

Regeneracion.

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Justice Superior To Man-Made Law

A set of men gets into power. It matters not in the least what set it is, for, always and everywhere, the same results follow. The first business, the very first business, the business that never by any chance is neglected, of the new incumbents is to impose laws protecting whatever interests them most closely. If, as is usually the case, land monopoly is the paramount interest, everything tending to strengthen that monopoly will receive utmost attention. If the secondary interest of manufacturing is predominant, measures will be taken to guarantee a good supply of labor and keep that labor in submission. If, as is not infrequently happens—the dominant interest is an idea, laws will be passed to encourage that idea. The church, prohibition, Puritanism, etc., having captured the political power, will use it remorselessly to enforce their mental hobby.

Examination of the laws in any community reflects exactly the dominant interest, and you need go no further than this city of Los Angeles for proof. Here it is by land monopoly that monstrous fortunes have been made, and by land monopoly that thousands still expect to lift themselves above the fear of want. Real estate, therefore, is what newspaper men call the "sacred cow," the idol that never must be attacked; the temple hedged round impreguably. Its praises must be sung in liturgies that contain more absurdities than are to be found in any savage creed. With one voice the newspapers must proclaim that he who has made the biggest corner on that without which we cannot live is our greatest benefactor, since he pays into the public treasury most taxes. They must hallow the community into the belief that nothing so benefits the poor as to have land values soar to heights that place ownership for ever beyond their reach. Any number of similar absurdities must they preach, that they may get the advertising of the wealthy, the endorsement of leading citizens, and the benediction of the church. Los Angeles swarms, to my certain knowledge, with revolutionary journalists; but while our papers slop over with suggestions for ameliorating the conditions of the poor, not one of them dares to attack what is—in Los Angeles, at least, and beyond all question the direct cause of those conditions. The Socialist organ itself is no exception, and it is particularly noticeable, that in its last municipal campaign the Socialist Party attacked everything between heaven and earth but the one overshadowing evil it was its special duty to attack.

As we spread ourselves recently on a Land Show, so last Monday we had a Municipal Parade. The papers say it was five miles long and took two hours to pass a given point. It made me tired in body and sick at heart; but it drove home to me conviction more than ever the truth I have endeavored to express. If the representative citizens who got up that exhibition had one particle of honesty in them they would have labelled it as what it actually was—an exhibition of public energy devoted to the profit of a private class. As it was they resorted once more to the nauseating hypocrisy that they were displaying the community in action and doing things for itself; redeemed from the monopoly of big interest, working for its own collective benefit. No greater or more pernicious lie could be uttered, and when I make that statement I mean that it should carry with it the logical and inevitable conclusion. I mean that the men who got it up, presided over it, blessed it, were partners in that lie; knowing partners, who deliberately deceived the public.

I watched that parade in company with a well-known newspaper man who knows what is what. As banner after banner passed us, flaunting the information that this and that department had saved the community so and so much, he repeatedly exclaimed: "What a damned lie!" Not being posted on those particular facts I could not judge, but when the "Hous-

ing Commission" came along and declared it was abolishing the slum and tenement house I knew a lie was facing me. I had heard its chief official lecture and admit that the commission could make no headway against the exorbitant demands of the Los Angeles landlord, whose growing rapacity undid continually whatever good the department attempted to accomplish. That lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Woman's Socialist convention, and I myself took the floor and urged the convention to tackle land monopoly in Los Angeles as an essential part of its propaganda work.

They have put our men in jail; put them in jail for fighting, boldly and openly, the robbery that has its claws in the pockets of labor every fraction of every second of every hour of every day and night. They put them in stripes and condemn them to infamy for warring frankly against this cannibalism; for cannibalism it is. I glory in their war, as, had I been an Abolitionist, I should have gloried in the multiplication of those "underground railways," as they were called, by which men were snatched from the clutches of the slaveowner and hurried to freedom across the Canadian frontier. It was a violation of the then-existing man-made law, but it was in obedience to the infinitely higher law of life, and it caused Emerson to say that good men must be careful not to obey the law too closely. It was against the law when Galileo announced that the earth moved, and bitterly he suffered for it. It was against the law when Luther defied the power of Rome and nailed his protest to the church door. Every step that progress is compelled to take is necessarily against existing law, because every dominant interest makes the law for its own protection, and every dominant interest becomes finally an obstacle that must be attacked and overturned. This is man's eternal struggle; his never-ending martyrdom; the price at which advance is purchased. It is the necessarily immortal story of the cross; of, as I think, the still greater legend of Prometheus, invented by the Greeks to typify this very truth, some twenty-five hundred years ago.

