Revolution is not coming; it is here.

What will come of it? Shall we, indeed, like the old Smithfield martyrs, be able to say that we have lighted a candle which never shall be extinguished? I think so; I pray so; but I do not know. I know that there is a commotion which seems more wide-spread than I had ever ventured to believe; that at every point visited tremendous meetings are being held continuously; that the speeches delivered boil with indignation and are listened to with rapt attention; that the audiences include men and women of a social standing usually regarded as making those who hold it immune to revolutionary ideas. For example, the most sweepingly comprehensive and drastic speech I have heard was delivered last night, in Portland, Oregon, by Dr. C. H. Chapman, his subject being, "Bloody Sunday at St. Petersburg." He did not hesitate to denounce the money powers in this country, with its agents—the Church, the military and the law courts—as more oppressive and fatal to liberty than the Russian autocracy itself. Dr. Chapman is chief editorial writer on "The Oregonian," which is to Portland and the Northwest what the "Times" is to Los Angeles and our Southern country.

* * *

Dr. Chapman presided at the mass reception meeting given to our comrades of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta, January 21, on their release from McNeil Island. The largest hall available was crowded, every speech was greeted with continuous salvos of applause, and, although I do not believe in singling out special individuals for praise, I cannot refrain from noticing the profound impression made by Enrique Magon. Stating simple facts in the simplest and, necessarily, somewhat halting English, he produced an effect such as no studied eloquence can command. It was a repetition of what had taken place in Seattle, and it has confirmed me more than ever in my often-stated conviction that the workers should avoid those high-sounding phrases that mean so little, eschew that exaggeration to which so many orators and editors are prone, and confine themselves, as closely as possible, to plain statements of facts beyond dispute. This was the life-long teaching of one of the most masterful artists who ever put pen to paper—the great Balzac.

* * *

The vast majority of our audiences has been pitifully poor in pocket, for times are desperate and the army of the unemployed in constant evidence. Nevertheless the mass meeting in Portland yielded a collection, after deducting all expenses, of $46.22, with $5 more pledged but not collected at this writing. The principal meeting in Seattle produced a net total somewhat in excess of that amount, and Tacoma behaved generously, though the audience was smallest. Indeed, in Seattle it was ridiculous. We had taken the large hall in Labor Temple, and, after crowding up the seats to the very toes of the speakers, every inch of standing room was occupied by a mass of workers, packed like sardines, who remained patiently until the last word had been spoken. The I. W. W. had marched in procession to the Temple, and many hundreds must have been unable to obtain admission. Unfortunately, I have not the figures of the actual receipts of the Seattle and Tacoma meetings, having turned the money in to Regeneracion and neglected to keep a memorandum.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Thorwald Siegfried, who accompanied me on my visit to McNeil Island a week before the prisoners' release, a mid-day luncheon had been held in Seattle, at which the free-thinking element so numerous there was generously represented. Great interest was displayed and many questions were asked and answered. In short, we received sympathy and assistance on every hand, and I scarcely like to mention the names of Eva Trew, Adele Parker and Glenn Hoover, conspicuously active though they were, because so many others should be thanked. In Tacoma, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lavroff, and S. T. Hammersmark were untiringly energetic, and here, in Portland, Guernsey Horton and a host of others have been kindness personified. All those named assisted most materially in getting for us the extensive press notices to which unquestionably much of the success of the various meetings has been due. Work of that character entails an amount of drudgery from which we too generally shrink. I think, also, that it calls for a practical, executive efficiency which revolutionary agitators are apt to lack. I speak for myself.

