

Regeneration.

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Capitalism Drives China To Revolt

The man—or woman—starves; starves in the midst of plenty; gazes wild-eyed at his fellow creatures feasting; shivers barefoot while those who call themselves his brothers flash by in furs and silks; dozes fitfully on the park bench faced by mansions. I do not try to put it eloquently, for the fact itself surpasses language. If I sought to be dramatic I should place my outcast where he could listen to a discourse on direct primaries, or be driven insane by some Socialist orator shouting the future beauties of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The problem is an individual problem; the most serious conceivable. Those who teach that its solution must await the action of the majority are deceivers, whatever they may call themselves. Those who prate about electoral reforms and palliatives, to be put through "when our party is in power," are, to the starving unemployed, the cruellest of traitors. Those who preach that there are no such things as individual rights, juggle with words and mock the disinherited to their face. The honest "God knows" of Taft holds true of the out-of-work-and-money, whatever the parsons and lawyers of the Socialist Party may say, and all the orations of all the Debs' will not put one penny in their pockets. We are caught in the net of monopoly, and every one of us has to struggle, with every force at his command, if the meshes are to be broken.

With these thoughts running through my mind I picked up, this morning's paper, and read of the doings of a race we habitually despise. It constitutes one-third of the human family; has seen unnumbered European dynasties vanish like the morning mist; has managed for thousands of years, and still manages, to keep alive on a given area an infinitely greater number of human beings than has any other civilization of which we have a record. No matter; we hate and despise the Chinaman, and I myself read with some skepticism the story of a mass meeting held last Sunday in Los Angeles Chinatown. It was called, for the purpose of saving the new Chinese Republic from the foreign money-leech, and the dip-shot of the matter is that John Chinaman is docking himself of a month's wages to help his fatherland to freedom. Understanding that the Chinese are careful about money, but always keep their promises, I was incredulous and made enquiries.

It is known generally that the new Chinese Republic needs \$300,000,000, and that the international money power has professed a willingness to lend it. But it desires to bind the New Republic hand and foot, and against this slavery to the octopus the Chinese are revolting. Los Angeles, it appears, is merely following the example set in China, where thousands of army men are setting aside a large percentage of their pay to swell the fund, and two cities have raised \$3,000,000 by the plan Los Angeles now indorses. Never have I been much of a believer in the theory that certain nations are worn-out and cannot "come back." Never have I taken much stock in all this talk about inferior races. Always I have felt that it is preposterous to put on a third of our race the mark of Cain. The facts just cited confirm me in those thoughts.

For many years I have held a strong opinion that to ostracize the Oriental is to be false to the great principle of international brotherhood; is to shift the blame for poverty from monopoly's shoulders and place it on the worker; is to start once more on the downward path to aristocracy, revert to that system of caste from which we have been struggling to emerge, and set in motion an avalanche there is no stopping. I have known quite a number of prominent Socialists who have been busy in this devil's work, and in several instances they were originally conspicuous in the Mexican Revolution, but ultimately

turned their backs. They were quite logical. If the Chinaman is to be considered unfit today it will be the Japanese tomorrow; the Mexican, the Italian or the Slavonian the day after, and so "ad infinitum." Regulation and exclusion are policies to which you cannot call a halt. They spring from denial of individual rights, and the nation that becomes inoculated with that poison is a nation in which the individual may starve and suffer all manner of injustice, but cry in vain for help. In the name of the collectivity he will be put in shackles and driven to the shambles by officials for whose sustenance he must toil. In the name of the collectivity prisons will be made hells of punishment and the unemployed treated as enemies of society. In the name of the collectivity laws will be passed to exclude those our snobbishness chooses to denigrate as "unfit," and state-flunkies, drunk with authority, will hand over to foreign tyrants such victims as have succeeded, for the moment, in wriggling from their clutches. All these things are being done today under our noses.

