

ESCRITO POR TRABAJADORES Y PARA LOS TRABAJADORES

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EN MEXICO.
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NUESTROS HERMANOS

Ricardo y Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera
y Anselmo L. Figueroa

HAN SIDO DECLARADOS CULPABLES.

La sentencia se pronunciara el Martes proximo.

Su delito, el de todos los Martires de la buena causa; sus esfuerzos inauditos por acabar con la infame explotacion del hombre por el hombre; pero, nada conseguiran sus Verdugos. Los que quedamos, continuaremos de pie, firmes, sin que nos arredren los

obstaculos ni las amenazas de nuestros enemigos

CLERO CAPITAL Y AUTORIDAD. ¡MUERAN! ¡ADELANTE HERMANOS TRABAJADORES DE TODO EL MUNDO!

¡VIVA LA REVOLUCION SOCIAL!

Las siguientes líneas, fueron las últimas escritas por nuestro ahogado hermano Ricardo, momentos antes de ir con los otros compañeros a que se consumara con ellos el atentado más salvaje de estos tiempos.

NUESTRO PROCESO

La farsa se prolonga hasta este día, viernes 21 de Junio. ¡La farsa esta honesta denominación dada por mí a la instrucción del proceso, le cayó mal a un tal Robinson (no sé su primer nombre) que la hace de fiscal en compañía de otros dos sujetos. ¡Farsa! gritan ellos indignados, esto es injuriar a la ley; esto es no tener respeto a la ley, y quien grita más es el tal Robinson, el individuo que, según la declaración de ese grande hombre que se llama Jack R. Mosby, invitó a este a producirse con falsedad contra nosotros, ofreciéndole no tenerlo más en la cárcel. Aquí fué cuando Mosby se mostró hombre, hombre en toda la extensión de la palabra; mártir generoso; ¡santo!

Mosby, viendo con firmeza a Robinson, y señalándolo con el índice, dijo estas ó parecidas palabras: "Este individuo, señalando a Robinson, me ofreció, en presencia del abogado Wilfred Andrews (nuestro leal defensor) y en presencia, también de Stewart, el representante del gobierno mexicano para perseguir a estos hombres, ponerme en libertad si declaraba en contra de ellos (de nosotros) y me dió su palabra de "honor" de cumplir su promesa."

Mosby, hombre, ser humano, pensador y luchador al mismo tiempo, apóstol desinteresado, solidario con la plebe, con los de su clase que es la nuestra, la clase que sufre, la clase que alimenta a los bandidos del gobierno, la clase que se sacrifica por el rico y la Autoridad; Mosby, el generoso joven que ha dedicado su vida a servir a los humildes, llegó ante el jurado y dijo la verdad: ¡se me quiso sobornar, se me quiso comprar para condenar a estos hombres (nosotros)! Mosby está enfermo; Mosby está pobre; Mosby no cuenta en esta tierra con afectos, con satisfacciones, con nada, ¡y Mosby, el gigante de la pureza y de la honradez no se vendió!

Mosby prefiere morir agotado por la tisis que está minando su cuerpo, mejor que ponerse de parte del Capital y de la Autoridad; Mosby no hace traición a los humildes, a pesar de tener la oportunidad de ser libre, de pasear en automóvil, de tener los bolsillos llenos de monedas de oro. Mosby está preso porque no se quiso vender. ¡Hermanos del mundo entero: descubrios ante Mosby!

Los libertarios no queremos premios, ni aplausos; pero hay acciones que debemos presentar ante las multitudes, para que sirvan de ejemplo. ¡Qué moral más grande que la que ha demostrado poseer este humilde soldado de la Revolución Social que se llama Jack R. Mosby? Enfermo, al borde de la tumba ó esperando, en caso de sentirse aliviado, una larga condena como represalia por su honradez; este hombre desafía sereno la adversidad. ¡Bendito sea Mosby! ¡Bendito sea Mosby, el mártir de la Verdad!

Hoy terminará la farsa; ¡así como una, señores Robinson, la farsa! No sabemos cuál será el resultado de ella; pero cualquiera que sea el final de esta opereta, mexicanos, compañeros del mundo entero, sabedlo: somos hombres y nadie podrá extirpar de nuestros corazones el amor que sentimos por los que sufren, y nadie podrá

matar en nuestras conciencias la certidumbre que es malo que el hombre sea explotado por el hombre, de que es malo que el hombre sea mandado por el hombre. ¡Viva la Revolución Social!

El fiscal Robinson, de una manera que nunca podría probar, de una manera que el mismo sabe que es cobarde porque lo que dijo no consta en el proceso, se atrevió a injuriarnos, a humillarnos, a echar sobre nosotros toda la hiel de su corazón. Dijo que éramos nosotros unos malvados, cobardes, asesinos, que mientras estábamos seguros, tranquilos, dichosos, en esta ciudad, mandábamos a México a los humildes para que mataran, incendiaran y robaran. y nos enviaron después el producto de sus robos para engordar y vivir como principes.

Estos insultos, estas mentiras, estas malditas palabras que ni siquiera que maron los labios del "señor representante de la ley y del orden", no tienen fundamento alguno en las constancias del proceso, de la farsa, como YO LE LLAMO, y si fueron proferidas en el recinto de la corte que tanto dicen respetar los señores curiales, fué por que sabía ese Robinson que no podíamos protestar, que no podíamos llamarle hablador ni mentiroso. Nosotros, con nuestra compostura, con nuestra tranquilidad, demostramos tener sana y vigorosa nuestra conciencia. En fin, hoy, viernes 21 de Junio, seremos sentenciados. No importa que se nos reduzca a prisión, hermanos del mundo entero. No os desaniméis, queridos camaradas. Hemos de tener resistencia para salir de ese presidio infame a donde nos llevará el odio de nuestros explotadores y tiranos. Nosotros, no retrocederemos. ¡Adelante todos!

