

Will Somebody Lend
Hearst a Gun?

If logic were applied as sternly to the powerful as it is to the poor and helpless, American society would have rid itself long ago of William Randolph Hearst. If the reasoning that sent the Chicago Anarchists to the scaffold had been applied to Hearst, it would have gone hard with him after the assassination of McKinley. If it is correct to hold agitators responsible for the blow struck subsequently by some other hand, then Roosevelt was right when he branded Hearst as the true murderer of McKinley. And we, to whom the peasant's life is fully as sacred as the king's, keep green the memory of many a home ruined by that war which Hearst so greedily fomented, that he might sell his scandal-sheets by the millions and pose as the champion of that patriotism for which he himself would never dare to face a bayonet.

The leopard does not change his spots. Time cannot cure faulty convolutions of a brain so constructed as to pride itself on the ownership of such papers as those for which Hearst is responsible. The mind which exults in squatting in a sewer and adding to its filth untrillingly; in pandering to the impure, truckling to superstition and exploiting that hysteria which is the special disease of our overwrought society—such a mind is beyond the reach of argument. It may be attracted to high-minded struggles, but it will hang on their edge as hangs the leech. It may attach itself to lofty efforts, but only as does the leech. Others will continue to bleed that Hearst may drink his fill. Others will go hungry that he may glut himself with food the healthy stomach rejects. Under the manipulation of the harlot pens his dollars hire great movements will be turned awry and stranded in the shoals of that self-seeking Jesuitry which everlastingly puts back the clock of human progress and fills eternally the cup of promise only to dash it at the last moment from our blistering lips. I know of no man who has talked of equality of opportunity more loudly, and of none who has served Privilege more faithfully; of none who has posed more brazenly as the upholder of Democracy while doing everything to bring it to ill-repute; of none who has professed a greater desire to aid the cause of Labor and has been more industriously at work filling the laborer's eyes with dust; of none who has prayed more vociferously about peace while leaving no device untried to keep mankind at war. The Hearst papers live and thrive upon the brutal, and the key to Hearst's whole character is given by the uses to which he put the millions he so unfortunately inherited. Equipped with all the power which possession of a large fortune gives, he has steadily employed it in dragging a noble profession to about the lowest depths, as I believe, it has reached in any age or country. Men are properly judged by the way in which they use their opportunities, and especially by the manner in which they carry out their own selected work.

For God's sake, since we talk day and night about Direct Action, let some one shove a gun into Hearst's trembling hand, strap a knapsack on his supple back and, taking him by the nape of his long and effeminate neck, shove him across the line into Mexico, where so many of his properties are situated. Let us introduce at least one touch of political justice into this so-called equality of life. Through his paid scribes the man has been howling war for months and even years; working up another war fever as he worked one up—fifteen years ago, until the sword was thrust into McKinley's unwilling hand; faking news, ordering his men to wrack their brains in the building of scare heads, and exhausting every art to induce a lot of naturally harmless people to step out of this life and leave their bones bleaching in the sandy wastes or stony mountain-fastnesses of Mexico. And, to that end, lying, lying, all the time. Lying by the preposterously false despatches he has concocted daily, but lying infinitely more by that steady suggestion of vital truth which is, out and away, the most deadly form of lying. For a year past you may have read assiduously every word the Hearst papers have had to say respecting Mexico, and you will have received not even a hint that a great economic struggle is in progress; that millions of the disinherited, until yesterday among the most hopeless slaves on earth, have suddenly begun to live and are putting in their claim to some share in what, with cruelly refined faciousness, is called "their" country; that the great LAND question has come up in a most formidable form, as it came up in Ireland and Russia, and as it is coming up in England and must come up in this country. On all this, by orders of that great champion of Democracy, the wealthy Mr. Hearst, a silence has been preserved so thick and palpable that you could cut it with a knife. In other words, the lying has been systematic, coldly contrived and executed without the slightest regard for that good faith due by a publisher to the public which buys his wares. Of all the innumerable cents paid into the Hearst coffers by those anxious for news of Mexico it is safe to say that not a single one has been honestly earned. Daily and hourly the public has been cheated by a chronic thief.

