

# Our Battle Should Move As One; From Mexico to Canada

Looking the matter over as carefully as possible, after a month's travel in the Northern portions of the Pacific Coast, there seem to be only two things worth writing about; first, the unemployed; second, the reason for their existence. As to the first, it has been impossible for me to contemplate without profound astonishment their patience. Well-dressed and fed, and knowing that I shall have a warm bed into which to creep at night, I shiver beneath the cutting wind and driving rain. Yet here are thousands with half-naked backs and empty bellies, who march submissively to and fro; listen quietly to speeches that, by the nature of the subject, are all of the same type; dance hopeless attendance on municipal authorities who are pledged to uphold laws that render them incapable of giving substantial aid; are thankful if, after waiting from early dawn to night, they can succeed in registering at a Soup House, and think themselves lucky if they can squeeze into such a hell as the Hotel Marshall, in San Francisco, with a filthy, lice-infested floor for bed. I speak of astonishment, but question whether I should not substitute the word contempt. San Francisco's unemployed have a weekly organ, "The Question," and it gives their number in that city alone, as eight thousand. To be true to its name it should ask continually—in every column and in the largest print available—WHY its readers stand this sort of thing. There is practically no limit to what eighty thousand men and women can do, if they choose to do it. Evidently, therefore, they do not choose.

The winter in itself is not a hard one. Nature cannot be blamed. Everywhere I have found myself gazing delightedly at that wealth of unused natural opportunities which, when I landed on these shores more than thirty years ago, deluded me into the belief that I had stepped into a paradise. But, more and more with every year, those who could and should convert those opportunities into a civilization of the highest type, are being huddled into cities, where the pavements grow no bread, and life's prime necessities are labelled at a good stiff price, while heartless policemen and soldiers stand on guard. This concentration which, under the compelling hand of land monopoly and speculation, has proceeded in the United States at a pace unparalleled in any other age or country, is bringing its necessary reaction. As they cannot exist in the cities without jobs or money, the unemployed are being forced once more into the country, and one finds the correspondent of a San Francisco paper stating that within the limited stretch which separates that city from Marysville he met no less than ten armies of the unemployed, aggregating some 1500, roaming on the hunt for work. Conditions begin to resemble those which have prevailed in Mexico. Comparing the two nationalities, I say without hesitation that the American will develop into the bolder and more ruthless bandit.

Many of San Francisco's unemployed build camp fires at night in the ruins of the old City Hall. Yet I have traversed streets wherein empty houses, with "to let" signs, stretch almost into blocks. Seattle presents the most curious of spectacles, for in the very heart of the city you may see patches of luxuriant vegetation, while five minutes in the cars will take you to areas where the primeval forest still holds its own, dotted here and there with scattered homes, inhabited by those who have preferred being sold by the landlord to living long miles from their business. The greed of the monopolist, standing out for exorbitant prices, has forced the city to spread itself far and wide, and the time thus wasted daily in long and tedious rides must top up to an enormous figure. The real estate agent is everywhere in evidence, and when I remarked that in Los Angeles we labored under the misfortune of having to support 3000 lawyers, the reply was that in Seattle, about half the size, they had 1200. A similar remark made in Tacoma and Portland brought a similar retort. In short, the evil is universal, and the entire Pacific Coast is being looted by these gentry, whose sole occupation is the tying up of the land without which life, from its lowest to its highest forms, cannot exist—the land.

Nevertheless, a flood of light is pouring in. Lecturing on the Mexican Revolution, and presenting it as the direct outcome of land monopoly, I find that the people always understand. Only twice have I been asked the stupid and once so common question—"What can I do with a piece of land?" Audiences evidently understand that they are the victims of a general system founded on monopoly of the fountain source of wealth. They understand the enormous tribute paid by city populations to the parasitic landlord; the driving incidental to the constant stiffening of the prices of country lands; and when I remark that the value of our farming lands—as admitted by both the Progressive and Socialist Party platforms—increased thirteen billion dollars in the decade from 1900 to 1910, they all catch the point. They see quite clearly that, so far as the farmers have profited by this marking-up of values, it has not been as producers but as land monopolists, and they have as difficulty in comprehending the basic reason for high prices. In fact, three factors—high food-prices, the unemployed problem and the Mexican Revolution, as an example—should be and, I believe, are laying the foundation for such an agitation for the overthrow of land monopoly as this coun-

try hitherto never dreamed of seeing. God speed the day!