Nuestro sacrificio es en nuestro beneficio. No hemos querido ser tiranos, no hemos querido ser burgueses; ¡ese es nuestro delito!

De mí sé decir que se me ha ofrecido el alto puesto de Vicepresidente de la República Mexicana, se me han ofrecido millones de dólares para que os traicionara. No he querido ser verdugo vuestro, mexicanos; no he querido vender mis convicciones. ¡Prefiero el presidio ó la horca!

La miseria ha sido nuestra inseparable compañera. La cárcel ha sido nuestro asilo. Pero todo eso se estrecha ante nuestra firmeza. ¡Muera el Capital! ¡Muera la Autoridad! ¡Viva Tierra y Libertad!

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

21 de Junio.

No me extraña la última palabra de la "Justicia" de este "País de las Libertades"; esperaba que de cualquiera manera se condenaría a nuestros hermanos de cadenas y lo confirmé esta mañana al ver en uno de los diarios de esta ciudad, que asistiría un número regular de fuerza armada, en la Corte, en previsión de cualquiera manifestación de protesta de los nuestros. Esta es una prueba palpante de la parcialidad con que se les ha juzgado (*) es una prueba de que la consigna sea ejecutaria de todos modos. Se ha ejecutado a pesar de todo. los han condenado a prisión. más las

ideas que nos han enseñado, el bello ideal que por todos los ámbitos de la Tierra han esparcido, ese, nunca, ni ninguna fuerza por más poderosa que sea, podrá aprisionarlo; su germinación ha sido lenta, pero ya han aparecido las primeras brisas, su florecimiento no se hará esperar, ya se divisa. ¡Adelante hermanos desheredados! Ya llegó el momento de demostrar a todos nuestros tiranos que acabaremos con todas sus infamias, con todas sus iniquidades. Esta demostración será la mejor prueba, la más patente que daremos a nuestros queridos hermanos Anselmo y Enrique, Librado y Ricardo, de que sus sacrificios no han sido estériles, de que sus esfuerzos por enseñarnos el camino que debemos seguir para que la humanidad sea feliz, no han sido en vano.

¡Solidaridad hermanos de todo el Mundo! Solidaridad para hacerles a nuestros compañeros más leal y verdadero su cautiverio, solidaridad para que sus familias, sus pequeños hijos que carecen de pan y nuestro apoyo decidido y franco para que los que quedamos ocupando el puesto de los compañeros caídos, podamos seguir defendiendo y propagando, la verdadera, la "Gran Revolución Social".

¡Viva Tierra y Libertad! ¡Muera los Tiranos!

RAFAEL ROMERO PALACIOS.

(*) OBRANDO CON TODA JUSTICIA, y en honor de la verdad, debo hacer constar muy PARTICULARMENTE que, en todo este lío ha habido una rara excepción, llegada a mi conocimiento por los mismos compañeros acusados, con quienes logré tener una pequeña entrevista ya en la prisión, momentos antes de poner en prensa el presente número, y es: que el Juez de Distrito, Olin Wellborn, es el UNICO QUE EN TODO HA OBRADO CON IMPARCIALIDAD ABSOLUTA.

Excito a todos los trabajadores del Mundo a lanzar sin pérdida de tiempo, nuestro escatajo de desprecio para todos los demás que han intervenido en este sainete en el que la influencia de los dineros del BANDIDO MADERO HAN PESADO MAS QUE LA JUSTICIA, así como para que agiten protestando vigorosamente a fin de que se revoque tan inícuo fallo.

R. R. PALACIOS.

ROSA MENDEZ

Esperamos de un momento a otro a esta valerosa compañera, que siempre dispuesta a ocupar su lugar de combate nos tenía recomendado se le telegrafiará en el momento preciso; le he telegrafiado, y tengo a la vista su entusiasta contestación, en la que me hace saber que en el acto se ha puesto en camino, abandonando a sus ancianos padres y a sus queridos pequeños.

Grande emoción ha causado a mi espíritu, este sublime rasgo de abnegación y solidaridad. ¡Ojalá que tenga muchos imitadores é imitadoras!

R. R. PALACIOS.

Voltairine de Cleyre

El jueves 20 de este mes murió en Chicago nuestra querida compañera Voltairine de Cleyre.

Voltairine de Cleyre fué una gallarda figura en el movimiento revolucionario mundial. Su muerte, para la causa de los desheredados de todo el mundo es una pérdida inmensa.

Amante verdadera del Ideal, su vida fué una existencia de sacrificios. La Revolución Económica de México tenía en Voltairine a su amiga más franca y generosa. En folletos, en periódicos, en el mitin, dondequiera, Voltairine derrochó los pensamientos de su hermosa cabeza y los sentimientos de su generoso corazón, en pro de los rebeldes mexicanos.

Su prestigio en todo el mundo inteligente, hizo que los estudiosos fijasen su atención en el espléndido movimiento del trabajador mexicano.

La buena hermana ha muerto; dediquemos a ella nuestros más delicados sentimientos, y para demostrar que de veras sentimos su muerte, esforcémonos por ser tan generosos, tan dedicados a la causa, tan firmes como Voltairine de Cleyre.

Para los que "Dudan"

Digase lo que se quiera, el movimiento revolucionario avanza con paso firme; me refiero al movimiento revolucionario por Tierra y Libertad que tiene por teatro la vasta extensión del territorio mexicano.

Se recordará que los revolucionarios yucatecos están quemando los planos de henequén, infligiendo de esa manera graves daños a los capitalistas del Estado de Yucatán. El movimiento no ha cesado en aquella porción de terreno de México, según veo en "El Imparcial", de la ciudad de México, correspondiente al 6 de este mes. Dice así al hablar de aquel movimiento: "Escríben de Temax, Yuc., que los alzados en jurisdicción de aquel partido y los de Motul é Izamal, son algunos de los rebeldes de 1910 y 1911, quienes lograron intranquilizar a los indios que se quedaron en la distribución de egidos y a los que han ofrecido tierras de las haciendas comarcanas a sus pueblos."