Today, Nov. 17, 1913, the Hearst papers—the whole chain of them, built up on the basis laid by the original anti-Spanish newspaper campaign—come out with a huge leading article signed by Hearst himself. The psychological moment is supposed to have arrived, and all the resources of the printer's art are called into play to give that article due prominence. It states outright that there is but one course to be pursued in Mexico,

and "that course is to occupy Mexico and restore it to a state of civilization by means of American MEN and American METHODS." I say again, let Mr. Hearst himself be one of the men, and let the method be to force a gun into his hand, strap a knapsack on his back and shove him to the front. Let him not boast, as he does in the article referred to, of the hired men who have guarded his property so safely. Let him be sent to guard it for himself. In "Barbarous Mexico," page 251, you may read a glowing account of the great Hearst ranch in Chihuahua, "with over a million acres of the finest agricultural and grazing land, from which you can understand that Hearst himself has been and is today one of the chief pillars of the absentee landlordism which has brought this hurricane to Mexico, and that the great Democrat Hearst is one of the leading malefactors to whom is due the monstrous crime recorded by the Americans who petitioned President Wilson recently, when they stated naively that millions of Mexicans had only their blanket for their home. To Hearst, as to all men, death will eventually come, and he will leave an enormous estate behind him. It will have been built out of the earnings of the American public whom his false and corrupting "news" has cheated and debauched, and out of the sweat and blood of thousands of Mexican peons who have toiled on his ranches and in his mines. Today the man who owes to them, at least, a great portion of his wealth is culminating them in their hour of need and doing his utmost to bring about their slaughter.

"God," said Wendell Phillips, "has given us great sinners to act as texts for anti-slavery sermons," and he emptied the vials of his righteous wrath on Daniel Webster. One who was probably a greater agitator than Wendell Phillips, and one whom all Christians profess to adore, told his followers that "it must needs be that offenses will come, but woe unto him by whom they come!" He added the suggestion that gentlemen of the Hearst type, who reduce mankind to physical poverty, and corrupt the mind that it may learn to feed on filth, should tie a heavy stone around their necks and give the fish a chance to feed on them. As it is, Life takes the task in hand; for it sterilizes the liar by robbing him of all belief in others, while nobody believes in him. Hearst cannot write two lines today which his fellow-citizens will accept as being exclusively the honest expression of an honest thought. When he puts pen to paper we look instinctively for the nigger in the woodpile; for the self-interest that lurks behind the flowing sentiment.

How monstrous is the lie of holding these poor peons up to universal loathing; while remaining silent on the unbreakable cruelty that with Shylock calculation, has brought them to the desperate pass in which they find themselves! What crime of brigandage begins to equal the studied degradation of what was once a nation of home-dwellers into wandering outcasts, that the lords of Wall street may "lay house to house, and field to field, that they may be alone in the midst of the earth?" My own little pamphlet, "The Mexican Revolution," closes with a quotation from Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer of the British Empire, in which he made the appalling confession that today in England, once so rich in thought and brave in clothing, twelve million men and women live ever on starvation's verge while two millions are always actually starving. No massacre yet conceived by Mexican brain begins to equal the tragedy implied in that brief statement. Beside the cold ferocity of modern finance the deeds of banditry are but as dust in the balance of justice, and if Man's great assassins are to be punished, as they should be, we must seek them not at the head of some roving Zapatista band, but in the haunts of the predatory rich, where business flows no sentiment and human life and happiness are almost worthless chips in the great game of speculation. Hitherto the wolves have had the hunting to themselves and naturally they have regard it as a sacred right. Let them take up the cry along the Mexican trail, under the advice of William Randolph Hearst, and they may discover that the times are changing. At best the wolf is but a cowardly cur, and the hunters may wake some fine morning to discover that they themselves are hunted. Stranger things than that have happened, and not in Mexico alone.

WM. C. OWEN.

NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?

