

Regeneracion.

Published every Saturday at 914 Boston St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Telephone: Home A 1360.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
6 months, \$6.00; 12 months, \$11.00; 1 year, \$22.00; Single copy, 5c;
in bundles: 3 c per copy.

No. 67.

Saturday, December 9, 1911.

What About the McNamara Case?

Into the mighty whirlpool of the social revolution there has been cast the pebble of the McNamara confessions, and, for the moment, there is a splash. That is all. The forces that lash the waters into fury are still at work unchecked. The "Times" building has been destroyed but the Industrial Bastille frowns on the masses as cruelly as ever. Nothing has been changed. The institutions that condemn the many to hopeless poverty and surfeit the few with wealth and power remain unshaken. As diligently as ever is being sown the fatal seed that, in a world intended to be "great, good and joyous, beautiful and free," sprouts eternally into a harvest of universal crime and the unspeakable misery that crime begets. In the very issue of the "Times" which satiated me with details of the McNamara case I read: "Chicago is at the mercy of the criminal elements. Murders, robberies, crimes against women, burglaries and hold-ups are so common that no effort is made to keep account of them. Within the last ten days there have been more than two hundred serious crimes of record, including several murders, but there have been few arrests."

Such quotations could be multiplied indefinitely, as all who have made criminology a serious study know. They teach, in commanding accents, a lesson at once appalling and inspiring, but one from which our race at present shrinks. They point unerringly at the bases of society as rotten to the core. They reveal a social system differing little in essentials from that cannibalism which the surface of the ocean mercilessly conceals from view. In our so-called Republic of America, as under the tribal despotisms of "Darkest Africa," the big feed remorselessly upon the little. But our big fish are incomparably bigger; they have incomparably greater power for ill, and their appetites have been developed abnormally by generations of unchecked gluttony. Our slums and red-light districts; our factory hells and penitentiary infernos; the death-roll of our mines and railroads; the bread lines and the poor houses; the ever-growing percentages of insanity and suicide; the armies of professional man-hunters and professional man-killers, with all the other clumsy apparatus maintained to keep the sordid structure from falling into pieces—these form the companion picture that should be studied, and studied carefully, as a supplement to the McNamara confessions.

Such, as it seems to me, is the answer the labor unions should be making, were it only from the instinct of self-preservation. They should grasp the nettle danger and from it pluck the flower safety. At this moment they have the world as audience and they should not let the opportunity escape. They should point out with all the sternness their cause demands that, sooner or later, the wolf inevitably drives the lamb into revolt; that the cornered rat, by the primal law of life, must turn upon his hunters; that the world's proletariat is hounded systematically to despair, and that so long as the bounding lasts there will be reprisals. This is what the workmen talk perpetually among themselves; such conditions as I have touched on furnish them with themes for never-ending conversations. But they themselves should shout the truth from the house-tops and they should make their leaders shout it.

Whether the McNamaras merely confessed to save their necks I do not know, but I do know that the labor unions and their leaders who are trying to "get from under" by passing resolutions declaring their allegiance to law and order, and by demanding the hanging of the McNamaras, are affording a spectacle that might well make angels weep and should arouse the unquenchable indignation of every manly man. They are smothering themselves with dirt for nothing, since no one credits their over-vehement protestations; and the capitalist press they so unflinchingly execrate is playing up their

hystories with infinite gusto while sneering contemptuously in its sleeve. Their course is truly contemptible beyond expression, because, in the first place, most of the protestants are in not the slightest danger and because, in the second place, they are not the friends of law and order they so suddenly pretend to be. Every one knows that the labor world is in revolt, and that day in and day out it denounces capitalism with all the epithets to which it can lay its tongue. Every one knows that, at this particular crisis, it is lying, and every one knows that cowardice is the father of its lies. Yet the labor movement poses as a conqueror, and boasts of its determination to subdue the world.

The whole truth must be spoken, for thus only can labor justify itself. As it is in Mexico—where wholesale expropriation and the imposition of a plantation slavery of almost incredible atrocity have made the taking up of the sword a sacred duty—so it is largely with the universal social question. Just as the Mexican people knows that he is fighting for the very existence of his race, so does the workman of every nationality know that he MUST win the battle: into which our barbarous economic institutions force him, if he is even to survive. Men who find themselves in danger of being thrown upon the street, to make way for cheaper labor, face a problem that demands no talk but instant action. They KNOW that, if there is anything in this universe that they actually know. They KNOW that they must win at any cost. They KNOW that if they lie down tamely and submit there will be leaped on them not only the reproaches of their wives and families, but also the withering contempt of the very men with whom they are at strife. The economic situation dictates their action and forces them to a choice between victory and death. If violence is employed it is because without violence the struggle will be lost, and defeat means starvation. I am the economic dependence of the mass on the employing class that gets violence and also justifies it; for necessity is superior to all human law.

