

Regeneration.

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Away with Shams

Mexico is fighting to abolish slavery, as the United States fought fifty years ago. But within the last fifty years the world has learned that economic dependence on those who monopolize the means of production and distribution gives birth to slavery far more brutal and agonizing than any that prevailed on our own Southern plantations. Therefore, by a logical necessity, in revolting against slavery Mexico finds herself compelled to include what is generally, but erroneously, known as the wage system—compelled to revolt against the absentee landlord and foreign money leech. We say "erroneously" because to many thousands of Americans the so-called wage system does not offer even wages. Accordingly they are flocking across the border to aid Mexico in her struggle, which is the struggle of the world.

If you think Mexico will not fight this matter out you know nothing of the Spanish breed. Of all men the Spaniard follows most ruthlessly the logic of his convictions, pursuing it with a tenacity neither death nor torture shakes. This national thoroughness made the Spanish Inquisition a memory over which we shudder even today, but it also made the Spaniards the most fearlessly self-sacrificing of Christian martyrs. Today a life worth living on this planet is the idea that has fired the Spanish blood, and the determination to realize it is fully as remorseless.

Americans have not understood the meaning of the upheavals that led to and followed Ferrer's execution; they have not reflected that the troops they conquered twelve years ago were composed of men themselves in rebellion against a hateful task. In the fight for their own homes and liberties it will be different. Even now those unable as yet to procure arms are flinging themselves, regardless of consequences, against the Diaz mercenaries.

Issues that must affect the whole world profoundly are raised in this struggle, and, with few exceptions, the American dailies and magazines are either silent or wilfully misleading. Of the dailies little else was expected, for this is the fight of the Man vs. the dollar, and the dailies are merely the mouthpiece of their owner, the money power. But of the magazines better things were hoped. For years they have been "muck-raking," uncovering with feverish hand the cesspools of high finance. For years they have been educating the American and Mexican public into the conviction that money will stick at nothing; that there is no law, human or divine, that it will not trample under foot in pursuit of the almighty dollar. This lesson the Mexican public has been taking specially to heart, reading it by the light of the hemp, the rubber and the tobacco plantations, in Yucatan, Tehuantepec and the Valle Nacional. At length these chickens have come home to roost: out of the eggs the magazines themselves so industriously laid has come a brood that scares them. Before the inevitable outcome of their own propaganda they stand aghast.

Reading the American papers and magazines you would suppose that the doings of Madero, Blanco, and Salinas constitute the revolution. Scarce a line finds its way into print to warn the public that from boundary to boundary, with not a single state or territory excepted, the entire nation is spontaneously in arms; that every plantation is a battle field; that every slave is in personal revolt against his master; that, to quote Louis XVI's ministers, "it is not an outbreak but a revolution." Do you think such suppression accidental?

To read the American papers and magazines one would conceive that the trouble was political; that with a better president, or a cabinet less corrupt, the nation would fall once more into the sleep of confident content. Whereas, in reality, the revolution is against the rule of the absentee landlord and the foreign money leech, of whom Diaz and his lackeys have been but pliant tools. It is the economic revolution of a simple people, seeking simple ends by the simplest of all means.

First, and above all, comes the land question—a question that the Mexican peasant, like his French and Russian brothers, understands far more clearly than does our city proletariat; for it stares him daily in the face. To the land and its cultivation he and his forefathers have been bred; without the land existence is impossible. When the tax-gatherer, the absentee landlord and the foreign creditor levy in kind on what the peasant's labor has produced the wrong is patent; by no such hocus-fucus as that of our own protective tariff can the theft be hid; there is famine where the pot should have been full, and the peon knows why he goes hungry.

Always the simplest people have fought most desperately for the land—the Irish, the Russian and the French peasantry, to confine oneself to familiar illustrations. Naturally, for the peasant robbed of his land is like the miner whose claim has been pestered out; he must move on, somewhere, somewhere, the good God alone knows whither. Expatriation or the hell of plantation slavery has been the only choice for millions of Mexicans within the last ten years.

