

Regeneracion.

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THE PROLETARIAT AND ITS DOCTORS

In the case of Mexico it was evident from the first that the politicians would be our greatest enemies, since we desire to open an era of deeds and have done with sterile talk. In particular we denounce the sacrifice of life for the sake of changing masters. We insist that Juan and Jesus, Maria and Margarita should be owners of themselves, and that the FIRST step there to is to make themselves owners of the means of life. We are revolutionists in social medicine and know well that those who live by selling bogus remedies will fight us to a finish.

In this topsy-turvy world one walks as in a hospital, stunned by the agonizing cries of the diseased. On every hand one sees unfortunates whose existence is one continuous violation of basic laws; who have been prematurely overworked and habitually underfed, who are miserably clad and even more miserably housed, who pass from the cradle to the grave knowing nothing of life's beauties, to whom every joy has been denied; with whom all the great passions have been dwarfed; who grope their way through years of bewilderment to die finally with but one conviction—that the game has not been worth the candle.

Around these cots, labelled "Proletariat," presses a multitude of doctors, greedy for fees and eager to display their special skill. Every one of them has his patent remedy; every one of them is feverishly anxious to operate; every one of them is thinking, first and foremost, of himself, of the reputation he may earn, of the honors with which he may be crowned, of the security that will surround his own future if his special treatment be adopted. Above all, every one of them thinks in terms of medicine; every one of them clings, as to the Rock of Ages, to the conviction that hospitals were built in heaven, and are sacred institutions against which no heretic must be allowed to raise his hand.

Here in Los Angeles they are illustrating Dante's "Inferno" by moving pictures, but Turner and many other writers have shown us conditions in Mexican labor bells besides which those of Dante pale. Leaders of the alleged revolutionary Socialist party, having exploited those conditions to the utmost that they might advertise their sympathy with labor, are invited to assist in overthrowing them. How do they reply? "Let us get the majority to vote our ticket," they say, "and all will be well." The man is dying beneath the whip. No matter, let him wait a century or two. Could quackery go farther?

Again Henry George has taught his followers that until land monopoly is abolished, human slavery, in its cruellest form, must continue unabated. Whether that be true or not—and for my part I hold it to be true—his followers believe it. Henry George they defy. What then do they do? Go straight for the expropriation of the landlord, and without a penny of compensation, as their master taught them? No, indeed; they do nothing of the kind. At this particular stage of social dissolution it is "respectable" to be a politician—that is to say, a quack—and no one can outdo the Georgists in respectability. Hence they busy themselves putting up bottles labeled "Initiative and Referendum," "Municipal Socialism," "Democratic Tariff for Revenue alone," and God knows what; hitching themselves on to every craft that is sailing God alone knows whither, that they may keep their own skiff afloat. What virility is there in that? You might whip

the Mexican race to annihilation; you might have a bread line stretching from the Capitol at Washington to San Francisco, and the followers of George, the Revolutionist, would never have the courage to cry out: "This thing must be stopped, and stopped right here and now." They are not in the truth business. They are peddling holy water.

Not a winter passes but we hear the same complaint—that the demands on charity have never been so great; that the number of unemployed is without precedent, and so forth. We shall hear it again this winter, and, as usual, Mr. Gompers and his associates will reply that they are busy organizing; that if the disinherited will enroll under their banner all will be remedied. Would they be disinherited one whit the less? Would they not be dependent, as every mother's son of them is now, on the capitalist class for work? What a world of quackery, of refusing to put the knife to the cancer, have we there!

Men of the Charles Edward Russell type labor in the accumulation of facts that demonstrate beyond all controversy the increasing sickness of this nation. The percentage of suicide is growing continuously, as is that of insanity, of crime, of unemployment—the very items scientists have accepted as determining the true condition of a people. No matter. Truth is a most disagreeable acquaintance; let us cut her. Don't waste time on the wounded by the wayside, for you have important business at the Capitol drug store. Above all, if some foolhardy sympathizer tries to set them on their legs, summon the police, for that plays the dickens with the patent medicine industry. Believe me, these people know their business. They quarrel eternally among themselves, but as against those who would empty the hospital and raze it to the ground they are a unit.

