

To Fight For Leaders The Worst of Dreams Mexican Notes

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF RICARDO FLORES MAGON)

The evening dies vulgarly away. For once the sun, in lazy mood, has not cared to toss athwart the horizon his golden mane, being disgusted apparently by the littleness of men who kill one another for littleness, and, like miserable worms, suffer for and amuse themselves with littleness.

Along the dusty highway, and himself covered with dust, a man of mature years is marching. Long must have been the day's journey, judging by the fatigue reflected in his face and the pain with which he walks. On his shoulders is a light knapsack, containing perhaps a coarse cotton shirt and a pair of ragged drawers. It is a soldier of the Orozco-Cientifico-Vazquez army returning home.

The man walks and walks and walks, contemplating as he goes the settlements scattered along the plain, peopled with men and women toiling at their eternal labor, dressed in the humblest of clothes, with sad and despair written on their sun-burned faces. These people toil and dress and present the same appearance as before the revolution.

The revolutionist stops to contemplate the picture and asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

And he continues his march toward the village in which those belonging to him live; where his helmet and his sons should be awaiting him anxiously, after so long an absence.

Gradually the road begins to sink into shadow. There passes him a group of workers who walk with the same air of lassitude and weariness and even of anger as was to be observed in them before they set out for the war, from which the traveler decides that they suffer as before and are equally unhappy.

The revolutionist takes the group in a glance and asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

And he continues his march toward the village in which those belonging to him live; where his helmet and his sons should be awaiting him anxiously after so long an absence.

The barking of the dogs announces the nearness of the village, now in total darkness. The wind sobs amid the branches of the ash trees that border the road. Our traveler walks and walks and walks, thinking of his family.....

Next day, the revolutionist must betake himself to the furrow, like any other of his neighbors, to earn his twenty-five or fifty cents a day, for even if Vasquez Gomez has seated himself in the Presidential chair, the unfortunate are still unfortunate and the poor are still humiliated by the rich and by Authority.

The revolutionist reflects and asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

Overcome by fatigue he returns to his hut, which he reached the night before. His supper is a pot of beans and a few panades. The dog yawns beside the fire; the crickets sing, their love-songs; the crickets, the children are asleep, with scarcely a stitch to cover them.

"Who won?" asks his wife, who hitherto, overjoyed at

having clasped her companion once more in her arms, has not had the time to put the question. After a few moments' reflection the revolutionist says:

"Why, we did."

"But you have not a cent!"

"Well, however that may be, we won; for we downed Madero."

"But we remain at the bottom, as always," says the woman.

The revolutionist rubs his head, not knowing what to say, and silently asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

"When you joined the revolutionists you had a few cents in your pocket, a good rifle and ammunition, and good clothes, and today you have nothing. How is that, if you are among those who won?" asks the woman.

The revolutionist scratches his head, not knowing what to answer. He knows that his leaders have good jobs, and that Vasquez Gomez is now President; but that for him, as for all the rank and file, there has been nothing except the payment of a few cents for his arms; not even enough to pay his way back home. And then, remembering the trying days passed in the mountains; the fatigues incident to a campaign so long and unequal; the sacrifice of so many lives, and the hunger and nakedness suffered by his family during his absence, he feels a lump in his throat and asks himself once more silently the question: "For what did we make the revolution?"

"For what did they make the revolution?" the woman asks; and the revolutionist, surprised to find his wife thinking the same thought as himself, can no longer contain the indignation boiling in his heart and he exclaims:

"The revolution was made for the wide-awake ones; for those who want to be governors; for those who want to live by the labor of others. We obstinately refused to listen to the 'Regeneracion' Anarchists who advised us, in every tone, not to follow leaders, but to take possession of the land, of the water supplies, of the forests, of the mines, of the factories, of the workshops, and of the means of transportation, making all that the common property of the inhabitants of the Mexican Republic, and consuming in common the product. They told us that to fight in order to elevate certain individuals to power was a criminal task. We did not want to listen to them, because they were poor, because they were of our own class; and as the saying goes, the sin has brought its own punishment. We deserve what we have got, animals that we are! At this very moment our leaders are living high, while we, the common flesh; we who truly fought; we who showed the enemy our chests; we are today more unfortunate than ever."

Juan hears the bugle sounding the assembly. He rubs his eyes. It has been a bad dream. He seizes his rifle, congratulates himself on the fact that he is fighting in the ranks of the Red Flag Libertarians, and shouts in stentorian tones: "Long live Land and Liberty!"

standing off these gentry. We in the United States should be in a position to know the part they have played in paralyzing for more than a generation what was originally a revolutionary working-class agitation.

