Regeneracion.

Published every Saturday at 519½ E. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription rates:

Per annum $2.00
Per six months $1.10
Per three months ..... $ .60

BUNDLE ORDERS.

100 copies ..... $ 3.00
500 copies $12.50
1000 copies $20.00

Editor and Proprietor, Anselmo L. Figueroa.

Entry as second-class matter pending.

No. 2.

September 10, 1910.

30

The Official Assassins of Mexico

Extract from an unpublished Chapter of the Book, "Barbarous Mexico," by John Kenneth Turner.

Of the official assassins of Mexico the jefe politico is the arch fiend. The jefe politico commands the local police and **rurales**, directs the **acordada** and frequently gives orders to the regular troops. While because of government control of the press, comparatively few crimes of the **jefes politicos** become public, yet during my most recent visit to Mexico—during the winter and spring of 1909—two wholesale killings which were prompted by the jefes politicos were widely reported in the newspapers of that country. One was that of Tehuitzingo, where sixteen citizens were executed without trial, and the other was that of Velardeña, where, for holding a street parade in defiance of the jefe politico, several were shot down in the streets and a number variously estimated at from twelve to thirty-two were arrested, lined up and shot, and buried in trenches which they had been compelled to dig previously with their own hands.

A comment of El País, a conservative Catholic daily of the capital on the Tehuitzingo affair, published in April, was as follows:

"Terrible accounts have reached this capital as to what is taking place at Tehuitzingo, District of Acatlan, state of Puebla. It is insistently reported that sixteen citizens have been executed without trial and that many others will be condemned to twenty years' confinement in the fortress of San Juan de Ulua.

"What are the causes that have given rise to this barbarous persecution which has dyed our soil anew with the people's blood?

"It is the fierce, infamous **cacicquismo** which oppresses the people with a heavy yoke and which has deprived them of all the benefits of peace.

"We ask, in the name of law and of humanity, that this hecatomb cease; we ask that the guilty parties be fairly and calmly tried according to the law. But among those guilty parties should be included those who provoked the disturbance, those who drove the people to frenzy, trampling on their rights. If the jefe politico sought to defy the law by dictating an election, he is guilty or more guilty than the rioters and ought to be made to appear with them before the authorities to answer for his acts."

This is about as violent an outburst as is ever permitted to appear in a Mexican publication, and there are few papers that would dare go this far. Had El País wished to charge the guilt to General Diaz as the founder and perpetuator of the little czardom of the **jefes politicos**, it would not have dared to do so, for in Mexico the king can do no wrong; there is no publication in the country so strong that it would not be suppressed at once did it directly criticize the head of the government. The comment of El Tiempo, another leading conservative daily of the capital, on the Velardeña massacre, which appeared also in April, follows:

"These irregular executions are a cause of profound dissatisfaction and ought to be put a stop to at once for the sake of the prestige of the authorities; and in order to attain that end it is necessary that the authors of such outrages should be severely chastised, as we hope that those who are responsible for the sanguinary scenes that have been witnessed at Velardeña, and which have occasioned so much horror and indignation throughout the republic, will be.

"Let it not be said that Velardeña is an isolated case without precedents. Only to mention a few of the cases that are fresh in the public memory, there is the Papantla affair, the affair at Acayucan, the shootings at Orizaba at the time of the strike, the shootings at Colima, of which the press has been talking just of late, and the frequent application of the ley fuga of which the most recent instance occurred at Calimaya, Tenango, state of Mexico."

In closing this chapter I can hardly do better than to quote an item that appeared in the Mexican Herald, the leading daily published in English, February 15, 1910. Though the facts were perfectly authenticated, the Herald dared print the story only on the authority of another paper, and it presented the matter in such mild and cautious terms that it will require a careful reading to bring out the full horror of the deed. Here is the item:

The País gives the following story, the details of which it qualifies as too monstrous for even Zelaya to attribute to Estrada Cabrera.

