

Regeneration.

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What Will This
New Year Bring?

The old year is leaving us and with profound reverence we should bow him out. Most gallantly he has struggled, from the burden laid on him by his predecessors he has never flinched; in the task of developing our half-developed race he has done more than his full share. The torch he hands his successor flares bright and high, and it is a comparatively advanced class that faces the new year.

From snoring China to smug Los Angeles there has been one continuous awakening and the foundations of great changes have been laid. The Chinese and Mexican Revolutions; the industrial upheavals in staid old England; the bitter bread strikes in France, Italy and Germany; the rebellious restlessness in Spain and Portugal—all these, with many others that will suggest themselves to every reader, are teaching lessons the dullest can understand, are awakening thought and have begun to clear the way.

The all-important thing is that the point of view is shifting; for the brain must first direct the hand and until we see the target we waste our ammunition. This, as it seems to me, has been the conspicuous feature of the dying year, which has been making history as it was seldom made before. In one way or another, with infinite stumbling and yawning and rubbing of the eyes, our race has been scrambling to its feet and asserting its right to live. For centuries, hypnotized by creeds and chloroformed by customs, we have accepted unquestioningly such gifts as the Gods saw fit to send us. That standpoint is no longer tenable, it is being abandoned "en masse," it never will be occupied again. Life itself is demonstrating to us that we are our own Gods.

The future is obscure, but there is light enough to pick up the new trail and we can see that within the last twelve months most significant departures have been made. As a whole the world has shown itself disgusted with its guardians and weary of mere words. The trend has been most distinctly and unmistakably away from political and towards economic revolution, the stern logic way of the empty belly having proved more powerful than spellbinding sophistries. In fact the bellies are insisting on their right to feed themselves, and that is very good; for the world's fundamental fact is the duty of the individual to live. To fall in that duty is nature's one capital offense.

This law and order people will not admit. True to the ancient collectivist ideal, which sacrifices the individual to the "sacred" existing social organization, they levy war remorselessly against the rebel. In every country this has been a marked characteristic of the passing year; everywhere what we were accustomed to regard as fundamental rights—free speech, freedom of the press, etc.—have been suppressed by the bigots of institutions that have become impossible and are even now sinking into their graves. As they are fighting against life itself their efforts will amount to nothing; in fact the fire will burn more fiercely the more it is suppressed. It is no longer a case of what the leaders think they want. It is a case of what the individuals, Tom and Dick, Mary and Susan, actually do want. And what they actually do want they are taking, in constantly increasing numbers. Life is beginning to assert its right to live.

"Crime is increasing!" We say it with horror and make desperate attempts to put it down. But crime is one of nature's most energetic manifestations and is the rod by which she educates us. Not the suffragette but the prostitute has proved to our unwilling senses the degradation we impose on the mothers of the race. Not the Socialist or Anarchist orator but the starving thief forces us to acknowledge, in the face of all our prejudices, that social arrangements are unjust. We are like people who have been chatting idly while a light comedy was spread before us. Suddenly a grim tragedy has taken possession of the boards, and it is making us sit up and think. It is by tragedy that the muddy

stream of life is purified, and I would not give two pence for the opinion of a man or woman who has not suffered.

Not because this paper is the organ of the Mexican Liberal Party, but because I believe it to be the simple truth, do I say that within the last twelve months Mexico has shown all this most clearly. Consider what has happened there. Consider that within that brief period hunger has overthrown the Diaz dynasty, and has brought another political pretender, who sought to substitute barren words for vital deeds, to such straits that all the world is speculating on his downfall. Consider that even now another bigot of the old regime, wedded to worn-out ideas and incapable of thinking outside of mere political changes, has endeavored to seize the reins of power and has discovered that his former popularity is non-existent among a people that understands its wants, that is calling for the substance and refusing to be cheated longer with the shadow, but is demanding bread. In these columns I emphasize as little as possible the details of the actual fight that now covers the entire area of Mexico, for they are but the regrettable incidents of a conflict that was irrepressible. What I always seek to emphasize is that the Mexicans have finally emerged from the barren epoch of political revolutions and taken boldly in hand the economic struggle for free and equal access to the means of life. Sin-gle-handed the despised Mexican peon is striking the blow which the disinherited throughout the world would gladly strike, but dare not. It is a real feat, and future historians will inscribe it as such on the record of this passing year.

