their old enemy's close ally. The battle is about to be renewed on an infinitely larger scale. It was thought the snake had been, if not killed, at least mortally wounded. In reality it had only gone into hiding and now crawls out more dangerous than ever.

By Permission of the Friars.

In a recent review of McGroarty's "Mission Play," which is being published with great persistence in the United States, we find the following criticism of the part played by the Roman Catholic Church in the California of early days, by a historian who is vouched for as being himself a true friend of that church: "To secure lands for farming purposes it was, in former years, necessary to get the written consent of the missionaries under whose control they were, ere the Government could give legitimate possession; therefore their acquisition depended entirely upon the good will of the friars." The reviewer further declares, on the testimony of other eminent writers, that the padres unquestionably kept the Indians deliberately in a state of peonage, and that their fitted them to intended to fit them for independent life. Such was the past history of Mexico, and once again the struggle is renewed.

It is stated positively that Felix Diaz has been recalled to Mexico by Gamboa, acting in his official character as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Presumably Diaz will also run as candidate for the presidency, and the Mexican masses, if they wished to vote—which they do not—would have the choice of a diplomat representing the Church of Rome, with a noted military man and old friend of Porfirio Diaz as running mate, and the nephew of the said Porfirio Diaz, who in himself represents only the naked bayonet.

Meanwhile Carranza is summoning the Constitutionalist leaders to Tlaximolillo, where, it is stated, they will seek to form a new Republic which shall embrace Sonora, Sinaloa, Chihuahua, Durango, Coahuila, Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon and San Luis Potosi—more than a third of the total area of Mexico, a territory exceptionally rich in mineral and agricultural resources, and that which tempts American speculators most irresistibly, being within easy striking distance. It is stated further that the Constitutionalist seek, above all, the co-operation of the United States and the present administration, and that many influential Americans favor the establishment of the Republic, feeling convinced that it will seek admission to the United States.

The People's Lone Hand.

Such a consummation, which is by no means improbable or remote, will meet undoubtedly with the most violent resistance, from the masses throughout Mexico, and that even the organs which view it with favor are frank to admit. So, there you are. The consistent teaching of the Mexican Liberal Party and of "Regeneracion," from the very first, has been that, on the show-down, privilege will side with privilege, politician with politician, the propertied class in Mexico with the propertied class in the United States, leaving the disinherited, as always, to play a lone hand and fight its own battle for itself. Where has it ever been otherwise? Where is it otherwise today?

Since that appears to us the main position we follow with comparative languid interest the ebb and flow of the war between Federalists and the would-be secessionists known as Constitutionlists, though it is still marked by that continuous and bloody fighting which the dailies make it their special business to report. The

Propaganda Work In Which All Can Help

We are distributing our booklet, "Land and Liberty," as rapidly as time and money will permit, for stamps and stationery cost money. We do not profess to be experts at distribution, and, both that our friends may understand our methods and that they may assist us by suggesting better ones, we give the following description of our activity.

To those with whom we have constant correspondence we are writing personal letters, urging them to push the sale of the booklet by all the means at their command; by taking copies with them to meetings, writing notices of it for papers likely to publish criticisms, informing their friends of its existence, etc. We express in such letters the conviction that our friends can be of material assistance both to the Mexican and general revolutionary cause by constituting themselves, individually, agents for this book, which has been published solely with that end in view. But, first, they themselves must read and master it. No agent can do justice to the article he handles until he knows all there is to be said about it and has become enthusiastically eager to say it.

Secondly, we are sending out a large number of copies for review, in this and other English-speaking countries; having selected, as carefully as we could, the papers likely to be sympathetic with or virtuously opposed to us. We think the opinions of our enemies most important. Mawkish, slobbering reviews, dealing only in glittering generalities, will not assist us. The Mexican Revolution is an exceedingly practical, concrete thing, inasmuch as it is attacking and endeavoring to overthrow economic monopoly by force of arms and the extreme forms of direct action. It raises fundamental issues on which it is necessary to take a definite stand, and we accompany the copies sent to editors with the following letter:

P. O. Box 1236, Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.
September, 1913.

Dear Sir:—We are sending you a copy of "Land and Liberty," which attacks existing institutions from the most frankly revolutionary standpoint. Dealing with a repetition of the great French Revolution it upholds and endeavors to assist those who, in the actual conflict now raging Mexico, are endeavoring to abolish monopoly and bring about economic equality and freedom, at all costs. As such it could not be otherwise than outspoken, and the record of those whose writings compose the book guarantee its sincerity. Madero Magón's career as an active revolutionist dates from 1892, when he was arrested for protesting against the second re-election of Porfirio Diaz. He was known then as a brilliant and fearless writer, and the constant imprisonment and persecution he has suffered during the intervening twenty-one

Federals claim to have recaptured entrenched hold of the Protestant churches in Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is still powerful, and militant; the clergy are looked up to as the ordained of heaven and earth, and preach their dogmas and demand obedience without fear of contradiction. As for the Province of Quebec, the theologic and economic hold of the Roman Catholic church seems in more than one respect like a weird chapter from the period before the French Revolution; many of the educated Catholics become atheists or agnostics, but the proletariat are kept under control of the priests; there the Church encourages large families, and it is seldom that a French-Canadian family with few children is seen. Everywhere the churches teach obedience to authority and submissiveness to masters.