"Luis Villasenor, prefect of Cualcoman, Michoacan, recently shot without trial an old man because his son committed a murder. The victim in this case was Ignacio Chavez Guizar, one of the principal merchants of the place.

"Some days ago a member of the rural police arrived at the house of the deceased in a state of intoxication and began to insult and abuse the family. A quarrel succeeded in which the policeman was shot by Jose Chavez.

"The prefect of police arrived on the scene of the trouble and arrested the father and another son, Benjamin, the slayer having made his escape, and took them to the police station. That was the last seen of them. Soon the people of the town began to inquire what had happened to them. The story was spread that they had escaped from prison. But a relative, a nephew of the deceased father, having a certain suspicion that this story was not true, opened what appeared to him a recently made grave near the police station and there found the corpses of the two men who had been recently arrested. The prefect, not having been able to capture Jose or to learn where he was, had made the father and brother suffer for his crime.

"Commenting on the story, the País calls for the punishment of the author and the guarantee of the carrying out of the laws of the country."

Just read this again, please, to get its full import. If this incident had occurred in the United States, of course—in any state, country, or municipality—Jose Chavez, if caught, would probably have been freed on grounds of self-defense, and the official Villasenor would have been given the extreme penalty. If the two victims of the jefe had been peons or wage-workers the story would never have spread beyond the town of Cualcoman, but as it was no punishment was meted out to the double murderer. He went free, as did also the perpetrators of the killing at Velardeña and Tehuitzingo. These men went free because it is the policy of Diaz to keep the blood appetites of his official murderers always whetted keen for his political enemies.

To the Proletarians

Men of labor, listen. The time approaches when the peace of infamy, under which the common people of Mexico have had to suffer for over 30 years, will be broken. The calm of today is but the potentiality of the insurrection of tomorrow, but the stillness ahead of the storm to come. The revolution before us is merely the inevitable logical outcome of the thousand and one acts of iniquity constituting the despotism which we see now in the desperate straights of agony. The revolution must needs come unavoidably, fatally with the certitude that we see the sun arise anew to scatter the anguish of the night. And **you**, the men of labor, you will be the bone and sinew and muscle and heart blood, the strength of the revolution. **Your** arms will take up the gun of revindication, **your** blood will redden the soil of our native land like blossoms of fire. If eyes shed tears of sadness, of widowhood, it will be **your** mothers', **your** wives' beloved, and **your** daughters' eyes that will shed them. You will be the heroes, you will form the backbone of that many thousand headed giant called insurrection. You will be the brain and brawn, the muscle of steel of a nation's will converted into action.

Unremittingly the revolution is to come, and, more than that, to win, and through blood and fire it will penetrate to the lair of beasts where the jackals who all through the long night of thirty-four years have fed on the life blood of the people are celebrating their Belshazzar's feast. But, then, will that be all there is to it? It can not be. It seems absurd to have to go to such extremes of sacrifice only for the capricious notion of changing masters!

Men of labor, friends, listen then. You must needs arise, but in full consciousness of the needs of an epoch, and just as urgent it is that your strong arm represent the spirit of the century. If you fail to be in it with your brain as well as with your brawn, the cherished revolution we see approach will not differ in anything from the almost forgotten revolts fomented by the bourgeoisie and directed by military petty chiefs in which you did not stand out before the world as pioneers for a conviction, but acted in the ignoble rôle of nobodies, fit for cannon food. You have fought in the past the revolutions for your masters; learn to fight the battles for your own selves.

Impress in your minds once for all the truth, that to shed blood only to place in power another robber who oppresses the people is nothing but a crime, and such crime will be accomplished by you again if you should take up arms for no other object than to unseat Diaz to put into his seat another master.