Operations have been resumed in the neighborhood of Guaymas, the insurgent state troops having mobilized at Batomatol, in the immediate vicinity. Fear of complications with the United States has been given as the cause of the recent cessation of hostilities.

Detailed telegrams of Aug. 6 were to the effect that Guaymas had fallen into the possession of the Constitutionists, after heavy fighting, but later despatches indicated that it is only closely beleaguered.

At Manzanillo the fire of the Mexican gunboat is said to have forced the rebels to retire, but only after a considerable portion of the federal garrison had mutinied and joined them.

The Huerta forces are said to have recaptured Matamoros, meeting with but little resistance.

Somora will not hold the elections scheduled for Aug. 10, owing to the unsettled condition of the country. For the same reason the Catholic party announces that it has abandoned its intention of running a Presidential candidate.

The Sonora rebels have confiscated twenty-two carloads of garbanzo (peas), valued at \$250,000, Mexican, and the bitter quarrel between Mayorrena and Pesquera, rivals for the governorship of Sonora, is understood to have a great root in the fact that the former is opposed to, while the latter favors, extensive schemes of confiscation.

Some 500 Mexican Federals, hitherto held at Ft. Bliss, Tex., as refugees, have been removed to San Diego, Cal. Perhaps nothing is more suggestive of the true nature of the social struggle now convulsing Mexico than the reception accorded Felix Diaz in California. In Los Angeles he was welcomed vigorously by the Mexican proletariat, but welcomed with open arms by "society," as have been the countless other wealthy refugees who have flocked here for safety. At this writing Diaz is the honored guest of the University of California, whither he was conveyed in Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's private car. Her son has an investment of some trifling value—a few odd millions—in Mexico.

Henry Laine Wilson, ambassador from the United States to Mexico, and prior thereto banker and attorney, has resigned. Mr. John Lind now goes to Mexico as a sort of plenipotentiary on behalf of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. His stated qualifications are that he cannot speak a word of Spanish and has never set foot in a Latin-American country, but that he has been a Congressman and Governor of Minnesota.

Does it not all read like opera bouffe? First there is the proposition that Uncle Sam shall police a fair election in Mexico and that the Mexicans abide by the result; although it is now conceded universally that Mexico is passing through purely economic revolution, that the people are bent on getting back their land, and that the enormous majority—all those of Indian stock—are utterly indifferent as to who becomes their presiding officer, but keenly determined to assert and enforce their right to free use of the soil to which they have been born. Then we have a country lawyer and banker—Wilson came from Spokane—questioned and questioned as to what the Mexican masses really want, although it is self-evident that a man of that type is the last to be in sympathy with those masses. Now everything is to hang on the say-so of a successful Northern politician, who confessedly knows nothing of the country or people to whom he is to be dispatched, and who must sit like a dummy while interpreters give their version of what the other side has said.

So far as can be gathered from the voluminous reports, Mr. Lind's mission is to induce Huerta to retire, and to coax the numerous quarreling politicians to agree on a fair election and stick by it. In order to make a better theatrical impression he is to travel from Galveston to Veracruz aboard the battleship New Hampshire, and the papers characteristically report him as confident that his conciliatory mission will be successful. He, who confessedly knows nothing of the country and cannot speak a word of Spanish!

The other special agent, former Senator Del Valle, of Los Angeles, had the advantage of having been a native of the country, and, of course, familiar with the language. He has resided in Los Angeles many years, practicing law and local Democratic politics. It would seem obvious that men of this type—consider who order you about—consider who dirt beneath their feet. What does a common soldier amount to anyhow? Food for powder!

No wonder they have to cover the country with lying posters to lure you to enlist! No wonder the percentage of desertions grows continually larger. Because of this we pay you the compliment of considering you intelligent. Did we not think so we should not waste ink and paper on you.

PURE STATE SOCIALISM.
Bit by bit the federal government is showing that it can do things for the people, and in doing that is demonstrating the right way to do things. The latest is a concerted move on the part of the department of agriculture to devise a means of shipping eggs by rail in safety. Last year nearly 14,000,000 eggs were broken in shipment to New York City alone. The government now proposes to foster an invention to protect this loss. It is answering the question so often asked, "What will become of the inventor under Socialism?" It is also demonstrating that when the people want a thing done, if they are notified of it they will devise ways and means of doing it.