"The arrival of the stork at Chesterfield House, with a son for the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, is one of those timely events that will bring mental relief to the tenants of a dukedom," writes Stoughton Cooley, in "The Chicago Public" U. S. A. "Though it is ten years since the Duke married Miss May Golet of New York, the couple has remained childless." Had the Duke died without male issue his 60,500 acres would have passed to his brother. But the belated arrival of the stork—with a boy instead of a girl baby—relieves the thousands of men, women and children, whom the Duke graciously permits to live on his land, from their future worry and they may possess their minds in peace. But for the happy event at Chesterfield House, these unfortunate persons might have awakened any morning to find themselves on the estates of Lord Alastair Robert Innes-Ker. As it is, they may continue to devote their lives to the service of Henry John Innes-Ker, K. T., Eighth Duke of Roxburghe. And those good Americans who contribute to the great Golet fortune, they too may swell with pride as they think how royally the money will be spent. Ah, it is a kind world after all, where a baby opens its eyes upon 60,500 acres of land and its thousands of tenants eager to give up all they have, save just enough to keep body and soul together. A very kind world, indeed!"—"The Guardian, Eng."

Monroe Doctrine

"The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth," by Prof. Uiram Bingham, published by the Yale University Press, at 135 Elm St., New Haven, Conn., and also at 225 Fifth Ave., New York City, is a work to which we have referred constantly and from which we have quoted often. We review it more fully now in the hope that we may induce some of our readers to spend \$1.15 in its purchase, for it deals with a subject exceedingly alive, and its study may well modify the ardor of many who are thinking that our duty is to rush in and annex Mexico, in obedience to a doctrine they hear cited but have not themselves investigated.

In his opening chapter Prof. Bingham shows beyond dispute that the Monroe doctrine was enunciated in 1823, by the President from whom it takes its name, to guard the rising republics of the Spanish-American States from European interference, thus giving them a chance to work out, unhampered by external pressure, the social experiments on which they were then engaged. It was a cry of "Hands off," at a time when the United States had no thought of laying its own hands on Mr. Bingham then points out that only after we had recovered from the effects of the Civil War, in the late '80's and early '90's, did we begin "to assume an aggressive attitude in our foreign policy."

What is known as the "Venezuela controversy," in which Cleveland asserted himself strongly, may be regarded perhaps as marking the new departure. That was in 1895, and Mr. Bingham makes some fun of the ignorance of geography and fact displayed by Mr. Olney, who was then Secretary of State. As he shows, the larger cities of South America are nearer to Spain and Portugal than they are to New York, and their "natural sympathies," on which enormous stress was laid, are with the French and Latin civilizations of Europe and not with the literature, habits or customs of the United States. That is a point of considerable importance, especially when we consider that so conservative a speaker as former-President Taft declared, in 1906, that "the frontiers of the United States virtually extend to Tierra del Fuego."

The fact is, of course, that instead of being in natural sympathy with us, the Central and Southern American Republics cherish a strong natural antipathy to and deep suspicion of our aggressive tendencies. Our language is not theirs. Our brusque push and devotion to business run contrary to all their philosophy of life; our interests do not strike them as being to any great extent identical with theirs. In the present conditions of markets habitually over-stocked with goods, they can buy to advantage in Europe, and such commercial alliances with us as they may think it to their interest to make, are vastly outweighed by their dread of our territory-grabbing proclivities. All this Mr. Bingham makes abundantly clear by quotations from their leading publicists. "Let us be alert and our guard against Yankeeism"—a sentence quoted from Francisco Garcia Calderon—expresses the general sentiment, and the following is given as by a well-known Peruvian diplomatist, for whom the author vouches as not unfriendly to the United States. He says:

"To save themselves from Yankee imperialism, the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance, or the aid of Japanese arms. Everywhere the Americans of the North are feared. In the Antilles and in Central America hostility against the Anglo-Saxon invaders assumes the character of a Latin crusade." The same writer asserts that the policy of the United States, "against the policy of respect for Latin liberties are ranged the instincts of a triumphant plutocracy."

Finally, Mr. Bingham tells us that one of the more conservative writers of Latin America, "in an unusually lucid exposition of the Monroe Doctrine, pointedly remarks that it is an evolution of the primitive doctrine which in its essentials implies the actual practice of that very intervention in Latin America against which the original doctrine of 1823 protested."