Never was there such an age of cant; of revolting, nauseating humbug. Just as millions attend church, though knowing that its doctrines will not stand examination, so millions in the labor movement purchase nostrums they dare not analyze. They are members of the "Get-Together" club; they have paid their dues for years; somewhere, by some mysterious hocus-pocus, the club will send a medicine man to cure them. Never does it enter their heads that the hospital itself is the accursed place, and that the one remedy is that they themselves should pull it down.

Against all this the Mexican Revolution is a protest; the protest of a nation sick of cant; of a people that cannot afford to wait; of starvelings that need bread in the stomach and not stone monuments to eloquent talkers. It attracts, therefore, the practical but it repels the visionary; it appeals to realists but with dodgers it is most unpopular; it banks on its conviction that the people are growing weary of idle talk and it thereby antagonizes all the twaddling popularity-hunters whose real aim is not the abolition of poverty but the elevation of their own trivial insignificance. It is going slow, for it has to fight for every inch it makes; but it is going straight and it will get there. As for the others, they will wander endlessly in a wilderness of words that never meant anything because they never were intended to mean anything.

"If the masses cannot eat the classes shall not," they begin to say in England. It is not a question of doctoring up the vote machinery or signing little slips of paper to elect new rulers. It is a question of getting access to supplies. That without the ownership of money it should have become impossible to live; that without paying gate money to the landlord and the money lord it should have become impossible to do the work by which alone life can be sustained—this is the giant wrong that converts a glorious world into a groaning hospital. We are fighting, with every weapon we possibly can muster, for economic freedom because economic freedom means life itself. That we shall push the fight, at all and every cost, is evidenced by the flaming news now pouring in daily from every quarter of the globe. The hospital, and the causes that create the hospital, must go.

WM. C. OWEN.

CIRCLING THE GLOBE.

From Emma Goldman, New York City, comes a check for \$100.50. Of this \$5.50 came from Minneapolis, through Ruth Olsen, and \$95 from "A Laterna," San Paulo, Brazil, through a comrade in Lisbon, Portugal, who in his turn sent the sum to New York whence it made its way to Los Angeles. How typical of the international labor movement of the world and of the Mexican Revolution itself, which, though requiring time to work itself out, is rapidly arriving!

DISTURBANCES GROW WITH APPROACHING ELECTIONS

New Forces Occupy the Field to Madero's Great Alarm

American Refugees Flock Daily Across the Border

According to the latest reports Madero has sent Orozco into Chihuahua, to put down the Magonistas, as it has become the fashion to call the Mexican Liberals, and Blanco is moving against Zapata. Special despatches to the "Los Angeles Tribune" assert that Almazan, who is Zapata's latest ally, has 15,000 armed men at his disposal in the states of Morelos, Puebla, Guerrero and Tlaxcala. He favors Gomez, Madero's deadly enemy, for president. The United States papers are referring with suspicious frequency to the growing power of the Mexican Liberal Party, taking special pains to play up the guerrilla character of the war its followers are waging, which they describe, of course, as brigandage.

The "Los Angeles Times" despatches of Sept. 21 are that Texas towns are crowded with American refugees, that Mexico City bankers look for more uprisings if Madero is elected, and that the latter has given renewed promises that the oil concessions granted by Diaz' government will be respected.

