# OUR COMRADES NOW FREE.

On Monday, January 19th, our Comrades, Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Anselmo Figueroa and Librado Rivera stepped out of the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil's Island, Wash., to once more engage in their unceasing battle for the liberties of the toiling millions of Mexico, for Justice for the workers of the world and for the freedom of humanity.

After having been imprisoned over a year and a half in this bastile of capitalism our Comrades step forth, with shining eyes and firm step still unconquered by the Masters of Bread.

The fight has been long—for nearly twenty-five years they have stood in the line of battle—always against the oppressors of Labor. At first they were alone, now they are many. Where a few voices were raised against tyranny, now there are millions.

This is not the only time they have been in the bastiles of the Master class. It is an old story. Of the nearly quarter century the Magons have been in the ranks of the revolutionary workers of the world they have been cast into prison many times; they have been subjected to all the tortures that police of Mexico and this country could invent—and they are many. Yes, and more than that they have been condemned to death and a price placed on their heads by the rulers of Mexico.

Yet they are still fighting among us. Their spirit is unbroken, unconquered. Yes, more than that, THEY ARE VICTORIOUS.

And there are thousands more rebels like them, true to the cause of Labor and Justice, who have been persecuted as much as they.

It is the example of such men as our Comrades that should give us courage and spur us on to even greater efforts in our world wide fight to free the men and women who do the work of the world, from the tyranny of the Masters of Bread.

Ricardo Flores Magon and the Comrades from McNeil Island will come to Los Angeles after holding a few meetings along the route at which the great significance of the heroic struggle in Mexico will be explained. They will on their return here again assume the editorship of REGENERACION and continue their work for the Mexican Liberal Party and for "Land and Liberty."

Comrade Wm. C. Owen, who went to Washington to greet the prisoners on their release, has been holding some big meetings in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and other points and we are expecting an interesting article for this page next week, telling of the work of the Magons, Figueroa and Rivera, and of the propaganda in the North.

STANLEY M. GUE.

# Here Will Founder the Ship of State.

Thirty three years ago, having come recently from England, I sailed through the Golden Gate and found myself in San Francisco's magnificent land-locked harbor. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the relish with which I took in the surrounding view, and how quickly my imagination became fired with the vision of the possibilities in store for what was then practically a new and undeveloped country. Almost within an hour, following, from idle curiosity, a stream of people, I found myself one of a huge meeting which was denouncing, in terms as unmeasured as any now in use, the depredations of the rich, and attacking, in particular, the Southern Pacific Railway as the fountainhead of all monopoly. A week ago I sailed through the Golden Gate once more, and once more my eyes feasted on a scene which I honestly consider one of surpassing beauty. Watching the ferryboats plying to and fro, the huge machinery noiselessly at work along the waterfront and the thousand and one signs of man's supremacy over nature which strike the least observant of travellers in the face, I found myself reflecting unconsciously once more on the true El Dorado which the inhabitants of this most favored region have in their grasp, if they will but realize it. And again, on landing, I found myself face to face with appalling want; begged of at every corner; eyed curiously by men whom I should not wish to meet late of night in a dark alley. Today, as thirty-three years ago, the problem of the unemployed confronts us, but larger and more threateningly.

Huge meetings are being held, at all hours of the day and night, on vacant lots and in the various parks—meetings that, I confess, interfere seriously with the attendance at the lectures in which I am trying to explain the significance of the Mexican Revolution, linked so intimately with what is now transpiring in Los Angeles, San Francisco, up and down this coast and throughout the United States. Everywhere the same causes are producing the same results, and ever the giant of Labor grows more and more restless under the burden of the Old Man of the Sea who still rides upon his back. There is, as it seems to me, this golden ray of hope. The giant so long speechless; the giant who, when at last he found his tongue, used it, for so many centuries, in mere repetition of catchwords taught him by his master, today is talking for himself, thinking his own thoughts and putting them in his own vigorous words. For example, the unemployed of San Francisco are now publishing a small paper—the merest leaflet—in which they set out their case with a blunt outspokenness which is the soul of eloquence. I cannot hope to improve on it, and devote, therefore, the rest of this article to quotations from it. The paper calls itself "The Question," and carries at its head the following explanatory lines: "What is the question? The question of smokeless chimneys, dinnerless dinner pails and crowded soup houses. The question of 65,000 unemployed men, women and children—starving, desperate. The most vital question confronting society today." The truth of that last sentence no thinking man or woman can doubt.

