

Calling Attention To Slavery's Whip

What I protest against is the knowledge that the assumption of infallibility by "Islamists" and organizations, each of which claims to be the one and only Messiah. I cannot find myself in sympathy with any body of men which insists that the society of the future will be as their guesses, shaped by their wishes, paint it. To me such an attitude reveals them as still under the influence of that theological training which has dominated the world for centuries. I take it the essential feature of theology, as opposed to science, is that it seeks to employ the mind on things it cannot really know; instructing it to create itself either with a past the records of which are most unreliable, or a future which no man can foretell. Science, on the other hand, takes the present thing in hand, sticks it under the microscope and does its best to find out what it is. This, I think, is man's proper work, especially in the social field, where the problems are of the here and now. They should be solved, as far as possible, here and now; and not be shelved off, as is the modern cowardly fashion, on other generations. In former days the gentleman who felt himself insulted fought on the spot. I think the starving proletariat, whose claim as a human being society ignores, would do well to follow that example and call society immediately to account. I feel pretty sure it would be more profitable for him, and all of us, than mauling about how the co-operative commonwealth will wash its dirty linen a century or so after we are dead and gone.

The fanatical worship of guesses about the future keeps the revolutionary movement, as I look at it, still in its swaddling clothes, ties it down to chopping logic and splits it wide open with those personal animosities which continuous debate on problems necessarily insoluble always begets. Church history should teach us that it diverts attention from the fruitful present to the sterile future, and makes us forget that slavery is the condition existing now, to be fought now, with weapons now ready to our hands. We don't have to wait until the Socialists have got an international majority; we don't have to wait until the "One Big Union" has run the American Federation out of business; we don't have to wait until Karl Marx' "Capital" has been mastered by the masses, or until we have all passed through those economic stages prescribed by Berger as indispensable for Mexico. If we are to postpone the struggle against slavery until we have found the one philosophy that will settle all our troubles, we shall wait for ever.

Like the scientist in his laboratory, we would concentrate attention on the present, we should make immediately one great, big discovery, to which most of us are blind. We should discover that slavery is a very simple thing, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred of us are suffering from it. Slavery is merely the condition of being subject to some other man, or set of men, who can make us do what we do not want to do. There is nothing mysterious about it. Certain men hold the whip, and use it. They can make us keep off the grass; starve us into submission to their terms; force us to shoot one another, stand in long bread lines with the thermometer below zero, or snore on park benches and be devoutly thankful if the policeman does not run us in. There is absolutely no limit to the monkey tricks they can play on us, sovereign American citizens, free-born, white, etc., etc., that we are. Am I misrepresenting? Is there anything mysterious about it?

I care nothing about the origin of slavery, as dug out of mouldy volumes that profess to give us the records of an exceedingly dim past. I am interested in the frightfully vivid present; in the fact that the few hold whips, and that the many, in number as the sands of the seashore, do not take the whips away from them. I am opposed to tolerating for one instant the continued existence of men who corner the lichen garden, on which we depend for fruits and vegetables; who gobble up the forests—once enterprising citizen has 32,000,000 acres of them in this country, I am told—from which we have to build our houses; who corner the cattle from which we get the steaks and chops of which most of us are fond, and who generally make hogs of themselves. I do not like the human hog. I have no taste for being whipped or seeing other people whipped, and the sort of people who take their daily whipping as part of the eternal fitness of things are uncongenial to me.

"You think men were made to be whipped?" I ask an American. "Oh, no, indeed! Did we not shed blood like water to save Uncle Tom from being whelped by Legree? Do we not honor above all others those—well, they are examples who joined the battles, that they might wipe away that stain upon the country's flag?" "But there the whip is still. Morgan had it, hadn't he?" Rockefeller has it, I imagine, and so have all the other little Rockefeller men who manage to lash the rest of us into line. "Well, the fact is we can't get rid of the whip. It is part of the business system of the country, and we must have it." Whereupon my American, or for that matter, my man of any other country, begins to make excuses; to talk of the people's ignorance, their natural cunningness, and so forth; after the manner of Debs when trying to explain why Socialists take no interest in the Mexican Revolution.