Turn to our own country and the same lesson may be read, though not so clearly. The day of the mere talker is passing; the politician is playing out. Of this the present gigantic split in the Socialist Party furnishes conclusive proof. Beneath all the chaotic talk about syndicalism, industrialism, municipal victories and so forth, one catches the note of a discontent unspeakably profound; senses a most uneasy feeling among the rank and file, I pick up a party organ and find it filled with clippings from Wall Street organs, in which are declarations that "J. P. Morgan is very much pleased with the victories of the Socialist Party at the recent elections; that his special organ, the 'New York Sun,' says editorially: 'The Socialist who was elected mayor of Schenectady Tuesday promises to do nothing to injure business enterprises of that industrial city; and that 'our own modest surmise is that the people are going over to the Socialists as the only conservative and business cherishing party now on view.' Many may not believe that for the moment but many will, and that heaven will leave the whole lump.

The trouble is that, although leaders will struggle to deny it, the denial cannot by any possibility be made to stick. Why? Simply because, for months past, what the 'New York Sun' and other Wall Street organs are saying has been the one great Socialist argument. Under the blind leadership of "Bandit" Berger and a handful of professional politicians the whole cry has been, "Look at Milwaukee! Capitalism flourishes in Milwaukee, and it will do so in Los Angeles and all other cities that elect our ticket. Look at Milwaukee! Even the most timid capitalist may vote for us." But the masses are saying to themselves: "What was the Socialist Party organized for except for the overthrow of capitalism, and if the party is really so formidable how can its enemies be safe within its house?" That is what the masses are saying, and quite naturally, for the Socialist Party formerly taught them that capitalism must be torn up, root and branch.

For the moment Haywood comes into the limelight. Haywood knows as well as the Mexican Liberal Party does that Socialism under its present leadership is the sworn foe of revolution; that it would assassinate every genuine movement of revolt with the same calculating cold-bloodedness as the knife into the Mexican proletariat's efforts to get back its lands. He is a candidate for a place on the party's National Executive Committee, and he knows as well as I do that, so far as economic revolution is concerned, the party has committed suicide. He knows that with the removal of its revolutionary backbone the party is a corpse, and that to advertise it as the haven of capitalism is to bury it so deep it never can be disinterred. He knows that, and does not hesitate to give his knowledge voice; for which reason he is being fought tooth and nail by the Bergers and Hillquits of the party. They are all for law and order because their one ambition is to step into the shoes of what they look on as the dying Democratic party. But Haywood is a revolutionist and recognizes human rights as superior

to man-made laws. There is a world of difference, and not the least of this year's good work has been the setting of that difference clearly and unmistakably before the public. For the sake of emphasis I give here in the next paragraph what I consider the most suggestive portion of Haywood's Cooper Union speech.

"The McNamara boys who went to San Quentin out of Los Angeles," said Haywood, "knew what the class struggle means. For that reason my heart is with them. Let the capitalists count their own dead. There are twenty dead in Los Angeles and we have 207 dead in Briceville, Tenn. The deaths in Briceville were just as much murder as any premeditated crime could have been. The mine owners know an unventilated mine meant a mine ready to explode. But it costs money to ventilate, and so we lost 207 of our men. And again I repeat I am with the McNamaras, and always will be.

"Let us Socialists be frank. We want to overthrow the capitalist system and establish in its place an industrial democracy. Why, then, say we are law-abiding?"

