

# Regeneracion.

Published every Saturday at 519 1/2 E. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Telephone: Home A 1360.  
Subscription rates:  
Per annum .....\$2.00  
Per six months .....\$1.10  
Per three months .....\$ .60

## BUNDLE ORDERS.

100 copies .....\$ 8.00  
500 copies .....\$12.50  
1000 copies .....\$20.00

Editor and Proprietor, Anselmo L. Figueroa.

Entry as second-class matter pending.



No. 5. October 1, 1910.

## Whipped into Line, But Steal Material

Persons interested in the subject of "Barbarous Mexico," especially those who have followed my exposure of the manner in which the American Magazine yielded to "skillfully applied influence," and, for a time, stopped the writings under that title, will be interested to know that two-thirds of the article appearing in the October issue under the name of Alexander Powell, was written by me and furnished to the American fifteen months ago.

Since that time much of this matter was printed in "The Appeal to Reason"—notably in the issues of July 9 and July 30—so that we have the spectacle of one of the "big" magazines not only stealing an article almost entire from a socialist publication, but putting forth that article under the name of a man who neither gathered the facts nor wrote them up after they were gathered.

All of the material beginning with the second paragraph on page 720, to the last paragraph on page 726, excepting a quarter of a page on page 722, is mine, and is presented there with almost no change. Sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph stand as I wrote them.

This is simply confirmation of my charges: first, that The American Magazine failed to carry out its promise to the public because of "skillfully applied influence;" second, that it has gone back to the subject of Mexico only because those of its readers who have read my charges have whipped it into doing so. Finally, its publication at this late date of my original material is proof that it had not been "gathering new facts," as announced, and that the facts furnished by me in the first place are the most reliable as well as most effective that have yet come into its possession.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

These lines are directed especially to those of our readers, who, not realizing to the fullest extent the costliness of a publication like ours have pledged but not yet paid their subscription to the paper.

In a good many very well meaning people the non-payment or very tardy payment of the subscription to papers which they receive, has become kind of a second nature, and they seem to be blessed with the belief, comforting only to them, that the maintenance of a paper is the easiest and cheapest thing of the world.

It may be cruel on our part, but we cannot help it, we must destroy that illusion and put in its place a few cold facts.

Every week we pay to the printer about \$100, which includes stock, composition, linotype, and presswork. Not having as yet obtained second class rates we must deposit some \$70 every week for postage, and rent, telephone, light, gas, postage stamps, and other incidental indispensable expenditures, amount to about \$40 every week.

Regeneration enters Mexico indirectly and that alone causes a weekly expenditure of some \$80.

This makes it evident that some \$300 a week is necessary to keep Regeneration going. Should that amount be taken up in equal shares by the twelve thousand readers of the paper, each one would have to cover only an infinitesimal part. Should every one of our readers pay up his subscription the whole cost would easily be covered and money be left for other features of propaganda work and for an enlargement of the paper.

The figures above given do not contain any salaries for editor and manager. Our services are free of charge. We give our work, our time, our lives, and had we riches, they also would be at the service of our cherished cause. But having none the life of Regeneration depends entirely upon the tender

mercies and sense of sacrificing duty on the part of its friends and sympathizers.

Do not forget then that Regeneration can not live without your support. With sacrifice it was brought to life, and the sacrifice to keep it in the field is getting ever more difficult to meet, and once stopped the work of starting it again would become only the harder, and all the money deposited with Uncle Sam as long as the second rates are not yet conceded would constitute an entire loss to our cause. So, get busy and pay your subscription now as there might be a tomorrow when it would be too late.

## HAVE THE MEXICAN PEOPLE THE RIGHT TO REVOLUTION?

We, the Liberals of Mexico, have read the life and the writings of one of the greatest Americans, if not one of the most truly great men of the world, almost as carefully as have the people of the United States. We share with you a reverence for Abraham Lincoln, the manly, virile workman-president of the United States, the greatest of her presidents.