Do you know that I have been plagued with letters and protests from those who think it was my duty to denounce the judge who inflicted on the accused members of the Junta a sentence far lighter than the prosecution demanded or than we ourselves expected? How can these people conceive what was in Judge Wellborn's mind? For ought they can tell, I saw the situation as it actually is; saw enacted once more before him the old, old story of Lovejoy, and Garrison and Wendell Phillips; of Huss, and Bruno, Latimer and Ridley; of all that army of martyrs who faced certain death that they might tell their truth; just as the Magons faced imprisonment for they knew not how many years, when they could easily—so easily!—have flown to safety. For all they know he may have thought over all this history during the two days' recess that preceded sentence, and—done the best he could. Yet these protesters would have me prostitute truth and trample all sense of justice in the mud—for what? That we might make ourselves alike contemptible and ridiculous by putting up a whine; that we might play the farce of pretending that really powerful idol-smashers like the Magons are mild as butter and harmless as the dove. They are not that sort of men, and I myself am not that sort of man.

Our men in jail are warriors, and the Mexican Liberal Party is itself at war. It is at war more particularly against land monopoly, which has reduced the Mexican nation, as it is reducing the American, to slavery. In that war it is but a factor, though a most important factor, in a worldwide movement of revolt, which knows no national limitations, recognizes no distinctions of race or color, is battling for the right simply because it conceives it to be right. Its colors will not be lowered out of consideration to any individuals, however important those individuals, for the moment, may be. Its program will not be altered in deference to any supposed interests, even if those interests are erroneously imagined to be its own. The punishment meted out is far from being the first the members of the Mexican Liberal Party have had to meet, and it is highly improbable that it will be the last. You cannot touch pitch without sticking your hands; you cannot attack a giant wrong without that wrong retaliating. The more threatening your onslaught the more bitterly will it be resented. In the present instant certain fighters have fallen, for the moment. It should be a call to close up the ranks; an urgent invitation to rally to the standard. WM. C. OWEN.

Sonora New Scene Of Guerrilla Warfare

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 principles? 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.

Our Mexican exchanges are arriving many days late—a sure sign that communication is interrupted. One of the last to hand is "El Imparcial," of Mexico City, under date of June 24, and we translate from it the following:

"The peon, the day laborer and the native have no love for the land. Nothing could be fatter. Does not Señor de Leon know that the Yaqui problem has arisen and is still on foot because the Indians were despoiled of their lands and have a great desire and longing to recover them? And what has he to say about the Indians of Ocuila, of Durango—agriculturists who are in love with their lands and have risen in rebellion because they were stolen from them? And what of those of Metztitlan, in the State of Hidalgo? And so one can go from State to State of the Federation, pointing out the theatres of great land robberies as being now the scenes of despair and rebellion on the part of the despoiled proprietors, who, in the majority of cases, were Indians.

"As for the statement that the day laborers do not believe in division, that also is not exact, for the heart of the late revolution, to which the day laborers gave their flesh and blood, was the repatriation of the land, which certain leaders began to make on their own account in the Laguna district. This process has gone on and is being kept alive by daily practical examples, because there is no faith in the promises of repatriation and grants. Wherever the revolutionists pass, herds and crops become their property, either voluntarily or by force, and this not only among the soldiery of the liberating army but among the unarmed rabble that follows it and gets its living from the sackings."