* * *

The opening article contains the following statement of fact; thereby crossing swords with the leading dailies and giving them the lie direct. It says:

"The Prostituted Press of San Francisco is dominated by the Powers That Be. This domination is so complete that facts concerning the most vital question before society are distorted so as to give the impression to readers that the Unemployed are bums, hoboes, grumblers, knockers, and fanatics led by Anarchists! These papers are working as a unit to give the impression that the Unemployed do not exceed 5,000 men.

"There are 65,000 unemployed in San Francisco. Twenty thousand are women! Ten thousand men, women and children are starving. Six thousand are local Union men.

"The object of this bulletin is to spread the truth. Only by facing the question squarely and answering it honestly can any permanent relief be accomplished. We are going to tell the truth if we have to go to jail, and those familiar with the tactics of the Higher Ups predict that we will go to jail."

* * *

Here is another suggestive article, clipped also because it gives not arguments but facts. It runs:

"Tuesday night the sumptuous palace that the City furnishes its guests was crowded to the limit—and far beyond. The crowd that could not find room upon the one bed (the floor) broke into the rooms that had been denied them. They slept. More glory to 'em!

"Fully two thousand men were left out in the rain after these rooms were opened. The police dispersed them. Did it? I should say not. They gathered in the old City Hall lot and built fires. In a sort of a way that only God knows they existed through the night. The rain started at two-thirty and lasted into the next day. Some of the men lasted, too.

"Those who slept in the City Hall lot did not get lousy.

"A member of the Press Committee visited the different papers and tried to get them to take an interest in the matter, but it was not news. No. Efforts were made to interest different staff photographers. They told us, confidentially, of course, that no paper in town would dare print such pictures.

"About fifty men built fires in the lot at Fifth and Howard, and hugged them during the night. They were waiting there to get places in the soup line.

"'Post Office Figures Show Increase!' 'Prosperity Is General.' We read such news in the daily papers with glee. Hurray!"

* * *

Similar phenomena are repeating themselves all along the line, and to me the really dangerous feature of the situation is that Privilege, like the proverbial ostrich, buries its head in the sand and declines to face the facts. Its paid organs either side-step the question as unwelcome, or craftily misrepresent it, or attempt to smother it with ridicule and abuse; the jackals of the provincial press being naturally worse than such roaring lions as the "Los Angeles Times." For example, the "Arizona Gazette" found itself moved by the Christmas Day riot at the Plaza to express itself as follows:

"Los Angeles will do well to adopt the same tactics as were used by San Diego only a few months ago. Los Angeles is a beautiful American city, made so by the liberal use of good American bone and sinew, men and women whose veins flowed full with loyal, rich and red American blood, made so by men and women who love better than life the honor of flag and country. The time has come for those brave American men and women to rise as one and clear and rid their beautiful city of that lawless, criminal, bomb-throwing, anarchistic band of red flaggers."

* * *

Today I sail for Seattle, and I shall find much the same conditions there. If I visit Vancouver, Tacoma, Portland, or other coast centers, it will not be materially different. From all quarters the storm is gathering, and from those inky clouds there will come, sooner or later, the lightning that will strike. May the thunderstorm purify the foul and heavy air! It needs it.

WM. C. OWEN.

# Why Intervene?

(Continued.)

Elsewhere the change was gradual. My own fair country, England, was during all the great centuries of her really great history, agricultural. It took generations to herd her people into cities and subject them to that commercial discipline which gradually has deadened the love of liberty with which they burned when their feet were still planted on the soil. The years were marked by violent and repeated protest—Wat Tyler peasant uprisings which had to be drowned in blood, workingmen rebellions which began by smashing the hated factory machinery and found subsequent vent in those great Reform Law, Free Trade, Chartist and other movements, of which England's huge strikes are the modern representatives. The ferment still works, but slowly; for the transformation has not been cyclonic, as in Mexico, and repressive forces never developed there held English discontent in check. The free-born Briton has sunk slowly into the quicksand of monopoly, and today I seriously doubt his power to shake off its deadly grip. Beneath the Mexican peon's feet the ground has caved in suddenly, but he is scrambling desperately and I have hope that he may land on firmer soil.