Look at the attention the land question is now exacting from the list writers, who until recently ignored it. Read, for instance, William English Walling, in "The New Review," or, still better, note the activity in Texas, under the leadership of T. A. Hickey, editor and owner of "The Rebel." In his issue of January 24 he shows, by the latest report of the federal Department of Agriculture, that Texas has 117,600,000 acres of tillable land still untitled, or, in other words, of every hundred acres of land capable of being used for agricultural purposes, we use but 16 and allow 84 acres to lie idle and be held for speculative purposes by resident and alien landlords. Hickey favors the Single Tax, and claims it as a logical Socialist remedy. For my part I care not how landlordism is destroyed, so long as it is destroyed, and hold that when more people see the monster as he is they will make short work of him, in one way or another. With the admission that all men are equally entitled to the use of this earth, on which they have been born without any one asking their consent; and with the admission that it is to the worker's interest to get rid of the parasite, at any cost, the necessary arrangements for a better system will take care of themselves. What we really want we get, and the trouble hitherto has been that the masses have not understood that what they want, and must have is the earth itself. I have said a thousand times that the Mexican Revolution is doing more than any other event that has happened in my lifetime to open their eyes, and make more convinced the masses of the truth of that. Example is catching, and we who understand the cause of all this unemployment misery are charged with the most sacred duty of spreading the contagion.

Writing from the Bakunin Institute, Hayward, near San Francisco, where I have buried myself for the time being that I may publish a special pamphlet on land-grabbing on the Pacific Coast, while continuing to edit the English page of "Regeneration," I find my mind full of a kindred project, suggested to me most vividly by my recent tour. To me there is a most exasperating tedium in all this business of standing before large audiences, as I have been standing; explaining, as I have been explaining; being understood, as I know I have been understood; and then leaving with the consciousness that the work, not being followed up, will lie dormant until God only knows when. I want to follow up those audiences. I want to help in knitting together all along the coast that great movement for the abolition of land monopoly, which has pervaded all Mexico, is finding firm footing in Los Angeles, is strong in San Francisco, and perhaps even stronger in the Puget Sound cities. At present its centers rest in isolation. I have conceived the idea that the English page of "Regeneration" should be expanded into an eight-page weekly, to be entitled "Land and Liberty." It seems to me that it should be issued from San Francisco, because that is the nature of the Coast movement, from which it is possible to join hands with Los Angeles and San Diego on the South, and Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane on the North. I think also that the price should be lowered to a dollar a year, that we may secure that large circulation which the importance of the movement and the urgency of the situation alike demand. We cannot go on talking ineffectively for ever. We must move, en masse, to decisive action, and such papers as we support should be directed to that end.

## DEATH TO QUACKERIES!

Good folk who would like to see society altered without shocks must make up their minds to surrender all such hopes. It is impossible to entertain them. A social order that is founded upon force and murder, and maintained by guns and bayonets, will not be overthrown by philosophy, nor will it yield to a political majority. Poverty and discontent arising from our bad social organization must lead directly to revolt as soon as the producers find out the part they play in the creation of wealth. Unrest and revolt are on the increase; the ideal of justice, equality and solidarity is being visioned with ever-growing clearness; and we are evolving towards a condition which is not only beautiful and desirable but inevitable. Why should we hesitate to abolish private property when we know that its first economic principle is to rob the workers of the fruits of their labour?

We are asked why we do not use the ballot-box to bring about the Revolution? Now, the ballot-box is the perfected instrument of authority, and could effect nothing more than an authoritarian change. It is absurd to apply to authority to bring about liberty, which is not granted and can only be taken. Authority stifles individual initiative, whilst liberty would encourage it.