Can such a quarrel be settled by giving Madero, or any other reformer, office? Can aspirations rooted in the primal instincts of millions be stifled by the instalment of a new set of officials, or by promise of election regulations which the unlettered peasant cannot understand and therefore, with shrewd common-sense, regards as worthless? Only a fool would dream so senselessly, yet this delusion the American press is struggling to foist upon the public. Even so usually well-informed a periodical as "Current Literature" twaddles about Diaz and anti-Diaz factions, and lays stress on the opinions current in Paris, "where the press," it says, "has had the advantage of intimate contact with men high in the councils of the maker of modern Mexico." But what, one naturally asks, did Carlyle's "delicately scented courtier lounging in the 'Oeil de Boeuf,'" know about the French peasant's wants and intentions prior to the Revolution? Just about as much as Diaz' courtiers, or the high financiers lounging in their delicately upholstered clubs, know today. Where the heart is not interested the windows of the mind are closed.

On the other hand there are millions of men and women in the United States and Europe who understand the Mexican peon's thought, for they have been advocating for years with their tongues the fundamental principles he is sealing with his blood. How many earnest souls within the last thirty years have preached the doctrine of Jefferson, of Tolstoy and of Henry George—that the land was for the use of all men, and that he who monopolized it thereby made himself a murderer? Will these men and women stultify themselves, and give their very souls the lie, by remaining silent when their theories are crystallizing into facts? We think not.

What of the millions who, as Trade Unionists, everlastingly declare that labor produces everything and alone is noble and holy? Will all these millions stultify themselves? Will they offer themselves as food for powder to the money power when they understand that the issue is between labor and those who prey on labor? We think not, and we have much confidence in labor's liability to recognize its own interest when that interest hits it squarely between the eyes.

Finally, what of that great army of zealots who, as Socialists and Anarchists, have thundered against capitalism for generations, declaring that its doom has rung, that it has dug its grave, that it has been tried in the balance and found wanting? Will all these fall us in this crisis? We trow not. We know that they have but to understand the case to take their only righteous, their only logical, their only possible stand.

Stanley Dies in Glorious Victory
Rebels Lose One,
Federals Sixty-Eight

And the papers called that a defeat—that exultant charge of Stanley and his eighty men from Mexicali south upon four hundred federals! Look at the figures above—figures now verified from several sources. Look at them, read the story and judge for yourselves.

On Saturday morning, April 8, with several wagon-loads of provisions, Stanley's band, consisting of twenty men on horseback and sixty-five on foot, sallied forth from Mexicali in the direction of the federals, who, under Colonel Mayol, had made their way through the mountain passes and were now encamped on Lee Little's ranch.

About a mile east of the ranch advance scouts of the rebel column ran into about one hundred federals and were heavily fired on, according to the report made to the Junta by General Pryce, who was elected to take the place of Stanley after the latter's death. The scouts fell back to the main force, and then General Stanley and the twenty mounted men, among them Colonel Adrian Lopez, second in command, charged down the road straight into the fire of the federals. In the heavy fusillade that met them several horses were shot, so that the cavalry was forced to fall back for the time.

The infantry then spread in a skirmishing line in the barley fields on either side of the road. The left flank advanced gradually by little rushes and eventually forced back the right flank of the enemy, occupying their position. Federal fire was turned on the right flank in the barley field, and it was here that Stanley received his mortal wound, the bullet ploughing through the base of the brain. Frightfully wounded as he was, he wanted to remain and fight, but Lopez tenderly carried him in his arms and placed him in a protected position in a wagon.

Lopez returned to occupy his former position in the field. Of the end of the engagement Adrian Lopez, in his report, says:

"At 4 p. m. the enemy sounded a charge, but without effect, for he was repulsed and forced to flee in complete disorder."

"Inasmuch as the flying enemy was scattered over a wide area, General Stanley's forces were not able to surround him, and it was decided to hold the position, with a view to protecting the baggage wagons. These were commanded to retreat to Mexicali. The troops under my immediate command were instructed to fight as they fell back, so as to protect the baggage and ammunition wagons and the ambulance on the road to Mexicali. At that moment the federals endeavored to make a final attack, throwing out a line of sharpshooters, but our comrades followed their example, and dashing ahead, compelled the enemy to make a headlong retreat."