All this, as it seems to me, should be said unflinchingly, right here and now. What I am writing is known to all ob-servant men; is not a fine-spun theory dug out of books; is the common experience of our everyday life, ground into the inner consciousness of the least intelligent. Gen. Otis knows it as well as does the humblest citizen. It is talked of on the cars, can be heard in any restaurant, is part of the common fund of knowledge. Let a strike break out and the newspapers are instantly on the alert for human-interest stories having violence as their basis. While as for the employers—they hire detectives, build stockades and ostentatiously admit that they understand the exact meaning of the struggle. Tell the man on the street that the strikers intend to be models of well-behaved citizenship and he will answer instantly that, in such event, their name is "Mud." Every one recognizes that in the game of "Who can starve the longest?" the workers have no chance at all.

The necks of the McNamaras are no longer in danger (at this writing sentence has not been passed), but, even if they were, the truth should not be blinked. On the contrary, safety, both for the individual and society, lies in speaking without one particle of reserve. It is thus, and thus only, that any good can be got out of the McNamara case. In my judgment it should be admitted frankly that the threatening of employers is a necessary part of labor union policy; that it is so because it must be so; that it is so, solely and exclusively because the contest between the "House of Have" and the "House of Want" is cruelly unequal. The one is master of the situation, the other is helpless. Often, perhaps generally, it is only by playing on the former's fears that living terms can be obtained, and consequently the employer is habitually given to understand that unless the union is considered there will be trouble. Put yourself mentally in the position of a walking delegate, charged with the duty of furthering the union's interests, and ask yourself what other course you could pursue. In reality there is no other way. If no threats were made, or if the employers were convinced that the threats were merely wind, they would slaughter labor in their mad chase for the cheapest help procurable on the always overstocked market. It is not a question of human depravity but of the grip of circumstance. To borrow the title of a well-known book by Nietzsche, the situation is "Beyond Good and Evil."

No man loathes violence more than I do, and it is precisely because I hate the descent to barbarism that I attack barbarous conditions. I am far too practical to look for figs from thorns,

and I will not prostitute myself by professing that there can be, or should be, peace between exploiters and exploited. I cannot, like Single-Taxer Lincoln Steffens, sit down complacently to a love-feast with men whose whole careers have been money-grabbing selfishness incarnate; who have devoted themselves largely to cornering life's opportunities and now talk harmony, but without the slightest intention of letting go one iota of the advantages they have acquired. That does not point to social peace. That does not promise even a temporary truce. That means a continuation of our social war, for it continues the class division that makes war inevitable. And if you talk to me of Christianity I reply with the uncompromising admonition of its revolutionary founder: "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto them by whom they come."

You prattle about peace! Look around you. Find me a so-called civilized country that has not been lashed by plutocracy into industrial revolt, or one in which the government is not going to the very edge of barbarism in its efforts to strangle that revolt. How powerful has been the Russian autocracy! Yet the Czar hides in dread and only yesterday his prime minister was assassinated. Diaz was lauded by Roosevelt and by Taft as the master statesman of the age. Diaz is in exile. England fancies herself secure in the proverbial patience of her people and the diplomacy of a governing class that has acquired, far beyond those of other nations, the art of plucking the goose without causing it to squawk. England, but a few weeks ago, was the scene of bread riots that threatened to inaugurate a revolution. Everywhere it is the same. Everywhere there is a struggle which, conducted in its earlier stages with much decorum, is rapidly becoming a world-wide feud of the bitterest and most sanguinary kind, a "saute quai peut," in which, before the clock of history has ticked off many seconds, quarter will neither be given nor expected. Why? Simply because our social system is breaking down; because it cannot satisfy either the aspirations or the stomachs of the masses; because life is stronger than any government, and will fight, if necessary, to death itself. The very issue of the "Times" that flowed over with comments on the confession of the McNamaras was packed with gushing tributes to the "sweet charity" that fed thousands of famished men, women and children on our national Thanksgiving Day.