Then there are shorter hours. Look at the energy that has been expended on the eight hours movement throughout the world—the Knights of Labour, Chicago Martyrs, I. W. W., etc. Wherever the workers succeed in forcing fewer hours labour, the capitalists affected are not long in discovering some new device for reimbursing themselves. In some cases the wages are reduced; in others the price of commodities goes up. This is the same thing to the workers. Also goods must be produced quicker. For example, with the eight hours days in coal mines in Scotland, the output of coal for 1910 was 2½ million tons more than under the old hours. If the workers have shorter hours, it is taken out of their skins—(Angus MacKay, in the "Herald of Revolt").

We want results. According to the daily press, Terrazas, Mexico's richest land monopolist, must go to work. Anybody heard of the Astors applying for a job? Don't all speak at once.

## Life's Riddle is Still Unsolved

The following speech, unearthed from the French records and translated for the "Herald of Revolt," by Karl Labri, was delivered in 1903, by Jean Paul Marat, the celebrated revolutionist. That is considerably more than a century ago, yet the speech is such a one as might well be delivered a thousand times a day in the police courts of these United States; for truth is eternal and, despite all our boasted organizing efforts, we stand today face to face with the same bread and butter question the great French Revolution strove so heroically to solve. Was it not also entirely natural that the author of that speech should have been assassinated by a religious fanatic—Charlotte Corday?

Citizens.—If society claims the right to condemn a man, then she is bound to offer, and to guarantee to him, a human existence. If she merely handicaps him, and compels him to experience cruel misery until he forcibly divorces himself from her, he only takes the rights which are withheld from him without reason. "Citizen Marat," interrupted the President, angrily, "so you are attempting to justify theft and crime!" I justify nothing. But I assert, that in your unjust society you lack every justifying basis on which to condemn crime. For society, in the interests of its own existence, to be able to command the respect of the single unit for the common order, she has, first of all, to satisfy the needs of all. But what has been the lot of the common people, hitherto?

They saw in the State a class of happy people, whose life was full of gaiety, whilst they, the people, suffered. The former had plenty, the latter nothing. They felt, hunger, the platitude, hunger, sneers, and insults—that was their terrible fate.

Yes; I shout it in your presence. Always it has been the ruling class, which drove the poor to despair by withholding from them the means of life.

The worker depends on the chance of a job. If he cannot pay the taxes which are put on him; they even take away the straw on which he lies. He is reduced to begging. Disgusted with the heartlessness of the rich, and everywhere refused help he becomes desperate when he hears his children crying for bread.

Allow me to address you in the name of my client.—Am I guilty? I do not know. But that I do know, that only one thing I had to do. The instinct of self-preservation is the first duty of man. You yourselves know no greater duty. Whoever steals in order to live, when he is denied the right of making a living otherwise, does nothing else than exercise his natural rights.

You accuse me of having violated law and order. What matters this alleged law and order to me, to whom it has been only disastrous? You—who have gained by its operations, rule over innumerable misfortunates—may preach up submission to "law and order." Respect "law and order" for they gain you a comfortable existence. But I, shall I recognise your laws, I who have been crushed by them. Do not tell me that all members of society benefit by them, when the opposite clearly is discernible.

Compare your lot with ours. Whilst you live in peace and luxury, in the midst of plenty, we are exposed to heat and cold, slavery and hunger. In order to satisfy your craving for enjoyment, it is not sufficient that we work the soil with the sweat of our brow. We have to wet it with our tears as well. What have you done to warrant your living luxuriously at our cost? However unfortunate our lot, if only there were an end to our suffering! There is none. The fate of the poor is decreed irrevocably. Misery is the eternal lot of our class.

Who does not know the advantages wealth gives to those who possess it? One requires no talents, no merits, no virtue. Everything is subject to one's wishes. To rich belong all privileges. In their defence are constructed the fleets. Control of the army, administration of public income, the right to plunder the State—all privileges are theirs.

