

Regeneracion.

Published every Saturday at 519 1/2
E. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Telephone: Home A 1860.
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.

"Entered as second-class matter
September 12, 1910, at the post of-
fice at Los Angeles, California, under
the Act of March 3, 1879."
No. 230.

Saturday, January 14, 1911.

Fifty cents will now buy this pa-
per on trial for four months.

Be sure to read the story of the
heroism of Guerrero and his little
band of patriots. It will be found
in another column of this issue.

Money paid to this paper for sub-
scriptions goes directly into the move-
ment for the abolition of chattel slav-
ery and political absolutism in Mex-
ico. Do you catch the hint?

Are you noticing how many pub-
lications which formerly were num-
bered among the most extravagant
defenders of Diaz are now daring to
tell the people exactly what he is?
It is the surest sign that the end of
the dictatorship is at hand.

The Diaz press is circulating a story
that United States capital is behind
the Mexican revolution. That is the
old game of charging your opponents
with the crime that you are commit-
ting yourself, so well known in Amer-
ican politics. Diaz has played that
game before.

Dr. Fortunato Hernandez, deputy
in the Mexican "congress" and "well
known in literary, medical, scientific
and social circles of many countries,"
in an interview published in this
country, declares that the revolution-
ists have diseased minds. Yes, dis-
eased with a desire for liberty.

We are sending a few sample copies
of this issue to persons who are not
subscribers but who, at one time or
another, have evinced an interest in
the cause of Mexico. Therefore, if
you are receiving a copy this week
and are not a subscriber, you will
know why. Consider it an invitation
to subscribe.

American officers watched the
steamer Hornet very closely as long
as it was thought that she was going
to clear for a Mexican port with arms
for the revolutionists. But as soon
as it was learned that she intended
to clear only for a Central American
port with arms for revolutionists she
was permitted to go peacefully on her
way.

Local Los Angeles County, Social-
ist Party, has endorsed the Mexican
revolution. It is in the power of
these good friends to help in a very
material way—to donate guns, for
example. This can be done without
any violation of law as long as the
gun is given with the understanding
that it is to be used only in fighting
upon Mexican soil, and not in an ex-
pedition carried on from American
soil against Mexico.

According to Louis Kopelin, the
Washington correspondent to The
Appeal to Reason, the infamous Oscar
Lawler, who prosecuted Mexican
political refugees in Los Angeles and
later wrote the notorious back-dated
Taft opinion on the sinlessness of
Ballinger, has sneaked away from
Washington incognito and is now in
Mexico conferring with Diaz as to
the smoothest means whereby the
Taft administration may aid in
crushing the revolution in Mexico
without causing a revolution in the
United States. Watch for the out-
come of this Wall Street lickspittle's
trip.

As a special inducement to Amer-
ican subscribers we have been offer-
ing the celebrated book, "Barbarous
Mexico," the retail price of which is
\$1.50, free with a year's subscription
to Regeneracion, which is \$2; or,
with a six months' subscription for
\$1.50. While these offers still hold
good we are making an additional
offer to send the paper four months
on trial for fifty cents. Don't you
know someone whom you could bene-
fit fifty cents worth by sending him
or her Regeneracion for four months?
We need the money; your friends
need the education; you need the sat-
isfaction of having helped. Don't
delay.

HEROIC END
OF GUERRERO

BRAVE COMRADE, MEMBER OF
LIBERAL JUNTA, MEETS DEATH
IN ALL NIGHT BATTLE IN
WHICH FORTY PATRIOTS PUT
TO ROUT TWO HUNDRED GOV-
ERNMENT TROOPS.

On the second of January, in the
town of Janos, Chihuahua, there took
place a battle, the story of which
will thrill all hearts not yet so dully
to be stirred by deeds of heroism. In
that battle forty revolutionists
fought in the pitchy blackness of the
night against more than two hundred
federals—fought and won.

Think of it, forty unsensoned men
against two hundred regulars! What
a spirit there must have been in
those rebel hearts! What fearlessness,
what flaming love of the cause
of Liberty!

The revolutionists were led in the
attack on Janos by our beloved com-
rade and brother, Praxedis G. Guer-
rero. Those who read the story of
Janos and who know Praxedis can
well understand the marvelous valor
shown there. For never was there
a heart more courageous, nor one
that burned with fiercer revolt
against the wrongs of the oppressed
than that of Praxedis Guerrero.