Hay que hacer una ligera observación: estos indios pelenban y velaban por tener tierras comunales llamadas egidos, y como no han podido obtener esas tierras, continúan levantados en armas. La noticia de "El Imparcial" está mal redactada, pues dice: "Se quedaron en la distribución de egidos"; debiendo decir: "Se quedaron sin la distribución de egidos."

Así, pues, por la posesión de la tierra luchan nuestros hermanos de Yucatán, como por la posesión de la tierra se lucha en el resto de la llamada República Mexicana, en que los gritos de "Tierra y Libertad" se escuchan más escasos, y en cambio, se generaliza el hermoso grito de los libertarios mexicanos ¡Viva Tierra y Libertad!

La burguesía, espantada de su propia obra, porque su opresión y su rapacidad son las causas del movimiento revolucionario, lanza un llamamiento a la concordia. En el mismo periódico "El Imparcial", de 6 de este mes, aparece publicado ese documento que en parte dice así: "Desgraciadamente, el respeto a la vida, a la propiedad, a la honra de cada uno, han sufrido graves atentados en diversos puntos del país: es un hecho que nadie ignora, que el bandolerismo, se ha adueñado de extensiones considerables del territorio, y que tiende a aparecer en otras; existe en distintas regiones de la República en formas atroces, y allí ninguna familia honrada vive sin zozobra."

Siempre lamentándose los burgueses de lo que llaman atrocidades

primero hermano del esbirro Juan; publica un artículo firmado por un sinvergüenza que estáfó a los tabaqueros de San Francisco, California, el año pasado, a quienes dijo que iba a "libertar a México"; pero en vez de gastar el dinero en la compra de armas y municiones, se mandó poner dentadura de oro, y en lugar de incorporarse a las fuerzas de Silva, se Rangel ó de cualquiera otro de los compañeros que luchaban en el norte de Chihuahua, formó parte de la guerrilla maderista que capitaneaba el célebre coronel de los "41", el famoso poderista Antonio J. Villarreal. En el artículo del estafador se me llama farsante, por haber publicado varias veces hechos que demuestran que en muchas partes de México, los revolucionarios son agricultores guerreros que trabajan la tierra con el fusil al hombro. En "El Imparcial", de la ciudad de México, correspondiente al día 8 de este mes, en la columna segunda, abajo de la primera parte, y al referirse a los revolucionarios serranos, dice: "Un grupo de serranos, de avanzada en el lugar llamado 'La Ferrería', está sembrando los terrenos próximos al lugar y que pertenecen al pueblo de Tlalixtác." Esto basta para cerrar el hocico al majadero que responde al nombre de P. Casals, quien hace pocos días volvió a pedir dinero a los tabaqueros de San Francisco, esta vez, para marcharse a Cuba, de donde es oriundo. Tengo la historia de este ítere, y la daré a conocer cuando sea oportuno, así como continuará la de Manuel Sarabia, pues éste es quien paga al tal Casals para que escriba sus mamarrachos.

Por último, "The Los Angeles Times", periódico ultra-reaccionario que se publica en esta ciudad, en su edición del 16 de este mes, publica una correspondencia de la ciudad de México, en la que se habla de la precipitación del gobierno por resolver el problema agrario. Como en todos los casos en que esta materia es estudiada por burgueses ó gobernantes, la solución se hace descansar en el hecho de vender tierra a quien tenga dinero para comprarla. de manera que los pobres se verán esclavizados

Recordamos a todos los amigos y compañeros del buen camarada Limón, que su injusta causa se verá en hacernos saber a todos los que gusten de asistir a este Jurado, tanto para el de la defensa, que pueden enviar demostrar a nuestro honrado hermano

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

QUIRINO LIMON

Recordamos a todos los amigos y compañeros del buen camarada Limón, que su injusta causa se verá en hacernos saber a todos los que gusten de asistir a este Jurado, tanto para el de la defensa, que pueden enviar demostrar a nuestro honrado hermano

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

¡ADELANTE REBELDES!

No Hagals caso de nuestra Injusta Condena.
¡MORIR O VENCER!

También en esta semana tengo muy limitados el tiempo para recopilar las notas relativas al movimiento revolucionario económico-social que se desarrolla en la llamada nación mexicana, pues la farsa de proceso que se nos instruye continúa aún verificándose y robándonos tiempo precioso que con más provecho dedicaríamos a nuestra causa. Así, pues, aunque sean incompletas é imperfectas, daré a toda carrera las noticias que logre encontrar en los periódicos burgueses mexicanos que son mi principal y predilecta fuente de información, para impedir que cualquier mozalvete de los que "dudan" que efectivamente el pueblo mexicano patea por pan y no por amos, se dispare rebuznando que REGENERACION inventa noticias.

—No puedo resistir la tentación de abrir mis notas con una chusca. Los industriales, comerciantes, hacendados, banqueros y demás sanrolla en la llamada nación mexicana, pues la farsa de proceso que se nos instruye continúa aún verificándose y robándonos tiempo precioso que con más provecho dedicaríamos a nuestra causa. Así, pues, aunque sean incompletas é imperfectas, daré a toda carrera las noticias que logre encontrar en los periódicos burgueses mexicanos que son mi principal y predilecta fuente de información, para impedir que cualquier mozalvete de los que "dudan" que efectivamente el pueblo mexicano patea por pan y no por amos, se dispare rebuznando que REGENERACION inventa noticias.

Regeneration.

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For The Safety
Of The Public!