Another adds: "The Doctrine of Monroe is the shield and buckler of United States aggression; it is a sword suspended by a hair over the Latin continent." Probably some of us hugged the delusion that in going to war with Spain we played a liberating role with which the Republics of Central and South America necessarily had to sympathize. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Their cartoonists lampooned us without mercy, for, as Mr. Bingham puts it: "Our neighbors felt that a decided change had come over the Monroe Doctrine. In 1823 we had declared that 'with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere' (so runs the original Doctrine). In 1898 we not only interfered, but actually took away all of Spain's colonies and dependencies, freeing Cuba, retaining for ourselves Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippines, and eventually securing a valuable naval station at Guatamano." To which he adds:

Facts, Not Theories. "This is not a case of theories and arguments, but of deeds. What are the facts? In 1895 we declare that we are practically sovereign on this continent, and we follow up this declaration three years later, as a result of the Spanish War, by actually increasing the extent of our possessions and thoroughly justifying the alarm of our neighbors. The immediate result was to treble our difficulties throughout Latin America."

Perhaps it is almost needless to remark that the invasive change received its most marked development under the Presidency of Roosevelt, who in a message to Congress in 1904 said: "The adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence to the exercise of an international police power." In the year previous he himself

REGENERACON

had exercised that police power by deliberately assisting a revolution in the Republic of Colombia, as the result of which he succeeded in establishing the Republic of Panama, with the resultant acquisition of the Canal Zone. As Mr. Bingham properly remarks, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

From the foregoing it is easy to understand that on that proposed intervention in Mexico, of which Mr. Hearst, for example, is so ardent a champion, Latin America, as a whole, has most pronounced views, and pitiless as the cartoons in his papers published respecting us, Uncle Sam disguised as a lions' spider, whose web the sun-loving flies of the tropic American republics are being caught; Uncle Sam cooking the fat fowl, Mexico; Uncle Sam as a fisherman, with a hook baited with "intervention"—these are some of the examples given by Mr. Bingham. It is needless to remark that the wrestling of California and Texas from Mexico afford the hostile artist a never-failing theme.

Arming to Withstand Us. Advocates of peace and national disarmament will be interested to note that the expansive tendencies of the United States are leading to what is known as the "A B C" alliance, between Argentina, Brazil and Chile, which, as Mr. Bingham says, "is based on the constantly increasing naval resources of the three leading South American republics," and has "the definite object of opposing the encroachments of the United States." They are multiplying first-class dreadnoughts, with all the subsidiary craft that go to the making of an up-to-date fleet, and they are bitterly hostile to the United States. They are large, rich and powerful; in fact, many of life's prime necessities they produce more prodigally than we do. Argentina, for example, in 1910 had ten million more sheep than we possessed; within the last ten years she has exported nearly ten pounds of meat to our one, and in the export of wheat she has almost doubled us. In the three countries named British investments exceed four and a half billion dollars! Doubt not that they will have ample backing if, fired with sympathy for Mexico, they elect to array themselves against us.

One other point, bearing directly on the present situation in Mexico, and which we have done well to remember, is that the United States has been wounding the pride and forcing the Chinese and Japanese into undying hatred for her—since the East has a memory that does not forget—the great Latin-American Republics are on the most friendly terms with them; and it is more than probable that there the swarms of teeming Asia, from whom may well come the conquering armies of a not distant future, will find the outlet they have so long and ardently desired. There the color line is not drawn; there racial prejudice is not the corroding and weakening force it is with us; but there, in all that enormous area stretching from the being built up slowly the conviction that the speculative Colossus of the North, bent only on profit-making and regardless of the rights of man, is the one formidable and universal foe.

Texas Cases

At its weekly meeting, Wednesday, Nov. 18, the Rangel-Kline Defense Fund reported the steady sending out of a very considerable amount of literature, from some of which returns are beginning to come in, although slowly. Apart from last Saturday's meeting, which brought a collection of only \$9.97, with expenses of approximately \$8.50—one bill for printing not having been received as yet—the fund had received to date \$65.70 and paid out \$25.10, leaving a balance on hand of \$40.60. The following is the list of contributors, up to Wednesday last, initials being omitted, to save space:

Chicago, per Credit: Gleitsman, 50c; Erickson, 50c; Corcoran, 50c; Ott, 50c; Zelenicki, 50c; Hillstrom, 50c; Sudmeyer, 50c; Jaeger, 25c; Credit, 50c. Phoenix, Ariz., per Doran, \$12.60; Home, Wash., per Buchie: Ault, 25c; Brothers, 25c; Hanson, 25c; Falkoff, 25c; Bowie, Sr., 25c; Allen, 50c; Minor, 25c; Lespanac, 25c; Mullen, 50c; Brout, 25c; Muir, 25c; Heuple, 25c; Mrs. Bowie, 50c; Bowie, Jr., 50c; Lazerie, 25c; Beck, 25c; Thorne, 50c; King, 25c; Schneeburg, 25c; Litowitz, 50c; Buchie, \$2.30; Lake Bay, per Buchie: Gallagher, 25c; Soriano, 50c; Lester, 25c. San Francisco, per Dr. R. K. Rutes, amount col. Rules, 50c; Street collection, \$50. Arbeiter Kranken- und Sterbe Kasse, Los Angeles, Branch 202. Officially, \$5; individual members: Schoening, 25c; Frey, 25c; Wirth, \$2; Linder, 50c; Yaeger, 25c; Haller, 50c; Betsch, 50c; Brun, 25c; Appel, 50c; Klemmer, 50c; Hinz, 25c; Altman, 25c; Koehli, 50c; Koehler, 25c; Neuwirth, 25c. San Diego: Johnson, \$1. - Los Angeles: Cravello, \$5; Wirth, \$5; Stamm, \$5; Calvert, \$5; Bafia, \$1; Kopp, \$1; Beck, \$1.

The fund has also received, just prior to our going to press, \$61.10, subscribed by 101 members of "Grupo Amor Libre," San Francisco.

We are informed from San Francisco that the earnest pleadings of two members that 110 of the amount collected there by the International Workers' Defense League should be devoted to the Texas defenses were ignored, the local workers claiming that all funds should be devoted to the Wheatland cases. We ourselves feel very strongly on those cases, and have not been backward in devoting much of our limited space to pleading indignantly on behalf of them. We think, however, that a general defense league should attempt to distribute, to some extent, its aid, and that when it makes a point of calling itself "International" such cases as those in Texas, where racial prejudice is red-hot and eleven men stand in great danger of life imprisonment or the gallows, should make instinctively the first appeal for aid.

Similarly, from St. Louis, the chief organizer of the International Workers' Defense League writes us that it

was decided to devote a week to lecturing for the Texas cases, but that the Socialist Party had declared it would not have anything to do with the I. W. W., or any organization connected with it. That sort of attitude is deplorable and it is notorious that, under its influence, St. Louis, which should be a strong revolutionary center, has become one of the most reactionary cities on the continent.

We desire to add the general remarks we attempt to drive home in all our correspondence, viz., that there are very special reasons for considering that these Texas cases may prove, at this particular juncture, of enormous national and even international importance. Texas, torn from Mexico in war, is at this moment a State at war with itself. Thousands of Mexicans, among her most faithfully industrious workers, are watching these cases with eyes bloodshot with indignation. The entire State is following uneasily the fighting that harasses her Southern border.

Mexican Notes

Heard at the theatre, First Actor:—"There will be no intervention in Mexico." Second Actor:—"Why not?" First Actor:—"The Herald's stock of red ink has run out."

The "Herald" is a Hearst organ, with a more than usually virulent screed. In its editorial of Nov. 20 it backs up Hearst's signed pronouncement, commented on elsewhere, with such out-spoken statements as these: "It is not for him (President Wilson) or any other man to say that the United States shall not extend to Mexico, and all the way down to our possessions at Panama, the advantages of United States government and partnership that have been extended to Texas, California and other regions once outside of our ownership." "What good would it do the United States to spend a few million dollars and sacrifice a few thousand lives (including Mr. Hearst's, of course—Ed.) now to pacify Mexico for a little while?" "Mexico and the Mexicans need, although many of them may not realize it, just exactly what the inhabitants of territory in Texas and California and elsewhere needed before they entered this Union."

Readers are now invited to read our review, in another column, of "The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth," and ask themselves why Latin-American countries should not distrust the smooth utterances of the United States officials who visit them from time to time.