This man, this blanketed peon, is asking for bread, and we, with the wealth of all the ages at our command, are offering him a stone. He is asking for a place to build his family nest; for he is one of the most simple men on earth and has all the natural instincts unalloyed. We reply that with us nests have to be bought on the installment plan, and the best our wise and well-meaning President can offer him is a fairer ballot. That he does not want; he does not and cannot care about it, because he cannot understand it. His mind is like the child's, in that it goes directly to the point. The land, if he can get at it, will feed and clothe and shelter him; supply his meager wants with little labor; give him a firm and lasting foothold where he is now a wandering outcast. None of these the ballot can give him, and he knows it. At best it can only offer him the chance of voting for whoever he may consider the best ruler, and he does not consider any of them good. To him rulers and the agents thru whom they work are a disturbance in his life; impose taxes on him, threaten him with imprisonment or compulsory service in the army, formulate the mysterious schemes by which the man who does not work gets rich while he, the toiler, starves.

There was a brief moment when he believed in Madero and gave him the biggest vote any Mexican presidential candidate has yet received. It totalled up less than twenty thousand!

We have nothing to offer him except that which we have taken from him and have no intention of relinquishing—the land. The one thing we can do for him is to get off his back, and that we will not do. We are intriguing and finessing and talking about the Monroe Doctrine—which we have twisted entirely from its original meaning and elevated into a right to police the lives of those whose manners do not suit our tastes or pockets—and we are doing everything except coming to the point with him. We cannot come to the point except by facing him with a gun, and we know it. We can say nothing to him except, "We claim all this property by right of law." To which he replies, "And I claim it by possession, by right of labor, by the fact that I am here, while your paper-title claimers are scattered far and wide." There is no common meeting ground. It is a case in which one of the two must go.

Three thousand Yaquis have taken possession of their ancient holdings and confiscated the chick-pea crop, amounting to more than a hundred thousand sacks. The agent of the absentee paper-title owners, a Mr. O'Brien, lives in Los Angeles and has been yelling to the White House for assistance. What are we going to do about it?

Wiseacres meet and, seeking to solve the insoluble, propose to settle the peon on the unoccupied national lands. Forthwith a noted agrarian authority, Sr. Bulnes, writes in the highly respectable Catholic Daily, El Pais:

"As regards the national lands, we Mexicans possess today only a worthless residuum, inasmuch as by virtue of our miserable laws relating to unoccupied lands, Porfirio Diaz gave away, to twenty-eight personal and political friends, territory as large as France. This wrong, so immoral, so stupid, so anti-patriotic, was committed before the so-called Cientificos made their appearance, for it took place during the first half of Diaz' dictatorship."

One must add that the Cientificos made the situation ten times worse, and were nicknamed such because they "cleaned up" so scientifically. Such is the situation as it has been handed over to us of this generation. What are we going to do about it?

The paper-title people call on us to protect them; bidding us remember that property, as settled by the lawyers, is the most sacred thing we know, and that if we allow it to be confiscated our whole civilization will go to smash. The Mexican implores us to keep hands off, and raises the question of "right"—the right of the actual settler and producer—as strenuously as do the paper-title men. The colony of Mexican exiles now sheltering in the fashionable quarter of Los Angeles, as the French emigres sheltered with their aristocratic friends in other countries when their own revolutionary hurricane broke, pose as the victims of remorseless bandits. The Mexican proletarian, loafing round our plaza and despairing of the possibility of getting two meals a day, shakes his fist at those aristocrats and vows they have plundered him from the land that was his fathers and that should be his and his alone. He knows what he is trying, at least, to do about it; he is trying to get it back by force.