One must have money in order to accumulate money. Otherwise there is no possibility of doing so. Then the form of employment marks the difference of classes. The better occupations, like art, etc., are reserved to the wealthy. Whilst to us, the poor, are left the dangerous and unhealthy ones. Everywhere we are neglected and repulsed, whilst those are supported who, need no support.

You will say: Do some work. That is said easily. Did I have a chance to get work? Thoroughly impoverished by competition with the wealthy competitor, I have striven in vain to keep even a roof over my head. Entirely broken by illness, nothing was left to me but to keep alive by begging bread. Even this often failed. I slept every night on straw, wrapped in rags, and so exhibited the sad picture of my misery. No soul took pity on me.

Driven to despair by the heartlessness of man, deprived of everything, and impelled by hunger, under the shelter of night I took by force from a passer-by a trifle which he withheld from me otherwise. Because I made use of my natural right, you would send me to prison. Sentence me—if you think it is necessary in order to ensure your unjust possessions. In the midst of the unspeakable suffering which I have gone through, my only consolation was to denounce heaven for allowing me to be born amongst you.

## Our Brothers From Wheatland

Written for the Spanish Section and Translated into English by ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

(Concluded from last week.) "When the protest was brewing, mark this: Ralph Durst asked the workers to assemble and form their demands. He appointed a meeting place with the workers. They took him at his word. Peaceably and orderly they decided upon their demands. Durst filled their camp with spies. Durst went through the town of Wheatland and the surrounding country gathering every rifle, shot gun and pistol. Was he conspiring against the workers? The attorney general and the other law officers say he was only taking natural precautions.

"When the committee which Ralph Durst had personally invited to come to him with the demands of the workers arrived, Durst struck the chairman, Dick Ford, off his horse. He then ordered Dick Ford off his horse. Dick Ford had already paid \$2.75 as rental for his shack. Durst claims this discharge of Ford broke the strike.

"This was on Bloody Sunday, August 3, 1913, about two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Ford begged his fellow committeemen to say nothing about Durst's striking him.

"At 5:30 that Sunday afternoon the workers were assembled in meeting on ground rented from Durst. Dick Ford, speaking as the chairman of the meeting reached down and took from a mother an infant, saying, 'It is not so much for ourselves we are fighting as that this little baby may never see the conditions which now exist on this ranch.' He put the baby back into its mother's arms, and saw eleven armed men in two automobiles, testing down toward the meeting place. The workers then began a song. Into this meeting, where the grandiose, the husband, the youth and the babies were gathered in an effort to gain something like living conditions these armed men charged. Sheriff George Voss has sworn, 'When I arrived that meeting was orderly and peaceful.' The crowd opened to let him and his followers enter. Then one of his deputies, Lee Anderson, struck Dick Ford with a club, knocking him from his stand. Anderson also fired a shot.

Another deputy, Henry Dakin, fired a shot gun. Remember, this crowd was a dense mass of men, women and children, some of them babies at the breast. Panic struck the mass. Dakin began to volley with his automatic shot gun. There was a surge around the speaker's stand. Voss went down. From his belt charged an unidentified Porto Rican. He thrust himself into the mass, clubbed some of the officers, got a gun, cleared a space for himself and fell dead before a load of buckshot from Henry Dakin's gun.

"Thirty seconds or so the firing lasted. When the smoke cleared, Dakin and Durst and others of these bullets had fled like jack rabbits. Four men lay dead upon the ground. Among them, District Attorney Edward T. Maxwell, a deputy named Eugene Reardon, the Porto Rican and an unidentified English lad. About a score were wounded, among them women.

"Charges of murder, indiscriminate, have been placed for the killing of Maxwell and Reardon. This Porto Rican and the English boy sleep in their bloody graves and the law takes no account—they were only workers.

