

THE DEATH OF PRAXEDIS

On the glorious day of Janos Praxedis G. Guerrero, the young fighter for liberty, gave up his life.

Praxedis has died and yet I can not reconcile my mind to that sad fact. I have gathered data, I have made investigations. I have analyzed the data, I have subjected the results of the investigations to the crucible of the most severe criticism, and yet all indications point inexorably to the fact that Praxedis is no more, that he is gone. But in the face of all the deductions of reason, my sentiment revolts in the face of despair, calling out to the wounded heart, a softening balm the faith: "No, Praxedis is not dead, the dear brother is still among the living."

Wherever I go I seem to see him at all times as of old with his eyes of full and rich sunshine, expecting to meet him working away on the typewriter in the office, or at his favorite places, and every time I am reminded of his eternal absence, an icy hand seems to grasp my throat. So good he was of heart, his brother, of such modest, truly, noble spirit!

I think of our conversations, of our communion, words of manifestations of a high spirit. I recall his intimate confidence, "I do not think that I shall survive this revolution," my hero told me repeatedly with a little smile that filled my heart with anxiety. I, too, believed that soon he would be gone; he was so bold and brave!

Praxedis was an unceasing worker. Never did I hear his lips utter complaint of fatigue under his heavy tasks. Always he was at his table, bent over his work, writing, writing, those brilliant articles that hold a place of honor in the revolutionary literature of Mexico; articles permeated with sincerity, articles of beauty in form and thoroughness in thought. Often I thought to myself: "How poor is the human language. There is no terms that could convey exactly what we think. How much does a thought lose of exuberant grace and of beauty when it is set down on paper!" And, verily, that man of extraordinary abilities knew how to form true pieces of art out of the coarse material of the human languages.

Self-denying and modest of nature he never asked anything for himself. At various times we insisted that he should buy a suit of clothes. But he never permitted it to be done. "All for the cause!" he said with a smile. One day, when he seemed to be getting rather thin, I advised him that he should eat a few vegetables. And he retorted: "I could not stand it to feast on better dishes with the thought that right at this moment there are millions of human beings who have not even a piece of bread."

And all this he did with the child-like sincerity of the true apostle, with the grand simplicity of a saint. Neither fiction nor affection were in his inner make-up. His clear, high forehead was the reflex of all his thought. Praxedis came from one of the rich families of the state of Guanajuato. With his brothers he inherited an estate. From the products of this hacienda he could have comfortably lived in idleness. But first of all he wanted to work for freedom. By what right could he rob the people of the product of their toil? With what justification could he retain the land which the toilers had drenched with the sweat of their brow? Praxedis gave up his share of the inheritance and, joined his brothers of toil to earn his bread by his own hands, free from the remorse of gaining his livelihood by exploitation of his fellow beings.

Praxedis was almost a child when he hired out to do manual labor after having given up the luxury, the riches, the almost animal pleasures of the bourgeoisie. He did not come to the ranks of the proletariat, defeated in the struggle for life, but as a volunteer enlisting with the proletariat to place all his strength of brawn and brain in the service of all the oppressed. He was not a derelict of life taking up pick and shovel as a last resort, on the contrary, he was the apostle of a great idea out of his own free will giving up all joys of living to teach by the example of his own life the truth, justice and power of the sublime thought agitating his mind.

And this splendid specimen of the best mankind, the "Imparable" designated as a bandit. In glaring headlines that notorious sheet of infamy, reporting on the happenings at Janos, tells its readers that there died "the terrible bandit, Guerrero." Bandit? How then can you define a good man? Ah, rest in peace, dear brother, thou shalt not remain unavenged. I hear the voice of destiny calling me not to forget!

Speaking of Praxedis G. Guerrero it is impossible to leave unmentioned the name of his alter ego, of that other hero who fell under the bullets in the spring of 1908. Do you remember him? His name was Francisco Manrique, another young man of Guanajuato, who also renounced his right of inheritance in order that he should not be compelled to exploit his fellow beings. Praxedis and Francisco, a beautiful pair of dreamers of a better humanity, were inseparable comrades, whom only death could tear apart, and that not for long.

In the brilliant article written by Praxedis on the fight of Palomas he speaks of Francisco Manrique as follows:

"I knew Pancho from earliest childhood. We sat upon the same bench in school. Then in the years of youth we traveled together the road of exploitation and misery, and in later years our ideals, and hopes, and efforts centered upon the revolution. We were brothers as only few can be. No one could know him better than I do and fathom the beauties of his intimate life—he was a youth of profound goodness in spite of a

character rugged like a stormy sea." Praxedis was the soul of the movement for freedom. Unhesitatingly it can be said that Praxedis was one of the purest, worthiest, most intelligent self-denying and bravest men that ever espoused the cause of the disinherited, and the wretchedness caused by his departure can never be filled. Where can a man be found so free from personal ambitions of any kind, all brain and heart, brave and active as he was?