* * *

For my part, I have been on the incessant jump, and this has forced me to neglect my editorial and correspondence work to an extent which fills me with dismay. I can only say that I shall do my utmost to pick up all arrears during the voyage to San Francisco, on which I start today, and that I simply could not help it. Yesterday, for example, I debated in the afternoon, and to a crowded house, with a Socialist, the subject being Political vs. Direct Action. Later on I discussed the unemployed question before the I. W. W., in a hall crammed to suffocation; after which I attended the Russian meeting. Here, in Portland, I have lectured on the Mexican question before the Oregon Civic League; I have lectured similarly in Tacoma, Seattle and Everett, before Social Science Leagues, Public Ownership Leagues, the Democratic State League, the I. W. W.'s and a purely Socialist organization, the exact title of which I forget. I have declined no invitation, for all appeared anxious to learn and it seemed to me that I had come up here to teach, as best I could. All this has involved constant journeyings, often by steamers; has thrown me unceasingly into the company of enquirers, eager for information; has represented work to be done, then and there, and has left me hardly a moment's privacy and leisure. And I have enjoyed it immensely. I believe that I have learned a lot, and I return South with a courage and hope that I have found it difficult to sustain when sitting at my typewriter in Los Angeles.

* * *

Apart from the general revolutionary fervor, what strikes me, far more than anything else, is the growing interest in the land question. I cannot remember a meeting at which it has not bobbed up and been the subject of incessant questions. In my purely Mexican lectures and in speaking on the unemployed question the land problem necessarily has been brought to the fore, and, of course, I have drawn on my knowledge of the methods employed by our Los Angeles boomers. Instantly the response has come, at every place, that Los Angeles is only one sample from the general lump; that at all the towns visited the same infernal chicanery is in vogue, and that, from Seattle to San Diego, the entire coast has been the prey of conscienceless real estate speculators, whose art is that of the confidence swindler and who are cold as marble to the sufferings of their innumerable victims, now stranded in a misery beyond the power of language to describe. Thousands and thousands have been in on this—the most heartless of all swindles—either as direct principals or as connivers, in the hope that they, in their turn, may be able to unload on the fresh crop of suckers continually arriving from the East and Europe. The crime thus perpetrated on the stranger entering our gates is unspeakable, and the false pretences under which this Pacific Coast has been boomed, in anticipation of the opening of the Panama Canal, is a national scandal which ough to receive the immediate attention of Congress. Alas! I know too well that Congress will never dare to handle this question as it must be handled—without gloves—and that our law courts, which hound into jail the starving man who steals a loaf of bread, will be blind to the foul crime committed, daily, and hourly, and with cynical coldness, in those exalted circles which monopoly and high finance frequent.

* * *

Who can foresee the outcome? Aflame with indignation, and knowing that it is useless to look to the law courts for relief, these homeless masses, whose suffering is tragically real, will not stay their hands for ever. Sooner or later at some point a desperate break will come, and I miss my guess greatly if it does not carry with it summary vengeance, taken by those who feel sore to the marrow of their bones. There is lots of hot air and flub-dub talk; there are multitudinous threats which will spend themselves in feverish talk and go no farther; but it would be the height of folly to suppose that talk will last for ever, and that a population so virile and enured to hardship as are these Northern folk, will hold its hand indefinitely. As yet it is still thinking out its problem, but it will not be content merely to think eternally. As yet it still gropes for light, and we are called on sternly to supply it.

* * *

My trip, and especially such magnificent I. W. W. audiences as I addressed in Seattle, has convinced me that the day of the politician is passing rapidly, and that we are moving swiftly from words to deeds. I believe also that our own agitation is being forced to new departures, and that we must bid farewell to the slip-shod, easy-going method of the past. No longer can we afford to fritter away our time on scholastic discussions, or play the hole-in-the-corner game so dear to "ism" groups. The revolutionary current is no longer a rivulet in which we can paddle at our leisure, but a broad, tumultuous stream. We must either launch ourselves boldly upon it, or elect to sit in idle retirement on the bank, watching the stream go by. And if we choose the former we must study the art of navigation as hitherto we have not studied it. We must acquire efficiency as we have not, as yet, acquired it. In my judgment we need the exact literary ability that shall produce an imperatively-needed flood of pamphlets, dealing with the localised facts of the present, instead of with the hazy outlines of an uncertain past or the dreams of an even more uncertain future. We need greatly the executive ability which will organize the systematic distribution of such pamphlets. We need trained speakers who will drive home cold facts, rather than spellbinders who rely on their natural gift of the gab to carry audiences off their feet. The disinherited today are coming down to earth. They are confronted not with theories but with hard, cruel facts. They hunger for the specific. That is the demand, and if we cannot supply it, others will.