Though about twenty thousand cartridges were fired, the only men wounded were Stanley, who was killed, and Timoteo, who received a flesh wound. And this is the fight in which the Times said that the whole rebel force was cut to pieces!

An eye-witness, from a high tower in Calexico, writing in the Examiner, says that the insurgents never flinched once in the face of the federal fire.

As to the number of federals killed, Mayol himself gives twelve dead and fourteen wounded. Cocopah Indians who were forced by the federals to bury the dead, declare up and down that they counted sixty-eight. As to the rebels, each wound received by the two men, Stanley and Timoteo, cost the federals 10,000 rounds of ammunition. The very fact that they dared not follow up the rebels, whom they imagined to number 200 instead of 85, and they have not yet had the courage to attack Mexicali, proves what a very bad shock the federal forces received.

The rebels are daily gaining new recruits. The first day after the battle they received fifty.

E. D. T.

is the countless spontaneous uprisings, in every State and Territory, from North to South and East to West. I need not tell a student of history that this stamps our movement as a genuine economic revolution.

These are the points on which, as it seems to us, the American and European public needs most enlightenment; and it is the peculiar duty of the revolutionary and radical press—small but very influential by reason of its earnestness—to convey that enlightenment. This appears to us essentially the paramount duty of the hour.

There is another point on which I feel myself compelled to write. In certain quarters the Impression apparently prevails that Socialists will naturally side with Madero and Anarchists with the Mexican Liberal Party. Indeed, I myself was called on recently by a Socialist committee and asked to inform it whether personally I was a Socialist or Anarchist; the intimation being that if I was the latter support would be withdrawn. Could anything be more absurd or deplorable? We are not concerned with "isms." We are practical people, engaged in a most sternly practical task—the recovery of their natural inheritance by the disinherited.

In that task, as it seems to us, we should have the united support of ALL who understand that slavery rests on, and is possible only by reason of, the slave's economic dependence on the enslaver.

When I write "support" I mean it. We are not beggars, but we are engaged in a desperate struggle against heavy odds. While we need and welcome all the sympathy we can get, it goes without saying that sympathy alone will not win victory for what we feel is the common cause of the disinherited. I cannot express to you in writing how strongly we of the Mexican Liberal Party feel that we are fighting for the common cause.

We have no personal quarrel with Madero. We have simply stated, with all the emphasis and clearness we could command, what seems to us the palpable truth that we should be wasting blood and treasure if we rested satisfied with the dethronement of one dictator and the installment of another. Is not that an all-important truth, to be driven home to the understanding of the world, at all and every cost, regardless of personal considerations? Should we not have been guilty of a most cowardly neglect of duty had we failed to voice it, fearing the criticism to which it might subject us? It would be hypocritical to deny that you exercise great influence on So-

cialist, revolutionary and radical thought, and I write you this letter because you personally can do much to clear away the gross misapprehensions under which the public is laboring. That you will feel it your duty to do so we have not the slightest doubt.

A reply would be regarded as a valuable favor, for it would assist us greatly in the educational propaganda we are trying so hard and honestly to make.

Yours for the emancipation of the human race,
RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

That Mobilization

Under the genial heading, "Rats desert sinking ship," the "Los Angeles Times" exults as follows: "The food supply of the insurgents is rapidly reaching the point where it will be a minus sign, and the source of supply has been cut off." Now do you understand the part Uncle Sam is playing under Wall Street orders?

The soldiers themselves scoff derisively at the maneuver, faking, as the "Appeal to Reason" shows, on the authority of Alexander Irvine, who recently visited the border. He quotes the spokesman for a group of soldiers as saying: "Nine out of ten men down here, officers and all, know why we are on the edge of Mexico. We know that we are here to protect the interests of those who own mines and railroads."