The peon, above all the Indian, once aroused, is not likely to wear kid gloves when taking back what he considers his. We still remember something of what happened in France more than a century ago, and it is recognized by all students of history that peasant revolutions are the most terrible of all. We take the following, bearing the same date, from "Nueva Era," a semi-official Madero organ. It is from a report rendered to the governor of Guerrero, and runs in part as follows:

Rebels Respect Nothing. "All the towns and ranches, which have been sacked several times, present a most disconsolate picture. All those who had any capital have fallen into frightful ruin. The rebels respect nothing; in their blind anxiety to exterminate they have burned libraries, schools and public archives. Jesus H. Salgado and other chiefs preach to their men that houses and lands are free; that there are no owners and that all may occupy them freely. It is calculated that since the movement known as "Salgadism" began, in the Hot Lands zone, more than three thousand horses have been stolen, without taking into account mules, cattle and burros. The losses in personal property, crops, money, jewelry, stocks, minerals, etc., are incalculable." After complimenting the federal troops on their steadfast courage, the writer continues: "But, despite their most praiseworthy conduct, the efforts of the loyal troops up to the present have not sufficed to annihilate this rebellion."

Probably the most instructive statement of the general situation that we can make is the remark that the Los Angeles dailies, which are watching developments closely, have contained during the last seven days far more matter respecting the Mexican revolution than at any time within our memory. This despite the fact that there has been no big, spectacular fighting, and that our own political pot is boiling. They sense the fact that the dispersal of Orozco's army,

which will now raid its way through Sonora and seek the capture of Pacific Coast ports, ushers in a new and most perilous stage. It brings the fighting, in the more serious form of guerrilla war, into the territory in which American investments are heaviest, and Orozco himself is reported as declaring that the fighting has only just begun. He declares his forces will find an outlet on the gulf and thus obtain the arms they were prevented from getting across the border. On that point he scores the United States government in bitter terms, expressing what is doubtless the sentiment of all Mexicans, apart from the upholders of Madero.

Huerta Breaks Faith.

According to a despatch from Mexico City, dated July 10, Gen. Huerta is to be authorized to offer amnesty to all rebels who surrender within three weeks. Orozco is very sarcastic as to the needless trouble to which Madero has put himself therein, and we judge that such will be the general feeling, for despatches from El Paso, dated July 9, to the "Los Angeles Evening Herald," contained the following: "Disregarding a recent proclamation which he issued promising amnesty to all who lay down their arms, Gen. Huerta, federal commander, has been executing by wholesale since driving the rebels from Chihuahua city, which his forces are now occupying."

"News of the executions was received here last night, but was not generally credited until confirmed today from Mexico City."

"The editor of El Monitor, a rebel paper published in Chihuahua, is among those reported executed. Some of the other victims were among the police which Orozco left behind to guard the city and prevent looting until the federals could come. These Huerta promised to treat as neutrals. He also executed some of the men who worked for Orozco as telegraph operators."

Whether Orozco will be able to keep this following together seems very questionable, for rumors of disaffection are rife. There were seven thousand of them in Juarez last Monday, but that same day troop trains took fifteen hundred to Casas Grandes. It seems more probable that the army, scattering into small guerrilla bands, will get out of hand, but it by no means follows that it will prove less effective. Meanwhile the Mormons, at Colonia Morelos and Colonia Oaxaca, being directly in the path of the two armies, are sending appeals to Washington, for most of them are American citizens. According to a telegram received by the church authorities in Salt Lake City, from Bishop Lillywhite, their complaints are directed mainly against the federal troops.

The "Los Angeles Daily Times," of July 10, quotes Senator Mark Smith, of Arizona, as saying at the White House: "Outrages in Mexico are becoming so frequent that this country cannot put up with them any longer. There will be big developments in the Mexican situation in a few days. We have got to do something—issue a proclamation or warn Mexico in some way."

Garibaldi Resigns.