It is not merely a question of the danger of the task. It is not merely the certainty that the war will be one of guerillas; of hunting down, thru sandy wastes and over rocky mountain heights, an enemy who knows his ground by heart and retreats eternally, firing as he flies; it is not merely the question of entering upon this hardest and least glorious of all types of war, but of something infinitely more serious than that. We shall start it with uneasy consciences, and on behalf of a class, and class of institutions, in which very many of us only half believe, in which many of us do not believe at all, in which some of us see only barbarism and an enemy to be annihilated at every cost. Under such conditions, for example, I, if I fought at all, should fight for Mexico; not because I love Mexicans more than I do Americans, but because the opportunity of dealing landlordism an effective blow would seem to me superior to all other considerations, and because the opportunity of checking, once and for all, the triumphant advance of conquering plutocracy would seem to me a duty I could not forego. We have no means of gauging the number of those who feel as I do, but it is probably extremely large. In the possibility of adding to its number I have answered Everyman's invitation with this necessarily brief and sketchy essay.

Evidently this revolution is forcing to the front important issues. First, there is the land question, which agricultural countries always have near their hearts. Nevertheless it is a question that the great commercial nations, with the appalling conditions created by their concentration of population, also will have to handle without gloves. This earth is our sole storehouse; from it alone we draw supplies; and we have good reason for supposing that we shall find the storehouse full of pleasant and greatly-needed things, when we succeed in getting at them. That will be very soon. We shall not go on much longer allowing the few, who say they bought them, to keep the keys of that great storehouse. If they do not give them up voluntarily we shall all turn bandits and take them. The treasures of Mother Earth are worth a good, stiff fight.

Owing mainly to land monopoly, the masses must toil at tasks which they themselves do not select, and pay for what has become the privilege of toiling. The total abolition of that system of wage slavery is also raised, most forcefully and promisingly, by the Mexican Revolution. The untutored Mexican has no taste for dangerous or useless tasks, performed for the benefit of masters who make their profit by pandering to parasites. That problem, agitated hourly wherever workers congregate, is ripe for world-wide settlement.

Terrazas, having escaped the Mexican rebels, is now on his way to Los Angeles. Three-fourths of the enormous and enormously rich State of Chihuahua have been torn from his monopolistic clutches. Thousands and thousands of his cattle have been confiscated. Nevertheless he is reported as still having some $8,000,000 safely tucked away in United States banks. How did he get wealth so preposterous? That is a far-reaching question raised by the Mexican Revolution and now up for settlement.

The question of whether our government, which excludes millions of honest workers, is to be a haven for society's great pirates is also raised in strikingly dramatic form. Organized labor, in particular, may well reflect on it.

Immediately after landing on our soil, Terrazas had his picture taken. He is shown surrounded by United States soldiers, smiling over their ability to protect this full-fed robber from the starving peasant. The question of how long we shall tolerate an army, obviously perverted by its trade, will soon be up for settlement.

This upheaval all along our Southern border is facing us with many other vital issues, but lack of space forbids my giving them in detail. These problems we must think out for ourselves, as Life requires. Revolutions, which are merely Life's more energetic phases, have the priceless virtue of forcing us to heed the call.

WM. C. OWEN.

# AN APPEAL TO ALL WORKERS

Another crime is being committed in the name of the law. Fourteen good rebels, your comrades in the fight for worldwide justice, are lying in the filthy jails of Texas. They are all revolutionists in the truest sense of the word. Thirteen are Mexicans and one American.

And because they are revolutionists—because they possessed the manhood to stand up and fight for justice for their working class brothers in Mexico—they are hounded by the Texas officialdom.

"We will hang Rangel and Cline," say these vultures of capitalism in Texas, and they are trying their best to do it.

WILL YOU ALLOW THEM TO DO IT? NOW IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

"We will send the other twelve men to prison," say these errand boys of the rich in Texas.

WHAT HAVE YOU, MR. REBEL, TO SAY ABOUT IT?

On January 12th, in San Antonio, Texas, Leonardo Vasquez was sentenced to 15 years in prison, previous to that Jesus Gonzalez had been sentenced to 99 years, Jose Angel Serrato to 25 years and Lino Gonzalez to 6 years in prison.

All these cases have been appealed to the high courts of Texas—every effort will be made to eventually free them.

But the greatest test is yet to come when Rangel and Cline are placed on trial. The authorities will try to hang them.

IT IS UP TO THE REBELS OF AMERICA WHETHER OR NOT THEY SHALL HANG.

Why all this persecution? The story must be carried to every worker in the land, and our Labor and radical papers must give this case the widest publicity.