The anti-military propaganda, so distinct a feature of the European labor movement, has been slack enough in the United States, but the tide is turning. The Waterloo of the Napoleons of finance is not far distant.

Did England Dare?

As Charles Edward Russell asks, most pertinently in "The Coming Nation"—"Did England ever dream of massing troops on the Canadian border when we were abolishing chattel slavery by force of arms?" Yet England had millions invested in this country; but England was just, or sensible, enough to ignore the ravings of her Hearsts, her Otis' and their financial kin. "Those who venture into foreign countries," she said, "hoping to get something for nothing, as they gamble for big stakes must themselves bear the losses when the game goes against them." Think it over.

STANLEY
Soldier of Liberty

Stanley is dead, "little wild-cat Stanley," as one writer called him, the only one of the rebel force who fell mortally wounded. He is dead, but by his glorious charge of April 8 he has blazoned his name on the scroll of immortal heroes.

Stanley was no soldier of fortune. He was no mere adventurer. He fought because he hated all tyranny, because he was a champion of the oppressed. Like Lafayette he went to another country than his own to fight for the cause of liberty, for where the people were in arms against tyranny, there was his heart and his cause.

He was not a stranger to the proletarian cause in this country. In Spokane he was for thirty days in jail on bread and water during the free speech fight.

Stanley, Guerrero, Alanis, Jimenez, Fuertes and many other brave men have died, but from their ashes ever rises the glorious phoenix of liberty, to make hundreds of soldiers where there was but one before.

ETHEL D. TURNER.

Berthold at Alamo

No more contemptible lie ever disgraced the columns of the press than that which has been published more than once in the last few days saying that Berthold has mistreated women and children in Alamo. Of all the men in the world he would be the last to do this thing, for a bigger hearted man never lived than Simon Berthold. Even the very woman, Mrs. Raff, over whose safety the papers have raised this fuss, writes and says that everyone in Alamo has been well treated and cared for since Berthold took the town. Mrs. Nellie Myers, who was in Alamo and is now in San Diego, says that "there is no truth in the report that Americans are mistreated or that there is any suffering in Alamo."

The reason this lie was made up by the press was because Otis, Hearst and their ilk are frantic for an excuse for the United States to intervene, and they don't care to what lengths they go to obtain this end.

E. D. T.

The Army of
Discontent

The "International Socialist Review" for April opens with a fine protest against President Taft's mobilization order, and in bold capitals calls on "all local organizations of the Socialist Party and all labor unions and other bodies of progressive citizens to hold public meetings and demonstrations of protest against the latest executive crime."

Following this call comes "Why Mexican Workers Rebel," by the indefatigable John Kenneth Turner, and a short but strong article by George D. Brewer, dealing with the sending of the troops to the Mexican border, and entitled "Murder as Patriotism."

"Unless the new Diaz cabinet succeeds in crushing the Mexican revolution within sixty days," says the National Socialist Press dispatch from Washington to the "Chicago Daily Socialist" of April 4, the Taft administration will force a bloody war upon the American people." It reports that army recruiting offices throughout the country are meeting with unexpectedly poor success, despite extensive advertising and special inducements offered by the government.

The "Industrial Worker" of Spokane, organ of the I. W. W., points out that the big interests did not condemn the Mexican revolution at first, thinking they saw in it an easy road to Mexican control; but that they changed front in view of the army of American unemployed that drifted across the border to join the rebels.

From the "Los Angeles Examiner" of April 13 we clip the following: "The constant addition of recruits to the forces of the insurgents in Mexicali is going on in spite of the efforts of the United States soldiers. They are coming from San Diego, many of them mounted and well equipped. About sixty are said to have reached here last night from San Diego, where they have been gathered for some time, hoping to join the rebel forces on the coast side of the mountains. Many ranch hands, most of them Americans, have quit their work about Calexico and have disappeared, later to show up, with rifles on their shoulders, in Mexicali." It is to be remembered that the "Examiner" is an unwilling witness.