Do not misunderstand me. It is not the strength of the Socialist Party that lends importance to Haywood's speech, nor is the deep split it reveals the thing that should arrest attention. The really important thing is that Haywood voices truths so appalling that beside them our instinctive repugnance to isolated acts of violence falls weak and lifeless. It is true that yearly one out of every ten Structural Iron Workers is crushed to death. It is true that the needless slaughter of scores of miners passes almost unnoticed. It is still more true that compulsory idleness, imposed upon the masses by the cruel hand of monopoly, dooms untold thousands to death in its most agonizing form—from lack of proper food, clothing, and shelter, from sickening anxiety and the tortures of disappointed hopes. It is true that the rich feed upon the poor with the cannibalism of man-eating sharks. It is true that this modern world of ours is full of tigers, men whose sole aim throughout a restlessly active and most pernicious business life is to gather the earth into their clutches, to the inevitable enslavement and deterioration of the race. These things are true and cannot be gainsaid. The offenders cannot plead ignorance, for they come from our most highly educated class and use their knowledge as deliberately as the McNamaras used their bomb. These things are true and vast multitudes acknowledge it. The strength of Haywood's speech lay therein and in the fact that it was Wellington's shout on the field of Waterloo—"Up, Guards, and at 'em." It is not a revolt of savagery that plutocracy is facing but, what is incomparably more formidable, a revolt against savagery. The "House of Want" is arming against slaughter.

"Let the Socialists be frank." Why, frankness is the one lesson to be drawn from all this old year's happenings. Let us be frank; let us accept facts as they actually are; let us refuse to be bulldozed by the powerful or wheedled by the crafty; let us do our own thinking and act in accordance with our thought. Let us be true to our own selves and it must follow, as the night the day, we cannot then be false to any one. Let the poor and the outcast and the disinherited be true to themselves and the promptings of the great stream of life that surges through their veins as surely as if they were Popes of Rome or Czars of all the Russias. Let them insist on living, whatever man-made laws may say. Let them refuse to starve, however vehemently their coward leaders, thinking only of their own skins and personal preferment, may counsel prudence. Let the Mexican peasant refuse to be expatriated by the Wall Street vampire; and, knowing that without the land he cannot live, let him take the land at all and every cost. Let the proletarian be sure that he who will not fight for life thereby embraces certain death. The universe is built on strength, and the weakness of slavery has its tap-root in the paralysis of fear.

WM. C. OWEN

There is among the records of Congressional investigation at Washington evidence that capital has been guilty in its warfare against competitors of the very crimes to which the McNamaras have pleaded guilty. If wealth could be curbed in its injustice I believe labor would soon abate its own violence. (C. P. Connolly, in "Colliers.")

"WHAT ABOUT THE
McNAMARA CASE?"

Send for copies of this leaflet, with which excellent work can be done. Price, 25 cents a hundred; 50 cents for 250; or \$1.00 for 500 copies. Let us have substantial orders.

Reyes' Military Program
Comes to Utter GriefLand Question Forges to the Front
With Great RapidityZapata Declares He Will Hang Madero
Within A Month

"I called on the army, I called on the people, and no one responded." This is the statement attributed to Gen. Reyes when he surrendered at Linares, Christmas Day. We of the Mexican Liberal Party were not surprised, and in our issue of Dec. 9 I expressed astonishment at the fact that Reyes had ventured across the border, saying that it pointed apparently to his possessing more strength than we supposed.

Where could Reyes have found support? Surely not among the people, since his record was that of having been Diaz' most cruel military commander. Among the military? That was the element to which he naturally looked, but the military must have learned by Diaz' fall, as well as by the history now being made in Mexico, that without popular support nothing can be done. Only the day before his surrender Reyes issued a proclamation bristling with contemplated military arrangements, and therefore certain to be most unpopular. The economic reforms to which he pledged himself were expressed thus: "The revolution promises the revision of the stamp law, the moderation of taxes and the restoration of the free zone along the northern frontier." What was there in that to arouse the enthusiasm of a people that is vehemently insisting on the restoration of what it honestly deems its stolen heritage?