# Episodes of the Revolution OF 1908 Palomas

This chapter of the history of freedom should be called Francisco Manrique. It ought to bear the name of that noble youth who, almost a child yet, fell a victim to the bullets of tyranny on July 1 of 1908 in the border village of Palomas. From the blurred backgrounds of that half unknown day in a gray desert I see penciled in clear outlines the happenings of those hours.

Just eleven fighters for liberty could come together when the persecution rained down like a hail of lead and steel upon the camp of the revolutionists. Eleven, and not one more, allied with the intention to try to save by an audacious move the revolution which seemed to be shipwrecked in the surf of treachery and cowardice.

The dawn of red of Las Vacas had already brilliantly illuminated the horizon of history, and Viesca, evacuated by the revolution was still echoing the calls of revolt of our "bandits" when this diminutive group was formed in the midst of the violence of oppression and, with few hands full of cartridges and some hurriedly manufactured bombs of mighty poor material, threw itself upon an enemy ready to meet them with countable elements of resistance upon a tyranny supported by stupidity, fear and distrust, against a secular despotism that burlesques its heels in the infamous carpet known as our national passivism.

Palomas was situated on the road chosen by that group. Its capture was of no importance to the unfolding of the adopted strategical plan. But it was appropriate to scare somewhat the rurales and the fiscal guards, garrisoned in that locality. In order to be able to cross the desert without being molested by their vigilance.

On their way the telegraph wires fell, destroyed at certain distances. The carbines in the hands ready for use, the sombreros shoved on the back of the heads, with cautious yet firm step, with an ear open to all sounds and the eyes fixed intent to see where light was battling with the darkness of the night, out eleven revolutionists came near the customhouse. Two not far from the entrance the building showed that the structure had been vacated. The rurales and the fiscal guards forcing the men of the little place to take arms had locked themselves in the military barracks. Before the attack the different houses were visited rapidly to see that there was no enemy in the back and to quiet down the women in explaining to them in a few words the object of the revolution.

Soon the barracks were within reach, and with the flash of the guns firing from the flat roof and from the portholes revealed the number of the defenders. The men at the inside outnumbered those at the outside by over a dozen. The struggle was unequal from the start for the daring little band. The adobe walls formed a splendid defense against the Winchester bullets, and the bombs which were to have decided the situation in a few minutes did only little damage.

Francisco Manrique, always the first in all exploits of danger, reached the door of the barracks, firing shot after shot and defying death in the open, and a few steps from the portholes spitting lead and steel he dropped mortally wounded. The struggle went on and back and forth whizzed the bullets. The pallor of the approaching sunrise dimly grew upon the horizon, and the pallor of approaching release through death lighted the features of the youth once so bold, so active, so noble minded. The day arose and its splendor diffused with that of a shining star of the revolution in its decline.

It became urgent necessity to march on rapidly to reach the heart of the mountains. It was urgently needed to carry the sparks of rebellion to all places possible. The last bomb broke down a door and thus procured some horses.

Pancho had lost consciousness and seemed dead.

The interest of the cause had sacrificed the life of a fighter of exceptional ability and the same interest cruelly dictated the abandonment of his body at the foot of the adobe walls spattered with his blood, watching his agony, witness to his

Abraham Lincoln once said:

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow it."—First Inaugural, March 4, 1861.

"Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own of so much territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose this movement. Such minority was precisely the case of the Tories of our own Revolution. It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old line or old laws, but to break both and make new ones."—Speech by Lincoln in House of Representatives, Jan. 12, 1848.

So happens that conditions in Mexico are such that we are driven to revolution by the Despot. We see our babes dying in preventable misery

and beautiful action of sublime stoicism.

Shortly after his ten comrades had retired Pancho regained his consciousness. He was questioned and serenely answered all that was asked carefully in his word to help his friends indirectly. He kept his incognito by his death, realizing full well that if his true name should become known the despotism might guess or trace the names of his associates and annihilate the victims after crushing the revolution. From his lips they could get neither plans nor names, not a single thing that could have helped the tyranny.