Slavery is, merely the whip in the hands of some, for use on others. That whip is cracking everlastingly all around us, and if we would but

covering that it consists of the monopoly by the few of what all of us must get at somehow if we are to continue our habit of existing. Moreover, if we were to sit down and think the matter over in dead earnest, we could not help understanding that the way to abolish the whip is to abolish it. Without the whip the drivers would be helpless. Let us take the whip, therefore, out of their hands. Let us burn it, and render the manufacture of new whips impossible. Let us decide that henceforth no man shall be able to say to another: "Do as I bid you, or starve." Let us tear down Monopoly's fences and turn the famished cattle into the rich meadows, where the feed grows lock-deep. And don't let us pay any attention to Mr. Tecker when he shouts that there must be an understanding that the meadow shall not be common property, or to Mr. Jean Grave when he declares that if steers are to be allowed to graze all by their lonesome you must count him out. Our business is to tear down the fences. Our role is that of Moses, and we have to get the people to the Promised Land by making as short work as possible of the monopolistic Philistines who bar the way. Let us help the modern Israelite to get there, and then let him build and run his new Jerusalem as suits his fancies. That he will do in spite of all our plans. The Revolution will develop its own ideals, and it is dollars to doughnuts that they will be as unlike those of Mr. Gronlund's Co-operative Commonwealth as the chicken is unlike the egg.

On page 3 of this issue we give a translation of the Manifesto issued by the Organizing Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, under date of September 23, 1913. It has had a large pamphlet circulation in the Spanish, but for some reason no English translation was published in these columns. Perhaps—though I hardly think so—because my own indifferent guess as to the future does not happen to be communistic. Perhaps because I did not want to precipitate a discussion with the followers of Benjamin R. Tucker, among whom we have many friends. Perhaps because, though I imagine it to be admirably suited to the Mexican situation, with which it deals and for which it was written, it did not seem to me so applicable to the United States. Really I cannot remember why it was not given, but it seems to me to illustrate the views I have been urging. Give it to the Mexican colony of monopolist refugees now sheltering in Los Angeles and every one of them will denounce it as a rebel call to attack. As such they will condemn it in unmeasured terms; they who until yesterday plied the whip undisturbed, but have now to fight against those who are struggling to tear it from their grasp.

The manifesto is a declaration of uncompromising war against the Church; which in Mexico means, of course, the Roman Catholic Church. That is right; that is honest; that is the only position any sincere battler for Liberty can take. The Church of Rome is the universal foe. In the intellectual domain she seeks to crush and annihilate through the dogma of her Pope's infallibility. In the political domain she is the arch-representative of centralized authority wielding unlimited power. In the economic domain she was for centuries the most extensive and offensive of monopolists, and Mexicans in particular know how she blessed the Spanish invader who drove them from their homes. They know how long and costly has been the struggle to retrieve from the clutches of these professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus some portion of the gigantic properties on which they laid their wolfish paws. No revolutionist can compromise with Rome and remain honest with himself. In declaring open war, therefore, on the Church, the Manifesto is a timely and useful document.

War is declared against authority—that infernal doctrine which declares that some are entitled to rule over others; that monstrous justification of all human slavery for which the Church of Rome stands sponsor. Mexico has cause to hate authority; to abhor the rulers who have given away to the favored few what would have provided outcast millions with happy homes. She has had cause to curse the armed hand of militarism and the sleek, fierce force of legal cunning, which sneaks upon its victim that it may bind him hand and foot into perpetual slavery. Against all that; against the invasion of European powers, as exemplified in the case of Maximilian, and against the still more ruthless invasion by the purse, in the hands of conscienceless speculators, fostered and protected by constitutionally-legalized Authority, her battle has been long and bloody. The Mexicans can understand the virtue of a war against Authority, and in that regard again the Manifesto is a timely and useful document.