The gigantic, almost scientific, oppression suffered by the Mexican people, the desperation palpitating in all as a natural result of such oppression, have generated in the saddened soul of the people one single ambition: to get a change of the men in the control of the government. The men in power today are not supported; they are hated with the concentrated strength of a hatred borne long and felt in the innermost recesses of the heart, and the almost fixed idea of a change of men at the helm of the government has narrowed down the ideals of the people, the principles of political salvation have been subordinated to the only desire, the apparently last straw: a change in the heads of the public administration. An infinitely sad example of this truth is given in that insane enthusiasm, in that absurd eagerness with which was accepted the candidacy of one of the most perverted public officials, of one of the most cruel butchers ever harbored by the Mexican nation—the candidacy of Bernardo Reyes.

When that man was proclaimed candidate, the people did not think in the least of the calibre of the man placed upon the shield. All the people seemed to be interested in was a change of personnel. The desperate spirit of the people appeared to have crystallized into but a few sentences: "Whoever it may be, be it some one other than Diaz." And as the people felt about being pushed into the threatening jaws of an abyss, it reached out for a protection and got hold of a red-hot nail for the coffin of it last vestige of liberty—the candidacy of Reyes. Fortunately, Reyes is not only full of ambition, but also too much of a coward to look Diaz in the face and to fight him. And that cowardice alone saved the Mexican people from the fate of having to undergo an ever more cruel tyranny, an infinitely more savage oppression—if such be possible—than the one it is suffering from today.

To prevent such lamentable aberration from the path of your duty, men of labor, you must needs think, and think well and deep. The revolution must come and will come. Neither the government nor its opponents will be able to hold it back. A body falls by nature of its own weight, obedient to the laws of gravitation. Human society passes from revolution to revolution, obedient to fixed sociological laws. To pretend to forestall a revolution is an insane notion which can only be harbored by the small group of people interested in the forestalling of such upheaval. And as the revolution must needs come, and as nobody and nothing can hold it back on its road, it is a good thing for you men of labor to learn how to draw for your class from that great uprising of a people all the advantages it will carry with it, and which will be reaped by the bourgeoisie, if, unconscious of your rights of the class producing all social riches, you should content yourselves in the contest to be merely machines of murder and of destruction instead of harboring in your brains the clear and distinct idea of the emancipation of your class, and of your growing into a social power.

Bethink yourselves well of the past, you men of labor, that you are the only producers of all things. Houses and palaces, the railroads and the ships on the high seas, the factories and the fields of harvest, all these things are brought into being by the efforts of your creative hands, and yet you are lacking of all these good things of the earth. You weave the costly linen and silks, and half naked you go through life. You reap all the golden harvest of the field, but for your families you hardly get a beggar's crust. Houses you build and palaces, but in hovels and garrets you live. The costly metals you tear from the bowels of the earth at the daily risk of your lives serve but to render more powerful your masters, and for that your chains only the heavier, and the harder to bear. The more you produce, the poorer you become, and the less free, for the simple reason that you give to your masters more riches and more liberty, and the political rights pertain only to those who have things. If then you take to the revolution with the purpose of making an end of the despotism of Porfirio Diaz, in which you will doubtless succeed your victory being assured, you will be lucky if through that victory you get a government that will put in force again the constitution of 1857, and through that you will have obtained, at least in writing, your civic franchise, your political liberty. But as a matter of fact you will continue to be a slave like you are today, and like under the present regime you will have but one right, the right to toil in abject misery.

Political liberty requires as an adjunct another liberty to be effective, and that is economic liberty. The rich enjoy economic liberty as well and for that reason in reality they alone are benefited by political liberty.

When the organizing board of the Mexican Liberal Party formulated its program as issued from St. Louis, Mo., on July 1, 1906, it was most firmly animated by the conviction, which it guarded with a loving heart and which it holds today, that political liberty must go together with economic liberty to become effective. For these reasons the program and platform enumerate and explain the measures to be employed in order to enable gradually the Mexican proletariat to conquer, within the guarantees of the law and of the constitution, its economic independence.