Pancho loved the truth above everything. Never in his life did he utter a lie to escape a responsibility or to gain an advantage. His word was always frank and loyal, at times even rude in its outspokenness, but always sincere. And yet he, who had disdained the life and the well-being bought at the price of a falsehood, died with a lie upon his lips—a sublime lie—wrapped in the anonymity of a conventional name, Otilio Madrid, in order to save the revolution and his comrades.

I knew Pancho from earliest childhood. We sat upon the same bench near the school. Then in the days of youth we traveled together the road of exploitation and misery, and in later years our ideals, and hopes, and efforts centered upon the revolution. We were brothers as only few can be. No one could know him better than I do and fathom the beauties of his intimate life—he was a youth of profound goodness in spite of a character rugged like a stormy sea.

Pancho gave up a salaried employment in the land department of the state of Guanajuato to become a wage worker and later by force of circumstances, a paladin of liberty upon the altar of which he sacrificed his life so full of intense storms and immense sufferings which he knew both to master with a will of adamant.

The two great loves of his life were a good mother of excellent heart, and liberty. He lived in poverty, suffering under the exploitation and injustices of the bourgeoisie, because he had made up his mind to become neither a capitalist nor bourgeois himself. When his father died he gave up the inheritance due him. Instead of living in a position at the hand of the government he became its outspoken enemy fighting his battles until the destiny of a high-minded and self-chosen odyssey for ideals was sadly fulfilled. He was a rebel of the moral type of a Bakounine: action and idealism were harmoniously amalgamated in his brain. Wherever the revolution was in need of his activities, he went unhesitatingly, money or money because he knew that a way would be opened somehow by brain or brawn, and by sacrifice.

That was Otilio Madrid, called the chief of the bandits of Palomas. That was the man who lived for truth, and yet died with a sublime lie, and upon whose pallid lips vibrated in the last hour two names, that of his beloved mother, and that of me, his brother, who still lives to render justice to his memory and continues to stay in the fight in which he loved his blood who lives now to appeal with the heroic, youthful silhouette of the sacrifice of Palomas against the passiveness of a people.

How many men fell in that fight on the side of the government? The tyranny has concealed the fact.

And nature joined hands with the despotism in power. The valiant group was ultimately overcome by the terrible Amazon of the desert: Thirst, that killing blade, that strangling serpent, that maddening anxiety, that voluptuous companion of the wandering and soft hills of fine sand. Neither the sword nor the gun, Thirst, the grim damsel overwhelmed them with her indescribable grimaces of caress, parched their lips with her kisses, dried up their tongues with her breath of fire, wildly choked their throats, blotted out those atoms of rebellion. And in the far distance the mirage of a crystal lake mocked the thirsty shadows of men creeping on painfully, dragging along a carbine powerless in the struggle with the fiery Amazon of the desert, and chewing in impotent rage the ash-colored grass that affords neither shade nor moisture.

FRAXEDOS G. GUERRERO.

and squalor? Our mothers are wasting away as they slave in mills and fields for the bitter dry crusts of a slave's ration: our young daughters are victims of the lust of the Masters in power: our men are exploited to the bone and forced to serve as spies on their fellows, or else they are imprisoned or shot down if they refuse to yield.

Agents of the Masters kidnap workmen, women and children from the beautiful and brilliant cities of the land and take them as slaves into the camps where they are held captive behind bars by night and under the slaver's lash by day.

A heart-breaking cry for help is going up from these workmen and women, from the cotton mills and hemp fields, from our great ranches in the valleys and from the mines of our mountain sides.

What your forefathers struggled for in your glorious Revolution of 1876, what your fathers accomplished in 1865, that we are trying to do for Mexico today. Is that treason? Is that a crime worthy of imprisonment? Our constitution is a dead letter.

The Liberals of Mexico want only a constitutional government established in Mexico where now we have a despotism. Martial law is the constant law of the land.

Let not the Tory spirit prevail against us in the United States! Was not the Tory driven from power more than a century ago? Let not the spirit of the slave-driver direct you against us.