The "Coming Nation" has an admirable cartoon representing Uncle Sam at the telephone, taking orders from Wall Street. But the same number contains one ever more striking, wherein the delinquent Russian taxpayer is shown bound to a tree, facing a firing squad. Of Mexico also a similar story could have been told a thousand times, and Mexico lies at our very doors.

"The government of the United States is making itself a catch pole of a Latin dictator and *de facto* imperator, simply because a few of our American money sharks profit thereby." That is the way in which the "Social Democratic Herald" of Milwaukee, to which Congressman Berger is a regular contributor, sizes up the Mexican situation.

The "Progressive Woman," a monthly published at Girard, Kansas, devotes half its April issue to Mexico, quoting at considerable length from "Barbarous Mexico," and republishing from "Tongues of Toll," by William Francis Barnard, the poem, "Margarita Martinez." The girl for whom this poem is named was the heroine of the Rio Blanco strike, where the Diaz troops moved down the workers, when, enraged by insult and long starvation, they set fire to the company's store.

This periodical opens its columns with a protest against the mobilization of American troops on the Mexican border.

For the last two weeks the "People's Paper"—officially stated as being now under the control of the Los Angeles section of the Socialist Party, with John Murray as editor—seems to have forgotten that an economic revolution is being fought out almost within earshot of its office. Yet within those two weeks Socialists have bled and died, just across the border, true to that great principle of international solidarity which recognizes no distinction of either race or color in the struggle for industrial emancipation.

A great mass of correspondence, requesting articles on the Mexican Revolution, has been received from the East and Europe. Such articles are being furnished as fast as possible, and will be noticed in succeeding issues as they appear.

Slavery Stands
again at Bay.

"When a revolutionary situation develops in any country," writes Kropotkin, "before the spirit of revolt has reached the point at which the masses demonstrate tumultuously in the streets, it is by action that the minority must awaken that sense of independence and those gusts of boldness without which no revolution can be successful." If the American public could read "Regeneracion," or any one of the score of Spanish weeklies that come to our table, it would realize that there is plenty of action in Mexico, that it is boldness incarnate, and that the masses long since got into the habit of coming down into the streets. Even in Mexico City, Diaz' home and stronghold.

Fortunately "Regeneracion" has an English section from which the English-speaking public can get the actual news of the greatest movement America has known since the Civil War.

This priceless news it can get, with Turner's invaluable book, "Barbarous Mexico," thrown in, for \$2.00 a year. Apart from humanitarian questions you do your own intellect, and your own emotions, an injustice by failing to subscribe. The most interesting drama of the century is well worth the price.

Forging the Chains

While raising a mighty cloud of dust respecting Japan's alleged designs on the United States and Mexico, as an excuse for the mobilization of the troops, the moneyed press incidentally discloses the following eloquent facts: One, John Blackman, of Los Angeles, and his associates have acquired what they call title to a trifle of 4,500,000 acres in Lower California. This modest homestead—having a coast line of 450 miles and containing one of the finest harbors in the world, Magdalena—they sold, through Los Angeles brokers, to a Japanese syndicate for a trifle of \$10,000,000. The deal fell through because, it is said, Morgan covets the property which has vast areas of highly mineralized ground and more than 1,000,000 acres of rich agricultural land. To uphold such deals as these the American worker is invited to make himself food for powder.

"A practical scheme," says Oscar Wilde, "is either one already in existence, or a scheme that could be carried out under the existing conditions. But it is exactly the existing conditions that one objects to, and any scheme that could accept those conditions is wrong and foolish."

"It is astonishing how long a rotten condition of affairs will hang together—provided you do not handle it too roughly." (Carlyle's "French Revolution.")

Suppose that during the civil war when a body of confederates was caught they would all be lined up and shot; suppose the victors would march out on the battlefield and murder every wounded man—would the United States be called a civilized nation? What do you think of Diaz? He has ordered his soldiers to do these very things. How much of this horrible butchery the United States will stand is a question. Uncle Sam finds himself a "friend" of the monster in Mexico City who gives such orders and we imagine he is a little bit ashamed of it. If he isn't he ought to be.—Calexico Daily Chronicle.

Carl Gus Haesloop

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