Never was there a man more devo-
ted to Liberty, more willing to sacri-
fice himself for it than he. All his
life his thoughts have been bent
toward lifting the burden of the poor.
His high intelligence has worked un-
ceasingly toward that end; his beau-
tiful ideals, his dream, have been of
a people's freedom. If his own life
should be the cost, so let it be; for
that he never faltered.

Conflicting Reports as to Death
His record since he crossed the
line to Mexico a few weeks ago has
been of an intrepidity unparalleled
in this revolution. Then came the
taking of Janos, in which he was re-
ported as one of the victims. Later
we received a telegram saying that
he was well, but now again a private
telegram comes to us which fills us
with misgiving. But if he is living or
if he is dead the work he has done
will continue to grow. If his blood
has been shed for sweet Liberty, it has
not been shed in vain. If the man is
gone, his spirit lives with us still, to
inspire others to revolt against op-
pression, to make a hundred revolu-
tionists where there was only one be-
fore.

Dearly loved comrade, the work
you were doing will not be neglected
by those who follow you. The goal
that you aimed for will not be for-
gotten.

The town of Janos was gained by
the revolutionists after a struggle
almost inconceivable to us who com-
placently read the newspapers each
morning.
What Do We Know of Heroes?
Heroes? What do we know of
heroes? What notion have we of
real bravery? We search our minds
and we find a few foggy ideas about
the "hero of San Juan Hill," or
Dewey at Manila Bay, or some other
petty actor in a petty cause. But
those who possess the courage to risk
all for no other reward than the joy
of fighting for Liberty, with the odds
all against them, often with the al-
most certain expectation of death—
such are the heroes of the Mexican
revolution.

Do you know that in almost every
case the revolutionists have fought
against bands many times their num-
ber? No, this bravery of the revolu-
tionists is neither an accident nor
a phenomenon. It is the spirit be-
hind the weapon which gives each
man his added strength, the immor-
tal spirit of Liberty.

Read what "El Paso del Norte"
has to say about the capture of
Janos:

Story of the Battle

The attack made on this town in
the district of Galeana was formid-
able, and remarkable for the fear-
lessness and daring on the part of
the insurgents, until finally they took
it, capturing the supreme authority,
and all else even down to those who
were held as prisoners.

After the defeat suffered by the de-
tachment which belonged to the gar-
rison, in Janos, they telegraphed to
Casas Grandes seeking aid, which
was sent immediately. One hundred
and fifty soldiers and a detachment
of rurales reached Janos protected
by the shades of night and immedi-
ately they joined the combat in
which neither side was as yet vic-
torious. Forty insurgents, novices
for the most part, but with hearts
overflowing with courage, fought
like lions in the streets and environs
of Janos: one insurgent matched his
strength against four or five federals,
and during the eight hours which the
bloody combat lasted, they harassed
the federals with unparalleled brave-
ry and out mastered them complete-
ly.

Fought Hand to Hand in the Night

Those near by were frightened, and
each lightning flash of a gun made
them dash from their hiding places;
the powder flashes succeeded with-
out interruption, penetrating with a
quick glare of light through the
chinks of the doors and windows.
Not a cry nor a lament nor any other
sound could be distinguished above
the noise of the firearms, and as the
darkness was complete there reigned
a frightful confusion which made
the situation in the midst of the
clamor of battle even more appalling.

One of the rurales was hiding in
a doorway when there passed by a
patrol of federals pursuing five insur-
gents, and as they saw a shadow, the
silhouette of a man, they shot at
him at the very moment at which the
rurales cried out, "It is I. Don't
shoot!" But it was too late; he had
hardly uttered the last word when
he fell bathed in his own blood.

End Comes Only in the Morning
It was about four in the morning
when the fusillade ceased, and an oc-
casional shot heard in the distance in-
dicated the retreat of the few fed-
erals who had escaped with their
lives.

There were moments, reported an
eye witness, when insurgents were
confronted with federals, and en-
veloped in the shadows of night they
fought like Titans, hand to hand until
death or victory.

In one of the streets an insurgent
fell with a broken leg, and surround-
ed by eight soldiers he tenaciously
defended himself, first shooting his
carbine from the ground, where he
lay in a half reclining posture, and
afterwards fighting with a machete
when they approached nearer, killing
two and wounding three with the
knife.

The Death of Patriot

"Come on, cowards," he cried. "I
am wounded. Don't you see that I
cannot rise?" And when they hint-
ed at surrender he cried out with all
his remaining strength: "Never
that! Viva la revolucion!"