We reproduce, most intentionally, the foregoing, which appeared as an editorial in the "Appeal to Reason" of August 2. We reproduce it because we hope, some day, to force that paper, and the party it represents, to take a definite stand. As things have gone hitherto, whenever some clear-sighted critic has pointed to the obvious fact that governments as we know them today, are the mainstay of plutocracy, and that it is folly to clothe such an open enemy with still greater powers, the "Appeal to Reason" and the Socialist Party have always replied: "We agree with you entirely. We are as much opposed to the Capitalist State as you are, and to strengthen its hands is the last thing we desire." Notwithstanding which, whenever this same Capitalist State takes some new industry under its wing, assumes some new function and thereby adds to its army of officials and sworn supporters, the "Appeal to Reason" and the Socialist Party—Debs, Berger & Co.—are the first to cry: "Halalujah! Hosannah to the Highest! We are one step nearer Socialism!"

Put on your thinking-caps. Pull the wool from over your eyes. Use a little logic, or, before you know it, you will find yourselves the eternal wage-slaves of an omnipotent governmental machine which operates for the benefit of the possessing class and is manipulated and owned by it, and it alone.

OLDEST OF ALL GRAFTS.
The first man who figured out how to live without working was the first priest, and the working world is still supporting it. Hold on! These useless parasites, who are squeezing the fat things of life out of this world by pretending to enjoy a superhuman knowledge of an alleged weird science. Let 'em tell you that in spite of all the storied glories of that spirit world they tell us about, none of the story-tellers is in any hurry to get there.

Young man, if you want your calling and election sure (to a soft snip), follow in the footsteps of the servants of the gods. Mahometan, Buddhist, Christian, Catholic or Protestant, Confucian, Taoist, Voodoo men and witch doctors. The formulae are all alike: Put on a frock coat and a high cut vest, and learn to button your collar behind, or paint your face with some tabooed color; wear sacerdotal robes or none at all, a white surplice, or an extra large ring in your nose; master the tricks of turning your eyes up and your mouth down, a solemn intonation and an austere front, and go to it. The world around, who are too busy working to think, will flatten themselves out before you one moment, and pile your altars high with burnt offerings the next. It is up to you then to pull the offerings over on your side before they get too much burnt—and long practice makes you perfect in the art.

ALAN BRACKENREED.

UNMUDDLE YOUR THOUGHTS.
We are exceedingly sorry to find the editor of the London "Herald of Revolt" declaring that "no man who is not a Communist can be an Anarchist," and deciding accordingly that Benjamin R. Tucker has no title to the name. Tucker was elucidating the principles of Anarchism, and with a clarity of thought and language it will be hard to match, before the editor of the "Herald of Revolt" was born.

Words are precise things, and "Anarchy," taken straight from the language of the ancient Greeks, who excelled in precision, means exactly what it says. It is "ana," without, "arch," rule, and you cannot make anything else out of it. It signifies that the people must be free; not ruled from above, but conducting their lives, as equals, by mutual consent. Freedom necessarily implies and involves economic freedom.

Tucker translated Proudhon into English and says, most properly, that Proudhon is entitled to be called the "Father of the Anarchistic school of Socialism." He shows conclusively that Proudhon—recognized by all as an Anarchist—was the bitter foe of Communism, and we advise Mr. Aldred to buy a copy of Mr. Tucker's "Instead of a Book," turn to pages 390 and 393 and read the quotations by which Tucker proves his statement to the hilt.

Anarchy simply says that men must be without rule—free; and the editor of this section calls himself an Anarchist for this, which he considers to be an absolutely irrefutable reason. His mind cannot conceive of any good reason why the science of sociology should be an exception to all other sciences. In all other sciences we find that truth can be reached only by experiment, under free conditions. In sociology also, as it seems to him, the best form of social arrangement can be reached only by experiment, under free conditions. We want economic freedom precisely in order that men, individual men, may experiment and find out what suits them best. We venture, furthermore, the opinion that what suits some will not suit others; that the Latin races, and even more the Mexicans, will arrange their affairs very largely on a communitarian basis; that the Northern races are much more likely to lean toward individualism. That, however, is for THEM to determine, as free men under free conditions. Assuredly, Mr. Aldred has no title to OK-DELETE them to adopt Communism, pure and undefiled.

The dogmatism of which Mr. Aldred is guilty has done more to check the progress of the Anarchistic movement than all other causes combined, because intelligent and self-respecting rebels, who must be the backbone of the movement, will not be dictated to or commanded to wear special labels.

Again we say: there are Anarchists who think the future will be communitarian; but they only THINK it; they can only guess. Also, there are Anarchists who think the future will be individualistic; but they only THINK it; they can only guess. The future will be as the people living in the future make it. And they will have the better chance of molding it according to their wishes in proportion as we of this generation win individual freedom for them.