WM. C. OWEN.

REVOLUTION'S DAWN.

In a word, the class struggle—the exploiter against the wage-slave—has reached a point at which the great issue—the use of the instruments of production in the interest of all—is no longer clouded by "the divine right of property." The private ownership of land, of minerals, of factories, of means of transport, anti-social in its origin and in its effects, is attacked on all hands. It is attacked directly by the economic struggle which means nothing less than an all-round demand in the ranks of the workers for sustenance and a fuller development of life, with war to the knife on the inhuman misery which the monopoly of these sources of wealth inflict on them; and it is attacked indirectly, feebly and half-heartedly by political reformers of the democratic-radical type, who would compromise with the evils of our present system, so long as the keeping of body and soul together, with a show of some elementary decencies of life, can be maintained. Briefly, this is what we have arrived at at the end of 1913.—("Freedom," London, Eng.)

Government implies the abdication of reason and justice. Obedience and servility are the opposites of humanity; he who obeys renounces his liberty and humanity.—(Angus MacKay.)

Mexican Notes

The raising by the United States of the embargo on arms is the sensation of the week, and marks another and most important development in the Mexican situation. Naturally Huerta is furious, and his organs flay Wilson mercilessly, declaring that this is the first decided step toward intervention. Meanwhile arms are pouring into Mexico and Americans are reported as leaving in large numbers, believing that the fall of Torreon will be followed by the capture of Mexico City, which may fall a prey to Zapata's remorseless forces. The alleged crime for which hundreds of Mexicans have been sent to United States penitentiaries during the past four years has now become a patriotic virtue, on which the apostles of law and order smile approval.

Our administration has shown its hand, at last, and acknowledged openly that it supports the Constitutionalists, as we ourselves have charged repeatedly. Let none be so simple as to suppose that it will uphold the confiscations to which Villa, by reason of a past as steeped in banditry as that of any Zapatista, stands committed. On the contrary, our government will demand that Carranza, whose power today can be only nominal, restore order and protect foreign porperty at any cost. That failing, as it is sure to fail, our pacific President and Secretary of State will let loose the dogs of war, with crocodile regrets. The quarrel as between the Mexican who is taking possession and the paper title holder is still unsettled. The latter has bided his time.

Meanwhile, and during these long four years, opposition to intervention has grown steadily in strength, for the masses in this country now fully understand that such intervention will be exclusively for the benefit of the hated land monopolist and usurer. Soon, very soon, we shall have the opportunity of testing what that opposition amounts to when it finds itself in conflict with the Money Power. Our friends will then be able to show the stuff of which they are made.

At this writing it appears fairly certain that Villa's forces, reported as aggregating 10,000, will find Torreon a speedy prey. Should they take it and add Tampico to their conquests, the Huerta regime will have become practically a thing of the past, holding only Mexico City, and that by the most precarious of tenures. The suspension for six months of the interest payment on the national debt will have the effect of destroying the government's ability to borrow, and the fact that Huerta was forced to suspend such payment discloses pitilessly his inherent weakness. The total debt amounts to less than $300,000,000, and the half-yearly interest on which the government has defaulted is under $7,000,000.