If in the coming struggle you do not carry conviction that by the sole fact that you are the producers of the riches of the nation you have not only the right merely to live but also to enjoy all the material comforts, all the moral anl intellectual benefits appropriated today exclusively by your masters, you will not have fulfilled your historic mission as a class. You will not have accomplished a really revolutionary work as such is understood by your brethren of toil in more civilized countries. If you are not conscious of your rights of the producing class the bourgeosie will harvest the cream of your sacrifice, the blossoms of the blood shed by you, the fruits of your painful suffering, just as they reap today the product of your toil and lay hold upon your health, upon your very lives in the future, in factory and field, in work shop and mine.

Men of labor, keep thus firmly in your mind that you are entitled to more rights than those guaranteed by the political constitution of 1857 which is to be re-established, and get especially clear on the point that by the mere fact of your existence as a part of the human race you possess the inalienable right to happiness. Happiness is not the exclusive patrimony of your masters, but also yours, and that with far greater justification on your part because from your hands come forth all the things that are conducive in life to comfort and happiness.

All that is left to me now is to exhort you not to lose heart. I see in you the fixed purpose to start upon a revolution, body and soul, to wipe away the most shameful and the most hateful despotism that ever weighted upon the common people of Mexico, the tyrany of Porfirio Diaz. Your attitude will carry the hearts of all mankind, the sympathy of every honest and sincere man. But up to you it is to see to it in your consciousness that the revolution made by you and sustained by your warm life blood, be yours also to the fruits of the victory. It is up to you to think of your families as well with the firmness of mind resulting from the clear conviction that you and your brethren of toil, and the dear ones standing by you in all times, good or bad, have an firmly established right to share in all the benefits of the civilization created by the brawn and brain of man.

Proletarians, do not forget that you will be the nerve and sinew of the revolution. Go to the struggle not like cattle led to slaughter, but upright like men in full consciousness of all their rights. Go to the battlefield, enter the portals of history to make history of your own for you own selves, for your own class, and with it for all. Glory awaits you, impatiently looking for the moment to see you break your chains upon the thick craniums of your butchers and hangmen.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

Reminiscences of My Prison Life

What life in an American penitentiary actually is; how the authorities treat those committed to their custody; the effect such treatment has on prisoners during their detention and the influence it exercises on their future careers—all these are branches of one great subject respecting which the public is at least beginning to exhibit a keen and most necessary curiosity. For in these, as in a mirror, is portrayed the attitude of the strong toward the weak, the wealthy toward the poor, those in power toward those completely at their mercy. In a word, prison experiences are vital chapters in the history of social life. I propose, therefore, to give, as simply and truthfully as possible, an account of my own incarceration in the Arizona penitentiaries at Yuma and Florence.

As is well known to most of our readers, R. F. Magon, L. Rivera and myself were sentenced, after innumerable delays, to eighteen months for violation of the neutrality laws; and, May 26, 1909, we were taken to Yuma, where the state penitentiary was situated. There we found ourselves among some three hundred other convicts, a large number having been moved already to the new prison at Florence, which was then nearing completion. We were put through the inevitable and inexpressibly repugnant ordeal of being stripped, examined for future identification, photographed and clad in stripes, after which we were assigned to our cells and to the shops in which we were to work. Magon and I were set to tailoring and Rivera was given employment in the laundry.

The penitentiary at Yuma was an old, comparatively small, adobe building. Entering the great gate which pierced the high, broad wall, on which armed guards paraded constantly day and night, one found oneself facing the main buildings, consisting of long ranks of single and double cells, between which run a fifteen-foot corridor. There also were located the library, the hospital and several of the shops. In the corner to the immediate right were other shops, in that to the far right was the woman's department, and at the far left lay the "chronic" yard, devoted to those suffering from tuberculosis and other incurable diseases.