War is declared against Capital, and every intelligent person recognizes that this is the great battle which the disinterested of all the world has yet to fight. We cannot go on forever allowing the globe to be the special property of those who happen to have the biggest bank account. We cannot permit forever the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers and the Guggenheims to glut themselves while the masses crouch humbly at their feet, thankful for the occasional crust the revellers may condescend to throw to them. Forcibly or otherwise we are going to raid that banquet table; by some means or other we are going to share that feast, and have an equal chance of satisfying stomachs that suffer quite as much from hunger as do those of the most purple plutocracy. Capitalism, in its most greedily voracious form, has invaded Mexico, and in that regard again the declaration of war contained in this Manifesto is a timely and useful document.

The Manifesto contains communistic statements and proposals of the frankest character, but I do not understand them as being dogmatic formulas by which future generations are expected to abide. Its authors

ranged by the "mutual consent of free individuals" forbids such an interpretation, and they themselves have written me that they consider the freedom of the individual as paramount to everything. The Manifesto is directed to the Mexican proletariat, whom its authors know, and they know that the instincts of that proletariat all tend to communism. Having obtained possession of the land and other means of life, communistic arrangements, reached by mutual agreement, probably would seem quite natural to such a proletariat, which is engaged almost exclusively in agriculture and has very simple wants. Moreover, the Manifesto is directed to a people passing through an armed struggle of the bitterest description, and in such circumstances the communistic doctrine of the heap is probably the most practical of military measures. One feels certain that the advice to keep production going, by organizing it as simply as possible, is sound; and that if it had been possible for the Mexican peasant to expropriate directly, striking only for possession of the land and perfect economic liberty, an ocean of wasted blood would have been saved. I imagine it has not been possible. I imagine it has been utterly impossible. I imagine that this penniless and weaponless man, confronted in his just demands by the remorseless cruelty of a government armed to the teeth, has had to do the best he could; to form such alliances as enabled him to get arms into his hands; to take, time and time again, the smallest crumbs when he was hungry for the whole loaf. That seems to be the law of life, from which no movements are exempt. For my part I am amazed at what the Mexican peon, handicapped so heavily, has actually accomplished.

At least he has tried to snatch the whip from the slave driver's hand. At least he has rebelled violently against living in a land of plenty and starving, with only his blanket for a home. At least he has tried to alter things; to alter them radically; to alter them here and now. He, at any rate, is living in the vivid present. He is not side-stepping the inevitable conflict by discussing what his ancestors did centuries ago, or orating about the great part he is playing in constructing the mould into which the society of the future will be poured, like so much lead. Hitherto he has been a very humble passenger in the boat wherein we sail life's stormy ocean. But he is the one who has begun to rock it, and perhaps that rocking may send it to the bottom of the deep blue sea, where it properly belongs. It is a slaver, flying the skull and cross-bones, and the sooner it is put out of commission the better for all of us.

W.M. C. OWEN.

WHAT ONE MAN DID.
Recently we noticed in "The Guardian," published at Middleton, Eng., a letter on the land question, by Mr. Harry W. Olney, of Moscow, Idaho. It seemed to us so excellent that we sent him a copy of "Land and Liberty," suggesting at the same time that he could help us greatly by getting it noticed in the press. Mr. Olney had the energy to act on the suggestion, and sent a short criticism to "The Spokesman-Review," of Spokane, Wash. The next mail brought us nine orders from Spokane alone, and since that date others have been dropping in daily from that and adjacent points.

We give this as an example of individual initiative; of what could be done if those who profess to be earnest revolutionists would only do it. We add that, since many comrades might find it difficult to write reviews, we drew up a sample and ran off copies on a mimeograph. Since the publication of "Land and Liberty" we must have enclosed scores of those copies to persons with whom we are in correspondence, and urged them to send some note of the book to papers with which they might be in touch. In a few cases they have written, promising to do so. Mr. Olney, however, is the only one who has taken action as yet, so far as we have learned. See how great and immediate was the result!