Reyes is 74 years old. His brain must be impervious to new ideas; the military training of a long life has set upon his thought and character a stamp that nothing can efface. Literally and figuratively it is an established fact that such men—and the category includes Diaz—cannot "come back."

Whatever strength Reyes might possess was credited to his supposed alliance with Gomez and Zapata, but it is now clear that no such alliance ever existed, although the leading Mexican papers wrote columns on the subject. Before me is a copy of "La Voz de Juarez," which is Gomez' special organ. It is dated Dec. 21 and contains a six-column article headed: "I am not a Reyista. We are not Reyistas." Its leading article is headed "Reyes in Mexico" and concludes as follows: "It is not likely that his efforts will meet with any great success. It is certain that he has a few friends in the State of Tamaulipas, but he cannot count on support in any portion of the country, and when once he launches himself into the struggle his defeat, in all probability, will be as rapid as it will be complete. Reyes has not the slightest excuse for disturbing the peace of the country except his own desire to obtain something, for himself and those belonging to him, but that something power or influence or both. He is not the patriot who is going to the aid of an unhappy and suffering people. He is going for what there may be in it and for nothing else."

Radical Action Needed
On the other hand, the same issue of "La Voz de Juarez" has a lengthy and evidently official article headed "Radicalism the Salvation," which declares itself thus, in part: "The Vazquista Revolution will have to realize the supreme miracle of the Great Revolution—the creation of hundreds of thousands of small proprietors; the creation of a citizenship settled on the land, because the people is sovereign and can be master only where it treads its own soil. Political ideals are but a means of obtaining civil rights; they are but the road by which may be reached the just remuneration of labor, general wealth and liberty for all. This is what the name of Emilio Vasquez Gomez signifies, and we hold a banner that has three symbols in three colors—Land, Liberty and Fraternity."

We depend on private correspondence and the leading Mexican papers and reviews for our information. We spare no pains to get as near the truth as possible and we say, with profound conviction, that the salient feature of all the reports that come into our hands is the growing preponderance of the land question. From the first we have insisted that Mexico wanted not paper-political re-

form but genuine economic revolution; a complete change that should restore to the Mexicans their stolen heritage; that should give to every child of Mexico an equal seat at the bounteous table nature has set before him. Should we not like to see that revolution accomplished without bloodshed? Unquestionably we should, but that, somehow or other, it must be accomplished is our conviction—a conviction strong as life itself.

No sane person supposes the Mexican nation as a whole consists of Kropotkins, Jean Graves or other of the expert sociologists who have devoted their lives to examining and expounding the importance of the land question. Nor is it to be expected that the Zapatas, the Gomez or other popular leaders will have any such clear-cut ideas. It is sufficient, and it is also most encouraging, that, in their need of gauging public opinion correctly in order to obtain a following, they find themselves forced more and more along the road we ourselves have taken from the first. That they are being so forced is beyond dispute, and I now quote from a pronouncement just issued by Emiliano Zapata, his brother Eufemio and some thirty-five of their officers. The seventh section runs as follows:

Must Have the Land

"In virtue of the fact that the immense majority of the Mexican people is no longer master of the soil it treads, and suffers the horrors of misery without being able to ameliorate in the least its condition or apply itself to industry or agriculture, because the lands, the woods and forests and the streams are monopolized by a few, for this reason we shall expropriate these powerful monopolists to the extent of a third of their possessions, giving them a pre-arranged indemnity."

In last week's "Regeneracion" I gave reports, taken from the leading Mexican dailies, of numerous committees that had visited the capital, seeking the return of lands. In those that have come to hand since the same phenomenon is to be observed. "El Demócrata," of Dec. 13, gives details of the visit paid to the Secretary of the Interior by a committee representing inhabitants of Michoacan, which concludes: "They told us also that numbers of peasants refuse to work in the fields, declaring that they will not do so until their petition has been heeded, and that meanwhile agriculture is suffering severely and order cannot be re-established, as the unemployed are a menace to peace."