Meanwhile great disaffection is reported among Madero's troops. Garibaldi, who was in command of the volunteers recruited to repel the rebel invasion of Sonora, has resigned his commission, declining to agree to the commander-in-chief's plans, which, he said, would mean the annihilation of his men. The "Times" reports: Gen. Jose de la Luz Blanco is also disaffected, and adds: "As an additional source of annoyance it has been discovered that many of the men enlisted on the government side are really rebel organizers. Just how many men are disloyal is not known, but thus far eighty have been disbanded, while many have deserted." Garibaldi's advanced column of 150 was attacked by the rebels, July 2, and routed utterly, thirty being slain.

Huerta's feat in driving Orozco out of the Bachimba fastnesses does not appear to have impressed military critics, it being pointed out that the rebels, confessedly short of ammunition, retired with little loss, and that the federal commander failed to cut off their retreat. That was the all-important thing.

NOTICE TO EDITORS.

Our imprisoned comrades of the Junta can receive radical literature only when mailed direct from the office of publication. They are great readers and we hope our brother editors will not forget them. Papers, etc., should be addressed to them personally, at the Federal Penitentiary, McNeill's Island, Washington.

TRIAL POSTPONED.

The State failed to put in an appearance when the case against our comrades, accused of endeavoring to rescue the imprisoned members of the Junta, was called last Wednesday. It was postponed for one week.

THEN AND NOW PAST AND PRESENT, OF MEXICO SKETCHED (Continued.)

In truth we all, in degrees that are practically identical, have an intellectual conviction of the soundness, the justice and the wisdom of the Anarchist doctrine. Of a truth we all have a very clear feeling that the great idea of the Bakunins, the Kropotkins and the Reclus is the one logical road toward justice and the universal welfare of the human race. But is it true that we "civilized" people have developed this communist-anarchism to the point of the uncontrollable instinct that pushes the Indian on to the recapture of his land and its cultivation, free from the yoke of authority? One may say that the Indian has drunk in this all-powerful instinct with his mother's milk. This instinct of mutual aid and freedom the Indian has inherited from traditions and customs the origin of which is lost in the night of time.

Thus, therefore, ethnological psychology comes to the aid of sociology to give us the assurance that the Mexican Revolution is inspired by a spirit profoundly communist-anarchist, and is to some extent the prologue of the international social revolution which is now announcing itself. To unravel the complex, but not inextricable, tangle of the great economic and social drama which for the last three years has been played across the ocean, one must take into consideration at the outset the fact that to the true Mexican the life of the factory, the slavery of the plantation and the bell of the mine are repugnant. Being nearer to nature than we are he scoffs at the many unhealthy pleasures which have still so many charms for the western proletariat. His perpetual dream is to begin again to live a sane and normal life; to put into practice once more the communism of the "mit" on that land which is to him so dear and of which all-powerful hand, under the shelter of the law, robbed his ancestors. Thus, under the impulse of the irresistible force of racial instinct, the Mexican is in revolt against all that blocks the way and keeps him from realizing his desire for a logical life.

Pleading for Delay.

It is for this reason that, in the very hour in which the people of Mexico are offering the "civilized" universe an example that is so fine, the weekly organ, "The Socialist," dedicated to the defense of the proletariat, is showing itself to be a perfectly useless sheet. "The Socialist" is demanding for the Mexicans a long period of education and organization, during which the parasites will be able to fill their bellies in peace. In many of its numbers one can read the apology of the lawyer, Jesus Magon, who, following a path the diametrical opposite of that trodden by his brothers, has accepted a portfolio from Madero. The innumerable incidents of the struggle, as they can be gleaned daily from the Mexican press, show clearly that the "insurrection" in Mexico is today capable and worthy of carrying to completion the revolutionary education of the international proletariat.

In the latter days of February there was serious talk of Diaz' return to Mexico. But the old tyrant, showing a wise prudence, declined the offer in a public statement, at the close of which he avowed his impotence to "ameliorate" the situation of a country, the inhabitants of which "are inspired by communist ideas."

Thus, Diaz himself has pronounced the decisive word. Descended on his mother's side from the Mixtec tribe, he knows full well the hereditary tendencies of the people he reduced to slavery; he knows that the Indians have always claimed common possession of the soil; he has not forgotten that, from the beginning of his reign, he and his government laid a pitiless hand of iron on the people, systematically violating and destroying the ancient tribal customs; better than any one else he was able to predict that, the day the rein of despotism was relaxed, the Mexican, obeying an irresistible impulse, would begin at once to practice, on the spot, agrarian communism.