Perhaps we criticize too harshly, but our habit is to explain and hold out the hand of fellowship to those who, as it seems to us, should fraternize. When further overtures appear hopeless we change to the attack. Sometimes doubtless we attack too soon, and apparently we have been premature in our criticisms of "Freedom" and Kropotkin's Revolution. At any rate we have just received a most cordial letter from Thomas H. Keell, the manager of "Freedom," in which he says:

"Thanks for your books on Mexican Revolution—'Land and Liberty.' We will make a special note of them in November 'Freedom.' I sent a copy to Kropotkin, and he wrote in return: 'Thank you so very much for Owen's (that should not be the only credit—Ed.) Land and Liberty.' Such a pamphlet was very necessary. The hostility which the Mexican Revolution met with from so many Anarchists made me feel wretchedly sorry. It shows how much political Jacobinism remains in them, and how utterly incapable of imagining what a peasant war is, most of them are.'"

Political Jacobinism! Kropotkin has expressed the trouble in two words. Whether they call themselves Socialists or Anarchists, Single Taxers, Communists, Individualists or what not, the trouble with all the comrades Kropotkin criticizes is that they are at bottom Political Jacobins. They have their special platforms, and they are determined that no movement shall have their support unless it squares precisely with those platforms. Until they give their imagination a looser rein and learn to sympathize with Life's incomparably larger movements, which scraw their way across Time's page, regardless of ruled lines, they will remain mere empyrics, mutual admiration cliques, the type of impotence.

The letter in question contained a preliminary order for a hundred copies of "Land and Liberty."

Mexican Notes

Huerta must go, and neither Blanquet nor any other of his close allies must occupy the presidential chair. That is the sum and substance of what seems to be practically President Wilson's ultimatum, although Mr. Bryan squirms at the term. Suppose that Huerta replies: "Possession is nine points of the law, the tenth being get it if you can." What then?

According to numerous would-be authorities, including a large portion of the English press, the declaration will have to be backed by armed force; by military invasion, having for its direct object Huerta's deposition. Others think that it will suffice to give the Constitutionists the privilege of importing arms, and Carranza himself, while denouncing direct intervention, declares that with the granting of that privilege he will be able to drive Huerta from power, and quickly.

Apparently one of these two courses President Wilson must take, if he is not to make himself and the United States ridiculous. The present writer, who does not acknowledge the right of any man to rule over him, might state that he did not recognize President Wilson, but obviously it would be a useless declaration. This country is full of people who would be very emphatic to the effect that President Wilson was not governing them with their consent, but the saying would do no good, except to relieve their feelings. Unless we are prepared to kick Huerta out, the announcement of our displeasure is a mere waste of idle breath. This must be clear to every one, including President Wilson. Evidently, therefore, when he insists that Huerta and his following must be eliminated it amounts to a pronouncement that if Huerta does not step down voluntarily somebody is going to throw him out. Who? Obviously the implied threat is—the United States. It is a threat of war.

President Wilson justifies the threat on the ground that "all government rests on the consent of the governed." It is the basic assumption on which our entire governmental system rests, it being calmly taken for granted that the present writer, for instance, who has always regarded the protective tariff as one of the world's arch swindlers, has been giving his consent for years to the high-binder's policy by which we have been manufacturing millionaires faster than Time could count. It has been taken for granted that Porfirio Diaz ruled fifteen million Mexicans with their consent, the fact being that if one could get at what they actually think, it would be—"to the devil with all these rulers!" Was there ever a peasant who did not hate the tax gatherer, loathe the recruiting officer and regard the whole gang of officeholders as part of an iniquitous machine that slays him against his will? All governments are nothing more nor less than the imposition of a compact and therefore powerful minority on the scattered and therefore themselves majority. They all impose themselves on a man or set of men whose rule the peon—fully seventy-five per cent of the population—will not accept. The thing is an impossibility. The best he can do—supposing that he CAN do it—is to force on Mexico some governor whom HE, or those whose interests he serves, consciously or unconsciously, consider good.