This case arose from the fact that a number of our Comrades started for Mexico to join with their brothers in the battle for Land and Liberty. They were proceeding peaceably toward the Mexican border when they were attacked by Texas authorities. Silvestre Lomas, a comrade, was killed and the rest ordered to surrender. This our Comrades refused to do and in the subsequent struggle one Texas deputy sheriff was shot in self-defense by a comrade named Guerra, who was himself killed.

BECAUSE OF THE ACT OF THIS ONE MAN OUR 14 COMRADES ARE CHARGED WITH MURDER AND THE AUTHORITIES ARE CLAMORING FOR THEIR LIVES.

The next day a large body of Texas Rangers, Deputy Sheriffs and other armed men returned. Our Comrades had then nearly reached the border and were seated in a canyon eating breakfast. The authorities opened fire without warning and Juan Rincon, a young boy, was killed and four others wounded, without being given a chance to surrender. The wounded were allowed to lie for hours in agony, begging for water which was refused. The other prisoners were treated with inhuman barbarity by the officers of this "civilized" American state of Texas. They were forced to run for nearly fifteen miles, until they actually dropped in their tracks exhausted. When they could no longer walk they were dragged and then tied hand and foot and laid in the blistering sun while the authorities and the mob of "law-abiding" citizens debated the question of lynching them. They finally decided to leave it to the "law" to inflict torture on our Comrades.

The newspapers of Texas have worked up a public sentiment against the men on trial and have gloated over the sentencing of those already tried, claiming it would check the revolutionary sentiment existing among the thousands of Mexican workers in Texas.

We have two excellent lawyers, R. W. Hudson and J. N. Gillis, on the job and they declare that with proper support our brothers of the working class can be freed. Publicity is the most necessary and money will be needed as never before. It will cost about $5,000 to appeal the cases to higher courts, besides the lawyers' fees.

Let us not allow a few dollars to stand between us and the lives of our Comrades. Sentiment is strong in Texas against all Mexicans and especially so against Revolutionary Mexicans who are fighting Labor's battles in the cotton fields and along the railroads of the great southwest.

An efficient committee has been organized called the Rangel-Cline Defense Fund, which is directing the publicity and securing funds for the legal expenses. We earnestly appeal to you to hold mass meetings, collect funds and aid in acquainting the workers of America of this new outrage on justice and decency.

In another column will be found a report of the finances of the Defense Fund.

Money has come in very slowly the last two or three weeks. It must come in faster. This is an urgent matter. Send for subscription lists and if you can collect a dollar or two from your friends send it in at once.

OUR BROTHERS MUST BE SAVED.

Fraternally yours,
RANGEL—CLINE DEFENSE FUND,
per John Murray, Stanley M. Gue, R. Wirth, Victor Cravello, P. Kahn, M. Lerner, Frank Roney, Jaime Vidal, Wm. C. Owen, M. Lissner, H. Stanley Calvert, M. Fasano, G. W. Stamm, Harry P. Alexander, B. Litoff, F. Baffa, Bill B. Cook.
Address all communications and moneys:
VICTOR CRAVELLO, Sec'y.
P. O. Box 1891. Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.

army, both at home and in foreign countries, I will say positively that the soldier of today is not the soldier of '63.

Today he does not enlist because of patriotism. He is enlisted under our American form of Conscription—hunger, want and decreasing chances in civil life. He is compelled to sell his body to the bidder that will best maintain it in good physical condition.

The slave market on Howard Street is cursed by recruiting officers. There is one upon the waterfront. Wherever men are starving there is always a recruiting office. Of late Uncle Sam finds that outside the soup kitchen he has a fertile field for recruiting activities.

Do men thus recruited make good soldiers? If called upon to fire upon the class from which they are recruited, and among whom are their friends and relatives, do you think they would obey?

Jails, workhouses, penitentiaries, asylums, etc., are full. Why?

Because of increased criminality? No. Because of increased poverty.—("The Question.")