"The screams had to penetrate two steel doors and wind through the cellular passageway to the outer air. Their very faintness made them more horrible. It sounded like a man being tortured in the bowels of the earth. After the dungeon-keeper had timidly reported at the office twice—he was always fearful when he came to report screams, because he was sometimes sent back with a reprimand about being chicken-hearted—the captain went down to investigate, but refused to release the victim. He came back, jangling the keys at his side and humming 'Annie Rooney.' After a time the screams became fainter. Finally they died away."

The foregoing paragraph is from "Donald Lowrie's Life in Prison," being one of a series of extracts reproduced in "The Forum" for June. The description is of the torture in the straitjacket, for days at a time, of an unhappy prisoner caught in the crime of "making shell ornaments in his cell." It was picked out as among the most suggestive of many similar passages, but perhaps one should have selected the pages devoted to the double execution, with the graphic account of the "witnesses"—the politicians and officials who are invited to be present at these tragedies and regarded them as occasions for uproarious merriment. Some years ago, when working on "Crime and Criminals" for the Prison Reform League, I had in my possession a series of indecent stories, taken down by a prisoner at one of the banquets that succeed the hangings.

I thought I understood the philosophy of misery. I thought I knew something of the inhumanity of man to man. But when I found myself compelled to write of the cold-blooded tortures with which the walls of our penitentiaries echo, my pen so shook with indignation that often it was impossible to frame the words, and whatever optimistic views I might have had respecting the future of our society, as at present constituted, vanished, once and for all. I made a most extended study of the question and it revealed to me the politician in all his brutal nakedness; it showed me, not alone what Shakespeare called "the insolence of office" but its utter callousness to all save its own personal ambitions and rewards; it convinced me that, under a smiling exterior, where men who are pleased to call "Civilization" the most calculatingly cruel machine for war on the weak that human ingenuity has yet devised. In the Orient, and among what we dub the backward races, misery parades itself in public, and travellers hold up their hands in horror. Here we bury it, hypocritically, out of sight; and it is my belief that if the sum of human wretchedness hidden away in our penitentiaries, jails, reform schools, almshouses and lunatic asylums, could be laid before the public, they would display a drama at the moving picture show—there would follow such an instantaneous revolution as this world has never seen.

Three years ago the press began suddenly to teem with prison horrors, and San Quentin, in California—where Donald Lowrie had his experience—was singled out for special attack. The politicians rushed to the rescue of their fellows, and of the books and pamphlets written by officials, who promised all manner of reforms, there seemed to be no end. I wrote then, to the best of my ability, that all such professions would amount to nothing; that so-called crime had its root in the denial of a square deal; that, having robbed the masses, we add insult to injury by accusing them of theft; that we proceed on the principle that they are public enemies who should be crushed at any cost, and hand them over to the custody of a maniac constructed to carry that idiotic theory into effect as remorselessly as possible. I expressed the opinion then, and I repeat it now, that, so long as such barbarous sentiments prevail, and so long as the treatment and sentencing of criminals remain in the hands of those who are themselves part of a political machine, all hope of substantial reform is an iridescent dream. Apart from reading I interviewed many good and sympathetic men, who had striven earnestly to clean out the Augean stable. I can remember none who had not found it hopeless to buck the political machine.

Furthermore, a long and energetic campaign showed that all politicians were substantially in the same boat; but that, perhaps, the reform and professedly revolutionary politicians were the worst. From literary men, such as Lincoln Steffens or Charles Edward Russell, one received sympathy and aid; but only in their character as literary men, since literature opens the door of sympathy. Long and earnest letters to other allegedly radical politicians, drew either icy-cold responses or no response at all. The argument—that alleged revolutionists must always take the part of the under-dog, fell absolutely flat, and the plea that such exposures make the best kind of propaganda was dinned

into deaf ears. I discovered that all politicians think only of their particular programs, and became convinced that politics deaden the heart and brain to the claims of the individual, sacrificing him remorselessly on the altar of party expediency. Unfortunately the world consists of individuals, and the hopes and fears, the joys and sufferings of the individual form the whole of life.

Several years ago I devoted some time to an exposition of the philosophical grounds on which the most representative Anarchists have based their hostility to existing institutions. I showed—to my own satisfaction—at least—that Tolstoy was dominated by the doctrine of love. Proudhon by a burning zeal for justice and Kropotkin by his consciousness that beneath all social phenomena lies the universal law of struggle. To me it seems certain that, for the gigantic effort needed to emerge from the barbaric past, society must be dominated by all three; longing ardently for friendlier relations than those which now exist; aspiring eagerly for something that shall, at least, approximate justice; being so seized with the necessity for a better and more human life that it will struggle to the death for its ideal. Let me quote another paragraph from the article in "The Forum," which runs: "The carpenter of Nazareth placed the limit of man's forgiveness at his brother at seventy times seven. A California judge interprets this into a sentence of fifty years for a boy's first offense. The contrast is sufficiently startling. I look forward to the time when we shall make up our minds to have done, once and for all, with such monstrosities."

I do not believe mere aspiration is sufficient. I think action, individual action, must follow thought; just as the Christ we profess to adore found it necessary to overthrow the tables of the money changers and scourge away the grafters. I take life to be wiser than any set of books or theories, and I cannot forget that the class which has ruled society for centuries is the class that has refused to suffer wrong; that has fought, at the drop of the hat, when its honor has been affronted; that it has been dangerous to injure. I told a prison warden recently, "Let us for a moment, myself, any man who tried to lash me with a whip would take his life into his hands. I have no idea that we can get out of slavery by practicing submission, which is, and always has been, the philosophy of slaves."