Although we ourselves are natives of a Southern country the first thing that struck us was the intolerable heat. The cells were of stone, what little ventilation there was came from one electric fan which served the whole building, and from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. the thermometer habitually registered in the neighborhood of 120 degrees, for Yuma is notorious as one of the hottest places on the continent. As the night progressed the temperature became somewhat more bearable, but sleep was often an impossibility owing to the mosquitoes with which the prison swarmed, since the Colorado river flows past its very doors. No mosquito netting is provided by the authorities, but many of the prisoners had furnished themselves with it from their own scanty purses. It is doubtful, however, whether the remedy is not worse than the disease, for while the netting keeps off these intolerable pests it adds greatly to the heat. Anyhow we had many, many sleepless nights.

There were six of us to each of the single, and twelve to each of the double cells. Within a space of 10x8 feet, six of us were locked in thirteen hours out of every twenty-four. There being barely room to turn round we were compelled to take to our bunks, where we lay tossing hour by hour in the stifling atmosphere. Talking was forbidden and was dangerous, as the guards were perpetually on the watch. Reading was out of the question. It was a daily thirteen-hours' inferno of compulsory inactivity.

Consider also that a toilet was an unknown luxury; that the cell, in which six of us were confined, was furnished with a single slop-pail, of the most ancient date, and that we all suffered from stomach trouble due to causes I shall treat of later. Added to which was the fact that this old adobe building swarmed with vermin to an extent without parallel in my experience. Truly my bedroom was no place of rest.

In the workshop it was somewhat better, although the heat there was most trying, and we were under the supervision of a degenerate Mexican, who made himself exceedingly disagreeable. I myself worked under him nine months and Magon throughout his term. I was set down to a sewing machine and expected to turn out sixteen shirts a day, a task that I found myself able to accomplish in about eight hours, at the beginning of my term.

I may mention that the multiplicity of rules placed immense power in the hands of an unscrupulous overseer, and that there was a constant tendency to entrap prisoners into breaking rules in order that they might lose their "good time." As federal prisoners, it was possible, by good behavior, to shorten our term at the rate of six days a month and we fortunately earned the full allowance, but the rules are so numerous and are changed so frequently that convicts against whom keepers have a grudge are practically helpless. Moreover, the prison was run on the stool-pigeon system, those willing to play the part of spies and furnish the officers with information, being placed in positions of authority. It goes without saying that men of that stamp are essentially moral degenerates, and they are almost always sexual degenerates also, of the most appalling type. To this most unpleasant phase of prison life I shall be compelled to refer to again.

Much as we suffered from the heat in the workshops our position was better than that of the great mass of convicts who were employed at pick and shovel work, breaking rock and making adobe, which is sold by the state for building purposes. These men were kept hard at it for from ten to twelve hours daily, and cases of sunstroke were by no means infrequent. I think the prison doctor, who came daily, was a fair man and tried to do his best, but the officials in charge showed little mercy and a prisoner had to be sick well-nigh to death before they sent him to the hospital.

Utterly unsanitary as were the conditions under which we slept and worked the evil was increased enormously by the diet on which we subsisted. It consisted almost exclusively of soup, unspeakable in character and impossible to describe; of bread which was frequently sour, and of a mixture absurdly dignified with the name of coffee. Occasionally we had a little meat. We were all accustomed to the simplest fare and were in good health when we entered the prison, but all three of us soon began to suffer from stomach troubles and Magon and Rivera became ultimately very sick, the former spending two weeks in the hospital.

This then was our daily life. At 6 o'clock we rose, made our beds, and were marched to breakfast. Following this came the disgusting job of emptying slops and at 7 we were taken to the workshops. Dinner was at 11, and as soon as it was over we went once more to work. Supper was as 4:30 and at 5 we were locked in our cells, to pass the next thirteen hours in the manner I have described.