This revolt by China against the money power is a light suddenly breaking in a sky that seemed impenetrable; a strike for something worth the while, as is the Mexican Revolution. In both cases the blow has come from an unexpected quarter, but in both cases, if we look beneath the surface, we can find the force that nerved the arm. Whatever her other stupidities may be, China has kept, as I have said, some 400,000,000 alive; and she has done it by fidelity to one basic truth we persistently ignore. Never has she permitted her lands to be taken up by speculators; always she has encouraged the worker in his anxiety to till the soil, the government fostering agriculture by lenient rents and granting specially favorable terms to those who bring into fertility what was previously uncultivated. China has suffered cruelly, as the Mexicans have suffered, for being naturally peaceful; a CRIME that has made her the prey of the invader. She has suffered cruelly, as Mexico has suffered, from the corrupt governments imposed on her by the invader. But she has been able to weather the storm and even absorb the stormer, because, with Oriental tenacity, her workers have refused to be divorced from that soil which is our sole storehouse of supplies. Too late, perhaps, the Mexicans have grasped that central truth. As for the Labor Movement of the United States, one question seriously if it ever will. At present it scorns its brother-worker if his skin happens to be dark, while kissing abjectly the robber hand that flings it contemptuously a job.

If the Chinese assert effectively their independence of the tribute gatherer, they will strike plutocracy and alien government a blow that every lover of liberty should applaud. In doing so they will be in line with that world movement, which, in Mexico and throughout the Southern countries, is struggling for home rule, for freedom from the foreign usurer, for national and individual economic freedom. The international Anarchist movement, in love with liberty, has followed closely, from the first, the Chinese revolution. To the Socialists, sunk in local vote-catching, this upheaval of more than 400,000,000 human beings has been a sealed book they have been too indifferent to open.

LET THE BUYER BEWARE!

The Socialist Party is in danger of becoming a merely opportunistic populist machine. The Socialist Party leaders are not to be blamed. Populism is exactly the kind of thing that appeals to America. Americans are not revolutionists. The so-called American Revolution was the most conservative and superficial change of government that has ever taken place. All of America's other wars have been capitalistic and conservative, from the Mexican War down to the Spanish-American. If the American soldiery invade Cuba and Mexico it will be at the instigation of Wall Street rather than Washington. But "Let the buyer beware"—the buyer of votes at the expense of ideas and idealism. The Socialists can never do what they say they ultimately aim at, by the ballot alone. "We know that," a great many of them will answer. Then why pretend in their platform that they can conquer and possess the world by palm-singing and congressional rhetoric? (B Russell Herts, in "The International")

My sympathies are not confined within the limits of my own green island. My spirit walks abroad o'er land and sea. Wherever there is tyranny I will hurl my bolts against it; wherever there are wrong and suffering I will be there to comfort and assist. (Daniel O'Connell)

Intervention Near Following Orozco's Defeat Guerrilla Warfare Spreads and Debt Accumulates

Very, very soon the United States will intervene in Mexico. Assuredly the judgment of the editors of "Regeneration" is not infallible, but necessarily they are compelled to watch developments closely, and they have no doubt about it.

All our information is that foreign governments, and especially those of Great Britain and Germany, are pressing for payment of claims that run into many millions, and that they themselves have kept their hands off, in deference to the Monroe doctrine, only because they have been assured that the United States will act as their collection agent. It is needless to say that the latter also has claims amounting to many, many millions. The editor of this section wrote, last January, in his pamphlet on the Mexican Revolution: "There are foreign investments in Mexico valued at about two thousand million dollars; and two thousand-million dollars—to say nothing of the even richer pickings in sight—can exercise tremendous pressure."

Unquestionably, as also he then wrote, the United States, and all the other capitalist Powers, have hoped against hope that Madero would prove an effective agent, restore order and enable them to collect their claims and rest secure in the possession of their annexations, without resorting to the expensive and doubtful experiment of war. That hope is now practically dead. The farce has played itself out. Madero's troops can do nothing except scatter the forces of Orozco, Salazar, Zapata, Salgado and other rebel leaders. Scattered they are more formidable than ever. Their program becomes continuously more and more one of remorseless expropriation, put into effect over a continuously widening area.