To the hells of which I write are sentenced today not only those in whom society has cultivated the anti-social instincts of the criminal, but also those who overflow with love for their fellow-men—the pioneers who dare all that they may blaze the way of freedom; who start in the wilderness regards these men as criminals; no one who thinks at all considers them as other than gallant leaders in the struggle of the masses; no honest mind can reconcile itself to punishing them as they today are punished. And, since this attitude already grows too long, I desire to add that, while we are trying to justify intervention in Mexico by recounting the atrocities attributed to those now in the heyday of revolt, it would be well for us to consider the friendliness of which we are freemen, and to ask in the heat of conflict but in cold blood; not to masters who have inflicted on us hideous wrongs, but to our slaves—the pitiful slaves who, in ninety cases out of every hundred, wind up in the penitentiary because society has not given them a chance. "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

WM. C. OWEN.

AS IN MEXICO.

"Los Angeles," says the "Los Angeles Examiner," "does things on a large scale" and it draws some of the statement with this charming illustration: "Thirty years ago a corner on Sixth and Spring streets was sold for the trifling sum of \$2500. It became part and parcel of an estate, and instead of changing hands was kept for an increase in value. Two days ago this same corner was finally sold by the estate. One million dollars in cash was the consideration asked and given."

Indeed Los Angeles does things on a large scale, and in the instance quoted has given away a trifle verging on a million dollars to those who did nothing except—squat. In thousands of other instances, and throughout her broad domain, she compels her workers to make similar donations, and nobody says "Boo!" The Socialist and Single Taxers are busy with their political teapots; Organized Labor leaders are engineering fake building strikes, that they may make money out of earning the "per diem." Monopoly is in full possession of as rich a gold mine as this world has ever seen, and Labor grunts and sweats, prays and curses, for the privilege of being allowed to shovel the ore into the box.

All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both.—Max Muller.

When a man feels, on his own back and in his own belly, that poor he is, that man knows well that he is poor, and you can't talk it out of him any more than you can talk beef into him.—Dickens.

No reform, moral or intellectual, ever came from the upper class of society. Each and all came from the protest of the martyr and the victim. The emancipation of the working people must come from the working people themselves.—Wendell Phillips.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars then. On the bodies and souls of living men? Think ye that structure shall endure That shelters the rich and crushes the poor?"

JUNTA HELD
GUILTY

Sentence to be Passed
Tuesday, June 25.

After deliberating from 10.56 Friday morning, June 21, to 9.40 Saturday morning, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, accused of violation of the neutrality laws. There were six counts in the consolidated indictments, and Ricardo Magon and Rivera were found guilty on all but two; Enrique Magon on all but three and Figueroa on only one.

Sentence will be passed at 10.30 o'clock Tuesday morning, June 25. Judge Olin Wellborn gave instructions to the jury that were absorbed on by both sides as being absolutely fair and impartial, and the length of time occupied in arriving at a verdict points, at least, to careful consideration of the case.

This report, being written immediately after the finding of the verdict, purposely abstains from further comment, it being thought sufficient to remark that, in the opinion of all the defendants, their counsel, Willard Andrews, fought fairly and persistently, and the jury was not misled by any of the evidence offered since our last issue.

Jack Mosby, in command in Lower California, testified for the defense, and stated that he held his commission from Madero, who had promised him a governorship in the event of success. He explained various letters written to the Junta and Ricardo Magon by the declaration that he had found himself driven so hard that he had sought assistance from every quarter. He was subjected to severe cross-examination, the prosecutor maintaining that his present testimony contradicted that given on former occasions. Witness replied that then his own liberty was in jeopardy, and the prosecuting attorney asked what reason he had for supposing that the indictment against him had been or would be dismissed. "Only your word of honor," was the reply. Mosby proved an excellent witness, being cool and precise in his statements, and maintaining throughout that he had acted entirely on his own initiative, urged thereby by his conviction that he was engaged in a righteous cause.

Librado Rivera, one of the defendants, testified that he had never seen the government witnesses, Reed, Olguin, Rosales or Flores, until Dominguez brought them into the county jail and pointed out to them the members of the Junta, calling each by name. Had never given one of them a cent. Had been a member of the Junta since 1905, and was at present business manager of "Regeneracion." Explained in detail that, although Figueroa was named as editor of the paper, the Junta was opposed to all centralization of power and had no president. In contradiction of the witnesses for the prosecution he swore that he had never visited Tia Juana and had not been outside of Los Angeles since his return from prison in Arizona in 1910.

Fred Williams, a reporter for the "Herald," was recalled and testified that the members of the Junta had nothing to do with his going to Mexico, and that he had never received any letter of introduction or other documents from John Kenneth Turner. Joined a troop composed of soldiers of fortune, between whom and the members of the I. W. W. there was much bitter feeling. Absolutely denied having told the San Diego chief of police that he had gone down to Lower California at the instance of the Magons, or that they ever promised him land or other remuneration. Wm. J. Rolph, Moore McDonald, Frank W. Smith and others testified to a similar effect.

Anselmo L. Figueroa, one of the defendants, testified that he never had seen the government witnesses, Reed, Olguin, Rosales or Flores, until Dominguez brought them into the county jail to identify him and the other defendants. Explained his position as editor of "Regeneracion," which he described as being considered for power and not for the true conditions in Mexico known. Had never been at Tia Juana with Ricardo Magon, as testified to by witnesses for the prosecution.

The prosecuting attorney introduced in evidence No. 94 of "Regeneracion" for the purpose of showing that the witness was "absolutely opposed to and had the utmost contempt for the enforcement of the law under which he was being tried." Counsel for the defense objected and a considerable argument ensued, the court finally ruling in favor of the prosecution. Mrs. Aurelia Jane Corker, in whose house Ricardo Magon lives, testified that he had been there nearly two years, and was positive that he had never left the city save once, when he made a short trip to Anaheim.