We are fighting for what you have fought and won; if we are traitors now, then the government of the United States is built on the work of traitors! We can not sit supinely by and see people of our beautiful native land dying in agony. We are bound by all that is manly and brave, to stand for the revolution which is the only means of establishing a constitutional government. If our Constitution were in force today, the people of Mexico would be freer even than are the people of the United States; for our Constitution gives more liberty than the new United States Constitution. But we are not allowed any of the rights secured under our constitution: what is there left for us to do but to rise up in revolution and take our rights as your forefathers did for you?

## A REVOLUTIONIST WOMAN.

### THE TYRANT, SHORN OF HIS POWER, ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"The long arm of Diaz," which, reaching out from Chapultepec far to the north crossed the border and formed in this land: the strong fist that strangled; the left hand for corruption; the mailed fist to shatter the heads of Mexican fighters for freedom and to suppress consciences; the gentle hand to subtly slip the money of the pockets of the American press; "the strong arm of Diaz" immortalized by the inspiration of abject fear on the part of the timid and of the servile, I sapped of its power, does no more deal out blows. But still there is some left of the corruption funds to be squandered. The dry hand shriveled up by vice and impotency still reaches out in convulsive motions insanely throwing out the money in a vain last effort of an ambition that grasps in greed for a greatness that has carried off by floods, a greatness that slips away never to come back.

The power of Diaz in the United States is in these days just as much to be feared, like an old cat without teeth and claws. It mews and growls and spits, but can neither scratch nor bite; it assumes droll threatening attitudes, but its funny wry face causes only merriment.

In spite of all his efforts, in spite of his intrigues, in spite of the gold spoils of this land, in spite of the attempt that he, the traitor, under the guise of national autonomy tries to secure the complicity of the representatives of this country in order to perpetuate the outraging of the civil rights of expatriated Mexicans, in spite of his unlimited despair and rage, we have escaped the confinement in which he intended to retain us indefinitely, and bolder than ever before we step again into the arena to fight the good battle.

We defy him, we dare him in his rage to get him out into the open. Let him throw us again into the penitentiary, and if he can do so, we are willing to concede our error. We are ready to confess that he still has power, that his "long arm" can still punish those who dare, that the claws of the old tom cat, though hidden, are still intact, that he is still strong, that he still can use arbitrarily for his own purposes the prisons of this country, that American people that he can still subject to his whims the vast territory from the great lakes to the border in the south.

Numerous charges are still pending against us in El Paso, in Del Rio, in San Antonio, and in other parts of the country broke forth the venality of those in charge of justice, and requisition papers galore have placed the brand of infamy upon our foreheads. The charges accumulated. The charges are still pending, and yet we are left in freedom. Why then?

Many others of our comrades are also under charges, and yet they are not arrested. Why then? In his eagerness to fetter thought Diaz tumbled from extravagance to sheer madness. His villainous impudencies called forth, at last, public curiosity. The keen insight of the American people penetrated through his mist covering up the myth and discovered a tyrant with hands dripping of the blood of innocent people.

The light of truth shone into the recesses of darkness and the name of Diaz became for ever greater masses a byword of malediction. The professional petti politicians who previously had openly helped him considered it opportune to take refuge behind a diplomacy of discretion. The papers subsidized by Diaz considered it wise to hush, and the tyrant was left alone; forsaken by the politicians in fear for their jobs, abandoned by the venal press afraid of a decrease of the sub-

scription lists. In the market of politics the law of supply and demand rules just as inexorably as in the market of goods. With the disavowal of Diaz must needs come a raise in the price of venal pens and mercenary ideas. It becoming dangerous and inconvenient to defend him the rate for adulations had to fall.

But the people do not cease to protest, and ever wider the doors are opened for the truth. The voice of the people became heard in the capital of this great land, and there was great uneasiness in the White House and congress initiated an investigation of the persecutions which had been enacted in this land against political refugees from Mexico.