The importance of these here observations lies in their application, as Bryan's prototype would have said. Among the Socialists, among the Trades Unionists, and even latterly among certain sections of the I. W. W., the cry has been: "Let religious ideas be restored, since any election now held must be, of necessity, a farce. There appears to be no gainsaying that. In fact it might be termed a platitude."

OUR TWO NEIGHBORS.

"Agrarian Discontent in Canada," by Gustavus Myers, is the title of an article in this month's "New Review," which is well worth considering. In the first place it calls attention to the rapid growth of the "Trust problem" in Canada, which is causing great alarm among the smaller capitalists of the middle class and also among the skilled laborers who are finding themselves supplanted by automatic machinery. In a recent issue of the "Grain Growers' Guide," published at Winnipeg, informed its readers that already forty-two men control \$41,000,000, or more than one-third of Canada's total wealth in railways, banks, factories, mines, land and other resources. "Democracy is in danger," it yells.

Mr. Myers emphasizes the natural conservatism of Canadians, whom he speaks of as "drugged by theological dogmas, dominated by church, saturated with ancient traditions, enshrouded by political formulas and destitute of original or even borrowed intellectual thought." Hence capitalism has been able to pursue its vast annexation campaign undisturbed by any of those middle-class revolts which have been so marked a feature in the history of the United States.

Obviously the cases of Canada and Mexico, our only neighbors on the North and South, are much alike. Both have suffered from an enormous plutocratic invasion; both have passed suddenly out of the feudal stage and become victims of the very latest and most up-to-date capitalism, which uses steam, electricity and modern science to cover the earth with its experts and grab everything in sight on which their reports are favorable. Both also have had no educated middle-class, capable of entering vigorous protest, and in both, therefore, the plunderers have met, until recently in Mexico, with no resistance worthy of the name. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, in both the masses have been lulled into submissiveness by the teachings of the church.

On this head Mr. Myers is most explicit. He declares that perhaps nowhere in the world are the skilled workers so bourgeois as in Canada, and particularly in Eastern Canada, and he adds: "Inexplicable as this may seem, it is easily explained in a single, towering word. This they will do because Anarchy is the great attacker, and everywhere they will defend their privileges, as they are do-

ing today in Mexico. Of all movements, therefore, Anarchy has, as yet, the hardest struggle, for the hand of Privilege reaches out to crush it at every point. Of all movements, however, Anarchy is the most certain to triumph in the future, because the dismembered of the world are rising to the attack.

In Mexico the difference between these frankly-opposed philosophies is clearly apparent today, for there Socialism has no existence, except in those official circles which are distant from the people. In the United States the difference will be as clearly seen tomorrow, but there also the dismembered are awakening, and they are discovering that the hand of Government invariably is against them. Already Socialism's holder and more active spirits are in the full tide of revolt and are half-way Anarchists without knowing it. For them a propaganda of clear-cut explanation alone is needed.

AWAY WITH LEADERS.

We should not be a mass; that is to say, we should not share the prejudices, the preoccupations, the errors, the customs of the unthinking multitude. The mass has a firm belief in the necessity of a chief or leader who must be at their head, who must conduct them to their goal, bring them to tyranny or freedom, guide them by carcasses, or by spitting in their faces, for good or for ill.

This habit, so rooted in the human being, is the fountain of inexhaustible life for the redemption of the race. Life, honor, welfare, the future, liberty—all are placed at the disposition of him who has been made chief. It is the chief who must think for all; it is the chief who is charged with the duty of watching for the well-being and liberty of the mass in general and the individual in particular; the result being that there are millions of brains among the mass that never think, because the chief has to think for all. Thus it comes about that the masses remain passive, that they have no initiative, and that they drag out a sheep existence; wheeled, at election times, by the politicians and place-hunters, who lead them when the elections are over, deceived, during times of revolutionary action, by the promises of the ambitious, who reward them with kicks for their self-sacrifice when the victory has been won.

There should be no mass; there should be a league of thinking individuals, united among themselves for the attainment of certain ends; each, whether man or woman, thinking with his or her own head; each exerting himself or herself to give an opinion as to what must be done to realize our aspirations, which are no other than the liberty of all based on the liberty of each; the welfare of all based on the welfare of each.—(From the Spanish of Ricardo Flores Magón)

We greatly appreciate the constant notice, accompanied by quotations, given us in "The Guardian," of Midleton, England. That large and able paper has an extensive circulation, and it is doing much to educate English thought on the land question in general and the Mexican Revolution in particular.

Our frequent translations from the writings of Ricardo Magón are designed to show our readers that he is a thinker. In all movements the actual leaders are the thinkers, though noisier popularity-hunters may, for the moment, apparently eclipse them. We do not say that thought is all there is to power, but we do say that without it real power cannot exist.