

At this very moment millions of human beings are casting sad looks to heaven, hoping to find there beyond the stars...

The Earth forms part of heaven, and humanity, by that very fact, is now in heaven. We should not raise our eyes in the hope of finding happiness behind those stars which make our nights so beautiful.

The Earth is the property of all. When millions and millions of years ago, the Earth had not yet separated itself from the chaotic cluster which, as time passed on, was to dower the Firmament with new stars...

Invaders, wars of conquest, political revolutions, wars for the control of markets, and acts of spoliation carried through by governors or those under their protection—these constitute the titles to private property in land; titles sealed with the blood and enslavement of humanity.

Private property in land is based on crime, and, by that very fact, is an immoral institution. That institution is the fount of all the ills that afflict the human being.

The Earth is the element from which everything necessary for life is extracted or produced. From it are extracted the useful metals, coal, rock, sand, lime, salts.

Degraded, and what is worse—unconscious of their shame, generations succeed one another, living in the midst of wealth and abundance without tasting that happiness a few have monopolized.

Ask yourselves today why government oppress, why men rob and murder, why women prostitute themselves? Behind the iron bars of those charnel houses of body and soul which men call prisons, thousands of unfortunates are paying, in torture of body and agony of soul, for that crime which the law has lifted into the category of a sacred right—private property in land.

And the human herd, unconscious of its right to life, turns and bends its back to develop by its toil for others this Earth which nature has placed at

its own service, thus perpetuating by its own submissiveness the empire of injustice.

But, from the slavish and bemired mass rebels arise; from a sea of backs there emerge the heads of the first revolutionists.

"The Land!" shouted the Gracchi. "The Land!" shouted Munzer's Anabaptists. "The Land!" shouted Bakunin. "The Land!" shouted Ferrer. "The Land!" shouts the Mexican Revolution; and this shout, drowned a hundred times in blood during the course of ages...

Silent slaves of the clod; resigned peons of the field; throw down the plough! The clarions of Acayucan

Mexico and Its Revolution

The following is translated from an article sent to "Regeneracion," of Los Angeles, from Coruna, Spain, under date of September 30, 1912, by J. F. Moncalcano, who was editor of "La Luz," Mexico City, and was expelled recently from Mexico.

The Mexican peasants had been, from colonial times, small proprietors; that is to say, each peasant had a piece of land which he cultivated on his own account, living by the proceeds.

Little by little the small proprietors began to disappear, being absorbed by the large landowners, who, using their influence with the government, sheltered themselves under its responsibility while despoiling the existing owners.

It was in vain that the natives ran to the authorities for justice, and in vain that certain groups rose in arms to seize by force what the law denied them; for they were assassinated as bandits, the pretorian guards shooting every man and woman who took a rebel stand.

There comes to the front a man obscure, a man who has the gift of living long; that is to say, a man cynical and a charlatan; a man, as I have said already, who is the owner of a great fortune created by the despoiling of the unlettered peasant.

That man was Emiliano Zapata, who, putting himself at the head of the peasants of the State of Morelos, rose in arms, seeking first only the restoration of the lands of which they had been robbed.

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Francisco I. Madero preaches Socialism, bathes the people in blood and imprisons those who represent their rights. The Republic dies and there is left as sole ruler Napoleon "the little," as Victor Hugo called him.

and Jimenez, of Palomas and Las Vacas, of Viesca and Valladolid are calling you to war; that you may take possession of this Earth to which you give your sweat, though it denies you its fruits because you have consented, in your submissiveness, that idle hands should become masters of what belongs to you.

Slaves! Take the Winchester in hand! Work the Land, but only after you have taken it into your own possession! To work it now is to rivet your chains, for you are producing more wealth for the masters, and wealth is power, wealth is strength, physical and moral, and the strong will hold you always in subjection.

From the Spanish of Ricardo Flores Magon, in "Regeneracion" of Oct. 10, 1910. Translated by Wm. C. Owen.

cialist ideas; the people has determined on the dethronement of Diaz; it lets itself be dazzled by the charlatan Madero, and the revolution triumphs.