The proletariat has hardly yet realized the enormous loss suffered in that man. Without exaggeration it may be said that it is not Mexico that has lost one of her best sons, but that it was all humanity, for Praxedis was a fighter for the freedom of all. And yet I can not grasp the loss and give credence to the terrible reality. At any moment a hope hidden deep within my heart tells me that a comforting telegram is to come saying that Praxedis is still among the living. The brutal truth cannot destroy in the deepest recesses of my heart a last remnant of hope like a flickering light ready to succumb. And my tortured mind still hopes to meet him in his favorite haunts, in the office where we used to dream with him the dream of the dawn of social emancipation, and my restless eye seeks the martyr bent over his table of toil, writing, writing, writing.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

An Urgent Case

To All I. W. W. Locals: Fellow Workers: On the 13th day of November, last, Tirso de la Toba, former Mexican Liberal Party Insurgent and member of the I. W. W., was kidnapped near Holtville by Sheriff Meadows, of Imperial county, and deputies and a Mexican official, and was taken to Mexico to be sold, without any legal jugglery to make the kidnapping "legal." It was later learned that the Mexican government paid \$500 for officers and \$100 for privates of former insurgents. Many I. W. W. men fought with the Insurgents and all members of our organization were classed as such. Many kidnappings took place in this and San Diego counties. Under these circumstances there was only one thing to do: I. W. W. men proceeded to arm themselves. Sheriff Meadows told Captain Hollen, former insurgent, that the I. W. W. was going to be wiped out, and on the 23d of December he proceeded to make good his threat, presenting himself at the hall in Holtville and demanding the surrender of any arms in their possession. Knowing that unarmed they were in danger of being kidnapped and taken to Mexico, where their shift would be made of their refusal. He went away, saying he was going to "get" them. In order to avoid further trouble they quietly left, starting toward San Diego.

The sheriff organized a posse of thugs and captured 12 of them, of whom four were railroaded to from 7 to 10 years in Folsom and San Quentin on perjured evidence. The hall was burned on December 31st. The fire department turned the hose on the lumber yard hard by before the torch was applied. A merchant took up the cudgel on behalf of the I. W. W., saying they were justified in arming themselves, and his store was up in smoke.

The names of the four imprisoned members are Dodson, Roberts, Stanford and Niles.

Fellow Workers, all these men were members in good standing and willing at any time to give up their last cent and best effort for the benefit of the organization. Don't forget that Local 437 contributed liberally to the Spokane Free Speech Fight and during the San Diego trouble there was hardly any I. W. W. members left in the valley, all having joined the invading army of rebels here. Local 437 has repeatedly supplied its treasury at calls for help. Our only chance now is to appeal for a new trial and that takes money. After February nothing can be done any more, so we ask you to besit yourself and send us help, remembering that an injury to one is an injury to all.

Don't desert these men in their trouble, and send contributions to PETER LE BLANC, Box 485, Brawley, California. I. W. W. L. U. 439.

A. WHITMORE, W. HOFFMAN, DODSON, ET AL., Defense Committee.

Attest: T. WEBER, Recording Secretary.

Notes of the Revolution

It is thought in Mexico that Americans are not aware of the real situation. Therefore an epitome of the reports received at the capital during twenty-four hours is given.

A telegram from the jefeatura of Cuautla, announces the capture of a body of rebels gathered in the neighborhood of San Miguel de Itlixilco.

Rebels were beaten after two hours fighting south of San Miguel. More than 200 lives were lost on both sides. A report from Chamila shows that the rebels captured that city, after some fighting in which several lives were lost.

Rebels took possession of San Joaquin, only two kilometers of Toluca, the capital of the State of Mexico.

Three dynamite bombs were exploded by the rebels under the house of the municipal president of Merida Yucatan.

Col. Reinaldo Diaz "jefe de armas" in the State of Guerrero, was called to the capital to discuss plans for defeating Andrew Almazan, who now controls a large part of the State for the rebels. The federal troops are impotent to suppress the communist-rebel movement.

The communist rebels have laid

siege to San Bartolo and Chapulco in the south of the republic.

A battle between the rurales and rebels took place at Rio Salado. The rurales were preparing to attack Plicaya in the adjoining State of Mexico. A large number killed and wounded are reported on both sides.

A telegram from Toluca, asserts that more than sixty bodies are hanging from limbs of trees near Masam, Viejo, all of whom were killed by government soldiers as a warning to other rebels in the neighborhood. Others assert that the victims were Federal spies and were killed by the rebels.