"Such are the facts of Wheatland's bloody Sunday. Now comes the district attorney of Yuba county, the attorney general of the state of California and all the legal machinery and cry that these workers, assembled in meeting with their women and children, had entered into a conspiracy to murder Maxwell and Reardon. They say had no strike occurred there would have been no killing. They say had Dick Ford, when assaulted and discharged by Durst, 'quietly left the ranch, the strike would have been broken.' What matters to these the horrors of thirst, the indecent and immodest conditions? The workers are guilty. They struck and it became necessary to disperse them. Therefore although they, the workers, were unarmed and hampered with their women and children, because a set of drunken deputies, who even had whisky in their pockets on the field, fired upon them, the workers must pay a dole to the gallowes.

"To vindicate and establish this theory an army of Burns men have been turned loose. They took one Swedish lad, Alfred Nelson, carried him across the country through six jails, finally beat him brutally in a public hotel in the city of Martinez. One of these Burns thugs is now under a sentence of a year in jail and \$1,000 fine for this act.

"These same Burns men arrested Herman D. Suhr in Prescott, Arizona. He was confined like a beast in the refrigerator of a box fruit car. These Burns men poked him with clubs and bars to keep him awake. He was taken to Los Angeles and tortured and jailed. Thence they carried him to Fresno for further torture. Thence to San Francisco, thence to Oakland. Here, for four days three shifts of Burns men tortured him by keeping him awake. In order that no marks should show on his person, they rolled long spills of paper and thrust the sharp points into his eyes and ears and nose every time his tired head dropped. He was placed in a three-foot latched cell so that these animals could easily torture him without danger from his fists. He went crazy, signed a 'confession,' and the judges of Yuba and Suiter counties and the district attorneys thereof have tried to make it impossible for him to even swear out a warrant for his torturers.

"Mrs. Suhr's wifehood was questioned when she first visited her husband.

"Edward B. Stanwood, the present district attorney of Yuba county, has had more than a score of men arrested. He has kept them for months in jails at widely separated points. Burns men have been permitted to enter their cells and use every effort to frighten them into 'confessions.' Men say they have been brought before Stanwood, himself, and when they told the truth about their actions these Burns men have called them 'God damned liars.' Stanwood has sat by. Again and again Stanwood has refused to take any action concerning Durst's gathering of arms, concerning the actions of the Burns men. He has refused to put charges against these men until compelled to do so by writs of habeas corpus.

"Here were a band of men, all of them armed, many of them drunken, who charged a peaceful meeting endangering the lives of women and children. Stanwood says it was because of a conspiracy, among the workers that anybody was killed. None of the workers had arms. All the deputies had pistols and rifles.

"In the city of Marysville, where the trials will take place the newspapers constantly allude to the men in jail as fiends. The judge is the life-long friend of the dead Maxwell, every juror possible knew the sheriff and the other deputies. They publicly allow them to be called fiends. The acts of the Burns men are excused as necessary. To cinch the whole thing the courts have refused a change of venue. The whole community fears that this case should be tried by a jury not involved directly in the facts.

Until here 'Solidarity.' But there is still something else. The defense holds that the same kind of bullets which killed the workingmen killed the officers; which means that the officers were murdered by their own 'bals,' amidst the excitement of the hour. To prove this conclusion it has been asked an inspection of the corpses of the Porto Rican and the English lad, but the authorities have not granted it. For it would mean Ford's and companion's salvation!

At I. W. W. meetings they still vociferously, 'Hold the Fort.' Tell them that the working should be changed to 'Charge the Fort' and they applaud you to the echo. It is high time that Labor gave up this cowardly idea of organizing for defense, and moved solidly to the attack. Hold the Fort, in sooth! It is lucky if it has a half-paid up interest in a suburban shanty, with the prospect of toiling and pinching daily for the next twenty years, to pay off the mortgage.

In England the value of the coal mines increased four-fold from 1899 to 1912. The miners, on the other hand, received a nice little money increase of 5½ per cent, and had to peg along as best they might under prices that rose thirty, or more, per cent. The English miners believe in organizing 'on the job.' Were they Mexicans they would take the mines.