President Wilson and the administration profess themselves pleased with the impending elimination of Huerta, and maintain that there will be fewer complications now that the tide of battle has rolled away from the border; but many of the most thoughtful and influential papers in the United States find it impossible to share that optimism. They point out that Villa and not Carranza is now the man, and look on him as many degrees more objectionable than ever Huerta began to be. As the New York "Evening Mail" put it: "With Villa in, if he ever does get in, and Huerta out, the situation of President Wilson will resemble that of the man who invited the seven other spirits more evil than the first to come in and take the place of the unclean spirit that had been driven out of him. 'Verily the last state of that man shall be worse than the first.'"

Villa's Terms of Peace.

The conditions of peace, stated by Villa as "indispensable;" are given as follows:

"Elimination of General Huerta and his supporters.

"Complete surrender to the Constitutionalist cause of politicians now opposing it.

"Restoration of the Constitution.

"Selection of a Provisional President acceptable to the Constitutionalists, and suitable provision for a popular election.

"Guaranty of a change in the land laws, so that deeds to land would be more generally distributed.

"Ratification of the confiscation by the rebels of the Terrazas, Creel, and other estates.

"Nullification of all acts of the Huerta régime."

The Springfield "Republican," recognized as one of the most thoughtfully-edited paper in this country, comments favorably on Villa's grip of the agrarian problem as giving the key to the entire revolution, and remarks that "unless some Government shall solve the land question by purchase, in a way satisfactory to the peasant class, the direct action of a Villa, flushed with military success over the landlord millionaires, may prove to be the final solution, precisely as the confiscations of Juarez, over half a century ago, roughly solved the question of the landholdings of the religious orders."

The man of action is always the popular hero, and the highly-dramatic rise to power of Villa necessarily has attracted the almost universal attention of our daily press, with its keen eye for the picturesque. That a man, recently escaped from jail in Mexico City, should slip out of El Paso with a borrowed horse, a revolver and $7.50 in cash, and within, some eight months, as the New York "Sun" puts it, "wield more power than any other man on the North American continent," is calculated to set thousands of pens to work; especially when that man has been known simply as a hunted outlaw, and is now engaged in confiscation on the largest scale. The "Sun," surely a most conservative journal, seems to have been specially attracted by this dazzling career, and protests against writing Villa down as a mere brutal rowdy. It insists that he is possessed of "a clear sense of justice and a habit of making good his word;" which are surely qualities of the most commanding worth. Of the socialistic regime which, according to its view, he is ushering in, its Chihuahua correspondent writes:

The Wheels of Industry.

"The street-car system, the stores, the electric-light plant, the brewery, a clothing factory, and the railroad between Chihuahua and Juarez—even the gambling houses—are all being operated by the rebel government, and all of them are yielding a profit. In some of them the prices have been cut below those charged by private individuals. In the case of the railroad, where persons are not able to pay and their necessity for travel exists, they travel without pay.

"Villa has not yet put into existence his plans for the operation of a State bank, but he is preparing these plans, and the bank will be in operation in a few days. A mint for coining gold and silver will also be in operation in a short time.

"Villa does not risk his reputation as a sagacious man by predicting the outcome of his venture. He has the sense to realize that he dominates the situation now; that by his sheer strength he is able to control.

"Under different conditions—with the ballot ruling instead of the rifle—Villa will not say what effect his socialistic methods might have upon the people. But today Villa says "Do this" and it is done. The man who would steal or graft from any one of the enterprises now operating under rebel supervision knows that he would pay the penalty with his life."

We ourselves were present recently during a heated discussion, the chief part in which was maintained by an American who had passed through the siege of Chihuahua, and avowed himself frankly as in favor of intervention. Many of his criticisms of Mexican methods were most caustic, but he resented with great vehemence the suggestion that Villa should be hung, and praised him loudly as a man of action, who set the wheels of industry in motion from the moment he entered Chihuahua, and was genuinely anxious to serve the poor.

President Wilson's Policy.

What is the Wilson policy with respect to Mexico and the Latin-American countries? That is what is keeping every one guessing, but on the surface it appears to be one of abstention, based on the declarations that "such pretended governments (as that of Huerta) will not be countenanced or dealt with by the Government of the United States," and that "we are the friends of constitutional government in America."