Our Monroe Doctrine.
It is another step along the road of intervention, which we have been traveling ever since the revolution against Porfirio Diaz began. It is a further meddling in the affairs of a foreign country, and is in distinct contradiction of the entire spirit and intent of that Monroe Doctrine for which the United States professes to have so holy a regard. The Monroe doctrine was framed with the express purpose of warning the powerful governments of Europe against meddling in the affairs of the more numerous Republics then struggling into existence in this hemisphere. Its avowed intention was to give them a chance of working out their own social problems. That fact, as we are stating it, is beyond dispute. The text of that now famous declaration, made in 1823, is public property. It has been explained a thousand times by noted writers, of whom Prof. Hiram Bingham is the type. Today it has been twisted into a policy that bears as much resemblance to what President Monroe had in mind as did the Christianity of Constantine to that taught by Jesus Christ. History can exhibit few instances of diplomatic craft more hypocritical.

According to the latest Associated Press despatch from Washington, President Wilson is anxious to make Huerta's abdication as easy for him as possible, but "will consent to no mediation and no interference that can, by any possibility, prevent, or unreasonably delay, a surrender of Huerta to the United States." Such an objection is that Huerta does not represent the people's will. Observe also that, throughout all this business, the invariable language of the despatches is—WILSON will not tolerate; WILSON will not permit; WILSON has decided, etc. It is to laugh.

On the other hand Huerta is equally emphatic that HUERTA will not tolerate this interfering trespass on a sovereign people's rights; that HUERTA does not propose to submit to dictation; that HUERTA will defend his trust and protect his country against the invader. We can imagine no position better calculated to illustrate the great truth which Herbert Spencer proves so absolutely and all Anarchism teaches, viz. that the people never rules, and never can, no matter what label its particular form of government may adopt.

blaze with indignation. Their one conviction is that the United States is the most ambitious and territory-grabbing of all foreign powers, and that Mexico is the gateway by which it proposes to sweep to a career of conquest that will carry it ultimately to Cape Horn. They regard all our professions to the contrary as brazen lies, and such a speech as that delivered recently by President Wilson at Mobile, Ala., only heightens their contempt for our incapacity to blurt out the truth. You need not take our word for it. Study the question for yourself. Get such a book as Bingham's "The Monroe Doctrine," published by the Yale University Press. It will cost you a little over a dollar, but it will open your eyes as to what the great Spanish-speaking nations think us to be. They have small belief in high-sounding words, but bank heavily on the record of fact; on the capture of Texas, California and other States that formerly belonged to Mexico; on the conquest of the Philippines and Cuba; on the rape of the Panama territory from Colombia, and on quite a long line of other achievements on which we have been wont to pride ourselves. Their opinions on this subject they ventilate freely in a literature that is exceedingly eloquent and is read with avidity by Europe and Japan. All which goes to show that the conclusions Mr. Wilson reaches in the privacy of his midnight meditation do not affect Mr. Woodrow Wilson alone.

The ultimatum was delivered to Huerta Sunday, Nov. 2. This is Nov. 6 and he has not replied; but it is reported that Mexican troops are being assembled on the border with a celerity unprecedented in that country's history, and the dreadnaughts Louisiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Virginia are anchored off Veraacruz.