By way of contrast to the Hearst yell we print the following Associated Press despatch, dated Worcester, Mass., Nov. 20:—"Intervention should not ever be thought of by the United States," declared Dr. Nevin O. Winter, author of several books on Mexico, in addressing the Clark university conference of Latin-America today, on "The Fundamental Causes of the Present Situation in Mexico."

"From a standpoint of dollars and cents," he added, "it would be cheaper for Uncle Sam to reimburse all losses sustained by Americans than to incur the expense that intervention would involve."

The present disturbed condition in Mexico probably is the final transition, the dawn of a new era. The paroxysms now shaking the country in rebellions and treacheries mean the recovery of Mexico ultimately to peace and prosperity. A strong man must arise, a leader of enough force of character to draw the people to him and awe any opposing chieftain who may wish to create trouble for his own personal aggrandizement."

Mr. Winter attributed present conditions to past methods of government in Mexico, to the great estates held by the wealthy and to the system of peonage. He said that nearly everything complained of by the Mexicans themselves and criticised by people of other nations "can be traced either to heredity or environment."

All Negotiations Off. The failure of Lind's mission has been followed by that of Hale. As to the latter great secrecy is maintained, but two versions are current. One is that the negotiations came to an abrupt end when Carranza asked Hale for his credentials; the other is that Hale's instructions were to obtain certain definite information as to Carranza's plans, and that when this was refused the parleys came to a close.

Meanwhile the Congress, to which President Wilson was understood to be so bitterly opposed, has met and organized, and Huerta has read his message. It amounted merely to a restatement of the former Congress and has been dissolved because, in the words of Napoleon the Great, whom Huerta quoted, "the law is not violated when the country is saved." As Huerta put it: "The House, on account of the assemblage of certain elements, became a focus of insurrection, a bare-faced agency of the rebels." Only three deputies of the Roman Catholic party attended the session, showing that Huerta has to face the opposition of the Church.

Juarez is now occupied by the Constitutionalists and they expect to be able to reduce Chihuahua by starvation. They hold Torreón and have taken Victoria, capital of Tamaulipas. The Federals are said to have suffered another defeat in the same neighborhood, Nov. 19, between Tula and Tampico, which brings the rebels very near the great oil center, the most important point in which, Tuxpam, is threatened with immediate attack. The Los Angeles "Daily Tribune" which has not been sensational in its handling of Mexican news—heads its report of Nov. 21 thus:

"Guns of U. S. trained on rebels at Tuxpam. Attack on oil field center will mean landing of big force of marines; orders sent to Admiral Fletcher. Threats to burn oil tanks cause action. Scene of crisis in Mexico shifts from capital city to petroleum holdings of Americans and Britishers. Leader of revolt warned against shore ashore if needed to save property; three field pieces to be used."

A telegram dated Veracruz, Nov. 20, informs the "Tribune" that Huerta has given Gen. Maas orders to resist

vigorously the landing of foreign forces, and, in case he finds himself unable to repel the invaders, to retreat along the line of the Mexican railway, destroying it as he goes.

There has been heavy fighting at Gallego, between Juarez and Chihuahua, and a telegram from El Paso, dated Nov. 20, states that armed rebels are crossing the Rio Grande in squads and carrying large quantities of ammunition. The week seems to have gone badly for the Federals, and President Wilson is represented as declaring that Huerta's power is slowly crumbling to pieces.

Lloyd George, The Politician

The "Los Angeles Times" editorialist has fallen particularly foul of Secretary of Labor Wilson, his complaint being that, in addressing the A. F. of L. convention at Seattle, Wilson "invaded bitterly against the great copper mining company on Lake Superior, because, while it started forty-three years ago with a capital of only \$1,250,000, it had paid dividends since then amounting to \$121,000,000." Wilson thought the men who dug out the copper should have been allowed at least an occasional sniff of those delicious moon-cuttings, but the "Times" editorialist has no such sentimental weaknesses.

On the contrary, he rails at that respectable cabinet officer as a dangerous preacher of discontent and sophist of the most pernicious type. He reminds him that a mine is not like a cotton mill, since the ore extracted and sold in such paying quantities was made by God Almighty, who obviously never intended that the fortunate locator, or the capitalist who financed the mine, should divvy with the mudsills who merely do the work. That is, to the "Times" preposterous, and to drive the absurdity further home there is cited the case of another mine which, bought for a wagon and a pair of horses, paid \$20,000,000 dividends in seven years. Comstock speculators got their fingers on that snafu. Of course they did not let their workmen in on any of the profits. Perhaps, when the millions came rolling in faster than usual, they stood drinks all round.