In my next letter I shall explain the punishments in use and other salient features of our daily life, after which I shall invite my readers to pass with us to Florence, whither we were removed at the end of three months and twenty days. In prison days seem often years, and the slow march of time is marked with anxious accuracy.

ANTONIO VILLARREAL.

Notes and Comments

"El Imparcial" tells us from **Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas**; that **three representatives of the Mexican government** were expecting the arrival of the foreign diplomats, who are on the way to the centennial celebration, and will accompany them to the capital. **The second battalion** is also there, and great preparations are being made, and **two more battalions** are ordered to take part, all seemingly for the protection of the three representatives of the Mexican government so beloved to its own people.

* * *

The Diaz government will spend **eleven thousand dollars** on a dinner for the soldiers in the army, as a part of the centennial celebration. Does the tyrant hope to keep quiet the slaves hired to be shot and to kill their brothers by giving them one square meal with the prospect of another one a century from "Independence" day?

* * *

One million and five hundred thousand dollars will be spent by the government to illuminate the city of palaces to receive in Mexico City the foreign delegates of kingdoms and plutocracies at the centenary of the republic for which the toilers and the citizens shed their blood and pay the bill today, and yet there are many millions of human beings in this, our country, who have not enough to keep a kettle boiling, if they have one, and hardly enough of rags to keep their nakedness half-covered. And that one million and five hundred thousand dollars robbed of people to light the palaces will bring no light into the dark abyss of shame to be found right in the midst of our city and would have been far better invested in procuring clothes, food and shelter to all the poor people in the Federal District, or in adding six further public dormitories for the homeless to the ones already in existence. Will this almost oriental display of illumination be strong enough, sufficiently penetrating to keep for one entire week from the eyes of the foreign guests of the exploiters of the nation, the aspect of the Mexican people, of of its vast masses as they actually have to live such as are to be met in the hells of despair and abject poverty in the very midst of the illuminated capital? Will they try to get away from their trained guides and see for themselves how the common people actually live? Will they find their way to the back streets and see through the sham and grim mockery of the celebration of political liberty of a nation in which the great mass of the people has no say, no share and no part?

* * *

"The commission named by Congress to represent this government at the centennial celebration to be held in Mexico City will be made up as follows:

Senators Overman, of North Carolina; **Guggenheim, of Colorado**; Crawford, of South Dakota; Representatives Foster, of Vermont; Slayden, of Texas; Denby, of Michigan; Judge James w. Gerard, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York; General **Harrison Gray Otis, of California**, and Charles Alexander Rook, of Pennsylvania.

Ex-Governor Curtis Guild, of Massachusetts, will go as personal representative of the president; **Representative William H. Howard, who was a member of the commission, asked to be relieved of the assignment.** The vacancy was filled by the designation of Representative Slayden."

Guggenheim and **Otis representative for the American people.** What a roaring farce. They may be representative for the **United States government** for all we know from our own personal experience.

There is satisfaction in the thought that at least one man had stamina and sufficient self-respect to ask to be relieved from the moral insult to have to assist in the gigantic bluff at whitewashing of the Nero of Mexico, the accounts of whose record in the American press and magazines during the last three years ought to withhold any self-respecting citizen of a supposed to be free republic from participating in official orgies paid with the blood and life of a down-trodden enslaved people.

* * *

Seventy-five persons charged with "rebellion" in charges comprising **four volumes of three hundred pages each, were held for trial** in the Juarez penitentiary of Yucatan up to July 11, and arrests have been made daily even since, the powers that be taking the uprising of despair of Valladolid, Yucatan, as a welcome pretext to weed out scientifically all undesirables.

* * *

"Mexico Nuevo," suppressed by the government at the height of the election campaign, is again in the field under the name "El Mexicano," and will probably be allowed to live until after "Independence Week" to bolster up, in the eyes of the foreign visitors, the badly worn prestige of "freedom of the press" in Mexico. For the same reason the congress of the National Press Association called to meet on Sept. 16, in San Luis Potosi, will probably not be interfered with, but in the states of Colima and Michoacan, Jalisco, Veracruz, the manful denouncers of Pizanos galore are still being "hounded like wild beasts" in obedience to orders from higher up.