New Forces Forming

That revolution is forging ahead far more rapidly than the most sanguine among us dared to hope. Perhaps the real danger is that it is forging ahead too rapidly, but we are not much afraid. Its work has been very thorough in the past, and, although many new elements are coming to the front, and many personal ambitions jostling one another for supremacy, the revolution itself will be strong enough to educate and force them into line. Zapata was not a social revolutionist as we understand the term, but he was compelled to conform himself to the general framework of the movement, and all that a Kropotkin or a Bakunin could have advocated he has been putting into practice. Almazan, who is understood as having joined hands with him, was a conservative engineer, but he is developing a radicalism that is giving the authorities deep alarm. The "Los Angeles Times," of Sept. 19, comments thus:

"It is reported on good authority that the rebel Almazan is preparing for an uprising, which is to be more than the simple reign of brigandage. His idea is to start secession and uprisings in the states of Puebla, Morelos, Guerrero, Tlaxcala, and other southern states, with the object of starting a new republic of South Mexico. Almazan is said to have thousands of sympathizers in these states who will give him their support, many of them, being already armed and equipped for military service. The government has sent federal troops to commence operations against Almazan and his band at once."

From the same paper, under date of Sept. 17, we clip the following as typical of many others which it would be tedious to reproduce: "Monterey, Mex., Sept. 17.—Rioting between Maderista and Reylsta supporters in this city, which resulted in the killing of several persons and the wounding of many more, has intensified the feeling between the factions. The railroad trains are crowded with Americans and other foreigners, who have ventured back to Mexico and who are now fleeing to the United States. The situation in many of the remote and smaller towns is extremely acute."

The constant repetition of such items demonstrates that it has been found impossible to keep up the conspiracy of silence so long maintained; shows that Mexico is becoming more and more unhealthy for the foreign profit-monger, and justifies our prophesy that the animosities arising from political partisanship would add fuel to a fire already burning briskly.

On the Anxious Seat

In the view of the "Times" correspondent, who shows much comprehension of the general situation, Madero has the politicians whipped into line. Before all else he is anxious that the elections shall not be postponed; a sure sign that his popularity is dwindling fast. The special message he sent to the Chamber of Deputies, protesting against delays, is an excellent example of his vain-glorious style, the closing paragraph commencing thus: "In conclusion, I wish to point out to the deputies that, although legally I

am but a simple citizen. I have been chosen by the immense majority, if not almost unanimously, as its candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, and the fact of my having been the head of the revolution imposes on me the duty," etc., etc. The more this man talks about himself the more one becomes disgusted with him. "El Pais" having reported that the elections held recently in the state of Michoacan had been an absolute farce, its manager has been haled into court and required to disclose the name of the paper's correspondent. This he refused to do and the paper retaliates with a long article bristling with evidence of the truth of its assertions. In this connection one notes that 2000 workmen employed in the paper mills at San Rafael, State of Mexico, abstained from voting, claiming that they had been required to support a certain candidate.

Glad We Bounced Him

The scandal respecting the disappearance of vast sums set aside for the purpose of indemnifying those whom the political revolution had injured, grows. Out of \$14,000,000 only \$600,000 remain, and "El Imparcial" points out that D. Emilio Madero managed to lay his hands on \$1,500,000. More than ever we rejoice that the Mexican Liberal Party Junta had the courage to break off all dealings with Madero.

There is an eruption of cartoons in leading Mexican papers; cartoons that are extremely humorous, intelligent and bitter. Madero and Reyes are scored mercilessly, and the invasion of Morocco by the greedy European powers is depicted with a force that convinces one that the designers had their own country's past history in hand. Gomez continues to lash Madero remorselessly, declaring that he has been from the first a "Clentifico, pure and simple," and that he sought to establish an arbitrary government. But where will you find a government that is not arbitrary?

All reports testify to increasing disturbances. Independence Day was celebrated in the City of Mexico, but troops were everywhere in evidence. In the cities order can be thus enforced for the moment, but the government forces are in a poor position to cope with the guerrilla tactics so universally in vogue, or with the land invasion of the peasantry.