But this deafness of the people did not last long. At length the people came to understand the farce and to comprehend that it had dethroned one tyrant only that it might shoulder another executioner.

Because it all has been a fraud; because Madero decapitated the newborn Republic, robbed the people of its right to liberty, made bayonets his support, trod the law under foot, and struck down the press, gagging the vilest with gold, imprisoned those who dared to speak, and persecuting tenaciously those who, like Magon and his comrades, had sought shelter in North America.

But there was a man, a peasant, a native, full of vigor and love for his brother, who made rise as a symbol of true redemption and baseness with the strong hand the insolent bourgeoisie, against whom were marching the liberal forces organized by Magon and his comrades.

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Struggle ensued and the Madero government began, at first, to laugh at the pretensions of peasants who sought by force to compel it to carry out the Plan of San Luis.

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Reprisals were not lacking. Our comrades rounded up the revolutionary leaders and incalculated among them truly Anarchist ideas.

What can I report? I can tell of the Anarchist meetings in London, of Comrade Ray's magnificent propaganda work at Woolwich and Brixton. I can also describe how my comrade, A. Blanchard, held the fort for revolutionary agitation in Hull.

with nothing but dynamite bombs, trains have been set on fire after an end has been made of all the guards, government houses have been blown up, together with their defenders, mines and country estates seized and exploited for the account of the revolutionists themselves.

Why have these ideas of Social Revolution taken such an increased hold? Why are the papers at the capital so troubled and why are they crying out that society is in danger? Why is the people moved to proceed thus? Let us look at the interesting phase in which this people finds itself.

Let us go to the great Aztec metropolis, and there we shall meet what is simply a drunken population; one that has only the prison for its home. It earns little, and one cannot go a block without meeting a tavern, a pawnshop, a brothel, barracks, or one of those centers of infection they call "hospitals."

Recently the government has decreed that natives who visit the city must wear trousers, and to facilitate their use has placed the price at twenty-five cents (gold) a pair, selling them at the national warehouses.

Madero is asking the American bourgeoisie for money, and is getting it. The public debt mounts. Madero keeps one part of the money received, and the other part he uses for arms sold to him by the Americans, who thus get back the money lent.

Moncalcano sums up his article in the following statement: "My opinion is that this Revolution will be of great profit to the proletariat of the world. That Mexico is the France of America is beyond doubt.

THE ENGLISH MOVEMENT

By Guy A. Aldred. Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1912. It is very difficult for a thoughtful person to write an account of the progressive development of any living movement.

What can I report? I can tell of the Anarchist meetings in London, of Comrade Ray's magnificent propaganda work at Woolwich and Brixton. I can also describe how my comrade, A. Blanchard, held the fort for revolutionary agitation in Hull.

therefore reformist movement in this country so long as I have been acquainted with it, except for the activities of Ray, Blanchard and myself—boomed Syndicalism at the expense of Anarchism.

A recent feature of the Syndicalist activity here was the bringing over from France of Gustave Hervé for anti-militarist propaganda.

So well has the poison of Syndicalist revisionism taken hold of the movement here, that the most radical of our two labor dailies, the "Daily Herald," reported Hervé's speech as a great anti-militarist speech, ignoring his real attitude and making no reference to Malatesta's splendid opposition from the true Anarchist standpoint.

Recently the government has decreed that natives who visit the city must wear trousers, and to facilitate their use has placed the price at twenty-five cents (gold) a pair, selling them at the national warehouses.

Malatesta's splendid opposition from the true Anarchist standpoint. "This journal gave Hervé an audience of thousands, when he only had three hundred, and quoted a magnificent reception where his remarks gave rise to tremendous opposition. "One thing is certain and the rest is lies"—the revolutionary cause cannot prosper on bogus courage and incorrect statistics anymore than on the half-truths that are now Hervé's stock in trade.

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BREAD!

(Translated from the Spanish by Mary F. Winnen.) Don't cry, my child. Some day a good man will give you bread. The child stopped crying.