* * *

Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the California State University, a widely read gentleman whose attention certain articles in the American press and reviews can hardly have escaped, has accepted to assist in dedicating the national university of Mexico on the one hundredth Independence Day. Gold and honor have often stifled the consciences of the apparently best, but from the ranks of the lowly people seems to rise the voice of a manful, moral protest against such procrastination if we interpret right communications published recently in the San Jose (Cal.) "Times," and the "San Jose Mercury." The voice of the people will be heard.

* * *

We read that **teachers of the United States** have been furnished with a circular asking them to prepare a program for September 16, "to free the atmosphere of the enemies of Mexico," praising Diaz up to the clouds, telling that he has held the confidence of the Mexican people since he took the reins of government, and advising them to celebrate the Mexican Independence Day to impress upon the plastic mind of the children the bonds of friendship existing between both countries. Thus the minds of the rising generation are to be poisoned from the start to counteract ever more growing criticism of the present generation. Set the son against his father, the son with honest, youthful faith in a lying mirage against the father with his better knowledge. "Divide et impera" is the maxim of the crafty ruler in the Southland. The child of the Yankee is adulated, the child of the unfortunate poor of his own land sweat blood and profits in the slave hells of Mexico's torrid Siberia, Yucatan.

* * *

"The traitor general, Juan J. Estrada, helped by the Yankees, succeeded at last in getting hold of the government of Nicaragua, the unfortunate nation which will be a new victim of the insatiable greed of the North Americans. **The Yankee bandits** who assisted Estrada will now be the masters of the situation to the great satisfaction of Mr. Knox who at last has reached his aim. Justice and morality are in mourning."

This nice little pill is not the concoction of the morbid brain of a rabid revolutionist, but the sane and sincere expression of a paper favorable to the government in power in Mexico; it is the voice of officious Mexico showing the gratitude of the powers that be for the Diaz-Taft handshake. And yet, with that officious feeling at bottom, the heartily worded **official** invitation extended to Uncle Sam. That is the masterful genius of scientific press manipulation in the effective stunt of all-round popularity manufactured by duplicity. They never think that the little government paper of Durango could reach our editorial table in Los Angeles as a practical illustration and an eye-opener to our American friends.

* * *

It is funny to read in "El Imparcial" (what is in a name? when the price is paid!) the arguments against the demand of an annullment of the election. They point to the use of arms and soldiers in election times of the days of Benito Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada, and then to the peaceful aspect of the recent election. They forget to add that in those days these steps were taken to save the constitution of the people from the troubles fomented by the militant Catholics and the anti-patriotic reactionists and they fail to add the number of voters and citizens killed, jailed or deported to Quintano Roo, or muzzled otherwise in every state of our "Republic," and the number of soldiers ordered to the ballot box as fake citizens in citizens' garb to create the present-day peaceable aspect of a scientific election. We are reminded of a parade in Mexico City, where, in order to open the eyes of some foreigners, students threw some loaves of bread amongst the fake citizens marched to the parade, when a wild scramble for the crumbs revealed the true character of the citizen paraders for Diaz: famished soldiers and starvation whipped peons.

* * *

Under the leadership of the jefe politico of **Tonala, Chiapas**, a highly respected Veracruzan physician, **Dr. Adolfo Beltran Lagos** was slaughtered by the police of the same city by eighteen Mauser bullets and his body mutilated by that fiend in public position for no other reason than personal hatred. Public indignation is at fever heat because up to this date these offiical murderers have neither been arrested nor duly tried. The family of Dr. Lagos and many of his friends have taken steps to get Governor Rabizer to proceed, but the Pizano of Tonala seems to be immune for all his savage acts.