The President went on to say that only through constitutional government could our Southern neighbors "work out their own development in peace and liberty." It seems therefore, as we ourselves have insisted so often, that the President—with Bryan at his back—has in view only political reforms, and that, like Gladstone, he clings to the delusion that a people can be emancipated by the purification of the ballot, while leaving unchanged those unjust economic institutions from which have sprung the monstrous economic inequalities which are throwing the whole world into revolution. History is forgetting as rapidly as possible the once honored name of Gladstone. There is no earthly reason why it should not. His views were limited by politics; and his son, who has inherited them, has shown in South Africa how incompetent he is to wrench himself clear of words and grapple with life's actual facts.

On the other hand, the President's assumed policy, especially in its application to Porto Rico and Nicaragua, appears to have created the greatest alarm throughout Central and South America. In the former, despite almost universal local protest, we have insisted on policing the polls. Over the latter we have established what is described as a "complete protectorate" and arrangements "similar to our treaty with Cuba." The Baltimore "American" properly describes all this as an "endeavor to cover entire Latin-America with the blanket of an ethical policy," and adds that "President Wilson has himself made his policy inclusive enough to reach the twenty republics, and they will be entirely logical in looking upon the handling of Mexico as an object lesson for each of them. Hence the vital importance of avoiding at all costs war with the republic of Mexico."

It is small wonder that, both in this country and in Europe, misgivings multiply. As the New York "Evening Post" puts it: "Protesting against force we may at any moment get into a position where we shall be using force. The whole policy is plainly one requiring the utmost care and discretion in the execution." In the opinion of John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics and a man of wide experience, "the United States is facing the greatest crisis in the hundred years of its relations with Latin America."

Why not? Interviewing a great number of publicists and newspaper men, as the editor of this section has during the last four weeks, he has been astonished at discovering that the general opinion is—"those peasants mean to get the land, and they appear likely to get it." That raises the whole property question; brings us face to face with vested rights and the alleged sanctity of paper titles; carries us to the one center around which, sooner or later, the battle must be fought. All this talk of emancipation by way of carefully-guarded elections is mere sparring for time.

Portland's Unemployed

Our very learned and eloquent Socialist Economists have proven beyond any doubt that the industries are now so thoroughly organized that we can never, NEVER have any more panics. But another panic is just started; and the indications are that this new and unreasonable panic will be far worse than anything of the kind that we have ever had before. What are we going to do about it? What are the expounders of infallible Socialist Economics going to do about it?

The reason this panic could never happen, so the Economists told us, was because the capitalists are so well organized that they could regulate production within the limits of the demand for the product and thus prevent over-production—the cause of panics.

Now let us see why we have a panic, and why this panic will stay with us for an indefinite length of time.

We will admit that the production of perishable commodities has been fairly well regulated. The cold storage trust is pretty well able to handle the meat, eggs, vegetables and fruit that is produced. The manufacturers of clothing are not so far ahead of the market either.

But there is another kind of over-production, and it is much more serious.

The city of Portland covers an area of about 50 square miles. Ten years ago the greater part of this land was good farm land, in actual use. Only a small part of the town had graded and paved streets, and less than half of it had sewers or gas and water service. There were very few vacant houses, and the office buildings were fairly well filled.

Now a large part of the residences, perhaps one-third, are for rent, the office buildings are about half filled; two-thirds of the city's total area is nicely graded and paved. The sewers, water mains, gas mains, and the sewer, gas and water services for the vacant lots, are all in place. The lots are for sale. In this way at least 20 square miles of perfectly good farmland within the city limits of Portland have been made as utterly unproductive and useless as so much Sahara sand.