Men, women and children faint with hunger. That is the bottom fact. That is the everlasting truth that makes all the pretensions of your political spell-binders worth just the whistling of the wind. Men, women and children are individuals, and as individuals they are confronted with the primary problem of starvation; a problem that must be solved at once. They cannot wait. They cannot feed their aching bellies with the assurance that the next session of the legislature will give relief, or that two years from date the Socialists are certain to sweep into power. They want an instantaneous remedy, and Trades Unionism owes them strength it has with a certain section of the workers to the fact that, for that section, it does to some extent provide one. It is a weapon—poor, insufficient and exasperatingly clumsy, but yet a weapon.

If we had sense we should heed the warnings of the McNamara case and settle, thoroughly and promptly, this social question which, otherwise, will settle us. Of that we may be certain; absolutely certain. Throughout the world a settlement is imminent, but nowhere will it be more remorselessly vindictive than in these United States. Here poverty is needless—and the people know it. Here the wealth-producing resources of a matchless continent have been cornered with a rapacity unparalleled in history—and the people know it. Here politics have well-nigh run their course, for they have made still richer the preposterously rich and added to the corruption of the unutterably corrupt—and the people know it. Here all the loud-heralded promises of economic liberty and equality have been nothing but a shameless bluff—and the people know it. Here there is a total absence of those time-honored traditions which form in older countries so powerful a rampart against passionate revolt. Here the disinherited are not easy-going and good-natured, as they so often are elsewhere. Here the proletariat is a scowling Lazarus who devours his crust with the bitterness of a cheated outcast longing for the day when he will be able to fling Dives headlong into the gutter. And into the gutter Dives will be flung for here, as in Mexico, he will not have the courage or god sense to recognize life as the supreme ruler and to grant it its inalienable rights. There are dark days coming and the whirlpool swirls more angrily than ever.

WM. C. OWEN.

Conscription Madero' Final Effort of Despair

Chamber of Deputies Investigating Military Executions

Real Revolution only began with Juarez, Declares Noted Writer

What can Madero do? One asks oneself the question in all seriousness after taking stock of his resources. According to the special correspondent of the "Los Angeles Times," who has been investigating, the federal army, estimated at 32,000 under Diaz, has run down to 9,000 men, and even that small number is honey-combed with discontent. More than six hundred officers have resigned, the chief grievance being that Madero, with neither record or experience, have been advanced over their heads.

On the other hand, the rurales are said to be in better shape than they have ever been, owing to the fact that, after the fall of Juarez, many of the Madero insurgents took up that line of work. They are reported as over 8000 in number and to them the government looks for the suppression of the guerilla fighting with which the regular army has found itself unable to contend. As yet, however, the rurales seem to have met with no better success, for Zapata is dominant throughout Morelos, Puebla and Guerrero; Juan Bandera holds Sinaloa; in Tabasco Garcia Gonzales still operates actively, and week by week our columns report the doings of innumerable guerilla bands throughout the country.

What, then, is Madero to do? How is he to meet the combining attack of Reyes, Gomez and Zapata? Something he must do, for gentlemen who assume to ride have to keep their seats at any cost. Accordingly, having played already the dangerous card of ordering death on sight to rebels he is now compelled to throw upon the table his last remaining trump—CONSCRIPTION!

It is what he has to do, but note also that it is what the far more powerful Diaz never dared to do. Obviously the play is risky to the limit, and instantaneously there has blown up a perfect hurricane. An exhaustive letter to the "Times," dated Mexico City, Nov. 29, states that 200 towns and villages, ranging in population from 50,000 to 500, held protest meetings last week, and that petitions are pouring in upon the government.

Criminals Immune. Madero proposes to increase his army immediately to 16,000, and for this he has decreed that all between the ages of 18 and 24 shall be liable to serve. He intends to be exceedingly nice in the selection of his force, and it is ordained that all who have been convicted of a criminal offense, however slight, shall be immune from service. Inasmuch as the pay is to be twenty-two and a-half cents a day, out of which the conscript is to feed and clothe himself; and inasmuch as men throughout the country are protesting vigorously that on such a wage it is impossible to support their families—for marriage takes place at an early age in Mexico—it is clear that Madero's proposition is a direct invitation to the purchase of immunity by committing crime. The man must be insane.

That the attempt to force conscription on the country will meet with bitter opposition is evidenced further by the following, clipped from a Mexican dispatch, dated Dec. 5, which runs as follows: "The Democratic and Re-electionist party and the Independent parties of the city met this evening to discuss the attitude of President Madero in respect to recruiting soldiers. The invitation to the meeting stated that, as the party feels it to be its duty to guard the principles of the platform sworn to by Madero, and seeing that the decree in regard to obligatory military service violates the principles of the platform, the party calls upon all the parties which took part in the convention of last August and September to take action against the 'wrong' committed against the platform by the triumphant candidate of the parties."