Thinks Intervention Near.
Congressman W. E. Humphrey, of Seattle, has been interviewed by the "Los Angeles Times" and expresses himself as expecting intervention within a few days. "Unless events have changed materially," he stated, "he expected to be recalled to Washington at any moment, 'to aid in putting through the war bill,' which has been already prepared and will be sent through Congress as speedily as the Constitution permits, in the event intervention is decided on." He further gave it as his opinion that the expense and difficulties entailed by intervention would be far greater than is generally supposed, emphasizing the chief difficulty as being that the United States would not have to deal with an established government, but with guerrillas covering the entire country. We think so, indeed. What an admission of the truth that the strength of a people lies not in their government but in their individual power of individual resistance!

In this connection we, who assuredly have not been idolaters of the "Appeal to Reason," wish to bear tribute once more to the excellent work John Kenneth Turner is doing through it by his articles on militarism in the United States. They team with indisputable and most convincing facts, and that in the issue of Nov. 1, headed "Grant permeates Army and Navy" seems to us specially worthy of notice. Its revelations are astounding, and Turner concludes it by stating that the great grafters have been plotting war with Mexico continuously for the last three years. As he himself says, "There is not, nor ever has been, a valid excuse for war with Mexico."

The Constitutionists are reported as massing their troops for a new attack on Piedras Negras, opposite Eagle Pass, Tex. The federals have invested Torreón and are seeking to recapture it by famine. Naturally the uncertainty as to what action the United States will take overshadows all other considerations, as between the Constitutionists and Federals, and retards operations for the moment. Meanwhile guerrilla warfare—meaning seizure by the holder among the poor of property previously monopolized by the rich—goes on unchecked. We may be practically certain that it goes on more extensively than ever, since the governing arm is paralyzed. Naturally revolutionary Congressmen of the Berger stripe consider such guerrilla warfare mere banditry, but we care nothing about names, and are content to register the fact that guerrilla warfare is actually seizure by the holder among the poor of property previously monopolized by the rich. The poor in Mexico are very numerous, as indeed they are in other countries. According to the American residents in Mexico who appealed recently to President Wilson, they constitute seventy-five per cent of Mexico's population, and to millions of them their blanket is their only home. That condition cannot be affected, one way or the other, by calling names. It is obviously a war between the rich and poor. On which side do you suppose the United States government is likely to range itself?

THE OPENING GUNS.
What can one say of the coal mine strike in Colorado, except that it is open civil war; one of the perpetually recurring skirmishes that form the prelude to the open revolutionary battle which draws inexorably nearer? This particular skirmish has been more than usually bloody, and at this writing the field is occupied by more than a thousand State troops who have declared martial law and given the strikers twenty-four hours in which to surrender their arms. The telegram containing this information, dated Oct. 29, states that hundreds of miners have taken to the hills—as do the Zapatistas—that the office of one mine was burned, and that another mine and two camps were attacked by strikers, all within the last twenty-four hours.

"The Wooden Shoe" increased again in size, having grown even to our own enormous stature! Good for the "Wooden Shoe!" Keep it up, Brother Cook! Let the barbarous yawns of discontent be heard, especially from smug, self-satisfied Los Angeles.

Working To Save Them From The Gallows.

In the matter of the fourteen Texan prisoners, we can only report in general terms and to the effect that everything possible is being done. The eleven still married are in the county jail at San Antonio, and their cases will come up some time in January. Steps to appeal the cases of the three already condemned have been duly taken, and we have every reason for believing that Judge Hudson is allowing great and skilled activity, and that we shall be able to associate with him the counsel he most desires. Speaking of the three convictions already rendered he says, in a letter received November 5: "I have yet to find among my friends at the bar in this place a single one that does not say these cases will be reversed." That, however, should not make us relax our efforts for one moment, since we have the most powerful influences on our side, and Judge Hudson himself warns us that we have a long and hard fight ahead.