Anarchy is the doctrine of freedom, individual freedom, and nothing else. The rebellious individual, determined to win freedom, constitutes by far the greatest force for the overthrow of slavery, and that rebel is not to be ostracized by the dogmatism of men who evidently have not read the works they write about so glibly.

Tucker for his expressed opinion that under Anarchy there will be policemen, ought to be laughed out of court. Tucker simply insists that the freed men become the more quickly they resent invasions of their freedom; and that they will unite, when necessary, to resist such invasions and punish the invader. Does Mr. Aldred doubt it? Would he wish it otherwise?

The Mexican Revolutionists are struggling to recover that economic freedom which they formerly enjoyed by the fact that every individual had free access to land, wood and water. They are struggling to overthrow the Government which, protecting private monopoly, robs them of that economic freedom. If they succeed they will have Anarchism. If, having recovered that free access, they decide—as doubtless they will, in accordance with their customs and traditions—to pool their newly won economic power, it will be Communism.

Surely the two ideas are most distinct. The individual's right to economic liberty is a RIGHT—yes, it is true, if he cannot enforce it. The question of whether, having won that right, he exercises it communistically, is an expediency for him to decide. The winning of the right—the acquisition of economic freedom—comes first, and constitutes the present struggle.

SICK OF POLITICS.
George Kennan, of Russian-prison fame, contributes to this month's "North American Review" a study of direct legislation as exhibited in our Western States, and complains that the people are wasting themselves on details, which should be left to the legislature, and neglect fundamental issues. He doubts seriously whether the recall, and similar contrivances for getting public opinion to assert itself, have any tendency to take power out of the hands of the political bosses, for he points out that the bosses have no difficulty whatever in manipulating machinery of that kind, and do so with an adeptness that leaves the amateur far behind. The "Los Angeles Times," reviewing the article in question, says: "No method alone is going to secure good government when two-thirds of the people habitually remain away from the polls, unless a personal contest is on, and when four-fifths of them neglect to vote at the primaries. That neglect is seriously felt at election after election in Los Angeles."

Los Angeles is sick to death of the incessant politics, always on trumpet-side-lines, with which Progressives, Political Socialists and other Reformers, does her so habitually. However, she did not know that she was showing it as forcibly as stated, nor did we expect to find the revolt acknowledged so frankly.

Meanwhile, English people might be interested in knowing that Lord Murray of Macartney fame, the boon companion of Isaac and Lloyd George, and late chief Liberal Whip, is at present in Mexico, securing concessions from this bloody-lauded Government, and English people are invited to take up the shares. Every penny of the dividends will be stained with Mexican blood. ("Freedom," London.)

In his recent work, "South America," Bryce, the noted English author and late British ambassador to the United States, points out clearly that the Spanish American regard for its purposes, and his confidence in the blow given by the Mexican War of 1846 and the annexation of California.

Properly speaking, the land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all his Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell land on any other principle; it is not the property of any generation, (Thomas Carlyle.)

Aggression is simply another name for government. Aggression, invasion, government, are interchangeable terms. The essence of government is control, or the attempt to control. He who attempts to control another is a governor, an aggressor, an invader; and the nature of such resistance is not changed whether it be offered by one man upon another man, after the manner of the ordinary criminal, or by one man upon all other men, after the manner of an absolute monarch, or by all other men upon one man, after the manner of modern democracy. (Tucker.)

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.

Revolution's Tidal Wave Sweeps Onward

Upon the shores of human activity a gigantic tidal wave, that has swept slowly gathering strength in Time's great ocean, is about to break. Within the gloomy chrysalis that still shuts in the human grub a terrific struggle has begun. Throughout society there is running that cold shiver which, as all who have camped out know well, invariably precedes the dawn. Today we stand face to face with one of the greatest crises of our race, for we are passing out of the age-long cycle of Reform and into that of Revolution. For this intemperate skirmishes undoubtedly have cleared the way. For this the writhings of billions of unknown serfs and chattel slaves, straining to throw off their chains, have been a tragic preparation. For this unnumbered thinkers, mankind's heroic vanguard, have died in obscure starvation or perished in dungeons and at the stake. For this scholars have toiled, as toils the ant, accumulating knowledge, to be wrought subsequently into the web of those material inventions which today make nature responsive to our lightest touch. A vast evolutionary process, in which myriads of wavelets have united gradually to form the colossal wave at last about to break.