Spain's Fighting Blood

For the moment all eyes are riveted on Europe, where the curtain is rising on the greatest drama of the ages. Not for one moment would we claim for the Mexican Revolution more than its due or boast of what is merely a priority of a few months. But we know that example is contagious and we believe the fight for economic freedom that Mexico is putting up has done something to encourage the old-world proletariat. Most assuredly the re-awakening on the other side of the Atlantic will strengthen us, bringing fresh courage to many a fainting heart. Above all the magnificent heroism of the Spanish workers will have a moral influence that it is quite impossible to over-estimate. No country has been more prodigally productive of martyrs to principle than has Spain and the Spanish breed may be relied on to run true to the record of the past. In vain has Alfonso's Liberal (!) government revived the tortures of the Inquisition; as vainly as Diaz strove to crush Mexico's revolutionary spirit by barbarisms that made the flesh of humanity creep.

Remember Ferrer

Ferrer celebration, Burbank Hall, 542 S. Main, Friday evening, Oct. 13. You know what is going on in Spain, and it has been going on ever since they murdered Francisco Ferrer, Oct. 13, 1909. The first anniversary of that shameless deed was observed in Los Angeles last year by two excellent meetings, and we must do even better this year. Begin to work for it now. Call at "Regeneracion," 914 Boston St., or write for literature. Oct. 13 is now the world's great proletariat anniversary. Let us of Los Angeles see that we do our part and help along our own cause by making it an overwhelming success.

Rendered Outcasts at Whim of Officials
Modern Civilization Revives Methods of Dark Ages

If one thought it possible to coax tyranny into the relinquishment of power one would study every form of blandishment. But unfortunately, as the storm gathers tyranny grows more and more alarmed, resorting to the only remedy it knows—more tyranny. With unspeakable cynicism the most solemn guarantees are broken; principles taught as sacred in a thousand text books being thrown to the winds. Freedom of speech and of the press? By all means—so long as your writings are colorless. Freedom of assembly? It is our Magna Charta—but the speeches must be spineless. Well does Stirner say: "You cry for freedom. You foolish! Get power and freedom will follow of itself."

From Republican France, where the first frown of economic trouble brings confiscation of telegrams and letters, there is bitter outcry. From Spain, where the allegedly liberal Canalejas is accused of being worse than his Tory predecessors, the cry is even more bitter. Shouts of indignation from Cuba—"Free Cuba," thanks to American intervention, as our school histories tell us. Wherever the attack threatens to be earnest the reply forestalls it, promptly and remorselessly. Here, for example, is what is taking place in the aforesaid Cuba, as reported by "Tierra," of Habana, under date of Aug. 26:

"This evening, when paying the Secretary of the Government our daily visit, he informed us that he was about to give instructions for action in connection with the publication of a supplement to the 'Anarchist' paper, 'Tierra,' which supplement had been brought to his attention that very evening. Gen. Machado being asked if the authors of the articles contained in said supplement would be expelled, told us that as soon as he found out who they were he would propose their expulsion from the country as being dangerous foreigners, inasmuch as for some time past the paper had been insulting the government. The supplement in question had as its leading article one entitled, 'Governmental Dictatorship.' The exportation of Comrade Saavedra." Moreover, Gen. Machado added that in the immediate future he would assume a similar attitude to all foreigners who insult the government through the medium of the press."

No Paupers Wanted.

Corporations may have no souls, but governments are exceedingly sensitive; so much so that they punish insults with the Catholic Church's severest sentence—social ostracism. Expelled from one country the "undesirable" of the twentieth century will be pushed off the face of the earth if officialdom can have its way. Vainly he seeks a land in which the authorities will permit him to earn a living; everywhere the immigration inspector demands credentials. Hustled at a moment's notice from his home, his business ruined and his property confiscated, the "undesirable" becomes of necessity a pauper. When he turns to what he fondly hopes may prove a more hospitable shore he is confronted with the notice, "No paupers need apply." As a recipe for the creation of desperadoes this has no equal.