(To be continued.)

Luis Terrazas has bought 1300 acres in New Mexico, paying \$120,000. Finds the United States a country more benevolently disposed toward land monopolists than is that revolutionary Mexico.

DON'T FORGET THE BALL.

"Regeneration Group" will give a ball at Mammoth Hall, No. 4, 517 S. Broadway, July 20, at 8 p. m. The Russian dancers will lead off, after which everyone will join in. In obedience, as we understand, to a municipal ordinance no entrance charge is advertised, but that should not prevent a large attendance.

Mexico's Struggle As the Magons Know It

The following is from the pen of Enrique Flores Magon. It throws a flood of light on the situation in Mexico, and presents, in simple but moving language, the greatest of all themes—a nation's struggle to escape from slavery. Unfortunately the writer was removed to the penitentiary at McNeill's Island before he could conclude his manuscript, but that in our possession will run, at least, three weeks in "Regeneration."

Here, in brief, is the history of our efforts to free from peonage fifteen million human beings who form the population of the so-called Mexican Republic; and here, also in brief, the history of the persistent persecution of which we have been the victims at the hands of those whose interest it is that the economic, political and social conditions of the Mexican people remain unchanged.

Those conditions are well known. The land, which is the natural mother of all wealth, being in a few hands, the great mass of Mexico's population is condemned to place its physical strength, its intelligence, its health and its future at the service of the land monopolists, who profit by the superabundance of labor to impose what are veritably starvation wages; such wages varying, for adults, from eighteen to thirty-seven cents a day, Mexican money—which is half the value of American—for twelve, fourteen and even sixteen hours of daily toil. Misery, in its saddest form, is the result of this economic slavery; a slavery maintained by the aid lent by the authorities to the landowners, inasmuch as, in order that this condition may exist, they do not permit the hacienda inhabitants to go beyond their confines, because that would diminish the amount of help and lead inevitably to a rise in wages. The peon, therefore, is born, reproduces his kind and dies, knowing nothing but misery and sunk in ignorance; since for him there is no school; since, as a child, he must help with his little arms and add his few cents to his father's earnings; since, when he becomes a man, he is forced to break his back that his family may not die of hunger. The wages are so nicely calculated as to compel him to borrow, whereby he is held in slavery for life; for never can he pay the debt, and this debt, on his death, is charged against his descendants who, in their turn, find themselves compelled to add to it for what they themselves want. Thus it goes on, from generation to generation, with the result that the rural population of Mexico, which constitutes the immense majority, is a veritable population of slaves.

When one of these slaves attempts to fly, either to the city factories or to a foreign land—chiefly the United States—in search of a little more bread, the authorities arrest him and take him before the owner of the hacienda, who subjects him to tortments of which the most corrupt imagination scarcely can conceive, it being the case that few slaves succeed in surviving the tortures they suffer. If the owner is kind he orders the overseers to beat the man until he faints.

Suffering in Silence.

The peon must suffer in silence every kind of torture, physical and moral. If, unfortunately, he has a pretty wife, he must permit the master, or the master's sons, to abuse her; and similarly if he has sisters or daughters who awaken his execrations' sensuality. If the peon protests, or manifests his disgust in any way, the master sends him to prison or to the barracks, or orders him to be assassinated, that he may get rid of him at once; counting always on distinct support by the authorities.

The worker in the factories, mines, etc., is no less unfortunate, for, apart from the wretched wages and long hours of work, which are the rule, he is not allowed to receive visitors in his house or to read papers other than those which burn incense to the government and uphold this horrible tyranny.