Reform is as old as the hills and Slavery itself, since Reform and Slavery are natural bed-companions and sleep side by side in perfect amity. But Revolution, as we Moderns understand the term, is a new idea and could not have crept into the brain until Slavery had palpably begun to fail. It signifies exactly what the word itself implies—a complete revolution of the wheel, an inversion of the pyramid, a transmutation of existing values. It does not mean, as does Reform, that by smoothing the rough edges and knocking off the sharp angles of the Pyramid of Life, its hardships will be lessened. On the contrary, it means that thought has undergone a total transmutation; that the point of view has changed completely; that we no longer look out upon the world with the dull vision of the grub, but with the radiant searching glances of the butterfly into which we should develop. It means that, as we now see the thing, our Pyramid of Life is standing wrong way up, and that we are going to reverse it; placing it on its broad, secure and proper base. This, because, in the great march of Evolution, Slavery's long agonizing night is drawing to a close and the dawn of Individual Liberty peeping above the mountain tops.

If you asked Tolstoy or Bakunin, Proudhon or our own American Tucker, what the trouble is all about, each would give you substantially the same answer. Each would tell you—as would thousands and thousands of others, who have thought deeply and investigated widely—that only Revolution can cure our sickness, because our social institutions defy certain basic laws, by which we must abide, if life is to remain worth living and society hold together. Tolstoy would tell you that we shall not much longer be able to endure institutions which compel us, daily and hourly, to cut each others' throats. Bakunin would tell you that the law of human Solidarity is fundamental, and that our grab system, with the economic inequalities it has produced, and the privileges and privileged classes to which it has given birth, is fatal to Solidarity. Proudhon and Tucker would tell you that all this social hostility, all these economic contrasts, so painful to our sympathetic instincts and so odious to our sense of justice, are due to the fact that still we drag round with us the poisonous carcass of Slavery in the last throes of dissolution, and that no doctoring with the quick remedies of palliative reforms can make that union healthy. Tolstoy would repeat that the misfortune is that the rich get off their backs, which happens to be the one thing needed. Herbert Spencer would give you his comprehensive and accurate definition of Slavery as being the condition in which the laborer is compelled to part with a portion of his product, against his will. Henry George would explain that until mankind retook possession of its natural heritage, the earth, its progress would be toward ever-deepening poverty. With fire in his eye and his voice quivering with emotion, Ricardo Magon would tell you that diplomats and scheming politicians may talk till Doomsday; but that his race's only hope lies in the recovery of those lands from which it has drawn its living. This is not the language of Reform but Revolution.

For my part, I follow Herbert Spencer and presume that some unknowable force is steadily at work through the process we have christened "Evolution." I regard my race as scaling laboriously never-ending heights, by paths the keenest watchers can descry, but dimly. I conceive that, in common with all life, our species passes through metamorphoses, accompanied by exceptionally bitter pain and struggle, which intelligence may shorten and mitigate, but cannot avoid. With one of those metamorphoses, called "Revolutions"—the shedding of the old shell and the adoption of a new, and brighter, garment—we now, as it seems to me, about to come face to face, instinctively, all the world is suffering from the pressure through society's bowels there is running that cold shiver which, as I have said already, invariably precedes the ushering in of a new day.

How unprecedently discontented and abnormally restless is modern society, as we see it in every walk

of life! Does not that presage a violent eruption, after which things must once more settle down, since life cannot be forever out of its usual strain? Surely to some definite head things must come at last; and I am convinced that, looking carefully, we shall see that the head has all the well-known earmarks of Revolution as distinguished from Reform. For example, it is customary to say that the masses are stupidly itself; yet today, thanks to that gradual absorption of the Spirit of the Age which goes on incessantly, they are voicing claims of most profound significance. Take the common statement that "Labor is entitled to all that it produces;" a statement that nowadays is found on every workman's lips. What is that but Herbert Spencer's definition of Slavery, which I have spoken of as being so exact and comprehensive? It is so baldly revolutionary that I shall give it a paragraph to itself.

What do the workers mean when they mutter that "Labor is entitled to all that it produces"? Do they mean merely that they want their wages raised some paltry cents, or the hours of labor clipped a trifle; that they want a parliament to insure them against poverty in the decline of life, or to see that their masters pay them when they are injured at their work? Those may be the temporary, often impracticable and always pitifully timid claims, but obviously they have nothing to do with the real meaning of the sentiment just quoted. Obviously, if that sentiment means anything at all, it means that the non-producer shall not get one cent. It must mean, therefore, the abolition of our landlord system, under which the few draw many billions annually by leasing what assuredly not one of them produced. It must mean the overthrow of all monopoly, for the monopolist commands the sale of certain opportunities or articles, and is therefore able to dictate the price and get far more than he produces—to the worker's loss. In short, it must mean the abandonment of our entire existing social system; Revolution and not Reform. You may be sure, moreover, that thousands of agitators are only too glad to explain it thus to those who still may fail to understand, and that they are actually doing it persistently, day and night. Presently, in all its full significance, it will become part of the general stock of knowledge, and, a little later, an inherited tradition. No one then will venture to deny its justice, and millions will be delighted to fight for its realization. Who in these United States can be found nowadays to defend the institution of chattel slavery, which only sixty years ago was considered by eminent divines a sacred thing, embalm'd in and sanctified by what they call Holy Writ?