It was Mr. Nichols, sent into the parliament by the coal miners of Pennsylvania, who initiated the campaign for justice. In a memorable address, published then in a great part of the American press, he spoke of the horrors of Mexican slavery, of the constitution of 1857 killed, crushed under the heels of a brutal Caesar, of the anguish of the people of Mexico, of the fighters in the political struggle harassed in their own country, turned away in the foreign land where they had to renew their arduous struggle, of the venal pliability of the American courts maddened in full accord with the whims of a Diaz, of the unsupportable feeling of shame on the part of the clean consciences to see a republic created by the outlaws for freedom's sake of a past century to be turned into a vile trap for the outlaws for freedom's sake of the century we have entered.

Mr. Nichols concluded with the demand that an investigation committee be nominated and that \$50,000 be appropriated for the purpose to get at the truth and to unmask the corruptors and the corrupted, the agents of Diaz who buy "justice" and the judges and officials in high standing who permit themselves to be bought.

Intrigues started to work in hiding—under the shelter of mystery crimes work out, says Victor Hugo—and in the shadow of mystery the plans were laid to render the initiative of Mr. Nichols ineffective. But the friends of liberty used eternal vigilance, and soon after another envoy of the people, Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts, presented a new initiative on the same subject, with the demand that witnesses should be questioned and proofs examined before the chamber should decide if the demanded investigation should take place or not.

The initiative was turned over to the respective committee before which appeared and testified "Mother Jones," John Kenneth Turner, the author of "Barbarous Mexico," Lazaro Gutierrez De Lara, and John Murray the secretary of the Political Refugee Defense League. And that occasion there were also read and placed at the disposal of the committee the various documents of the greatest interest which, taken together with the oral testimony of the witnesses, conclusively demonstrated the existence of a plot between Diaz and the White House for the purpose to persecute arbitrarily the Mexican refugees and to throttle in Mexican prisons upon American soil the aspirations for liberty of the people of Mexico.

That straight-forward old man Mr. Gore, senator for the state of Oklahoma, could no longer remain indifferent, and in an eloquent peroration he demanded of the senate that light be thrown upon the dark recesses, that justice be done in this land to the victims of Porfirio Diaz. And there was also Senator La Follette of Wisconsin ready with a similar petition to support the efforts of Senator Gore. The friends of the emancipation of the common people of Mexico will persist in their efforts, will insist that those who outraged the rights of the expatriated be brought to justice and do not escape the law and publicity for their ignoble actions.

The persecutions were suspended as if by magic. The members of the Junta languishing in American prisons got their freedom, and only three revolutionists are as yet behind the bars, Antonio de P. Arango, Jose M. Rangel and Jesus Garza who had been sentenced long before congress had initiated the investigation to come. We expect that these unselfish fighters will soon be free, and that with their release there will sink for ever in the dawn of human aberrations that dark epoch which permitted a Diaz to imprison his political enemies upon American soil.

But though the persecutions have apparently ceased no efforts will be spared to see to it that the United States congress in the next term of sessions renew its good work, and bring to light all the acts of corruption and all the misdeeds committed by Diaz in order to suffocate a movement that threatens to dethrone him.

We have not forgotten the cowardly kidnappings, the ignominious extraditions of which were made victims our comrades Lazaro Puentes, Bruno Trevino, Abraham Salcido, Gabriel Rubio, Carlos Humbert and Leonardo Villarreal. These good liberals were shamefully deported from Arizona and handed over to the tools of Diaz.

They were submitted to a farce of a trial for merely political offenses and sentenced to eight and nine years of imprisonment. They are now behind the sombre walls of San Juan Urua, and documents and proofs are being gathered and gone over by competent friends of our cause to demand of congress an investigation of that incident and to bring to justice those authorities of this country that will be proven as being implicated in the infamy of sending our unfortunate comrades across the border.