As the Roosevelt and La Follette movement is almost certain to sweep everything before it in this country within a few years, there is, fortunately, little danger that the American Socialist Party will be able to continue long in its present non-Socialist and impracticable agrarian policy in competition with these outright small capitalist parties. Already there are signs in the Socialist Party press (for example, the New York Volkszeitung) that the advent of a third, or radical, party in this country may be welcomed by Socialists of all shades, except the most opportunistic, as compelling us all to re-unite on a purely revolutionary and proletarian program.—("The New Review.")

Our work extended. Apparently the proposition to establish a weekly, entitled "Land and Liberty," has caused misapprehension. There is no thought of discontinuing the English page of "Regeneration" or changing editors. The idea, as stated in the circular letter published with this issue, is that there is a disconnected revolutionary movement all along the Pacific Coast, and that it is worth our while to make an effort to cement it. Seemingly the Bakunin Institute may provide us with the fulcrum, and form a base from which it will be possible to send out lectures, issue and distribute pamphlets, etc.

The baneful effects of land monopoly in Mexico are beginning to be recognized universally, and thousands on this coast understand that what has brought Mexico to her knees cannot be healthy for California, Oregon, Washington or British Columbia. That appears to some of us a position which we ought to have the energy and intelligence to turn to good account. A clear and general comprehension of the fact that we are in the same boat with our Mexican brothers will be the surest step to the contemplated crime of intervention by protectorate or otherwise. Intervention on behalf of land monopoly is fought because land monopoly itself is hateful. That such is our basic conviction is shown by the title selected—"Land and Liberty."

WM. C. OWEN. This mass of workers (the skilled and comparatively unskilled), it now appears, will wait no longer for the permission of the co-operation of the Bakunin Institute, Hayward, near San Francisco, Cal. There we have, free of rent, more than six acres of highly productive land and a most commodious house, which we are using as a propaganda center. A printing press will be installed shortly, and with these advantages we should be able to conduct "Land and Liberty" under conditions that will insure efficiency and permanence.

We have selected as editor in chief Wm. C. Owen, his recommendations being his long service in the general propaganda and his connection with the Mexican Revolution, as editor of the English section of "Regeneration," organ of the Mexican Liberal Party, whose motto we have adopted. Har Dayal, well known in the Hindustani revolutionary movement, will be at the head of the business administration. We expect also to command the services of an extensive corps of lecturers, travelling organizers, etc., inasmuch as the publication and systematic distribution of a series of pamphlets, dealing with conditions as they affect the workers today, will be a central feature in the task we have laid out.

The entire Pacific Coast is seething with revolt, but it lacks, as yet, the unity which alone can produce results. At present the chief centers of revolt are isolated. Los Angeles is not in touch with San Francisco, and the latter has no direct means of communicating with Portland, Seattle or Tacoma. That is ridiculous and must be remedied.

This situation is the more absurd because the West is notoriously the most generous supporter of numerical minorities.

Manager "Land and Liberty" R. F. D. No. 1, Hayward, Cal.

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

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## ASK AGAIN, PLEASE!

We are asked, somewhat caustically, if we cannot speak out on the subject of the Single Tax. Unquestionably we can and habitually do. We think that values created by the people should belong to the people, and that the landlord cannot shift on others the proposed land value tax. On the other hand, we do not believe for one moment that a change so radical as the abolition of landlordism—and if the Single Tax does not mean that it means nothing—can be brought about by Jesuitical politics, by boosting leaders into office, or by isolated victories at the ballot box. The abolition of landlordism, in our opinion, can come only after the masses have become furious at being barred from life, and, through fearless agitation and the still more powerful education of events, have become determined to win equality of opportunity and economic liberty at any cost. The dawning of that day cannot be far distant, but the closing hours of the night which still envelops us are full of increasing agony. We can hasten that dawning, and to do so is men's work, well worth the while.