"El Monitor," of Chihuahua, under date of Dec. 14, reports representatives of the Indians, many of them ex-Maderist soldiers, as waiting on the governor of the State and demanding land. The paper adds: "We do not know to what decision the governor has come, but suppose he has counseled patience while the central government is solving the agricultural problem."

Under date of Dec. 18 the "Nueva Era" reports the State Congress of Tlaxcala as having under consideration a project "for solving the agrarian question by granting its inhabitants facilities for the acquisition of land. The main proposition is that 'the State shall declare subject to expropriation haciendas and estates containing more than ten hectares (a hectare is equal to 2.471 acres) of irrigated, twenty acres of unirrigated and twenty acres of forest land.' A drastic proposition.

Against Large Estates

"El Demócrata" of Dec. 15 announces that the Minister of the Interior has formulated plans for the breaking up of large estates and has appointed a commission to hear all complaints.

"El Imparcial" of Dec. 19 publishes a government decree declaring forest lands in the neighborhood of Ajusco, in the Federal District, State property. The account, however, ends with this remark: "Taking into consideration the character of the Indians of Ajusco, Atlapulco and Jalatlaco, it is believed that energetic measures will have to be taken before the government will be able to assume possession of these forest lands." The previous day the

same paper had reported Madero as having promised to refer to a commission of lawyers the complaints, asking for the restoration of their land, presented by representatives of 18,000 natives of Durango.

Thus it appears that while the land question is being thrust on the attention of Madero's government from every side, there is also a disposition to wait and see what will be offered in the way of relief. On this head we are not sanguine, and we base our judgment both on general grounds and also on the frequent appearance of such passages as the following, taken from the "Diario del Hogar," which is most friendly to Madero. In a long leading article, headed "The Revolution" it says:

"The men of the Revolution since coming into power have shown themselves timid to excess, have adopted the motto of moderation, the system of complacency, and have left uncompleted or have delayed compliance with some of the most ardent and deeply rooted aspirations of the people. Thus they have created elements of discontent and deception which are easily turned to account by the rebel factions that are fighting the government." Other papers point out with ill-concealed skepticism that the agrarian commission consists of immensely wealthy men such as Braniff, Hernandez and Araoz, or old followers of Diaz, such as Gayol, Marroquin and Palacios; none of whom has any sympathy with the proletariat.

No; we expect nothing but deceptive evasions from such men. Only from the boldness and uncompromising energy of the people themselves can salvation come.

The issue of "Diario del Hogar" from which I have just quoted plays up in large type the statement that Zapata has received large quantities of arms, artillery and money from the Vazquistas, with whom he has formed a close alliance. "Those who have come to this city from the outside," it says, "confirm the statement that Zapata's men are very numerous, are very well provisioned and that all their equipment of arms is new."

Will Hang Madero
As to Zapata himself. Despatches to United States papers stated recently that Zapata had promised to be in Mexico City within a month, and to hang Madero. We now have full particulars through the "Diario del Hogar," its correspondent having accompanied the special envoy sent by Madero. The writer reports that the envoy promised that Figueroa should be dismissed from the governorship of the State of Morelos, that the government troops should be withdrawn, that Zapata should have a safe conduct out of the country and that his followers should be allowed to go to their separate homes, free of punishment or interference. To this Zapata answered:

"I have been the most faithful ally of Sr. Madero, and have given infinite proofs of that, but now I have ceased to be so. Madero has betrayed me and my army, as he has Morelos and the entire nation. The greater part of his upholders is either in prison or is being persecuted, and no one has any confidence in him because he has broken all his promises. He is the most fickle-minded man I have ever known, and in reality he is more tyrannical than was Porfirio Diaz. All good Mexicans should unite to hurl him from power, for he has betrayed the Revolution and the country. He has violated the Plan of San Luis Potosi and is governing according to his own will, making the law and giving guarantees only to the privileged. From the day when he attained power he has been under the influence of the Cientificos and large landowners. He has forgotten the promises he made the nation and he has made a jest of the Mexican people that gave him the supreme power he holds. All we Mexicans have been deceived. We believed he was a liberator and he has become the greatest tyrant Mexico has known. In conclusion, tell Sr. Madero that I accept none of his propositions. Make him acquainted with my Plan of Ayala, a copy of which I shall order my secretary to give you. Tell him that I and Emilio Vasquez will continue the revolution as it began, that I declare myself the defender of the Plan of San Luis Potosi and that we shall bring it about that the government of the new dictatorship comes to an end."