What is the United States government to do? What are those to do who believe, as do all the governing powers, that property must be protected and preserved at any cost? It is understood, of course, that they refuse to admit the evils of land monopoly and absentee land ownership; although every intelligent person in every civilized country recognizes them as gigantic evils. They stand pat. They refuse to consider anything except that certain titles exist. Into the question of how they were acquired they refuse to enter.

By no possibility can Mexico meet the claims about to be presented. Madero cannot give satisfactory guarantees that, thanks to the tranquility he will restore, Mexico will be able eventually to pay. In reality he is plunging his country into vastly deeper debt; for, so strong is the agitation for the return to the masses of their land, that he has been forced to commit his government to the purchase of huge tracts on which the disinherited may find a footing.

Naturally that is no remedy at all, since, if the price is to be paid, that price must come finally out of the pockets of the very people who have been robbed. Naturally that means outlay of many, many more millions. Naturally also that means the paying of excessive sums to certain monopolists, and the institution of a still more outrageous reign of graft. The last condition of this exceedingly sick government has become infinitely worse than was the first.

Plutocracy, through what still professes to be the people's government of the United States, is about to act. It will despatch its ships to seize the ports of Mexico, and confiscate customs for the liquidation of the debt. Doubtless it will send its troops across the border. In a word, it will levy war.

The English section of "Regeneration" has been published for the last fifteen months under its present editorship simply that it might throw light on the war between the people and plutocracy, as illustrated by the case of Mexico; that it might show the thoughtful, at least, that this struggle is part and parcel of the world-wide movement of the masses against the moneybags. An event in Los Angeles enabled the editor to select China for this week's editorial. It came in opportunely, for China, which comprises a third of the human race, is in revolt against the money power. Portugal revolted successfully of late against the money power of Church and State. Spain, Italy, the Central and South American Republics, are all in chronic revolt, more or less openly, against the money power. Of the United States, England and other European countries one need not speak. Here the fever is at its height, and there, for the moment, the temperature has subsided; but everywhere the disease exists, and everywhere it will continue to exist until the causes are removed.

The spectacular and desperately bloody battles that have marked the course of the Mexican Revolution are only symptoms of the disease. So are the arrest and condemnation of the members of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta; so are the riots they score up so industriously to the discredit of the Mexicans; so are the various outrages the papers chronicle so carefully. Symptoms; indications; nothing more. The one great question is whether we intend to cure the fever by eliminating its cause, and that question is being put right up to the American people, here and now.

China, England and the other countries named are far distant, and will fight their own battle. The case of Mexico is different. Mexico lies at our very doors, separated only by an imaginary frontier. There we ourselves are being called on to play a most decisive part, and the part we decide on will affect profoundly—make no mistake about it, most profoundly—the entire future of this country.

Within a very short time the people of these United States will be called on to declare themselves and take a stand—definite, unmistakable, precise. They must decide whether they will align themselves with the disinherited masses of Mexico, who swarm across their borders because the land of their own country has been swept from beneath their feet; or whether they will be, despite all their protestations, hand in glove with Wall Street—with the absentee landlord, the foreign usurer, the jackals of finance for whom hitherto the Mexican peon has been compelled to produce wealth spent in the fashion-centers of the world.

What are they going to do about it? That is the question; a question ten thousand times more important than the alternate victories and defeats scored respectively against the federals and rebels. With profound conviction I register it as my own opinion that the question now up for settlement will prove infinitely graver than that presented sixty years ago by chattel slavery.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

As editor of this English section I consider it my duty to make a frank statement; the one policy in which I believe implicitly.

Certain persons have been working up a feud among the Mexicans, which may be very injurious to "Regeneration," and, in this country, to the cause it represents. They should be stopped immediately.