# Denounce Hearst.

Chicago, at least, has developed a strong opinion on Intervention in Mexico and Mr. Hearst—whom it has good cause to know. So much is to be surmised from the resolutions passed recently by the board of county commissioners of Cook County, and it is to be noticed that they show a marked change from the sentiment that was running rampant sixteen years ago, when we rushed into war with poor, old, decrepit Spain. The resolutions run, in part, as follows:

"Whereas, Mr. Hearst, who owns vast estates and has large possessions of cattle in Mexico, is seeking by every resource known to yellow, sensational, unscrupulous and irresponsible journalism to arouse the passions of the thoughtless and heedless in an effort to precipitate war by attacking, ridiculing, lampooning and misrepresenting President Wilson and his humane policy in an effort to force intervention, which means war; and,

"Whereas, If war should come it would not be the Hearst dollars, or mines, or cattle that would go to the front, but the loyal and patriotic youth of our nation. Therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the board of county commissioners of Cook county, Illinois, the representative body of 2,500,000 residents of this county, that it commends and indorses the high stand President Wilson has taken and his able ecorts to prevent the needless sacrifice of the lives of American citizens, and condemns and rebukes the vile and cowardly assaults which are being made upon him by William Randolph Hearst and his newspapers."

## VICTIMS OF POLICE BRUTALITY IN COURT

The 44 bruised and battered Mexican workers arrested in Los Angeles on Christmas Day after the police broke up a meeting of the unemployed on the Plaza were placed on trial before Police Judge White January 21st on a charge of rioting.

Hundreds of workers and friends of the prisoners crowded the court room and scores unable to get in the court room thronged the corridors and stood outside. Crowds began to gather before the police station as early as 7 o'clock in the morning.

Excellent counsel is assured our fellow workers, as Job Harriman has been placed in charge of the defense. The trial is expected to cover several days.

Perhaps this would be the proper place in which to notice the awful story of the atrocities committed against the Putumayo Indians, of Peru, as given in "The New Review." We simply CANNOT understand how any one, reading that unspeakable record, can fail to understand that the one thing those Indians needed, to defend themselves against the money-mad rubber kings, was ARMS; good rifles and instruction in their use. It is another lesson in the eternal truth that the tyranny of the master springs from and is nourished by the helplessness of the slave; that inequality of power begets oppression; that between the armed and the unarmed there is inequality in its extremest and most practical form. The Mexican worker is receiving a fine drilling on that truth, and it is putting him at the head of the working class.

Whatever we may think of Communism, it is certain that there is a spirit of solidarity among the Mexican workers such as does not exist in the United States. If, for example, there is anywhere anything more selfish and exclusive than the spirit at present prevailing among the Los Angeles Labor Temple crowd—Socialist Job Harriman's special pets and tools—we have failed, in a pretty long experience, to find it out.

## FINANCIAL REPORT OF RANGEL-CLINE DEFENSE

Contributions previously acknowledged, $409.41.

Received since last issue: New York—The Anarchist Red Cross by S. Ossovsky, $2.50. New York—Collected by H. Gordon and Freedman, $7.75. Bisbee, Ariz.—By J. K. Hudson, $1. Bradley, Ohio—Collected among Italian revolutionists by Antonio Pagliarulo, $6.25. Seattle, Wash.—By Thomas Whitehead, $5.35. Vancouver, B. C.—I. W. W. Local 322, $2. Ladd, Ill.—James Roman, $2. Los Angeles, Cal.—Socialistischer Maennerchor, $10. New Ulm, Minn.—Albert Strinhauser, New Ulm Review, $2. Roslyn, Wash.—Collected among Italian Revolutionists in Sublet, by B. Borgetti and Joe de Bernardis, $13.25. Total, $52.10.

Total receipts to date, $461.51.

Disbursements: There has been $375.00 of this fund forwarded to the Defense Attorneys in Texas and $61.70 expened for circulars, postage and stationery, leaving a balance in the defense fund of $14.81.

A COMPLETE ITEMIZED REPORT of Disbursements will be printed in the next issue of REGENERACION.

VICTOR CRAVELLO,
Secretary of the Committee.