Revolution, therefore, is to be the order of the day, and authoritarian force will be impotent to stop it. The tidal wave is coming due, and the date for the emergence of the grub from its chrysalis is near at hand. Look, for instance, at the history of Anarchism in this country, which has honeycombed the entire social structure and is today ten thousand times stronger than when Authority sought to strangle it out of existence, in Chicago, less than twenty-six years ago. Similarly, the Economic Revolution now developing in Mexico can be suppressed only by exterminating the race, which itself will give landlordism the sort of world-wide advertisement that will hurry it to a grave from which there will be no resurrection. Either way Revolution gains; and the tidal wave sweeps onward.

Nevertheless, although the butterfly is going to be born, we may sadly mark the process by handling the affair so stupidly that there may emerge not a glorious creature full of health and beauty but a weak, maimed specimen, condemned to creep through life on crippled wings. Instead of splendid Individual Freedom, wherein none will be in bonds or rendered helpless by being stripped of rights to arm the hand of privilege, and all will co-operate as equals, receiving the full value of their toil, the Economic Revolution may bring that abortion known as the "Servile State." That is the danger we must fight against, tooth and nail, for that would bind us to the chariot wheels of Privilege, as of old, and perpetuate wage slavery indefinitely, under the protecting aegis of the State. That is the danger with which Political Socialism threatens us most seriously, and no greater misfortune could befall the human race. For, Privilege would be fully as oppressive though labelled "Public Service," and the political employer might, for aught we know, be infinitely worse than the present industrial boss. The danger is very great, and perhaps our greatest shield against it lies in the ever-deepening and widening disgust of politicians. Luckily also the labor politicians have proved themselves, on the average, most corrupt. Corruption has no lasting strength.

Economic Revolution, forced on us irresistibly, is coming, and will mean desperate struggle and frightful sacrifice of blood and treasure, which, if it has not reached that stage at which the intellect alone suffices. Let us see to it that under no circumstances shall we be cheated, but that we get full value for our sacrifices. The Revolution will be the most serious business we could take in hand. Let us master it as we master other business; eliminating slipshod methods and studying it painstakingly in all its details, that it may be made to yield the best results. It will be our great opportunity, and if we neglect it we shall suffer, appallingly, for Life has its arithmetic and keeps its books most carefully. We shall not be able to

WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER?

Q. What does the soldier do?
A. He puts his life at what is called "the service of his country."

Q. What does "his country" really mean—in the case of Mexico, for example?
A. Wall Street; financiers who, having milked the cow dry in the United States, have moved to other pastures.

Q. What have you in common with such people that you should rush to their defense?
A. Echo answers, "What?"

Q. What do you yourselves get out of it?
A. Such treatment as you got during the Spanish war, when they fed you on embalmed beef, clothed you in shoddy uniforms, and let you die by the thousands in malarial camps.

Q. Did those of you who survived find your country grateful? Did it make heroes of you and see that your declining years were passed in ease and plenty?
A. For the last ten years the ranks of hobnob and the jails have been full of discharged soldiers; men broken in health and fortune who must beg or steal to live.

Q. Had you any personal quarrel with the Filipinos, whom you were sent out to shoot? Have you anything against the Mexicans who are fighting against slavery?
A. On the contrary, these were and are your fellow-workmen, engaged in a fight for economic freedom, which, if successful, will benefit you incalculably.

Q. Then, what is there in it for you, naturally intelligent man as we pay you the compliment of supposing you to be?
A. We cannot for the lives of us see, since the women no longer run after you, and your superior officers about consider you dirt beneath their feet. What does a common soldier amount to anyhow? Food for powder!

No wonder they have to cover the country with lying posters to lure you to enlist! No wonder the percentage of desertions grows continually larger. Because of this we pay you the compliment of considering you intelligent. Did we not think so we should not waste ink and paper on you.

THE NEW MILITARISM.

The Dick military law aroused the workers for a time to its possibilities of evil. Then they went to sleep.

Now this infamous measure is to be supplemented by amendments that will make it more harmful than ever.

The new law, which has been agreed on by the various organizations of killers, including the capitalists, provides that the state militia-men become members of the national guard, and may be sent out of the United States for service.