The hacienda of Cedros in the State of Zacatecas was captured, sacked and burned by the rebels. The hacienda belongs to the Continental Rubber Company, an American concern of which the principal stockholder is (the famous handit) Morgan.

Juan Lavin and Comrades entered Cuernavaca, State of Puebla, and after sacking the town ended by fire, to avoid the recapture by the federales.

The city of Cuautla, State of Puebla, was attacked by the rebels under Tuerito Morales; after several hours of fighting the rebels captured the city.

Rebels are camped in front of Acatlan and Huapanguillo, Leon with the view of sacking both cities.

The governor of the State of Sonora reports that the threatened uprising of Yaqui-Indians will prove a source of trouble for the government unless sufficient soldiers are sent to annihilate them or force them to seek refuge in the United States.

"We are unable to fight these people for the reason that they flee on the approach of federal troops," the governor continued. "It is certain that the Yaqui question will prove a nightmare unless steps are taken to wipe them out." Maytorena is at the capital supposedly seeking a state loan.

The rebel chief Salazar is giving the military authorities in the north a great deal of concern. Four of Salazar's spies were captured but as they refused to reveal the whereabouts of their chief they were summarily shot.

The whole town of Coatepec, in the state of Morelos, has risen in arms against the government. A rebel attack has been made on the town of Juchitepec, several railroad stations and a number of other buildings being burned and sacked.

All communist rebels have received a fresh supply of ammunition and are forcing hacienda owners to pay large tributes.

It is reported that large shipments of arms and ammunition have been received by steamship for the rebels, and it is certain that they are now well supplied with war munitions of all kinds. It is said that they also have huge supplies of ammunition stored in mountain caves in the state of Morelos.

The rebels are mobilizing at Tepetitlan, near Cuernavaca. A few houses, Mex., rebels burned a few houses.

At Coatepec, State of Morelos, the inhabitants have joined the rebellion. Reports received from Michoacan and other States north of the capital indicate activity on the part of the rebels, although advices received by the government are optimistic.

Two hundred and fifty federales were annihilated by rebels in a fight at Ascension, 100 miles south of Juarez, according to refugees who fled from the place when the fighting was in progress.

The commander declared that he and fifteen men had escaped.

One result of the appeal of the cabinet member to the Catholic church is the threat made by Zapata, rebel leader in the southern states. Zapata has announced that if any Catholic priest should preach or pray against the rebellion, that priest would be immediately shot.

A state department report indicates a renewal of rebel activity in the states of Morelos, Puebla and Mexico, while the situation in Zacatecas and Durango is growing worse.

The War Department dispatches confirmed the report of the rebel victory at Casas Grandes, where the federales scattered after losing 120 men. The communist rebels attacked and destroyed the town of Culimaya, Mexico, in retaliation for the campaign of annihilation conducted by Riverol in the southern part of the State of Mexico.

A band of 200 insurgents has burned Guatimape, sixty miles north of Durango. Several railroad bridges in the vicinity were destroyed.

With one federal soldier as a companion, J. Quinteros, commander of the Ascension federal garrison which was annihilated by rebels, reached the border near Ixtachita, New Mexico, and was made prisoner by American troops. Quinteros says he knows of less than fifteen federales who escaped from Ascension, all of the garrison being killed in the battle. An official report received in Juarez says that all men of the Ascension garrison who had escaped the rebel bullets were executed by order of the rebel commander, Inez Salazar. Forty-four federales were executed, according to messengers reaching El Paso.

It is not believed in Juarez that any of the garrison escaped with the exception of Quinteros and one man with him. After fighting until his men were reduced to less than twenty, Quinteros says he told the survivors to flee for safety and that he, with one companion succeeded in getting out of the death trap.

To the Bogus Press

"The Los Angeles Times" of Jan. 5th, 1913, contains an article with the heading: "Why Mexicans Hate Americans." True, we do hate Americans; that is, we hate the infernal machine masquerading under the name of the United States Republic, as the convict hates his chains. There are about 1,500 millionaires like Mr. Ochs, the editor and owner of the "Times," or whatever it is called, in the United States, many of whom have interests in Mexico, and are