That is the system the "Times," which advertises itself as a religious journal, upholds. A game of grab! You have it—millions of it—not because you made it, but because God Almighty put it there and you managed to corner it! Yet Labor, which is the only force that extracts and fashions into shape for use those materials stored up by that mysterious being they call Almighty God, upholds that system. You would think Labor would want it all, and exhibit deep objection to others chipping in and swiping about nine-tenths of the output, though they admittedly never struck a lick toward bringing it into existence. Thereby you expose your ignorance of the American working-man. He is not a selfish, heartless Mexican. He is buying an allotment from the ingenious speculator who made it, of course—and he expects to have it paid for in the next ten years. Then he will save up to put a house on it.

Inasmuch as when the masses have given away the earth there doesn't seem to be very much left for them, and inasmuch as the masses are beginning to think they ought to have, at least, a peep at life, the land question is coming once more to the fore. Why it should not be always to the fore it would be hard to explain, but it isn't. Periodically the intelligent workers, occupied with trades union fees and other important matters, forget all about it. Then some ignorant peon gets out on the war path, yells that he is a land animal and that those who have taken away his land are skinning the life out of him. Naturally these people don't amount to much, but they make a disagreeable noise, and once more the civilized worker begins to think there may be something in this story of his having been robbed of his inheritance. He gets his officials to pass a few resolutions; revolutionists and other people looking for trouble bestir themselves, and statesmen figure on the possibility of the question coming within the range of practical politics. Finally a government such as that of Great Britain, having received instruction from the Irish peasants, takes it up. We quote from an English paper:

"In opening the Proceedings, Earl Beauchamp said he and Mr. Lloyd George were not there as private individuals, but in behalf of His Majesty's Government, authorized by the Prime Minister to inaugurate the campaign on the Land Question."

Here the report notes "Cheers," offered up by free-born Britons who have been waiting for His Majesty to grant and His Prime Minister to "authorize."

Lloyd George the Agitator. Mr. Lloyd George set all the world talking some five years ago by vehement attacks on land monopoly, and there is no question that he understands the subject thoroughly. He began in quite his old form, delivering what the paper in question headed as a "Tremendous Indictment of a Rotten System," for—here we quote at some length, for there is no question in our minds that there was no question ever raised which more wholly affected the well-being of every man, woman and child than that of the land. The cradle was rocked on the land, the grave-sink in it. Most of the land of Britain was in the hands of a very few persons, about as many as half the population of Bedford. (A small country town in one of the smallest shires of England.) The powers of the landowner were terrible. Landlordism was the greatest of all monopolies in this land, and the best controlled. He wanted to know the reason why. The your destructive criticism; but, above the land had come to enquire. The Sovereign had no power over this sub-trodden waters of direct action, lashed into fury by gales of discontent, and its first article should be that to take what rightfully belongs to you is noble, but to take that it may be given you is cowardly and base.

There is no evidence whatever from the past to indicate that equity—the harmonious association of persons—will ever come of itself, or as the result of the mere passing of time. The long winter of human slavery is drawing to a close and the ice is beginning to break up. Thaw it land, and the best controlled. He wanted to know the reason why. The your destructive criticism; but, above the land had come to enquire. The Sovereign had no power over this sub-trodden waters of direct action, lashed into fury by gales of discontent, and its first article should be that to take what rightfully belongs to you is noble, but to take that it may be given you is cowardly and base.

seen in Scotland. In the North of the country the croft remained, but the crofters were not there. Their place had been taken by the deer, etc., etc.