Yet the useful labor has been done. Portland has enough vacant houses to provide shelter for a 25 per cent increase in population. Enough vacant offices for a 50 per cent increase in the business. And there are enough vacant lots for a population of 2,000,000 people. In other words, we have an over-production of improved real estate. We have provided enough real estate in these ten years to last 25 years in the future. And that real estate does not rot, or burn up, or waste away very fast. The building industry can take a vacation for five, or ten, or twenty years—without pay.

And Portland is not much different from other cities on the Pacific Coast. And I dont think Portland is very much different from Eastern cities.

You would suppose that an over-production of real estate would mean a decrease in the rent. Not at all. It only means that the real estate peddlers are organized, so that when you occupy one house you are made to pay rent, interest and profits on the vacant house standing along side also. Of course this is contrary to all the laws and theories of scientific economics. But if you pay rent you will know that it is so.

Chronic Overproduction.

It is much the same with the lumber industry. There is not so very much lumber on hand, but there are enough saw-mills to supply twice the normal demand. And the lumber industry is largely dependent on the building industry. When there is a check to building industry, it will mean a corresponding check to the production of lumber. And construction work and other industries will be similarly affected in greater or less degree.

And there are other industries to consider. Five years ago there were hardly enough automobiles manufactured to supply the most urgent needs; now there are about as many waiting to be sold as there are in actual use.

Altogether, I believe it is a conservative estimate to say that one-third of the normal working force of the large industries will be idle the greater part of next year.

What are we going to do about it? Our scientific-economists have repeatedly and persistently informed us that it is no use to organize the unemployed—because they have no economic power. But they are here; and there will be millions more of them very soon. And whether we believe it or not if we like it or don't like it; if we take advantage of it or not; they will represent power; and greater and more threatening power than any equal number of strikers ever did.

Of one thing we may be quite sure. This panic is most important and most threatening. It threatens destruction and disaster to all. And I firmly believe that the workers are the only ones who can do anything that will tend to alleviate the suffering and finally bring about better conditions.

It is up to all rebels to make preparations to take care of the interests of the unemployed, organize them and educate them so as to save them from unnecessary hardships—they will suffer enough at best. And make the bosses come through with some foodstuffs. Make the employers think they would rather have jobs for all the slaves.

Yours for Industrial Freedom.

(B. E. Nilsson, in "The Voice of the People.")

Invasion Not Easy

"Upon the arduous character of an invasion of Mexico there can be no illusions in Washington. The American invasion of 1846-7 and the French invasion in the sixties have proved it beyond doubt. To seize the chief strategic points would be comparatively easy for a well-equipped, well-found, and well-led modern army of sufficient strength, though such an army, as the experience of the expeditions named sufficiently shows, would probably meet with a fierce and stubborn resistance. But possession of the strategic points, or of the chief cities and of the capital, does not mean even military command of a vast territory of some 767,000 square miles. That also the French discovered to their cost. The country is, for the most part, sparsely peopled, communications over great portions of it are non-existent, except by a few trunk lines of railway, which, as the 'Constitutionalists' are daily showing, can be easily cut at innumerable points. While the march from the North is very long, and over a country with little water and affording abundant opportunities for the guerilla warfare in which the Mexicans excel, that from Vera Cruz to Mexico City passes through the pestilential 'tierras calientes'—that hot coast zone, which is deadly to European troops, except in the months between October and May—and it affords strong defensive positions in the Cordillera de Anahuac. . . . An army capable of safely invading Mexico would have to be created; an army capable of holding it might require to be some 250,000 strong, and might need several years to complete its work."—("The Times," London, Eng.)