WHAT ABOUT THE POOR? Mrs. Parkhurst, supported by Mrs. O. H. Belmont, who in her turn is supported by the Rothschild billions, has been soothing the United States with the assurance that militant methods are not needed here, thanks to the superior generosity of our laws. An Englishman, she says, can force a mistress on his wife's company and she has no redress; whereas here she can leave him immediately and get a divorce. Is that so? Does any one believe that an Englishwoman with means of her own will submit to the presence of a rival, when she can take her fortune elsewhere and lead her own free life? On the other hand, does any one believe that an American woman, with children dependent on her and neither money nor ability to earn money, can dictate to her husband, simply because the law entitles her to a divorce? Of course not. The question is not one of law but economics. Make a woman economically free and she can be independent; whatever the law may say. Reduce her to economic helplessness and she will be her supporter's slave, though all the legislatures and Parkhursts in the world yelled to the contrary. We have had much admiration for Mrs. Parkhurst as a fighter. For her cowardly lack of intellectual honesty we have unspeakable contempt. What the world has to acknowledge is that economic dependence is the taproot of slavery, and Mrs. Parkhurst, with her Belmonts and other plutocratic supporters, is doing her utmost to becloud that all-important issue.

LAND AND LIBERTY "Land and Liberty" will be the title of an eight-page weekly, the first copy of which will appear on or about March 15. It will be issued from the Bakunin Institute, Hayward, near San Francisco, Cal. There we have, free of rent, more than six acres of highly productive land and a most commodious house, which we are using as a propaganda center. A printing press will be installed shortly, and with these advantages we should be able to conduct "Land and Liberty" under conditions that will insure efficiency and permanence.

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THE UNEMPLOYED Tuesday night, Feb. 3, meals were served at the soup kitchen to 1991 of San Francisco's unemployed, and the secretary of the relief committee reports that the demands for clothing by those in the direst need of it far exceed the supply. Also it is announced that "Gen." Coxey, forgotten since 1894, will "come back" and lead another army to Washington. He expects to gather 500,000 men, and we take it that such a number can be mustered easily. The hopeful feature of this move, which the San Francisco unemployed are welcoming, is that it will make agitation and that many determined agitators are sure to accompany the marchers. We note with delight that Dr. Alex. Gustafson, of Chicago, who is playing an active part in the movement, urges that all uncultivated land be turned over to the unemployed.

As the Roosevelt and La Follette movement is almost certain to sweep everything before it in this country within a few years, there is, fortunately, little danger that the American Socialist Party will be able to continue long in its present non-Socialist and impracticable agrarian policy in competition with these outright small capitalist parties. Already there are signs in the Socialist Party press (for example, the New York Volkszeitung) that the advent of a third, or radical, party in this country may be welcomed by Socialists of all shades, except the most opportunistic, as compelling us all to re-unite on a purely revolutionary and proletarian program.—("The New Review.")

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WM. C. OWEN. This mass of workers (the skilled and comparatively unskilled), it now appears, will wait no longer for the permission of the co-operation of the Bakunin Institute, Hayward, near San Francisco, Cal. There we have, free of rent, more than six acres of highly productive land and a most commodious house, which we are using as a propaganda center. A printing press will be installed shortly, and with these advantages we should be able to conduct "Land and Liberty" under conditions that will insure efficiency and permanence.

We have selected as editor in chief Wm. C. Owen, his recommendations being his long service in the general propaganda and his connection with the Mexican Revolution, as editor of the English section of "Regeneration," organ of the Mexican Liberal Party, whose motto we have adopted. Har Dayal, well known in the Hindustani revolutionary movement, will be at the head of the business administration. We expect also to command the services of an extensive corps of lecturers, travelling organizers, etc., inasmuch as the publication and systematic distribution of a series of pamphlets, dealing with conditions as they affect the workers today, will be a central feature in the task we have laid out.

The entire Pacific Coast is seething with revolt, but it lacks, as yet, the unity which alone can produce results. At present the chief centers of revolt are isolated. Los Angeles is not in touch with San Francisco, and the latter has no direct means of communicating with Portland, Seattle or Tacoma. That is ridiculous and must be remedied.

This situation is the more absurd because the West is notoriously the most generous supporter of numerical minorities.

Manager "Land and Liberty" R. F. D. No. 1, Hayward, Cal.

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## 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 PASANO, (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. The German Sozialistischer Männerchor will open the meeting with a revolutionary song.