It is preparatory to the assumption of protectorates over Nicaragua and other Central American countries, in accordance with the plan outlined by Secretary Bryan. It means a revival of militarism that may not be over-come for a century to come. It means "entangling alliances" that will embarrass the United States for decades.

It is the most far reaching and infamous act in support of adroitly manipulated diplomacy that has ever appeared in America.

The author of the great lecture, "The Prince of Peace," is doing more to insure war than any man of modern times. ("Appeal to Reason.")

finch vital issues—after the manner of orators—without paying heavily for our cowardice. We shall not be able to dodge dangers without falling into worse ones. We shall not be able to make chicken-hearted compromises and play politics, for the sake of supposedly-profitable alliances, without coming to grief, as the politicians of the French Revolution came to grief, and as those in Mexico have come to grief quite recently. Just as the Mexican

Revolutions are not to be avoided, and that the misfortune is that the rich get off their backs, which happens to be the one thing needed. Herbert Spencer would give you his comprehensive and accurate definition of Slavery as being the condition in which the laborer is compelled to part with a portion of his product, against his will. Henry George would explain that until mankind retook possession of its natural heritage, the earth, its progress would be toward ever-deepening poverty. With fire in his eye and his voice quivering with emotion, Ricardo Magon would tell you that diplomats and scheming politicians may talk till Doomsday; but that his race's only hope lies in the recovery of those lands from which it has drawn its living. This is not the language of Reform but Revolution.

For my part, I follow Herbert Spencer and presume that some unknowable force is steadily at work through the process we have christened "Evolution." I regard my race as scaling laboriously never-ending heights, by paths the keenest watchers can descry, but dimly. I conceive that, in common with all life, our species passes through metamorphoses, accompanied by exceptionally bitter pain and struggle, which intelligence may shorten and mitigate, but cannot avoid. With one of those metamorphoses, called "Revolutions"—the shedding of the old shell and the adoption of a new, and brighter, garment—we now, as it seems to me, about to come face to face, instinctively, all the world is suffering from the pressure through society's bowels there is running that cold shiver which, as I have said already, invariably precedes the ushering in of a new day.

How unprecedently discontented and abnormally restless is modern society, as we see it in every walk

WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER?

Q. What does the soldier do?
A. He puts his life at what is called "the service of his country."

Q. What does "his country" really mean—in the case of Mexico, for example?
A. Wall Street; financiers who, having milked the cow dry in the United States, have moved to other pastures.

Q. What have you in common with such people that you should rush to their defense?
A. Echo answers, "What?"

Q. What do you yourselves get out of it?
A. Such treatment as you got during the Spanish war, when they fed you on embalmed beef, clothed you in shoddy uniforms, and let you die by the thousands in malarial camps.

Q. Did those of you who survived find your country grateful? Did it make heroes of you and see that your declining years were passed in ease and plenty?
A. For the last ten years the ranks of hobnob and the jails have been full of discharged soldiers; men broken in health and fortune who must beg or steal to live.

Q. Had you any personal quarrel with the Filipinos, whom you were sent out to shoot? Have you anything against the Mexicans who are fighting against slavery?
A. On the contrary, these were and are your fellow-workmen, engaged in a fight for economic freedom, which, if successful, will benefit you incalculably.

Q. Then, what is there in it for you, naturally intelligent man as we pay you the compliment of supposing you to be?
A. We cannot for the lives of us see, since the women no longer run after you, and your superior officers about consider you dirt beneath their feet. What does a common soldier amount to anyhow? Food for powder!

No wonder they have to cover the country with lying posters to lure you to enlist! No wonder the percentage of desertions grows continually larger. Because of this we pay you the compliment of considering you intelligent. Did we not think so we should not waste ink and paper on you.

THE NEW MILITARISM.

The Dick military law aroused the workers for a time to its possibilities of evil. Then they went to sleep.

Now this infamous measure is to be supplemented by amendments that will make it more harmful than ever.

The new law, which has been agreed on by the various organizations of killers, including the capitalists, provides that the state militia-men become members of the national guard, and may be sent out of the United States for service.

It is preparatory to the assumption of protectorates over Nicaragua and other Central American countries, in accordance with the plan outlined by Secretary Bryan. It means a revival of militarism that may not be over-come for a century to come. It means "entangling alliances" that will embarrass the United States for decades.

It is the most far reaching and infamous act in support of adroitly manipulated diplomacy that has ever appeared in America.

The author of the great lecture, "The Prince of Peace," is doing more to insure war than any man of modern times. ("Appeal to Reason.")

WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER?