Under the date of November 1 the "Comite Pro-Prisoners" (Prisoners' Committee), Box 52, Station A, San Antonio, Texas, writes us that it has been authorized by all the prisoners "to receive every class of funds for the defense of the imprisoned comrades that may be collected by the diverse locals forming the union of Industrial Workers of the World." The writer, J. A. Hernandez, who is secretary of the committee, adds: "Comrade Cline told me—through Mendoza who acted as interpreter—that he authorized the said committee to receive all kinds of donations, to the end that they may be properly employed; and Comrade Cline desires that his approval be stated in all the labor papers and especially in 'Regeneracion' and the I. W. W. organs, English, Spanish and of other tongues. Furthermore, Cline desires that this be communicated to all the locals as quickly as possible, and that the Labor press of the world take note of it, that it may interest itself on behalf of the life and liberty of the fourteen comrades now actually imprisoned in Texas jails."

The secretary reports the San Antonio committee as working actively, and Judge Hudson expresses himself to the same effect, saying also that the men in prison feel much encouraged by the efforts being put forth on their behalf. The committee, in charge of the recent Los Angeles protest meetings has forwarded the San Antonio committee a cheque for \$23.95, which includes the net profits of the two meetings and \$5.50 collected at the Plaza. In proportion to the exertion made this amount seems small, but it must be remembered that our audiences have been composed of workers who are always poor and just now are feeling the pinch of hard times most severely.

J. W. Kelly writes us from St. Louis that he hopes soon to take the road, establishing Defense Leagues in connection with the I. W. W. Executive Board. The moneys collected for the General Fund so established will have to be pro-rated among a number of trials in which the proletariat's most active champions have become involved, and Comrade Kelly aptly remarks that "it looks as if we will have several Haymarkets, if the workers do not wake up soon." Jack Whyte was to speak at St. Louis, Nov. 2, on behalf of the Defense Fund. "Solidarity" and "The Voice of the People" are doing all they can to call attention to the plight of our comrades in Texas, though necessarily much occupied with numerous other trials, notably that in connection with the Wheatland, Cal., shooting. In connection therewith they are telling a terrible story of the third-degree treatment meted out to Henry D. Suh, tortured by not being allowed to sleep. As one result of the trial of these cases all the brutalities that disgrace our penal system should be exposed mercilessly. They form a frightful record of what is really crime—cold, coldly-premeditated crime on the part of the officials.

PLAYING THE IMMIGRANT.
The immigrant who lands on our shores meets a system of land tenure no-different from his own, except that it is harsher. No limitations upon the avarice of landlords, such as abound in Europe, can be found in America. The only mitigating circumstances are the newness of the country and its comparatively recent exhaustion of the supply of free and habitable public domain. And the reason for the need of charitable assistance to the immigrant and to his native brethren is again found to have a very definite relationship to the land problem. Thus, in New York city are found the most terrible examples of congestion of population to be met with in any city in the world, civilized or barbarian, while in the city limits there is a farm of 1600 acres, several of 1000 acres, 3 of 500 acres, 3 of 300 acres, 6 of more than 200 acres, 26 of more than 100 acres and 46 from 50 to 100 acres, besides minor items. In other words charity is needed to alleviate the results of a land tenure which huddles people together at a rate of 750 to 1300 per acre near untold acres which are entirely unused, although the city could have twice its present population if its population were somewhat evenly distributed with only 50 people per acre. —Thorwald Siegfried, in address to National Conference on Charities and Corrections.

This is a machine age, and men do well to learn all about machines. It is a commercial age and men do well to learn all about commerce. It is not a poetical age, and men do not do well to devote themselves to poetry. It is true that Greece had the most distinguished and prosperous history on record at the time when she honored her poets—her "patriot" as she called them—above all other men. That is not the modern idea. Harry Kemp, for example, is a noted American poet. "Collier's" recently had a fine illustrated article on him. Having stolen passage across the Atlantic, a practical English magistrate has sentenced him to three weeks' hard labor, and recommends that he be deported. No; trying to make a living nowadays out of poetry is no joke.

Direct Action.