Finally a volley of the enemy
which surrounded him destroyed the
life which he gladly sacrificed for
his country.

When the sun rose, a sinister and
heart-breaking picture was present-
ed to the spectators, mute witnesses
of a tragedy worthy to be engraved
in marble or painted on canvas.

The streets were covered with
corpses; the trickling of blood on all
sides indicated where some had crept
in their flight; the walls were spar-
tered with red stains and were full of
holes where bullets had penetrated;
it was a field, in short, covered with
the black crepe of devastation, grief
and death.

FIGHTING IN
MANY STATES

LATEST REPORTS ARE THAT RA-
FAEL TAPIA HEADS 1,000 REV-
OLUTIONISTS IN VERACRUZ—
MAYAS FREEING SLAVES IN
YUCATAN—SITUATION IN CHI-
HUAHUA UNCHANGED.

THE LATEST BATTLE

Eighteen insurgents put one hun-
dred and seventy-five federals to
flight just across the Rio Grande, op-
posite Comstock, Texas, on January
11, according to an Associated Press
dispatch of Jan. 12. In the battle
eighteen federals and only two rebels
were killed.

Seventy rurales had been in pur-
suit of this band for two days. The
original party numbered forty men,
but twenty of them separated from
the rest and started for a ranch to
get horses to replace their jaded ani-
mals. They were surprised by the
rurales, to whose support there was
quickly sent a hundred infantrymen.
Two of the rebels were set to work
packing ammunition and rifles on
mules, while the rest opened fire on
the soldiers and rurales and soon
completely routed them.

The Maya Indians of Yucatan have
been in arms since the first of Decem-
ber. This same courageous tribe has
also risen in the adjoining territory
of Quintana Roo, where within a mile
and a half of the best fortified plaza
of the peninsula, that of Santa Cruz
de Bravo, the Mayas dug trenches
and threw up breastworks. Between
the towns of Tabi and Nohpop they
cut the telegraph wires, which they
are using as ramrods for their guns.

In the state of Veracruz there has
been considerable activity on the part
of the revolutionists. For weeks
small bands of insurgents have haras-
sed the powers of the government
throughout the countryside. On
January 2, at a hacienda near Cordoba
they had a skirmish with rurales.
The president of an anti-electionist
club of Orizaba, Rafael Tapia, at the
head of a hundred well-armed men,
took possession of the hacienda of
Omealca, where all mounted horses
and rode toward San Lorenzo and
San Juan de la Junta. In those

places they took whatever arms they
could find, also all available funds
from the government offices. They
now control a region from which it is
practically impossible for the federals
to dislodge them, as the roads thither
are so rough and the rivers difficult
to cross. The latest news numbers
Tapia's forces at one thousand men.

In Jalisco, on December 27, forty
men of the hacienda of Totallimapa,
well armed and mounted on the best
horses of the hacienda, rode to Tux-
pam and joined a band of three hun-
dred rebels who had been administer-
ing defeats to the federal forces.

In Juchitan, Oaxaca, the rebels
have seized great quantities of ex-
plosives which were kept in the
warehouses of the Pan-American rail-
road.

In Durango, Zacatecas, San Luis
Potosi, Tepic and Tabasco there is
continual fighting on the part of the
revolutionists.

The state of Sonora gives promise
of ferment similar to that in Chi-
huahua.

The rebels are stirring things up
in Alamos, Cananea and many other
parts of this state.

Seven Thousand Troops in Chihuahua

According to a statement made by
Abraham Gonzalez, provisional gov-
ernor of the state of Chihuahua, under
the Insurrecto government, to a rep-
resentative of the El Paso Herald,
there are 7000 Mexican troops in
Chihuahua, or one-fifth of the Mex-
ican army. The rebels hope to draw
one-third of the army there so as to
give their comrades in other states
a chance to get things well started.
Gonzalez claims that of the 7000
sent to Chihuahua, 2500 have been
put out of commission, and that 600
are fighting on the side of the rev-
olutionists.

Near Parral a band of insurgents
put a group of rurales to flight,
wounding one.

A detachment of two hundred fed-
erals was defeated by revolutionists
near Colonia Juarez.

General Navarro's forces are fac-
ing their greatest danger, as the
rebels are concentrating to attack
him. Seven hundred are concen-
trating between Jimenez and Santa
Rosalia, and four hundred near Casas
randes.