With one or two exceptions, the Mexican men and women charged with having attempted to rescue the imprisoned members of the Mexican Liberal Party Junta cannot speak English, and they know nothing of American usages and thought. It is easy for the unscrupulous to deceive such persons; and they are being persuaded that the Junta was sold out by its lawyer, Mr. Willard Andrews. They also have been told that we have only to hold protest meetings in order to procure a reversal of the sentence.

The facts are that the prosecution

protested vehemently, in open court, against the sentence after it had been passed; for it was lighter than that imposed when Ricardo Flores Magon and Librado Rivera were convicted, on far less serious charges and for the first time, some five years ago. The further fact is that we have procured the dismissal of charges of attempting to rescue prisoners, on which each of the seventeen arrested could have been given five years in the penitentiary, if found guilty. They are now held on the simple misdemeanor charge of rioting; their trial has been set for November 12, and all are out on bail.

For these services, which occupied fully six weeks of his time, and included considerable expense in gathering evidence from a distance, Mr. Andrews has received \$200. The conception that he sold out is, of course, the sheerest rubbish, foisted on the credulous by the deliberately malicious.

WM. C. OWEN.

THEN AND NOW

PAST AND PRESENT:
OF MEXICO
SKETCHED(By Aristide Pratelle)
(Continued.)

However strong the Mexicans' desire for land and liberty, they have not been able to get them. This is owing to the respect paid to property titles and the fact that the haciendas and their surroundings have formed a barrier between the people and that of which they have been robbed. With a view to securing internal tranquility Diaz sought the friendship and complicity of the established powers in Europe and America. By making capitalists vast grants of land he purchased the praises which the journals of two continents showered on him. Thenceforth to violate property became a crime. Thenceforth the cutting down a tree, the breaking off a branch, the gathering wood in forests, were forbidden. Thenceforth waterfalls, oil deposits, valuable timber and unoccupied lands became the property of the capitalists. The financial aristocracy of the two continents drew down huge dividends, thanks to being able to use Mexican labor in workshops and factories, on sugar, hemp and tobacco plantations, on immense ranches across which it often took days to ride. As even "La Prensa" admitted recently, the rural population, scattered through the country, "like beasts put out to pasture," might die silently of hunger for all the politicians, journalists or bureaucrats cared. Aboard the ship on which the Mexican people had to voyage across the sea of life all accommodations had been fully pre-empted. For the mass of the passengers there remained the choice of getting what standing room they could or jumping overboard. But the experience of those Mexicans who have emigrated to the United States has been most cruel. Today it seems preferable to remain aboard the ship and struggle untiringly against the tyrants at home and intervention from abroad.

To these, which are the direct causes of the Mexican Revolution—viz., famine among the people, and particularly among the rural population, which encourages or awakens their instinctive desire to enter once more into possession of the land and cultivate it for their own use—must be added the fact that the "illustrious" financier, Limantour, during his long management of affairs, disposed of a sum of \$260,000,000 without any profit to the Mexican people accruing. First he amassed a treasury reserve. Then he spent \$40,000,000 on the construction of sumptuous edifices for the use of Mexico's aristocracy, and another \$40,000,000 on the building of the railroad from Tehuantepec and the establishment of trading ports. Thereon famine made its appearance in districts wherein irrigation had been neglected, and the rural population had another cause for anger. Today "La Prensa" declares that the man who led the dance in the revolution of 1910, as in those of 1911 and 1912, and those that still will follow, is no other than this Sr. Limantour. Vasquez Gomez, when interviewed recently, asserted that the Madero family always had been Limantourist. With the outbreak of the Maderist revolution Madero's parents came to New York, to see Limantour, and extracted from him the promise that Diaz should go into exile. In return the Maderos pledged themselves to protect Limantour. Diaz went; but the coterie of "cientificos" continued to reign over Mexico.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

"In Memoriam, Voltairine de Cleyre," is the title of a most appropriate brochure issued from Chicago, over the name of Annie Livshis, 2038 Potomac Ave. It opens with "Written in Red," a poem on the Mexican Revolution, penned for and originally published in "Regeneration." There follow the words and music of Voltairine de Cleyre's favorite song, "Aloha Oe"; Freiligrath's great poem, "Revolution," and another by herself, written in Philadelphia, February, 1890.