Mr. Lloyd George then said that Englishmen were emigrating by the tens of thousands to countries where they could get at the land; that the wages of the agricultural laborer were a scandal; that the tenant farmers' burdens were heavy; that the housing conditions of the poor, driven from the land and huddled into cities, were appalling; and he remarked that "the land system was responsible for something which had piled up a terrible reckoning. It was time to put an end to it. (Cheers.) There was a time when the workman was better off. He was a freholder in the commons and had a patch of land to cultivate. He was then a gentleman, independent, with a stake in the country. (Where had this gone to? Stolen.) Landlord Parliaments had annexed Naboth's Vineyard; the workman had no right in the soil, as his father had. He was now a landless drudge on the soil. (Shame.) The land system was responsible. The responsibility was that of the owner of the soil."

Much Cry, Little Wool. So far Lloyd George, the agitator. We now turn to Lloyd George the politician; the highly responsible Chancellor of the Exchequer of the British Empire, speaking with the air of the Duke of Marlborough in the audience. By all radicals he has been criticized remorselessly for what follows, and criticized rightly, for the cowardly and unprincipled ingenuities he forthwith proposed as a remedy for conditions he had painted as destructive of the nation.

He holds the land monopolists responsible, as he had just declared them to be, and personally? Not he, indeed. First he insisted that you must establish a strict "control"—a somewhat vague expression which really meant that a bureau must be charged with inspection and supervision. That he said, must be done "before you consider the question of purchase, which may involve enormous endowments of the present owners of the land." Then for the land laborer there must be "a living wage, fewer hours of labor, with decent homes, gardens, and a prospect of allotments and small holdings." Improvements made by the tenants must not be confiscated; transportation must be improved; the present system of rating must be amended; "greater and wider facilities must be given by the State for the acquisition of land, whether for immediate or prospective use, and the land must be acquired on terms which will be fair to the community as well as to the owner."

Faugh! Faugh! Faugh! What an example have we here of that demoralization which overwhelms radicals when office catches them in its net! Less than ten years ago Lloyd George was shouting to all the world that landlordism was robbery; that no man created the land and that, therefore, no man could justly claim absolute title to it; that, far from compensating the present monopolists, we should force them to disgorge the billions they had stolen from us. Even today, when anxious to catch his audience, and perhaps warned by a still lingering snarl of the old fire, he cries that the land has been "stolen." That "Landlord Parliaments had annexed Naboth's vineyard," as in the case of Mexico, and, in truth, everywhere. Then he falls into twaddle about establishing boards of control; about the State seeing to it that the farm laborer receives a living wage, and a cottage with roses clambering round the porch; about the tenant having a right to the value of his improvements, which was supposed to have been established in England nearly fifty years ago by a special act passed by a Tory Parliament; about being careful that the compensation awarded to the landowner shall be just to him as well as to the community on which he has lived as a parasite from the almost immemorial. Faugh! Faugh! Faugh!

Kick the Rider Off! "You are asking me," said Lloyd George, "what is to be done?" And he gave the answer we have sketched. We think we can give a better and an infinitely more practical one. We think the first thing the English and every people has to do is to get rid of its parasites. We think that, instead of whining about "controlling" him, the worker has to kick off his back the useless rider he has borne so long. We think the homeless and the vagabonds, the unemployed and the dwellers in the slums and tenement houses, have to take firm hold of this thing and handle it without gloves, saying: "It is OUR turn now. WE had our slice of the good things you have been cornering so long; while as for you, Mr. Monopolist, out you go and stand on the order of your going, or it will be the worse for you." We cry "Viva Mexico," and pray that the example of expropriation set there may stir into something like manhood the spirit of the disinherited in England, the United States and other lands.

At least let them learn to trust to their own efforts, and understand, from the example of the great Lloyd George, the unspeakable folly of the powerless, trusting to "those whom they themselves foolishly clothe with power." A new morality is needed, and its first article should be that to take what rightfully belongs to you is noble, but to take that it may be given you is cowardly and base.

There is no evidence whatever from the past to indicate that equity—the harmonious association of persons—will ever come of itself, or as the result of the mere passing of time.

The long winter of human slavery is drawing to a close and the ice is beginning to break up. Thaw it land, and the best controlled. He wanted to know the reason why. The your destructive criticism; but, above the land had come to enquire. The Sovereign had no power over this sub-trodden waters of direct action, lashed into fury by gales of discontent, and its first article should be that to take what rightfully belongs to you is noble, but to take that it may be given you is cowardly and base.

oblivion by freedom's incoming flood.