Huerta the Killer

What won for Huerta his peculiar renown as Mexico's ablest guerilla fighter next to Diaz was his handling of the infantry when the Yaquis seemed to be carrying all before them about twelve years ago. He had for years been mapping the whole theater of this bloody insurrection. Mexico, we are reminded by the authority we follow, was a land of peasant proprietors when Diaz came to power. One concession after another to territorial lords and railroad financiers had dispossessed entire villages, the inhabitants of which took to roaming the country as bandits. Not even the horrors of the Caucasus when Schamyl resisted there the might of conquering Russia can compare with the savagery of the campaign waged by Huerta. Mercy was neither asked nor given. Torture was inflicted with the ruthlessness of the code that prevailed among the Seminoles during our own colonial wars. The stain of savagery was acquired by the character of Huerta during the stealthy night attacks which varied the fortunes of this struggle. Neither age nor sex was spared, the commander himself receiving knife thrusts and bullets of which he shows the scars to this day. He crushed the Yaquis as relentlessly as some years later he put down a revolt among the Mayas. "Slay them," he told his men, "for they will slay you."

Bill Guernsey, formerly editor of "The Saturday Review," "Revolution," and we know not how many more radical and revolutionary publications, writes us that he has thrown up his newspaper positions in Portland, Ore. —to our knowledge they were good ones—and is off, with Percy Beach, on a thousand-mile propaganda trip. They will handle "Land and Liberty," and we bespeak for them all the assistance I. W. W. men and other rebels can give, for Guernsey is one of the best and most reliable educators in the field. He cannot keep out of the fight, and that is the type we need.

Worthy Volume

"The Revolutionary Almanac," for 1914; edited by Hippolyte Havel and published by The Rabelais Press, 27 New Bowery, New York City, appeals to us as being a publication of which the authors may be justly proud. It costs fifty cents but is well worth the money. It has been quoted from on various occasions in these columns and should have been reviewed before. "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel" (Saint Paul), and "Think not I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace but a sword —I am come to send fire on the earth" (Jesus Christ). These two quotations, on the inside cover page, give the key. The Almanac is the story of revolt; of direct action; a record, necessarily imperfect, of the race's fighters. Those still green in the memory of this generation—Louise Michel and Voltairine de Cleyre, Nietzsche, Bakunin, Most and Ferrer, with many others still with us, live again in a series of excellent photographs. The abundant cartoons trench too closely on the Cubist for the writer's individual liking, but the cartoon of "Saint Anthony, the Guardian of Morals"—note particularly the fig-leaf—alone is worth the price, and "Eugenics" bubbles with annihilating satire. The note of humor, indeed, is well sustained throughout, and it is a balance-wheel our strenuous revolutionists too often lack. Long live the memory of the great laugher from whom the press which issues this almanac takes its name!

The first article is entitled "The Social Revolution," is by Maeterlinck and is a trifle long. Maeterlink is sometimes hard reading, precisely because he is pregnant with unusual thought. Read his present contribution carefully and it will open up vistas that few, as yet, have sighted. The heroic note is sustained so steadily that it cannot fail to impress the dullest ear. "The ideal is only a vaster reality than that which we behold—Let us listen only to the experience that urges us on; it is always higher than that which throws or sweeps us back."

Read "The Creating Force," by Richard Wagner, and listen to the social harmonies the great composer heard. Read "The Free Rebel," by Starr E. Bountar, and "The Paterson Strike," by Margaret H. Sanger. Both burst with lessons which, sooner or later, we must take to heart, and pay a noble tribute to the I. W. W., or, rather, to those of them who do the actual work—the rank and file.

The politicians—those base betrayers of our revolutionary trust—are whipped as they deserve to be. A roaring cartoon hits them hard, and the salutatory speaks out bravely respecting the Judases who have transformed the revolutioary movement into a swamp of corruption. It is a subject on which language cannot be too harsh. There was a time when every Socialist had Freiligrath's immortal poem, "Revolution," by heart. It will come as a novelty to many readers of this almanac, and that is a sample of the politician's work.

Lack of space renders an adequate review of these eighty pages an impossibility, and we have only to add that the compilation of the "Revolutionary Data"—the almanac itself—represents an immense amount of honest, laborious work. That is what counts, always and everywhere. That is what, hitherto, has been so sadly lacking.