"El Ahuizote," the well known comic paper of Mexico City, contains two parallel cartoons. The first represents Gen. Huerta about to swat a large and clumsy mosquito, labelled "Social Revolution." He grins in pleased anticipation. The second pictures him surrounded by a whole army of mosquitos. He does not grin, but he protests: "This one never studied at the military college." The situation to a dot.

To work for a cause that involves the weal or woe of millions is, beyond all comparison, the best thing in life. To work it, whether for personal ambition or money, is infinitely the basest.

Mexico's Struggle As the Magons Know It

(By Enrique Flores Magon.)
(Continued.)

In February, 1893, Ricardo Flores Magon became a member of the staff of "El Demócrata," an opposition paper, which was suppressed by the government in April of the same year, ere it had completed three months of publication, its editors being imprisoned. Ricardo was able on this occasion to make a laughing-stock of Porfirio Diaz' myrmidons.

From that moment the tyranny redoubled its cruelty, and a silence even more profound concealed the crimes of plutocracy and the authorities. No one had confidence in any one; none knew if he was in the presence of an honest man or an informer. At their own hearths, with closed doors, people spoke in low tones of the insufferable despotism. It was under such circumstances, when cowardice was closing every lip and the Mexican public was visibly degenerating, that Ricardo Flores Magon and his elder brother, Jesus—who at that time dreamed of the redemption of the oppressed, and is today Secretary of State in Francisco I. Madero's cabinet, and, therefore, an upholder of the very system of peonage he then combated—founded "Regeneration," August, 1900, in the City of Mexico.

The paper's appearance created profound surprise, owing to the energy with which it denounced the slavery that was weighing on the people of Mexico. The plutocrats and members of the government were seized with general stupefaction. It was inexplicable that, in the midst of debasement, cowardice and abjectness, two men should have the audacity to confront the most powerful and brutal government in the world.

Simultaneously with this a group of citizens belonging to the city of San Luis Potosi, capital of the State that bears the same name, and among them Librado Rivera, issued to all the Liberals of the Mexican Republic a call for a convention. They urged them to unite in a struggle, by pacific means, against the influence exercised over the government by the Catholic clergy; pointed out the desirability of forming liberal clubs throughout the country, and named February 5, 1901, for a meeting in San Luis Potosi of delegates from the clubs, which would have been established by that date. Delegates from every corner of the country came, and among them Ricardo Flores Magon, who, recognizing the situation in which the country found itself, and seeing that all the delegates, save Rivera, paid their respects to the clergy alone, delivered an address in which he denounced the true cause of the existing misery, ignorance and tyranny; including in the sweep of his denunciation alike the priests, the plutocrats and the authorities. The discourse was listened to with terror. All were attacking the clergy, but none had dared to point out that the plutocrats and the government were factors in the odious despotism from which the Mexican people were suffering. Accordingly Ricardo's words made all present tremble. Three months later, at the end of May, Ricardo and Jesus Flores Magon were imprisoned in the City of Mexico, for publishing "Regeneration." They were subjected to a thousand tortures, the most cruel being the refusing them permission to give the last kiss and last farewell to their mother, who was calling to them from her deathbed.

Threatened with Death.

Although its editors had been sent to prison, "Regeneration" continued publication until October, 1901; at which date Porfirio Diaz, angered and humiliated by the firmness the prisoners had displayed, despatched a messenger to tell them that if they published another number of the paper they would be assassinated in a dungeon. Thus the first epoch of "Regeneration" ended.

In April, 1902, the prisoners regained their liberty, and in June of the same year Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon undertook the editorship of an opposition paper, "El Son of Ahuizote." At that time Librado Rivera was in prison at San Luis Potosi, owing to the great activity he had shown in bringing about a second Liberal Congress, in February of that same year. He was set at liberty September 19. Rivera was a member of the directors' committee of the "Ponciano" Arriaga Liberal Club, which was broken up, with clubs and bullets, by the hirelings of Porfirio Diaz and Bernardo Reyes.