A cloud of adventurers from all countries was attracted by these conditions, which enabled them to indulge in immoderate exploitation, thus making the situation of Mexico's population even more painful. In return for the benefits they receive from the government these adventurers are charged to proclaim to the entire world the "wisdom" of Mexico's statements; the "brilliant" opportunities Mexico offers for the investment of capital. While concealing carefully the fact that the misfortunes, the sufferings and the agony of an entire race are the basis of these rapidly acquired and fabulous fortunes, they ask their governments for crosses, the tyrants of Mexico, and get the

ribbons and honorary diplomas for press of every country to speak in praise of the Mexican authorities.

Having no liberty save that of dying from hunger, the Mexicans, were, on the point of degenerating, of becoming brutalized, of not bringing their share toward human progress. In Mexico there reigned the quiet of death as a consequence of the terror Porfirio Diaz spread so prodigally. Before venturing to give an opinion, with bated breath, it was necessary to look all round to see no one was near. The free press grew dumb, its journalists having been incarcerated, poisoned or assassinated in the shadows of the dungeons. Those disaffected toward the government were dragged from their beds at night, to be assassinated at some bend of the road; the tribune was occupied solely by the tyranny's lackeys; the peace of the graveyard reigned.

It was under these conditions, and when the second re-election of Porfirio Diaz was approaching, that the students of Mexico City broke the silence with a vigorous protest which resounded throughout the land. This occurred in 1892. Ricardo Flores Magon was then eighteen, and for taking part in that protest he was arrested, for the first time. He and those who were incarcerated with him were saved from being shot by the fact that the people of the City of Mexico made, an agitation and stopped the government from perpetrating that crime.

(To be continued.)

PLUTOCRACY'S IDOL!

He [Burns] is still at large and active in various ways, getting other people into the penitentiaries, where, if there be anything in the Wickersham report, Burns himself should be at this very hour, as a man guilty of a crime much worse than murder. We hear a great deal about Clarence Darrow's attempt to bribe the McNamara jury to acquit his clients. That, I submit, is nothing like so infamous, so abominable as fixing a jury to convict a man. The one is a crime by and for men against whom is arrayed all the power of the State. The other is a crime committed against such men by the representatives of the State itself. Burns appears unconsciously to have described himself when he said that "private detectives, 90 per cent of them, as a class, are the worst lot of crooks and blackmailing scoundrels that live outside of prisons." Yet Burns, with Heney, ranks high in the hagiography of contemporaneous "uplifters" and "soldiers of the common good." He taints every prosecution with which he has been connected with the suspicion of being a "job." He is a worse criminal than any he ever "lagged." And it is not difficult to join in the holy joy of the paragraphs with which good old Sam Gompers, in the "Federationist," prefaces and polishes off the full report on Burns by Attorney General Wickersham. For Burns claimed to have "the goods" on Gompers in the McNamara case, and hasn't produced them, but here our Uncle Sam has got Burns and got him "dead to rights." (William Marion Reedy, in "The Mirror," St. Louis.)

"Brazo y Cerebro," (Arm and Brain), is the title of a new review, just received. It is published at 270 W. 4th St., New York City, by voluntary subscription; consists of thirty-two pages, printed on excellent paper, and a cover; contains a series of really magnificent cartoons, and has articles by the best known Spanish writers. It is specially dedicated to the Anarchist and Revolutionary propaganda, and is a product of which any body of men might well be proud. We shall give a more extended notice next week.

In the municipal parade they trotted out every horny-handed son of toil, for that made a fine impression of productive work and dangled the alluring bait of jobs in park and street departments. They did not trot out the hundreds of women who are now scribbling and scribbling and scribbling in the Hall of Records and other municipal centers, where an army is employed on utterly useless and essentially partisan political work. They dare not trot out that army; the scandal would be too great.

Big fight in the Socialist Party over the election of J. Mallon Barnes as campaign manager. Debs charges that Hillquit prearranged it, and Hillquit retorts that the nomination was not "nearly as much of a prearrangement as your own." John M. Work, national secretary, admits that the National Executive Committee, and Campaign Committee decided what should be printed as to their official proceedings. The "International Socialist Review" calls loudly for the suppression of bossism and passes the lie direct to Hillquit. What a familiar sound this has! Where is the worker in this aggregation of lawyers, ex-ministers and professional officeholders? And echo answers, "Where?"