His mother, a young woman, with pale and trembling lips from hunger, and brilliant eyes with the fever of weakness, walked the streets of the City of Mexico, searching in vain for work.

strengthless arms would not produce for the employer enough for him to try her. Sickened with fatigue, and almost crawling, she reached her humble hut, paler than before.

Already it was night. The "Canalla Dora" (the gilt-headed mob) in interminable defile along Plateros (Mexico City's most popular street), under thousands of arc lights, prominent from their carriages and from the sidewalks, which was the product of their robberies, upheld by the law.

It was very late at night. The deserted streets were crossed now and then by someone hurrying to avoid the cold, cutting winds that had begun to rise.

Sister, where are you? Why are you kneeling there before that man? Because he is your husband..... well, what of that?

Brace Up Sister!

(Translated from the Spanish by Floy L. Winnen.) Sister, where are you? Why are you kneeling there before that man? Because he is your husband..... well, what of that?

Brace up! If he wants to conquer your carcase by his goodness and his attention to you, brace up.

LISTEN!

By Praxedis G. Guerrero. Translated by E. D. T. Do you hear it? It is the wind shaking the leaves of the mysterious woodland! It is the gale of the future, awakening the quiet and somnolent underbrush; it is the first sigh of the virgin forest as she receives on her penative forehead the kiss of the Impetuous Aeolus.

Do you feel it? It is the upheaving of granite which is cracking in pieces, beaten by the iron fists of Pluto; it is the heart of the world palpitating beneath its enormous chest; it is the fiery spirit of a giant who breaks from his prison and hurls into space the words of flame.

FEBRUARY 28, 1913

The third part of the penitentiary term to which our companions are condemned, will end at the time we start these lines; and at the same date, according to the United States law, Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, should be put into preparation for liberty.

This crime with its deceitful appearance of tyranny which we must not consent to consume, as we could not avoid the capitalist court from condemning our fellowmen.

The federal law of the United States voted by the congress in 1910, liberates the prisoner as he finishes the third part of the condemnation. The greater part of federal prisoners are being constantly freed from the penitentiary at the end of the first third of their sentence.

Why, then, should Magon and our companions be an exception and the government to deny them their liberty?

From our actions, depends whether they will be forced to return to prison, or not.

Urge William H. Taft by a letter, to liberate our companions upon our victim of the future, on the 28th of February, 1913.

Foreign companions, protest to the American consuls, ministers and ambassadors in their respective cities, against the continuance of imprisoning Magon and companions. Demand the liberty on the day mentioned above.

Let us have the United States government understand that we are depending upon the situation of our comrades and we will not permit it to keep them prisoners after February 28, 1913.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE OF THE "REGENERACION" (We ask the radical press to reproduce this article.)

IMPORTANT. The companions who wish to apply to the government of the United States in demand of the liberty of our brother workers of the Junta Organizacion de la Mexican Liberal Party should fill out this coupon and send in sealed envelope to William H. Taft, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. In case there are more than one companion in one place in favor of it, sign your names on a slip of paper and enclose WITH COUPON.

TO WILLIAM H. TAFT, The White House, Washington D. C.

According to the franchise known as "Liberty on Parole," Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta Organizacion de la Mexican Liberal Party ("Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano") should be liberated from the McNeil Island Penitentiary of Washington the coming 28th of February, 1913.

The prison in which these men are suffering, not only punishes them for the violation of the so-called neutrality laws, but even for liberal ideas which they possess and for wishes of the advancement of the revolution stages, when your government will allow politicians to violate the same laws, as you prove yourself by permitting the coming of the Mexican soldiers to American soil, and allowing Francisco I. Madero and Manuel Bonilla, today presidents of Mexico and Honduras respectively, to depart from El Paso and New Orleans for their countries at the head of filibuster expeditions.

For that reason, I urge from you, the complete liberty of said revolutionists, whose permanency in McNeil Island, dressed in convicts' garbs, has placed the United States in the foremost of the odious conversational world.

Name..... Address..... Date.....