Q. What does the soldier do?
A. He puts his life at what is called "the service of his country."

Q. What does "his country" really mean—in the case of Mexico, for example?
A. Wall Street; financiers who, having milked the cow dry in the United States, have moved to other pastures.

Q. What have you in common with such people that you should rush to their defense?
A. Echo answers, "What?"

Q. What do you yourselves get out of it?
A. Such treatment as you got during the Spanish war, when they fed you on embalmed beef, clothed you in shoddy uniforms, and let you die by the thousands in malarial camps.

Q. Did those of you who survived find your country grateful? Did it make heroes of you and see that your declining years were passed in ease and plenty?
A. For the last ten years the ranks of hobnob and the jails have been full of discharged soldiers; men broken in health and fortune who must beg or steal to live.

Q. Had you any personal quarrel with the Filipinos, whom you were sent out to shoot? Have you anything against the Mexicans who are fighting against slavery?
A. On the contrary, these were and are your fellow-workmen, engaged in a fight for economic freedom, which, if successful, will benefit you incalculably.

Q. Then, what is there in it for you, naturally intelligent man as we pay you the compliment of supposing you to be?
A. We cannot for the lives of us see, since the women no longer run after you, and your superior officers about consider you dirt beneath their feet. What does a common soldier amount to anyhow? Food for powder!

No wonder they have to cover the country with lying posters to lure you to enlist! No wonder the percentage of desertions grows continually larger. Because of this we pay you the compliment of considering you intelligent. Did we not think so we should not waste ink and paper on you.

THE NEW MILITARISM.

The Dick military law aroused the workers for a time to its possibilities of evil. Then they went to sleep.

Now this infamous measure is to be supplemented by amendments that will make it more harmful than ever.

The new law, which has been agreed on by the various organizations of killers, including the capitalists, provides that the state militia-men become members of the national guard, and may be sent out of the United States for service.

It is preparatory to the assumption of protectorates over Nicaragua and other Central American countries, in accordance with the plan outlined by Secretary Bryan. It means a revival of militarism that may not be over-come for a century to come. It means "entangling alliances" that will embarrass the United States for decades.

It is the most far reaching and infamous act in support of adroitly manipulated diplomacy that has ever appeared in America.

The author of the great lecture, "The Prince of Peace," is doing more to insure war than any man of modern times. ("Appeal to Reason.")

WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER?

Q. What does the soldier do?
A. He puts his life at what is called "the service of his country."

Q. What does "his country" really mean—in the case of Mexico, for example?
A. Wall Street; financiers who, having milked the cow dry in the United States, have moved to other pastures.

Q. What have you in common with such people that you should rush to their defense?
A. Echo answers, "What?"

Q. What do you yourselves get out of it?
A. Such treatment as you got during the Spanish war, when they fed you on embalmed beef, clothed you in shoddy uniforms, and let you die by the thousands in malarial camps.

Q. Did those of you who survived find your country grateful? Did it make heroes of you and see that your declining years were passed in ease and plenty?
A. For the last ten years the ranks of hobnob and the jails have been full of discharged soldiers; men broken in health and fortune who must beg or steal to live.

Q. Had you any personal quarrel with the Filipinos, whom you were sent out to shoot? Have you anything against the Mexicans who are fighting against slavery?
A. On the contrary, these were and are your fellow-workmen, engaged in a fight for economic freedom, which, if successful, will benefit you incalculably.

Q. Then, what is there in it for you, naturally intelligent man as we pay you the compliment of supposing you to be?
A. We cannot for the lives of us see, since the women no longer run after you, and your superior officers about consider you dirt beneath their feet. What does a common soldier amount to anyhow? Food for powder!

No wonder they have to cover the country with lying posters to lure you to enlist! No wonder the percentage of desertions grows continually larger. Because of this we pay you the compliment of considering you intelligent. Did we not think so we should not waste ink and paper on you.

THE NEW MILITARISM.

The Dick military law aroused the workers for a time to its possibilities of evil. Then they went to sleep.

Now this infamous measure is to be supplemented by amendments that will make it more harmful than ever.

The new law, which has been agreed on by the various organizations of killers, including the capitalists, provides that the state militia-men become members of the national guard, and may be sent out of the United States for service.

It is preparatory to the assumption of protectorates over Nicaragua and other Central American countries, in accordance with the plan outlined by Secretary Bryan. It means a revival of militarism that may not be over-come for a century to come. It means "entangling alliances" that will embarrass the United States for decades.

It is the most far reaching and infamous act in support of adroitly manipulated diplomacy that has ever appeared in America.

The author of the great lecture, "The Prince of Peace," is doing more to insure war than any man of modern times. ("Appeal to Reason.")