* * *

And now the **State of Sinaloa** has produced Pizano of its own. The victim is **Ramon Flores**, a servant of the recorder of **Los Nochis**. Mr. Juan Wiley. On July 17 he was at the house of his master unaware that he would be hounded to death. He was unarmed. All that is known is that he was chased into the seed fields of Mr. J. S. Scally by the policeman Bernabe Leon who fired upon the frightened man, who ran towards the field of Mr. Julius Eckhardt. There he saw the chief of police, Rosario Beltram, who also was drawing his gun, and ran towards him yelling: "don't shoot me, I surrender," but the man of infamy laid him low with one shot and walked off, leaving the victim in his blood. The chief of police took from the policeman, Bernabe Leon, horse, gun and star and retired him to private life. After an hour of agony in the torrid sun the victim was brought to Topobampo, and Dr. Green, physician of the F. C. K. I. M. & O., might be able to give information on whose account and expense the victim was brought into his care, because he forwarded the dead man in a box to unknown parts by express on the 23rd of July, six days after the man had been wounded. No investigation, no prosecution, for human life is cheap game for our Pizanos.

* * *

"Suffer little children to come unto me," is preached from the pulpits of all christendom. In this country millions of them are called to the mills that profits might be ground out of their tender bodies to enrich more the already all-too-rich. But Mexico goes even one better. A paper of the capital reports under date of August 23, that on August 19 the day of the Lord, who is reported to have said of the one who might offend a little one: "it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea," there proceeded from Mexico City a sad procession of about one hundred and twenty-five people, some twenty of them women, and the major part of the others, children under fifteen years of age, all bound for a Mexican Siberia (the islands of the Three Marys). Each ruale led three of the little ones in handcuffs, a procession of emaciated, pale little shadows of life. One little creature hardly fourteen months old, whose fair skin and blue eyes denoted apparent foreign parentage, carried by her unfortunate mother, aroused general sympathy and seemed even to move the hardened rurales. What will be the fate of the little child in the midst of criminal environment, and how will the little girl stand the fever climate of the islands of hell, in grim mockery, named Las Tres Marias? To what low level must a government have sunk, when it is punishing an unfortunate mother's crime in her little innocent baby, and when children 12, 15 or 16 years old are deported to the hot Siberia of Mexico instead of being placed in that establishment of school and shops erected for the special purpose of teaching the street urchins who grew up without a guide to the path to good lives? These establishments are apparently for the show to blind the foreigners, like the famous "villages" a Potemkin manufactured all along the road in a poverty stricken country to deceive a Russian empress. Will they show a parade, like the one described above, to the guests and parasites invited to the centenary farce?

* * *

And now a word to you foreign guests of the government of the exploiters of the Mexican nation: If you are earnest and sincere in your endeavor to find out for your own selves the bitter truth behind the glittering festoons, and if you have red blood in your veins, and a feeling heart, a human heart as yet not hardened by the struggle for existence, discard your guides, be not deceived by a clever mirage, but once in Veracruz visit the sombre bastile of San Juan de Ulua and ask permission to see the political prisoners: Juan Sarabia, Cesar E. Canales, Lazaro Puente, Gabriel Rubio, Juan E. Velazquez, Leonardo Villarreal, Bruno Trevino and a hundred more, to hear from their own lips their sad story. Once in Mexico City go with the same fixed purpose and request to the prison of Belem, and ask to see the great writer, Mrs. Carlota Artuna de Borrego, and nine other respectable women who are being held in that vile pesthole for the crime of protesting against the imprisonment of Francisco Madero, the rival candidate who dared to stand against Diaz, and ask further to see the editor, Felix C. Vera, the editor, A. Barrera Peniche and their political fellow prisoners; if that should not be sufficient, go from hacienda to hacienda and look into the Siberia of Yucatan with well probing eyes, and dare the Mexican government to hinder you from finding out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

EL CRONISTA.