## OUR LOYAL SOLDIERS?

Society today faces a problem that cannot be ignored—the Unemployed—a problem that is swiftly taking the form of a menace—a menace to your smug respectability, to your ethics and the present social order. You laugh. You say that the military will drive them to their holes like rats. As a soldier who has seen service in the

# Run Straight!

So many have written recently to the editor of this section, asking for explanations on the subject of Anarchy in general and the land question in particular, that he feels justified in stealing otherwise needed space for a quotation from a pamphlet written by him some seven years ago. It was written to explain, as clearly as possible, the difference between the philosophy and tactics of Anarchy and Socialism, respectively. It is quoted here only because the present writer finds that he cannot express himself more clearly now than he did then, and also for the sake of suggesting that the course which the land agitation then seemed to him likely to take appears to be the very course it is taking in Mexico. On pages 11, 12 and 13 of "Anarchy vs. Socialism," he wrote as follows:

We hold that the bold, straight, and direct way will be found infinitely the shortest, easiest, and most successful. We are convinced that if any other course is pursued, and it is sought by a series of make-shift compromises to pave the way for changes to be wrought out in a vague and distant future, it will be discovered finally that the time so spent has been worse than wasted. Only by a direct attack on monopoly and special privilege; only by a courageous and unswerving insistence on the rights of the individual, whoever he may be; on his individual right to equality of opportunity; to an absolutely square deal; to a full and equal seat at the table of life, can this great social problem, with which the whole world now groans in agony, be solved.

In a word, the freedom of the individual, won by the abolition of special privileges and the securing to all of equal opportunities, is the gateway through which we must pass to the higher civilization that is already calling loudly to us.

It is urged that we Anarchists have no plans; that we do not set out in detail how the society of the future is to be run. This is perfectly true. We are not in the business of putting humanity in irons. We are trying to get humanity to shake off its irons. We have no co-operative commonwealth, cut and dried, to impose on the generations yet unborn. We are living men and women, concerned with the living present, and we recognize that the future will be as the men and women of the future make it, which will depend on themselves and the conditions in which they find themselves. If we bequeath to them freedom they will be able to conduct their lives freely, as the changed and improved conditions, brought about by the growth of human intelligence and the added mastery of nature that will spring from such intelligence, may dictate.

It is not for us to say that they shall live in such and such a form of co-operation or Communism. It is only for us to open to them the opportunities for leading the life that may satisfy them best. Our business is exclusively with the slavery that exists here and now, and it is a self-evident proposition that its roots lie in the rule of man over man; in the monopoly of opportunities; in the denial of equal rights; in the ignoring of the claims of the individual life.

But it is entirely possible for us, dealing as we do exclusively with the present, to analyze, accurately and fearlessly, the present; to point out the steps that must be taken; all of which mean the destruction of existing privileges.

LAND MONOPOLY MUST GO.

It must be recognized that every child of man is a full and equal partner in the resources that, by the very constitution of this universe, are necessary for the maintenance of human life; that without land we cannot exist, and that, to enable us to live a life free from tribute, we must have free access to land. This is absolutely fundamental. Until this is secured it is mockery to talk of the freedom of labor, for without being masters of the land we cannot possibly be free producers.

This is a truth so obvious that it is admitted by thousands of the followers of different reform schools, who otherwise have at present little in common; but how the end agreed on is to be reached, is the question. We can at least present what appear to us to be some of the methods by which the problem is likely to be solved. First, and before any results can be looked for, there must be brought into existence a far more general and burning conviction than there is at present that this question of the land is absolutely fundamental. When, by persistent and intelligent propaganda, this truth has been driven home to the more receptive minds, it is inevitable that it will crystallize into action, and probably along some such lines as there: Individuals and groups will squat on unoccupied land, held by speculators, and will refuse to vacate. The poor will resist eviction more and more. Dwellers in the slums of such cities as New York, whose lives are one continual struggles to keep body and soul together, will decline to give up a large portion of their hard-earned wages to satisfy the demands of the absentee idlers. From the conflict between the authorities endeavoring to enforce the law and those who take their stand on human rights further agitation of this gigantic crime against the race will result, and the necessity of accepting and carrying into practice the doctrine that the earth is for the use of those who, for the time being, find themselves living upon it, will be driven still deeper into the public conscience.

Whatever fosters militarism makes for barbarism, and whatever fosters peace makes for civilization. There are two fundamentally opposed principles on which social life may be organized—compulsory co-operation and voluntary co-operation; the one implying coercive institutions and the other free institutions.—(Herbert Spencer.)