Struck for Money. Enrique Flores Magon, a member of the Junta and one of the defendants, declared the testimony of Olguin, Flores and Rosales—who swore that they had been enlisted and had received money and tickets—was absolutely false. Was daily, and all day long, at Junta headquarters, and had never seen the witnesses named until they were brought into the county jail by Dominguez. Is Junta treasurer. Saw Martin for the first time when—being with his brother, Ricardo, the attorney for the defense and Owen Martin (who had acknowledged on the stand that he was in the pay of the Mexican government)—approached Ricardo Magon with offer to testify for the defense if paid

for doing so. Knew Rogers slightly, but Turner very well. Was questioned closely as to any possible connection with Valenzuela, whom he denied knowing; but he identified his signature to a letter written to him.

Counsel for the defense endeavored to question witness as to a visit alleged to have been paid the Junta by a representative of Madero two days before the headquarters were raided, but the prosecution objected and the court sustained the objection. Witness was allowed to state, however, that his brother, Jesus, is Madero's Secretary of State.

Jack Mosby was recalled once more and stated positively that he knew John Kenneth Turner as agent for Madero, and that Turner alone made arrangements with Rogers for the purchase of guns and ammunition.

Rebellion No Felony. Ricardo Flores Magon, like his fellow defendants, denied "in toto" the truth of the evidence as to enlisting by Reed, Olguin, Flores and Rosales—witnesses for the prosecution. He expressed his belief that the signature to the government's exhibit, No. 20, which was alleged to be that of Arango, secretary of the Junta, was not genuine, but passed as true another letter which, he said, was a communication congratulating him on the success of a battle against tyranny.

With respect, in particular, to the commission produced in evidence and signed by him, he explained that the Junta invariably left it to comrades to make their own arrangements and to elect their own officers, the missions merely testifying to the acts of the men themselves. The commissions serve, he said, to identify the holders throughout Mexico, wherever the Liberal Party is known. News of the various elections was always published in "Regeneracion."

Asked if he had not been previously convicted of a felony witness replied: "I don't consider it a felony to fight for liberty." Was released from the penitentiary in Arizona in August, 1910, and came direct to Los Angeles, where he immediately re-organized the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party and started "Regeneracion." To the explanation that the paper was for the purpose of enlightening the world as to the terrible conditions in Mexico, and in direct answer to the question whether it was not fomenting revolution, witness added: "Revolutions cannot be fomented by papers; only by the gun."

Witness was questioned closely as to a letter written to Pedro Solis, now in which he had been re-organized to furnish him with the "indispensable elements for the fomentation of the revolution," and also as to a letter sent to one Toba. He explained that after the defeat at Tia Juana the comrades wrote asking him for advice as to their future actions, and that the letter had been an endeavor to comply with their request. It was not in the nature of an order, for "we never gave nor do we receive any orders." The letter to Salinas was sent after a long discussion and much correspondence, and was a general expression of satisfaction with Leyva, but the comrades did not want him to retire in disgust.

The government called Messrs. Geschewsky, Crowley, Ferris, Gaynor, Herrick, Bernard and Dominguez.

Voltairine Dead!

With profound sorrow we learn of the death, in Chicago, of Voltairine de Cleyre, after a long and intensely painful illness. The news comes to us by telegram, just as we are going to press, and we have to reserve extended notice for next week's issue.

Voltairine de Cleyre was known throughout the revolutionary world, not only for her great talent as a writer and speaker, but—which is of much greater importance—for the sterling integrity of her character. Living unflinchingly in accordance with the principles in which she believed; seeking neither notoriety nor money; following truth undauntedly wherever she found it, and in the ample of her life will speak with even greater eloquence than the tongue and pen now stilled by death.

As is known to all readers of "Regeneracion" the revolution in Mexico had her profoundest sympathy, and her writings on that particular subject were most noteworthy. In her death the Mexican people has lost a true and powerful friend, and no words could ever come to the members of the Junta precisely when their own liberties were in the balance, than that now flashed from Chicago.

THE KEY TO WEALTH.

Once again Labor and Capital divide the swag. Labor gets an increase of pay in the anthracite coal fields. Capital promptly adds 25 cents per ton to the price of anthracite, and puts \$2,000,000 to the profit account. This situation is the more exquisite when you consider that this coal wasn't put in the earth by Capital, yet Capital charges for it as if Capital owned it, in addition to charging for digging it out and transporting it. And this ownership charge is a charge upon the consumer for no service at all. The coal in the ground belongs to all the people and Capital should pay for it but it doesn't. All the capitalist should get is the value of his service in getting the coal out of the earth and to the people. But organized Labor doesn't care what Capital gets so long as organized Labor gets its share. The unorganized consumer gets it in the neck. There he will continue to get it until he sees that the whole secret of pauperizing the many to enrich the few rests in the fact that the few appropriate to themselves the natural resources belonging to the people and then sell them to the many. ("The Mirror," St. Louis.)

Terrazas Must Pay
Or Cattle Will
Be Seized

When American and other plutocrats bought Mexican land by the hundreds of square miles did they ask what right the vendors had to sell it? Did they ask how it was that a few were able to dispose of principalities? Of course they did not. They took their alleged titles knowing them to be absolutely rotten. They knowingly made themselves partners in one of the most gigantic crimes on record. By every principle of justice they should be punished. Most certainly they should not be upheld by American bayonets.

In view of an impending Armageddon at Chicago, the splitting from stem to stern of the party that, with two terms excepted, has ruled the country since the Civil War; the police force doubled in anticipation of rioting at a national convention; leading politicians declaring publicly that they will carry guns, and charges of "strong arm" tactics hurled to and fro, it is no wonder that the Mexican issue drops for the moment almost out of sight. Of course it is still there, an important and possibly more threatening than ever. It is today one of the world's great facts, which no amount of spell-binding oratory can obliterate. One might add that the Chicago hysteria is in itself monumental testimony to the wisdom of those who have warned the Mexican people persistently against looking to politics for relief.