Perhaps "Regeneracion" should offer a prize for the production of a single pledge Madero has not broken. Armies cost money and Madero's treasury is in poor shape—heavy claims against it remain unpaid, and it recently obtained \$13,000,000, with much difficulty, by hypothecat-

ing the National Railways. The Waters-Pierce Oil Company, which represents Standard Oil, and has been backing the Maderos, is said to have refused to make a loan.

Hearst Breaks Silence. One gauges the value of news largely by the source from which it comes. The "Times," for example, is obviously playing for intervention, and has no disposition to minimize Madero's troubles. On the other hand the "Examiner" has been hitherto as silent as the grave, for Hearst is like the young man in the New Testament who "went away sorrowing" from an interview with Christ, for he had "large possessions." It is said that Hearst's Mexican manager receives a salary of \$100,000 a year and lives in a veritable palace, but whether that is true or false is immaterial. It is certain that Hearst is one of the absentee landlords who has been bleeding Mexico, and in "Barbarous Mexico" you can read a full description of his magnificent estate, clipped from the "Mexican Herald." Therefore Hearst has been keeping mum, hoping against hope that somehow Madero would make good and give the country that peace so necessary to rent-collecting landlords. In the "Los Angeles Examiner" of Dec. 3, Hearst's little individual conspiracy of silence was broken, front-page space being given to a two-column letter from Ernesto T. Simondetti, former editor of "El Diario." Simondetti knows whereof he writes, and his letter throws a flood of light on a situation that even the radical element in the United States insists on ignorantly ignoring.

Were Promised Land. "The real revolution began," writes Simondetti, "after Madero entered triumphantly the City of Mexico, on June 7." He then explains that the Indian, peon and the white, "not understanding the import of political freedom" (being happily free from that superstition, I myself should put it) were carried away by Madero's oratorical promises and looked for an immediate division of the land. They also believed Madero's assurances that he himself had no political ambitions and would not be a presidential candidate.

Last week I wrote that "Regeneracion" regarded Madero as "a weak incompetent; a pedant of phrases and half-cooked theories; a semi-demi-Socialist flirt." It now appears that this is, precisely, Simondetti's view, and he shows in detail how Madero has been as putty in the hands of his greedy and ambitious family. These gentry forthwith "organized themselves into the executive committee of the so-called Progressive Constitutional Party, eliminating all those political elements that might have turned them from their course, and became the real governing power, while Madero remained what he had been and still is, an amiable, good-intentioned figurehead."

These clever (?) people eliminated, for example, Vasquez Gomez. Of all the rebels operating against Madero he is perhaps the most formidable. These clever (?) people forced the election of Pino Suarez as vice-president. Of all the men who could have been selected he was the most unpopular, for he was regarded by the public as another Ramon Corral. These clever (?) people secured it that one of the first acts of the new regime was the drawing of a check on the depleted public treasury for \$700,000, in favor of Gustavo Madero. These clever (?) people got Madero's uncle and two cousins into his cabinet, and made him provide public positions for some 140 members of the family. Do you think the revolutionary comic papers with which Mexico abounds have not made capital out of that? Finally these clever (?) people put an immediate veto on Madero's suggestion that his own revolutionary forces should be disbanded, as a harbinger of peace.

Perhaps we have been mistaken in our estimate of Madero. Perhaps he is deeper than we thought him, and is of that profoundly revolutionary type that contains its soul in patience while those whom the Gods have made mad work out their own de-

struction. Perhaps he has sat to one side quietly watching the soundings of his rapacious family and saying to himself: "They are working out the true revolution, of which I only dreamed." Perhaps Madero, in his inmost thoughts—Oh, woe! what use is there in writing rubbish?

Taft Wanted Intervention. Simondetti concludes his remarkable letter with the statement that, as far back as last spring, Taft and his Republican advisers favored intervention, but that the matter went over because the Democratic Congressmen were hostile. With a change of opinion on that head will come a change in their attitude toward intervention. It is self-evident, therefore, that everything hinges on Madero's ability and for this reason we pay him the compliment of constant notice and discussion.

Reyes still attracts the attention of the United States press, and from the dispatches of December 5 it appears probable that he has crossed the border and is now in Mexico. One surmises that he would not have ventured into what, to him, the enemy's country without being stronger than one supposed him. Perhaps the most important development in his case is the discovery of extensive correspondence with Brig. Gen. Pascual Orozco, who was commander-in-chief of the Madero army of liberation and is now at the head of the rurales in what is known as the "northern war zone." According to the dispatches, Orozco wrote five letters offering his services to Reyes, and these are said to be in the possession of the United States secret service officers, having been found on Reyes' person when he was arrested. That a man in Orozco's position, and of his proved military ability, should be anxious to sever his connection with the government and risk participation in a counter revolution gives one another line on Madero's inherent weakness.