Take a recent case, arising out of the troubles across our own Southern border. Margarita Ortega is a woman well known to all Liberals in the Imperial Valley country, Southern California. For years she has been one of our most faithful educators, seeking no profit, careless of personal preferment, anxious only to arouse those with whom she has come in touch to the distressed condition of her fellow-countrymen. Recently, when Mexicali was in the power of the Mexican Liberal Party and feeling for and against the revolution, ran high, Senora Ortega was deported from the United States to Mexico, the immigration authorities taking the ground that she was stirring up strife. In reality, her crime appears to have been that, being questioned as to her political creed, she had the boldness to reply that she did not believe in government. Persons of similar opinion have become very numerous of late, and many of them—the late Leo Tolstoy, for example—command a most respectful hearing. But they are not popular with office-holders. So, out went Margarita Ortega.

Flee across Desert. Gallegos, who beyond all question

sold out at Mexicali, was made sub-prefect by Madero, mined in the political world the wicked flourish as does the proverbial bay tree. Forthwith he proposed to send Margarita Ortega to the seaport of Ensenada for exportation, but Margarita knowing well that she would be shot on the journey under the pretext that she had endeavored to escape, fled from Mexicali and made for Yuma. Having been deported from the United States, she dared not take the railway, and she set out to make the journey across the desert, accompanied by her sixteen-year-old daughter. The team, such a poor team as their slender means could afford, died of thirst, and they themselves barely escaped the same fate, reaching Yuma after long and frightful hardships. At present one does not know where Margarita Ortega is, but Gallegos has been reported as actively intriguing with the American authorities for her return to Mexico, and her actual standing is that of legal outcast able to call neither country her home. Where shall Margarita Ortega go to enjoy that life which, according to the religion of our rulers, her Creator gave her?

Governments, they tell us, derive their title to existence from the consent of the governed. Words! Words! Words! One wonders what Margarita Ortega thinks of Government now. Think you she has been converted from her heresy?

Deriding the Law.

Take another case that has as its location "Home," in the State of Washington. "Home" is a colony in which the members try to lead the free and simple life. Recently an element developed that had caught the mock-modesty craze and insisted on bathing costumes. Its insistence went to the length of starting prosecutions, and Jay Fox, editor of "The Agitator," published at the colony, objected. He wrote an article entitled "The Nude and the Prude," which to my mind contained much wisdom, expressed most excellently. The Washington authorities, however, take a different view of nature and, as Fox puts it, "they sent a launch in the dark to nab the desperado ere he eluded their clutches." He is charged with "publishing matter tending to encourage disrespect for the law and the courts"—a charge that makes me tremble when I reflect on what I myself have said and written. At present he is at liberty on \$1000 bonds, and the secretary of the Pierce County Free Speech League—Nathan Levin, Home, akebay, Wash.—will be glad to receive contributions toward the defense.

One is glad to learn that the I. W. W. immediately rallied to the rescue, for in all such cases protests must be made. Meanwhile the constitutional right of free speech is placidly ignored, because, as Mr. Fox himself tells us in forceful sentences, neither capitalism nor its governmental system can stand criticism. That is the one unpardonable sin, for criticism is the prelude to actual attack.

Nevertheless, there may be danger in screwing down the valve too tightly, and it may even be that the quick, sharp Russification of the United States will bring this most careless of all the nations to its senses. But we should not be too sanguine.

W. C. O.

TRUE MARTYRS TO LIBERTY.

While we are applauding the heroic struggles of the Mexican proletariat let us not forget that another struggle, of equal intensity, is being waged with unflinching courage by their brothers of the same tongue on the other side of the Atlantic. Not a day passes without news of desperate clashes in Spain between the workers and the authorities, and the former have learned by the bitterest experience that there is not a pin to choose between Liberal and Conservative ministers. Much of the trouble is purely industrial, but even more of it springs from the anti-militarist propaganda, that should command the admiration of every thinking man and woman.