MEXICAN HIGH
FINANCE

Last week the local Mexican popu-
lation crowded to their capacity two
moving picture theaters near the
Plaza, offering to the spectators two
sets of the grand parade of the Diaz
"Independence" celebration as gorge-
ously arranged in Mexico City, pre-
ceded by showy pictures of so called
army maneuvers, displaying lots of
smoke, but mighty little strategic
genius.

The pictures parading the historic
past of Mexico in a wonderful array
of floats and groups were highly in-
structive, and of a truly barbarous
splendor. This centennial show rep-
resented the ghoulish riches of the
signs of millions of contract slaves
and "free" toilers spun into costly
garments; the tears of Yaqui mothers
torn from their little ones and rot-
ting in the hells of Yucatan and
Quintana Roo, tears turned into sparkling
diamonds; the sweat and the life
blood of an oppressed race, outlawed
in their own land by an unholy al-
liance of foreign corporation greed
with domestic autocracy, every drop
of it transformed into crimson rubies
and glittering gold.

The army maneuvers, obviously re-
produced right along with it for the
purpose of overawing an unsuspecting
people after stupefaction with pic-
tures of splendor paid for by the peo-
ple but enjoyed by the idlers, rather
failed in their purpose. They reminded
one of certain dashing "Invincible"
charges of masses of soldiers led
against supposed artillery and ma-
chine guns by talkative and vain
glorious Billy of Germany, that made
the "War Lord" eternally ridiculous
in the eyes of a knowing people and
that would have caused instant dis-
missal, had a minor general dared to
commit the stage blunder.

Poor autocrat! Poor tottering ty-
rant! Now that Ives Limantour's
financial mission to France has ap-
parently utterly failed, and the
smooth wizard of the Diaz finance has
resigned from office to spend his days
in gay Paree, far from the seat of
all troubles, a gentleman of leisure,
the "Grand Old Man" of Mexico is get-
ting ever more broke and has to
stoop down to moving pictures of the
past splendors to replenish his larder
and to prop up his crumbling pedestal
of a cunningly devised, yet vanishing,
stage glory.

We hope to see the day when he will
be out with the band organ and the
monkey, and, verily, when the grind
of his woe reaches our ears, we shall
not be stingy with our nickels, for the
sake of the monkey.

El Cronista.

Praxedis G. Guerrero Dead

(Translated by "El Cronista")

Latest information coming from
the representatives of the Liberal
Party Junta, residing in the city of
El Paso, Texas, confirms the circu-
lated rumors with regard to the fate
suffered by the second secretary of
the organizing board of the Liberal
Party, Praxedis G. Guerrero, in the
mountains of Chihuahua.

Guerrero is dead, says the delegate
of the Junta. On the glorious day
of Janos Praxedis G. Guerrero, the
young fighter for liberty, gave up his
life.

Praxedis has died and yet I can
not reconcile my mind to that sad
fact. I have gathered data, I have
made investigations. I have analyz-
ed the data, I have subjected the re-
sults of the investigations to the cru-
elty of the most severe criticism, and
yet all indications point inexorably
to the fact that Praxedis is no more,
that he is gone. But in the face of
all the deductions of reason my sen-
timental revolts in the hope of despair,
calling out to the wounded heart as a
softening balm the faith: "No, Prax-
edis is not dead, the dear brother is
still among the living."

Wherever I go I seem to see him
at all times as of old, with his eyes of
full and rich sunshine, expecting to
meet him working away on the type-
writer in the office, or at his favor-
ite places, and every time I am re-
minded of his eternal absence, an icy
hand seems to grasp my throat. So
good he was of heart, our brother, of
such modest, truly, noble spirit!

I think of our conversations, of our
communion, words of manifestations
of a high spirit. I recall his intimate
confessions. "I do not think that I
shall survive this revolution," our
hero told me repeatedly with a little
smile that filled my heart with anx-
iety. I, too, believed that soon he
would be gone: he was so bold and
brave!

Praxedis was an unceasing worker.
Never did I hear his lips utter a com-
plaint of fatigue under his heavy
tasks. Always he was at his table,
bent over his work, writing, writing,
those brilliant articles that hold a
place of honor in the revolutionary
literature of Mexico; articles perme-
ated with sincerity, articles of beau-
ty in form and thoroughness in
thought. Often, times he told me:
"How poor is the human language.
There are no terms that could con-
vey exactly what we think. How
much does a thought lose of ex-
uberant grace and of beauty when it
is set down on paper!" And, verily,
that man of extraordinary abilities
knew how to form true pieces of art
out of the coarse material of the
human languages.