The real estate speculators pursue their time-honored tactics, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. Inasmuch as American money is invested most largely in the northern States of Mexico, and inasmuch as lands situate there appeal more strongly to the investor, our press still confines its notices of the Mexican Revolution to the operations near the border. Orozco's recent reverses apparently have given the speculators heart once more, and we note the sale of three thousand acres in Sonora to an American syndicate, which proposes to put them into cotton, corn and wheat, the attraction being the cheap labor obtainable. The man who engineered the deal reports the hotels at Hermosillo as full of Americans who are there "with a view of buying land, having been attracted by the prevalent low prices, owing to the war scare." Perhaps this will make some of our readers understand why we feel compelled to hammer on the land question unceasingly, and why we have to explain "ad nauseam" that the root of all this trouble is the Mexican unwillingness to have his country and his own life exploited for the benefit of foreign shareholders. Evidently much more time and much more expropriation, will be needed to drive the lesson home. Once again the Los Angeles real estate offices are blossoming out with window notices calling attention to the cheap rate at which land in Mexico can now be bought. Every one of these people is engaged as actively in thrusting the Mexicans into slavery once more as if he held the hammer in his hand and was heating the rivets for the chain.

Federal Attack Repulsed. The continued fight of the Junta compels the Mexican government to somewhat earlier than usual. The latest news—July 17—as to the fighting between the federal forces and Orozco is that the former have been repulsed in their attempt to pass La Cruz and move on Bachimba, fifty miles north, where Orozco's main force is assembled. The federals are reported as numbering 2000, under Gen. Rabago, and the rebels are estimated at 1500. Nine miles distant, at Santa Rosa, an additional federal force of 5000 is reported. It is anticipated that the next few days will see heavy fighting, once more close to the border line; in the neighborhood of Casas Grandes and Juarez. Accordingly Col. Steever, commander of the Department of Texas, has sent Orozco a letter, warning him that "you must so conduct operations as not to bring any part of the territory of the United States under fire." To this Orozco has sent a reply, which reads, in part, as follows: "Although the United States government, trampling ostensibly the neutrality laws, orders you to sustain with all efficacy that 'bunch of mercenary Maderistas' that are acting in El Paso, I assure you that we will try in every possible way to meet the conditions of your communication without promising to do it in case the American authorities sanction the passing to this side of the Maderista troops which publicly are being organized in El Paso under the direction of the Mexican Consul, E. C. Llorente."

The letter can hardly be regarded as couched in conciliatory language, and we invite special attention to his charge that the United States itself has been deliberately violating the neutrality laws on which it professes to set such store. It is the rebels' claim that, for months past, they have been compelled to fight not only Madero, but also his silent partner, the United States government. The situation illustrates most lucidly the truth that all governments oppose, as openly as they dare, all revolutions, regardless of their merits. Government is always on the side of the privileged, being itself privilege incarnate; is always with the existing rulers, being itself organized for the express purpose of ruling others.

Holding up the name of the fact that Orozco insists that Terrazas purchase \$1,000,000 worth of war bonds of the State of Chihuahua, under penalty of suffering the confiscation of cattle valued at \$1,000,000. This they consider a high-handed outrage, but one does not find them asking whether Terrazas, who is supposed to be worth \$1,000,000, ever in his life hesitated the fraction of a second over the confiscation of a peon's toil. It should be remembered that the Chihuahua Congress passed, June 6, an act authorizing Orozco to negotiate the sale of bonds to the amount of \$5,000,000 gold for the support and final triumph of the revolutionary cause. Luis Terrazas, brother of the multi-millionaire, is now a prisoner in Orozco's hands. Hitherto Orozco has shown himself singularly unwilling to resort to confiscation. It may be that recent reverses have opened his eyes to the fact that war is war, or it may be that the demand now made on Terrazas means that his own forces are getting beyond his control and insisting that loss is a legitimate part of the game. We have already repeatedly stated that Orozco's ultimate defeat would not mean peace but merely a further extension of guerrilla warfare; and guerrilla leaders are not noted for their respect of the rich man's property. June 17 was the date fixed by the Mexican consul at El Paso for hearing claims presented by Americans whose relatives had been killed or wounded during the battle of Juarez, a year ago. Not one was presented. The claimants all declared that they looked to the American State Department. The position taken appears significant.

More Loot the Magnet.

"Current Literature" again gives much space to consideration of the Mexican situation, and quotes leading Mexican papers on the subject of intervention. "El Tiempo" considers it inevitable and remarks: "The ambition of the United States is the cause of which they are hungry. Chihuahua fascinates them. There is still a territory with the control of which the dreams of Anglo-Saxon commercialism are made brighter." In a similar vein "El Blas" comments: "Geographically, Providence has placed us as sentinels at the point of greatest interest to the world. If our ruler under our post, which is the key to the continent, even after we have been slaughtered, as some fear, what will become of the Latin republics?" We ourselves have pointed out assiduously that the Mexican Revolution not only raises the economic problem in its crudest and most easily comprehended form, but also an immense race problem that may set the world aflame. The entire Latin world, extending from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn and including Cuba, has a dread and hatred of Anglo-Saxon and Jewish supremacy that runs through the veins of the man who had made of the concession hunter and the privilege seeker."

On what we consider sufficient evidence we have regarded Orozco as being himself too rich and too closely affiliated with the rich to be a true representative of the Mexican disinherited, but there is no doubt that he was treated shamefully by Madero and that, with Zapata, he might well have described the president as being the most ungrateful and perfidious of men. The sketch in question presents Orozco as a born fighter of great personal strength, fearless, abstemious and untiring.

Permeated with Distrust.