Our Brothers From Wheatland

Written for the Spanish Section and Translated into English by

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

Let us open a parenthesis in our attention to the splendid struggle that is being carried on in the south, in the rich Mexican region, and let us turn our sight northward, toward the so-called Land of the Free, where as in Mexico or in any other spot on the Earth, the man who works is the one, who has nothing, while the one who produces nothing has everything.

If Mexico because of the intolerable conditions to which the proletariat had been cornered deserved the name of "Barbarous Mexico," the so-called Model Republic, United States of America, deserves the name of barbarous, too.

While in my long pilgrimage throughout this country, when for a period of some five years I had to pretend during daytime to be nothing else but a plain workingman, to escape from the tenacious persecution that American and Mexican detectives were carrying against me instigated by a premium of $20,000.00 offered for my arrest by the old tyrant Porfirio Diaz, I had great opportunities to see with my own eyes the iniquities that the workingman of this country suffers, as well as to be myself the object of many of them to such extent as to make me think myself in the heart of Mexico.

Therefore, when at the Penitentiary of McNeil's Island I read about the outrage inflicted on the hop pickers from Wheatland, Calif., on August 3, 1913, I was not surprised at all, although I felt great indignation and rage.

I am sure that many of you, comrades, do not know the history of the crime of the bourgeoisie and its allies and lackeys in this case of the Wheatland hop pickers. Read, then, an insignificant part of all that happens every day in this "democratic" and "liberal" republic, in the following that I quote from "Solidarity," from Cleveland, Ohio, which is one of the very few honest papers in this country that really takes pains for the emancipation of the workingmen, and which is being published under the auspices of our fellow-rebels, the Industrial Workers of the World.

I leave the floor to "Solidarity":

"By widespread lying advertisements Durst Brothers assembled twenty-three hundred, men, women and children to pick their hops last summer. A picnic was promised the workers.

"They got:

"Hovels worse than pig sty's to sleep in, for which they were charged seventy-five cents per week, or between $2,700 and $3,000 for the season.

"Eight toilets were all that was provided in the way of sanitary arrangements.

"Water was prohibited in the hop fields, where the thermometer was taken by the State Health Inspector and found to be more than 120 degrees. Water was not allowed because Durst Brothers had farmed out the lemonade privilege to their cousin, Jim Durst, who offered the thirsting pickers acetic acid and water at five cents a glass.

"Durst Brothers had a store on the camp, and would not permit other dealers to bring anything into the camp.

"Wages averaged scarcely over $1 per day.

"Rebellion occurred against these conditions. Men have been tortured, women harrassed, imprisoned and threats of death have been the portion of those who protested.

(To be continued)

The unskilled are in the basic industries. They really hold the strategic position, for they can hoist the whole industrial fabric into the air by abstention from work. No sentimental bonds control them. They are not subject to the ethical and patriotic concepts which have drugged the minds of the organized skilled workers. They have no illusions about the value of political action, for they have no vote. They can be organized; indeed they are, apparently slowly but really very rapidly, being organized.—(Austin Lewis, in "The New Review.")

Orientation of the Mexican Revolution.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MEETING
in the
MAMMOTH HALL,
Room No. 5,
517 South Broadway Street
Saturday night, February 14th, at half past seven.
ADMISSION FREE.
Speakers:
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA, (In Spanish)
RICARDO FLORES MAGON, (In Spanish)
ROSA MARKUS, (In English) ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON, (In English)
MICHELE FASANO, (In Italian)

Several beautiful revolutionary songs will be sung.

Come in everybody, men and women, old men and children, come to this great festival of the toilers in honor of the Mexican Revolution, the most sublime movement ever contemplated for centuries.

Come everybody to refresh your brains and to exalt your sentiments.

This meeting will be held under the auspices of the CENTRO DE ESTUDIOS RACIONALES from Los Angeles, Calif.