Self denying and modest of nature
he never asked anything for him-
self. At various times we insisted
that he should buy a suit of clothes.
But he never permitted it to be done.
"All for the cause!" he said with a
smile. One day, when he seemed to
be getting rather thin, I advised him
that he should eat better, as all he
took was a few vegetables. And he
replied: "I could not stand it to
feast on better dishes with the
thought that right at this moment
there are millions of human beings
who have not even a piece of bread."

And all this he did with the child-
like sincerity of the true apostle,
with the grand simplicity of a saint.
Neither fiction nor affection were in
his inner make-up. His clear, high
forehead was the reflex of all his
thought. Praxedis came from one of
the rich families of the state of Guan-
ajuato. With his brothers he inher-
ited an estate. From the products of
this hacienda he could have comfort-
ably lived in idleness. But first of
all he wanted to work for freedom.
By what right could he rob the peons
of the product of their toil? With
what justification could he retain
the land which the toilers had
drenched with the sweat of their
brow? Praxedis gave up his share
of the inheritance and joined his
brothers of toil to earn his bread by
his own hands, free from the remorse
of gaining his livelihood by exploi-
tation of his fellow beings.

Praxedis was almost a child when
he hired out to do manual labor after
having given up the luxury, the riches,
the almost animal pleasures of the
bourgeoisie. He did not come to the
ranks of the proletariat, defeated in
the struggle for life, but as a volun-
teer enlisting with the proletariat to
place all his strength of brawn and
brain in the service of all the op-
pressed. He was not a derelict of
life taking up pick and shovel as a
last resort, on the contrary, he was
the apostle of a great idea out of his
own free will giving up all joys of liv-
ing to teach by the example of his
own life the truth, justice and power
of the sublime thought agitating his
mind.

And this splendid specimen of the
best manhood the "Imparcial" design-
ates as a bandit. In glaring head-
lines that notorious sheet of infamy,
reporting on the happenings at Janos,
tells it readers that there died "the
terrible bandit, Guerrero." Bandit?
How then can you define a good man?
Ah, rest in peace dear brother, thou
shalt not remain unavenged. I hear
the voice of destiny calling me not
to forget!

Speaking of Praxedis G. Guerrero it
is impossible to leave unmentioned
the name of his alter ego, of that other
hero who fell under the bullets of
that glorious fight of Palomas in
the spring of 1908. Do you remem-
ber him? His name was Francisco
Manrique, another young man of
Guanajuato, who also renounced his
right of inheritance in order that he
should not be compelled to exploit
his fellow beings. Praxedis and
Francisco, a beautiful pair of dream-
ers of a better humanity, were in-
separable comrades, whom only
death could tear apart, and that not
for long.

In the brilliant article written by
Praxedis on the fight of Palomas he
speaks of Francisco Manrique as fol-
lows:

"I knew Paicho from earliest child-
hood. We sat upon the same bench
in school. Then, in the years 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."

Praxedis was the soul of the move-
ment for freedom. Unhesitatingly it
can be said that Praxedis was one of
the purest, worthiest, most intelligent
self-denying and bravest men that
ever espoused the cause of the disin-
herited, and the vacancy caused by
his departure can never be filled.
Where can a man be found so free
from personal ambitions of any kind,
all brain and heart, brave and active
as he was?

The proletariat has hardly yet real-
ized the enormous loss suffered in
that man. Without exaggeration it
may be said that it is not Mexico that
has lost one of her best sons, but that
it was all humanity, for Praxedis was
a fighter for the freedom of all.

And yet I can not grasp the loss
and give credence to the terrible re-
ality. At any moment a hope hidden
deep within my heart tells me that a
comforting telegram is to come saying
that Praxedis is still among the liv-
ing. The brutal truth can not destroy
in the deepest recesses of my heart
a last remnant of hope like a flicker-
ing light ready to succumb. And my
tortured mind still hopes to meet him
in his favorite haunts, in the office
where we used to dream with him
the dream of the dawn of social eman-
cipation, and my restless eye seeks
the martyr bent over his table of toil,
writing, writing, writing.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

None Braver
Or Better.