Under date of Oct. 6, 1913, "El Imparcial," which occupies much the same position in Mexico City as does the "Los Angeles Times" in Los Angeles, gives a lengthy interview with a recent arrival from Potam, a town situated on the edge of the Yaqui river, in the State of Sonora. We translate it in full because it will enlighten many of our readers as to the methods pursued throughout Mexico by those who, bent on the recovery of their stolen lands, HAVE to get into their possession, by hook or crook, the one thing imperatively needed—ARMS. Driven by this imperious necessity, Mexicans cross the international boundary line continually, with the result that from time to time they are caught by the United States authorities and a conflict ensues, such as took place recently near Carrizo Springs, Texas. For this twenty-four of our comrades are now in jail, with murder charges hanging over them, and one already sentenced to twenty-five years, as to which we are doing our best to set on foot an international publicity campaign. How the Yaquis, of noted fighting stock, who have been battling desperately, generation after generation, for the restoration of their lands, solve the arms problem, is expressed in "El Imparcial" thus:

When the revolution broke out in Sonora, Maytorena sent commissioners to the Yaqui River, inviting the Indians to join him and offering that their lands should be divided among them, with the revolution's triumph. Under the influence of that flattering offer many joined, it being calculated that about three thousand Yaquis were operating in concert with the Maytorenas. They were present at the conflicts of Naco, Santa Rosa and Santa Maria, but from the first it was noticed that they were consuming great quantities of ammunition, for they frequently presented themselves to their leaders exhibiting empty cartridge boxes. This was singular, because it is well known (how this reminds one of the Boer in his contest against Great Britain, in South Africa—Ed.) that one of the qualities that distinguish the Yaqui is that when in a fight he does not waste his cartridges, inasmuch as, being hardened warriors who always have lived in the country, they are accustomed to fire only when their shot is likely to reach its mark. What was happening was not the using up of their ammunition but its concealment, for they were sending it into the mountains, where it was cached, and it is certain that they now have large deposits there.

In the combat at Santa Maria, where the Federals found themselves forced to retire because the absolute lack of water was killing them, a considerable quantity of ammunition was left behind. However, this did fall into the hands of the Maytorenas but into those of the Yaquis, who forthwith retired to the mountain heights. There the greater part of them remains, having established encampments on the right bank of the river and stretching from Pitahaya to Corral.

Most of those living near Yaqui have continued at work, taking no part in politics; but at last they have had to flee, under the constant menace of the Indians who now dominate that region completely. They occupy the towns of Potnam, Baçum, Cocoran, etc. In the last named a serious combat actually took place, the first of this month, between them and the Maytorena's garrison, consisting of a hundred men under the orders of Gastelum and Roberto Cruz. The assailants numbered 400 and finally overwhipped the Maytorenas, killing thirty, after which they immediately proceeded to the sacking of the town. They burned the barracks and the principal buildings, which were reduced to ashes. Oroz and the hacienda of Guamachil, the property of the legation of Gen. Lorenzo Torres, also were burned.

In all the towns the Indians have nailed up proclamations, signed by their chiefs Sibalamé, Moris and Espinosa, ordering all people living in the neighborhood to vacate, because the Indians are the sole-owners of those lands.

They have sent the rebel governor, Jose Maytorena, a communication in which they say that, in conformity to the offer he made them, they have taken possession of their lands, and that from this time on they recognize no authority, since they are completely free. The one thing they agree to is that the railroad to their properties shall continue in operation, and they offer not to molest it in the least!

The chick-pea crop, calculated at more than a hundred thousand sacks, which the Maytorenas had appropriated and stored in Potam, Torin and other towns, owing to the lack of transportation facilities, has remained in the hands of the Yaquis; and they say they will not give it up, for it is the product of their lands.

What ailed us, ye Gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Oh, come back, and redeem us from
virtue.
Our Lady of Pain. (Swinnburne.)
We have done with the kisses that sting;
The thief's mouth red from the
feast;
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie on the lips of the priest.
(Swinnburne.)