The campaign of publicity and of unmasking Diaz will never cease, will hold in check the stratagems of despotism and petty of the despotism, and will bring it about that this republic becomes in fact a safe refuge for the fighters for Mexican freedom as well as for the fighters in the service of liberty coming from any other country to escape attempts upon their lives and limbs and to persevere in the defense of principles that can not be propagated where the citizens are denied the right to think. The revolution of Europe of 1848, and after-

wards brought to these shores illustrious guests of the nation, a Kosciuszko, a Garibaldi, and gave to the country great citizens like a Karl Schurz, a General Siegel. Publicity and perseverance in the exposure of the real characters of Porfirio Diaz will bring about a time when this people will welcome as desirable acquisitions the best of other lands chased to these shores by the worst in power.

ANTONIO I. VILLARREAL.

## FIFTEEN REGENERACION TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE

In the appeal to our subscribers we give an average estimate of the cost of living of our publication. Read it well and then try to enlist your friends, your relatives, your comrades in the service which will give ultimate freedom to the oppressed and suffering millions of toilers of Mexico. Every American subscriber added to our lists means one, at least, more to read, and to think over, the truth about our unfortunate country, the horrible actual facts at the bottom of the so cleverly faked phantasmagoria of national splendor. And every reading, thinking American is a solid rock of awakening social conscience and responsibility added to the wall of public opinion that is hemming in ever more the tide of the reaction under which we have had to suffer in past years.

For this reason we ask you to do whatever you can to help us along. We suggest as one way to procure us wider publicity that you should clip from our English column such items as strike you and send them to liberal and fair-minded men and women of your community and to the local press with the request to reprint, giving credit to Regeneracion.

The Socialist press, and the papers of labor organized for the economic struggle, who all have stood so well to us in our period of distress, we invite to make with us clubbing arrangements and to publish such fact in their columns to bring our paper before the American people, and they are at liberty to help themselves; giving us credit, to any news item or article contained in our columns.

If, after having given us freedom, and a start in the newspaper life, you want to see us pull through, kindly do one or all of the following things:

1. Subscribe if not yet a subscriber.
2. Get others to do likewise.
3. Give us the widest publicity possible, by adroitly applied clippings.
4. Reprint, giving credit.
5. Get and publish club rates with your paper.

Whatever you may do, it will be highly appreciated, and will help to scatter the seed of liberty for the enslaved, starved millions of Mexico. Do it at once.

## Notes and Comments

Chiapas. Governor Rabasa of this state has ordered the investigation of the assassination of Dr. D. Beltran Lagos of Veracruz. And the pressure of public opinion created by the valiant little paper "El Paladin" of Mexico City has been so great that even the arrest of the murderous Jefe Politico De la Torre, a protégé of the said Governor, could not be avoided. If the guilty party really will be brought to justice remains yet to be seen, as past experiences have filled us with well founded doubts. A Pizano still lives in Colima waiting for revision of his trial under gubernatorial protection, as is charged. Why should any other governor fail to stand by a "friend" of the same stripe.

Tlaxcala.—The people have been slaughtered again in Mexico, like it was in Monterey, Nuevo Leon on that fateful April 2 of the year 1903, when the citizens peacefully paraded in favor of a candidate of their own. Zacateco in the state of Tlaxcala is the scene of the latest and most despicable outrage committed upon peaceful citizens. The people wanted to celebrate Independence Day by a parade. The mayor refused permission. The jefe politico Rafael Cuellar rigidly questioned the spokesman of the people, Mr. Juan E. Morales, and insultingly intimated that the spokesman of the people was neither patriot nor anything else, whereupon he divested them to the state government for a permit. The committee obtained an audience with Governor Prospero Cahuantzi, who received them kindly in form promising the giving of a permit. Independence day came, and the citizens of all surrounding cities streamed into Zacateco with wives and children in festive attire to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the

Federal District, Mexico.—Under date of September 18 "El Constitucional" reports that as a sequel of the disbanding demonstration of September 11 of which we reported last week, Mr. D. Ramon Martinez has been arrested and is being kept in rigid incommunicado in a foul cell of Belem prison, for the only crime of having interceded on behalf of two of his workmen who had been arrested without cause on that fatal day. Will he and his workmen get justice?

EL CRONISTA.

## Miss Eloisa L. Moreno

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