Meanwhile Madero's policy of shooting rebels on sight is not to pass unchallenged even by those who have been hitherto friendly to his government, as may be seen from the "Times" dispatch, dated Mexico City, Dec. 5. Therein we are informed that the Ministers of War, Justice and Government have been summoned by the Chamber of Deputies to explain various shootings ventilated by the press, together with alleged outrages on newspaper men who ventured to record the facts.

Lynched by Mob. The news from Oaxaca is that crowds have been parading the streets of San Gerónimo, shouting "Viva Juarez!" (It is the native State of Benito Juarez, Mexico's great economic liberator), "Viva Oaxaca Libre!" and "Death to Madero!" Che Gomez, who headed a revolutionary movement in Oaxaca and is a cousin of Vasquez Gomez, was taken from the train at Ricon Antonio, while on his way to Mexico City and lodged in jail by order of Gov. Juarez, despite the fact that he had a passport signed by the executive. Subsequently he was lynched by a mob that stormed the jail. According to the dispatch, among the lynchers were many of the former followers of Gomez, who declared he had betrayed them.

We are not surprised. Gomez was a lawyer with political aspirations. His following was mainly composed of Indians, who cared nothing about politics but wanted back their lands. They had accused him on a former occasion of conniving at the escape of a body of Federals they had surrounded, and he had been operating for some time past under the supervision of a special bodyguard told to watch his every movement.

The dispatches of Dec. 5 also dwell at much length on the reign of terror among Americans in Chihuahua, saying that "the hatred of the Mexicans seems to have centered on the American residents here, including the American colony employed at the Lia district." Then follow the details of an attack on Americans seated in the American Casino, the account concluding: "The men are not the low, drunken peon class, but are the better class of officials who are taking advantage of the lawless condition of the city to heap rebuke upon the Americans. No outbreaks have yet resulted, but they are feared, as feeling is high. Many of the Americans are sending their wives and children to the States."

We should add that this dispatch is from the "Times," which we consider interested in playing up the anti-foreign feeling. But the facts we lay weekly before our readers testify to an enormous and growing feeling of unrest which is taking concrete shape in hatred of the Gringo. Naturally, for this is an economic revolution and the Gringo typifies to the masses the expropriation against which they are in revolt.

Smothered With Ridicule. Revolutions invariably produce a literature of their own and a great literature, since it utters the deep

underlying thoughts and emotions that are habitually suppressed times of peace. Writers and artists trained to observation and more sensitive than the ordinary man, mirroring existing conditions most faithfully for they catch the spirit and the spirit is the thing. One wishes, therefore, that one could reproduce the illustrations with which the Mexican comic papers swarm, as they never swarm before. Before me is the latest number, for example, of "El Ahuizote," its front page cartoon represents a truck just felled, and from the hollow trunk is issuing a most of snakes whose heads represent Gustavo Madero, Pino Suarez, etc. Standing thunder-struck beside it is a figure representing the people and it is saying: "Who would have thought Madero could have been so rotten." The central picture shows Oaxaca in session, and Madero, with his army at his back, hesitating to attack. The minor illustrations all deal with Madero's eagerness for cash.

For example, with the caption "Before the Taking of Juarez," Madero is depicted thin as a rail, and by its side we have him swollen to preposterous proportions, with the dollar sign across his chest and the label, "After he got his check." Again, Madero and Pino Suarez are drawn eating their meal in safety while the troops are capturing Juarez, and below they are shown standing triumphantly on a pile of dollars. Madero is made to say, "Instead of going down with them to the abyss, we are on top." Or yet again, Madero is pointing to a safe full of money and is saying to Pino Suarez, "The most important part of the work is now accomplished." But perhaps the most crushingly effective is a full-page illustration depicting the firm of "Wood & Co." squeezing money out of "The People"—a figure writhing helplessly in the jaws of a hand press. The caption beneath it runs: "General Manager, Gustavo Wood; Secretary, F. L. Wood; Treasurer, Uncle Wood." Wood is English for Madero.

This article is somewhat longer than our usual weekly chronicle, but the events noticed are of exceptional importance. They show the revolution striding onward with seven-leagued boots; they show the central government, under serious attack from every side; they show, above all