By John Kenneth Turner

The price of despotism in a given
country is the blood of her best and
bravest sons. Of the thousands of
good and brave men whom Porfirio
Diaz has killed in order to perpetuate
his personal rule over Mexico, I can-
not believe that any was better or
braver than Praxedis Guerrero. Of
the millions of men and women who
have died in the world's age-long
struggle against Special Privilege and
in favor of Democracy I cannot be-
lieve that any was better or braver
than Praxedis Guerrero.

Guerrero, son of a well-to-do ha-
ciendado, born to a life of ease and
mastery over others, renounced his
inheritance because he was too great
a soul to exploit his fellow men.
When a youth he preached the gos-
pel of revolt to the peons upon the
hacienda that was to be his. When
he attained his majority he became
a tramp and a peon himself in order
to rebel as one of the expropriated
against the institutions of Vested
Crime.

Few Americans knew Guerrero. I
am proud to own that he counted me
a friend. When I first met him in
the office of Regeneracion last August,
I fancied he was a little mistrustful
of me. He had lived bitter months
in Texas, where ignorant white sav-
ages class all races with a hint of
olive upon their skins along with the
"niggers." But it was not many
weeks before we were well acquaint-
ed.

A man of refinement and taste,
Guerrero refused to buy himself a
new suit of clothes, saying that the
Cause needed the money more than
he. I, remember, the first time I in-
vited him to supper at my home. He
glanced down a little shyly, a little
sadly, at his clothes, then, scornful
a bourgeois apology, he shrugged his
shoulders and said: "All right."

After that he visited me often, and
I heard from him, among other
things, the pitiful story of the expedi-
tion against Palomas in 1908, when,
after the revolution set for July had
been betrayed and everything all but
lost, with a party of but a dozen men,
he had set out to touch a fresh
match to Mexico, hoping that at the
first spark of revolution the soldiers
would desert to the cause of the peo-
ple, and that the people would flock
to them—as brave as they them-
selves.

Guerrero became attached to my
baby. I remember the first time he
held her in his arms. She took to
him at once and soon a soft, shy
light came into his dark eyes. "She
is perfectly happy," remarked my
wife. "She is not more happy than
I am," replied Guerrero.

I know that Guerrero did not love
fighting for its own sake, that the
thought of shedding blood sickened
him, and it was only because the
thought of his enslaved people sick-
ened him more that he was anxious
to fight. I remember how impatient
he was for the hour to strike. When
the battle occurred in the streets of
Puebla on October 18, I think it was,
he was like a restive lion.

Deliberately Guerrero chose the
most dangerous work that could be
undertaken. For months previously
he was making his plans; he would
not let me print his picture because he
was intending to go into Mexico,
though a marked man, and person-
ally reorganize the shattered rem-
nants of the Liberal Party. Finally,
in November, he went to El Paso
alone. There he remained for some
time getting together a body of men
with which to form a nucleus in
Northern Chihuahua.

I have no doubt that he had made
up his mind, if he could get as many
as twenty-five men in El Paso, well
and good, he would go with them;
that if he could not get twenty-five
but only fifteen, well and good, he
would go with them; that if he could
only get five men he would go with
them; that if he could not get a sin-
gle man to accompany him, then, he
would cross the Rio Grande alone to
call the people to arms against the
despotism.

He always spoke as if he expected
to be killed. He seemed to have
made up his mind to take big chances
—and he took big chances. He must
have been the soul and the inspira-
tion of those forty men—the forty
who fought in the night against two
hundred and beat them, but lost their
leader.

He died fighting. It were better
to die fighting than to rot in prison—
or to rot out of prison. My words
seem inadequate to express my feel-
ings. I can only say again, that I am
proud that Praxedis Guerrero counted
me a friend.

WHAT DID KILL THEM?

The "Imparcial" of January 8rd,
tells us in glaring headlines, all across
the six columns of the first page:

"Los revoltosos no disponen ni de
hombres ni de armas para presentar
un combate serio"; which means in
plain English: "The rebels have at
their disposal neither men nor arms
to offer a serious battle." Is that
so? Should it be really a fact that
the "valiant" soldiers of the "brill-
iant" officers Guzman, Luque, Na-
varro died either tickled to death by
a joke or were killed by stage-fright?
What would happen then to the "loyal
army" of the despot, should there
actually materialize a few real men,
armed with real poptguns?

THE
Peoples Paper

[Established in 1889]

THE ONLY SOCIALIST
NEWSPAPER IN SOUTH-
ERN CALIFORNIA.

\$1.00 A Year