Adossides, the "Times" war correspondent, gives an account of the Mexican federal army which is anything but promising for its ultimate success. He explains that the volunteers, whom it is largely composed, have been recruited mostly from the jails, and adds: "The officers are almost afraid of these men, and it is not uncommon on the march to see them divided into platoons and sandwiched between companies of regulars, who march in superior numbers and with their bayonets fixed, ready to quell any incipient outbreak or mutiny among the volunteers." I was told frequently that the volunteer officers in the federal army that they had discussed the possibility of a widespread outbreak among the soldiers generally because of the evil influence of these criminals in the ranks. They were fearful that the insubordination of the "voluntarios" would arouse discontent among the regulars. More than one mutiny has occurred among these rebellious "voluntarios," who have refused to obey the orders of their officers to march to the battlefield.

Emphasis is laid on the point that all military initiative centers in Mexico City, even Huerta, who is in chief command, reporting every movement to Madero and taking all instructions from him. In short, distrust permeates the entire federal army, and the writer quotes the reply he received from an officer with whom he had demonstrated on account of his cruelty toward a private. "These men are all wild animals, señor," was the answer. "If we did not follow this severe method they would most certainly eat us up. We have no other means to make them obey." On the other hand he asserts that hitherto Orozco has been able to pay his men double what the federal soldier receives, and that "this betters by at least 400 per cent the laborer's pay." Epes Randolph may shed all the tears he likes over the suffering of the peasant, as the result of revolution. The boot is on the other foot; the howl comes from the rich.

"Doubting the Issue." In last Sunday's "Times" one read the following head: "Back to soil."

urges Madero. President Madero, a Republican, has laid to rest the people. Three million acres, so far, ready for subdivision." The report of the National Agrarian Commission informs us that the price paid for properties varies all the way from three to fifty dollars per acre, and that \$15,000,000, in gold, is to be expended. We have written repeatedly that all measures of this kind are simply the rich man's attempt to avoid confiscation; that labor, which produces all values, is saddled with the bill, and that, neither from the practical standpoint nor from that of principle, can they be regarded as any solution of the agrarian problem. The very attempt, however, to put through such policies testifies always to the pressure under which a government finds itself, and proves that it has been compelled to pretend, at least, to face the music. Beyond all doubt, in Mexico at any rate, revolution has forced the issue and question to the front permanently. The forces are moving south to meet the federals, a telegram to Chihuahua, dated June 20, stating that they are about to surround Ralago's cavalry estimated as numbering two thousand. On the other hand despatches announce the threatened disruption of Orozco's forces into a series of guerrilla bands. The probability is that such despatches are merely forecasts of what is sure to happen should the military situation deteriorate, and it seems probable that such a result will strengthen the direct action movement of "Back to the Land."

Despite the calls made on his time by enforced attendance at the court notes of guerrilla warfare compiled by Enrique Magon; this week are longer than ever. Lack of space forbids our going into detail and we content ourselves with saying that the disturbances prevalent throughout the country continue unabated. One notes that the leading citizens of Soledad City have issued a call in which they urge the people to rally to the support of Madero, "that each may be saved from losing what he has—the banker his capital; the owner of stores or factories his mercantile or industrial establishments; the worker his house, his furniture, the fruits of his toil." Alas! The taking of these inventories is always fatal. When the holdings of the two classes are put side by side and compared, the discrepancy is fatal to unity. That is the trouble everywhere.

SOMEWHAT INFLATED.

In a signed article Mr. John Murray, editor of the "California Social Democrat," does not accuse the I. W. W. of base ingratitude toward the craft unions and Socialist Party. It was their powerful influence, he alleges, which made it possible for the I. W. W. to march in procession behind the body of their dead comrade, Mikolasek. As he puts it: "We dug a well in the desert at which you quench your thirst—we, the unions of the American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party."

We opine that the Los Angeles police are not averse to the American Federation of Labor or the Socialist Party, as represented in this city. Only recently the latter's representatives called on the police and assured them of the party's intention to cooperate in opposing any such proceedings as had made San Diego, for the moment, a hotbed of revolt. The police grinned and thought it a huge joke.

Of course the truth is that, under the sway of the conservative trades unions and the still more conservative Socialist Party politicians, Los Angeles is as quiet as a mill pond. There is not the slightest reason why processions of any kind, and much less funeral processions, should be prohibited. Let Los Angeles become a storm center—the thought is almost inconceivable—and you won't find the police holding their hands for fear of Mr. Murray or any of his kindred.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

Commenting on William English Walling's extremely lazy book, "Socialism as it is," the Saturday Evening Post says: "The main fact disclosed is that rather definite breaking away from mere State Socialism, mere Government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, lodging houses, steel mills and biscuit factories. All that exists now in a most high and palmy state of capitalism; and leading authorities whom Mr. Walling quotes regard it not as Socialism, but as the acme and perfection of capitalism. Without knowing Mr. Walling's authorities, we have suspected the same thing, because for the most part it seemed highly probable that Government ownership of railroads, for example, so far from being an advantage to labor, would be a decided disadvantage."

In reality the Socialist Party still stands for government ownership; for State Socialism in its fullest, most comprehensive and most absolute sense. This anybody who chooses to study its platform can see with half an eye.

The trouble with the Socialist Party is that it is now compelled to endeavor to conceal that ugly fact; because the experience of the working class has shown it that the thinkers of the Herbert Spencer type were right when they told it that of all bad masters the State, which always represents power and privilege, is the very worst. The Socialist party, therefore, has to pretend that it does not want a State, or that the State is something entirely different from that which we know at present. The pretension is impossible and the task a hopeless one.

"One note that should be sounded with clear decision is that State ownership as a substitute for private ownership will never end the struggle for economic freedom; it will, on the contrary, make that struggle still more difficult, while the State expropriates the wealth of the workers, which will be further oppressed and enslaved them." ("Freedom.")