September 12 of that same year Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon were sent to prison for publishing "El Hijo del Ahuizote," and when they came out, in the latter part of January, 1903, they resumed their journalistic

work on that publication and shortly afterwards, in conjunction with other friends, founded a periodical called "Excelsior." The energy displayed by that paper recalled to memory the extinct "Regeneration." In April they were sent once more to prison, in company with Librado Rivera.

Inasmuch as "Excelsior" and "El Hijo del Ahuizote" continued to appear while Ricardo and Enrique were in jail, the judge who had tried their case issued a decree, under the orders of Porfirio Diaz, prohibiting the circulation of any paper written by them. Thenceforth it became impossible for them to continue in Mexico the propaganda of their ideas, and when they once more were free, though spied on from every side and harassed by the hirelings and ruffians of Porfirio Diaz, who threatened to assassinate them, they came to the United States in the hope of being able to propagate their ideas in more tranquility.

(To be continued.)

GUERRILLA WARFARE.

The government's victory at Bachimba robs it of the hope that it will have opposed to it in the future a compact and relatively powerful army.—Today Orozco is determined to continue the campaign in the form of guerrilla warfare, and he will be no longer willing to listen to the government. He will not be able to do so even if he wishes to, for from this moment the frontier chief will begin to lose authority over his followers.—Orozco, as head of the revolution will remain only a name. From this time forth his companions will march forth more warlike than ever, each working on his own account, each developing his own individual initiative, disassociating themselves from the man whom, up to a few days ago, they respected and obeyed. If the government should wish to come to terms of peace with the revolutionists it will not know to whom to direct itself, nor will it be able to make a suggestion accepted by certain of the leaders that will be accepted by the others. Unquestionably the revolution will continue, but its unity has been lost.

Orozco and one of his leaders said: "Today the war begins." We think the former Maderist general has not considered how far-reaching were those words. He is right when he says that today the most terrible, devastating and bloody war begins. Henceforth the government will have to struggle against an invisible enemy, against unlooked-for ambushes, against natural forces which will be the allies of the revolution and the worst enemies of its own troops. The heavy artillery which sowed havoc among Orozco's hosts will not be able to traverse those rugged ranges, and the army will not be able to venture into places where death may await it—death against which it cannot defend itself or struggle, death hidden behind the breastworks of the mountains or in the depths of the thickets. Having to operate over a much more extensive field, the number of soldiers who triumphed over the revolution when it was unified will not be sufficient.

But today something has begun besides war; something that assuredly escaped the notice of the guerrilla chief and that is causing terror among those who know enough to take results into account. Today begins war, and also depredations, disorder, banditry. All these will come despite Orozco; despite the chiefs who hitherto have seconded his war plans and obeyed his orders without discussion. ("El Imparcial," Mexico City.)

STRIKERS SLAUGHTERED.

Who would not be an armed and mounted Mexican rebel, master of himself, rather than a Mexican factory hand? At Rio Blanco, scene of an infamously notorious slaughter of workmen; in February, 1907, mill hands have been shot down once more; apparently in utter wantonness. "El Antirreeleccionista" explains that the trouble was started by a drunken officer, who deliberately attacked with his sword and wounded one of the workers. The others protesting the soldiers opened fire on the crowd. All information as to the number of killed and wounded was refused by the factory superintendent, but the paper remarks that it must have been large, since it took three railroad cars to remove the dead and wounded.

In the face of this the miserable workers' petition the authorities most respectfully! Who would not be a rebel?

YET ANOTHER REBEL.

Born, July 8, 1912, in Los Angeles, to Paula Carmona, wife of Enrique Flores Magon, a son, Dr. Juan Creaghe, who was in attendance, reports both mother and child as in the best of health. We can wish the latter no better luck in life than to develop into as brave and honest a man as is his father.