"But," said the envoy, "are we to tell the president that?"
"Tell him farther, for my part, that he should go to Habana, for if he does not he may begin to count his days, since within a month I shall be in Mexico City with twenty thousand men, and shall have the pleasure of going to Chapultepec, whence I shall drag him out and hang him to the highest of its chestnut trees."

That is some talking. No wonder Madero has issued new orders for the extermination of Zapata.

W. C. O.

Ravens Pick Out
Only the Dead
Man's Eyes

The raven stopped in his flight, and, seeing a man working in the field, said:

"Look! There's John tilling his land."

"I'm not John," exclaimed the man, raising his head, "I'm the son of John, and toll in order to live miserably and to pay to the landlord for the second time the value of his land."

The raven continued in his flight, and farther on saw a gentleman, mounted on a horse, and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Giles!"

"I'm not Mr. Giles," answered the gentleman; "I'm the son of Mr. Giles, and have come to collect from the son of John, for the second time, the value of his land."

A long time passed by. The raven stopped in his flight, and, seeing a man perspiring at his work in the field, said:

"Look! There's the son of John tilling his land."

"I'm not the son of John," answered the man, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow; "I'm one of his grandsons, and toll in order to live miserably and to pay to the landlord for the fourth time the value of his land."

The raven continued in his flight, and farther on met a gentleman, mounted on a horse, and said:

"Good morning, Sir! The son of Mr. Giles, I believe?"

"No, I'm not the son of Mr. Giles," replied the gentleman, "but his grandson, and have come to collect from the grandson of John for the fourth time the value of his land."

A long time passed by. The raven stopped in his flight, and, seeing a man at work in the field, said:

"Look! There's the grandson of John tilling his land."

"I'm not the grandson of John," the man answered, "but one of his great-grandsons, and toll in order to live miserably and to pay to the landlord for the sixth time the value of his land."

The raven continued in his flight and farther on met a gentleman, mounted on a horse, and said:

"Good morning, sir! The grandson of Mr. Giles, I believe?"

"No, I'm not the grandson of Mr. Giles," the gentleman answered, "but his great-grandson, and have come to collect from the great-grandson of John for the sixth time the value of his land."

The raven continued in his flight, and farther on met a gentleman, mounted on a horse, and said:

"Where are you going so hurriedly, Sir? The great-grandson of Mr. Giles, I suppose?"

"No, I'm not the great-grandson of Mr. Giles," the gentleman answered, "but a grandson of the great-grandson of John, and the landlord has driven me off the land that my ancestors worked because I have not been able to pay him for the hundredth time the value of his land."

The raven flew off, and said, croaking: "I'm happier than are the Johns, for I can freely perch on any limb I please. And I'm nobler than are the Gileses, for I don't pick out the eyes of men until the men are dead." (From the Spanish of Francisco Pi y Suñaga, by George Petersen.)

THE McNAMARA CASE

"Human nature in general is very quick to let some one else stand in the breach. Most people believe in force; all governmentalists do. It is only a question of applying it. Unionists believe in force, non-unionists believe in force, capitalists believe in force, Judges and hangmen believe in force, Socialists believe in force and a good many Anarchists believe in force. Furthermore, they believe in force used successfully. But not all of these, not anything like all of these, want to use force themselves. They want some one else to use it for them. They are charmed when it is used successfully, but when it fails they are horrified and terrified. And they lift up their voices on high, howling 'Vae Victis! Vae Victis!'"

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.