Through "Cultura Proletaria" we learn of the appeal for amnesty issued by thirty-seven political prisoners still lying, with apparently little prospect of a trial, in the cellular prison at Barcelona. Apart from the gruesomeness of the story—for against political prisoners and social rebels the Spanish government does not hesitate to revive the horrors of the Inquisition—the list of names, with the offenses charged against them, makes curious and most suggestive reading. Journalist, teacher; writing to the prejudice of the army, circulating literature criticizing the army—thus the charges run with monotonous repetition. One sees the intellect of a nation in revolt. One views the social struggle in its most brutal but also in its sublimest form; for these battling Spaniards are touching heights of which the American labor movement, as a whole, has not begun to dream.

Shall Pryce Die?

Monterey's Murder by Officials gives Us Warning

The trial of Gen. C. Rhys Pryce before United States Commissioner Van Dyke on the charge of robbery, alleged to have been committed in Lower California, has been in progress throughout the week, with prospects apparently brightening all the time for the defendant, although motions to dismiss the case were denied. Much evidence has been introduced to show that the action charged was taken, if at all, in the course of a revolutionary military campaign and comes, therefore, within the category of political offenses. Pryce's friends have rallied to his support with the most praiseworthy enthusiasm, and he himself has shown the deepest concern for the fate of former comrades. We take the following from the "Los Angeles Record" of Sept. 21:

Monterey Executed

"Lured across the boundary line to the Mexican side with the promise that he would be given employment, Monrochis Monterey, a captain during the Lower California insurrection, was bound, gagged and shot to death in sight of persons on the American side."

"When Gen. Pryce was apprised of the deed, he covered his face with his hands, a tear trickled down his cheeks, and then he clenched his fists and bit his lips in helpless rage."

"A better man than Monterey never lived," said the former insurrecto general Thursday. "We promoted him from the ranks for bravery. He was educated in an eastern college and was just 28 years old. They have murdered him in cold blood for participating in a revolt to bring about better conditions."

"For several days Monterey sat in the courtroom here, where the Mexican government is seeking to extradite Gen. Pryce on charges of murder, arson and robbery. He left Los Angeles last Friday with two Mexicans who are said to have spent money freely."

"Monterey, who was an American citizen, was executed, according to reports, early Monday."

The adjourned hearing of the charges against the members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party is set for Sept. 30.

New York Awake

Most successful open-air meetings on behalf of the Mexican Revolution are reported from New York City; that of Sept. 16, held in Rutgers Square, having attracted as large an audience as the well-advertised meeting in Union Square. Our friends are invading the poorest quarters of the city, and everywhere the news of what the Mexican Revolution is actually accomplishing for the workers is hailed as the bright dawning of a rapidly approaching and infinitely happier day. F. Sokoloff, Samuel Boris, Bernard Sernaker and Elick Kohen spoke in Jewish; Dr. Max Colbert, editor of "Ruskye Slovo," in Russian, and Comrades Walquist and Jack Walsh, both of the I. W. W., and Jack A. Jones in English. Other meetings of a similar character are under way.

The "L'Era Nuova" club announces an entertainment and dance, half of the profits from which are to go to the Mexican Liberal Party. "Liberty Group," which held such an excellent mass-meeting recently in Brooklyn, is to have another Sept. 25. We know the labor involved in getting up these meetings and appreciate the self-sacrifice of our comrades, all of whom are exceedingly busy with the general propaganda.

SOCIAL AT ITALIAN HALL.

The social for the benefit of "Regeneracion" has been set definitely for Sunday evening, Oct. 1. The committee promises an excellent program of songs, speeches, dancing, etc., and the meeting should be well attended and most enjoyable. We need to come together more often, and we also need funds, since every dollar gained means so much extra propaganda. Italian Hall, corner Macy and North Main, Sunday, Oct. 1, 8 p. m. Tell all your friends.

It is the "Appeal to Reason's" own look-out, but we fancy the Socialist stomach is sick of being fed upon sensationalism. Assuredly we hope so, for sensationalism never yet brought anything but the weakness of hysteria.

Stolypin is dead, and, if one remembers right, the United States has as its motto "Sic semper tyrannis." But that was adopted in a long-distant past.