striving to have this government intervene. They are using the same old game of race hatred, in order to get the idea of intervention popular among the masses of the United States, but they will fail in this. Can the "Times" and its clan tell us the reason why the slaves of this country should wish for intervention in Mexico? Have we, the workers of any country, any interests to protect? No, but the "Times" is very much afraid that the millions of acres of land that it stole from the Mexican people will be taken away from it and returned to the rightful owners, the workers who use it to produce the necessities of life. The "Times" does not care for the poor deluded soldiers who go down to fight for "their country." It does not care for the widows and orphans that would be made, nor the misery that would be forced upon thousands of men and women by making them pay for such a war. All the "Times" of Mr. Ochs and his tribe ever did to humanity was to cause misery, tears and bloodshed; and shall we, the workers of this country, fight their battles? No! If he is so anxious to retain "his" land and interests in Mexico, by all means let him go down there and fight for it. We will gladly wish him a pleasant trip, with the sincere hope that Zapata's men will give it to him, at least six feet by three, or let the coyotes eat him, so they will die also. Not only in Mexico, but in Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Cuba and, in fact, all over the world, these parasites (Ad. Capandum Bulgus) used the credence and stupidity of the workers to steal the land and machinery of production for their own benefit. No doubt the "Times" is one of those thieves who loaned some of their ill-gotten gains to Francisco I. Madero in an effort to keep him in power, as they have no doubt he is an easy and pliant tool for their use, to continue their damnable system of peonage and wage slavery. And now that they realize that it was a bad investment, they want the slates of this country.

All the slates of the country, but there is nothing doing, you old pirate. We have awakened to the fact that the men fighting you and your scavenger, Madero, are brothers and fellow workers, and we are ready not to protect "your" interests in Mexico, but to take those interests you have this side of the border. Your old commander, Gen. Sherman, once said: "War is hell." If you want your land protected, go to war and protect it.

TOMAS FARREL CORDERO.

GRAND MEETING.

WM. D. HAYWOOD, the eloquent miner of Colorado will speak to the workers of Los Angeles at SHRINE AUDITORIUM on the evening of January 10th. Every effort has been made on the part of the reactionary forces of Los Angeles to keep HAYWOOD out of this city. Last year he was routed through California, but before he could reach Los Angeles, the machinery of our political friends was put in motion and the date cancelled. This year Haywood is routed under the auspices of the fighting I. W. W., and all efforts to head HAYWOOD off has been futile. His these of direct action throws the fear of the "L-O-R-D" into the hearts of the "yellow revolutionists." Every RED in the city should turn out and hear HAYWOOD!

A LETTER SENT TO MCNEIL ISLAND.

I. W. W. HEADQUARTERS. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 9, 1912. To all representatives of labor now in the jail of, or menaced by capitalist "Law and Order": GREETINGS:

I am instructed by the unanimous vote of the assemblage of members, adherents and friends of the I. W. W., which gathered on "Thanksgiving" eve; to convey greetings to all representatives of labor in the jails of, or menaced by capitalist "Law and Order," to the end that you know that we neither forget, forsake, nor condemn you.

In conclusion, Greetings and best wishes for a brighter future for you personally, and for our class. Fraternally yours, H. PAYNE, Secretary, I. W. W. Local.

El compañero José Olmos recomienda a todos los compañeros que cuando por algún percance suya o alguna discapacidad o por malos roces apodados suficientes para curarse.

Como una prueba: el compañero Quintero Lúmin se dislocó recientemente una pierna debido a una caída que sufrió, siendo curado con buen éxito por el compañero Olmos.

Siendo profesor, pero profesor sin título, cuidaría mucho de proceder con método en esos paseos y en las conversaciones suscitadas por la vista de los objetos y de los paisajes. Es evidente que el primer estudio debe variar en sus detalles según la comarca que se habite: nuestras pláticas no tendrían el mismo aspecto en un país llano que en otro montañoso, en las regiones tropicales que en las calientes, en una playa o a la orilla de un río que en un páramo; en Bélgica no hablaría lo mismo que en los Pirineos o en los Alpes. Nuestro lenguaje en ninguna parte sería absolutamente idéntico, porque en todas hay rasgos particulares e individuales que señalar, observaciones preciosas que recoger que nos servirían de elementos de comparación en otros distritos.

Por monótono y pobre que fuese nuestro punto de residencia, no fallaría la posibilidad de ver, si no monedas o collares, al menos algunas rocas que casgaran la vestidura de tierras más recientemente depositadas;

por todas partes observaríamos cierta diversidad de terrenos, arenas, arcillas, pantanos y turbas, probablemente también areniscas y calcreas; podríamos seguir el margen de un arroyo o de un río, ver una corriente que se pierde, un remolino que se desarrolla, un reflujo que devuelve las aguas, el juego de las algas que se forma en la arena, la marcha de las erosiones que despojan parte de un río y de los aluviones que se depositan sobre los bajíos. Si nuestra comarca fuese tan poco favorecida por la naturaleza que careciese de arroyo en nuestras inmediaciones, a lo menos habría alguna vez arroyos que nos suministrarían arroyos temporales con sus cauces, acantilados, rápidos, contenciones, compuertas, circuitos, revueltas y confluencias; en fin, la variedad infinita de fenómenos hidrográficos.

Y pues en el cielo? En él podemos estudiar la esfera infinita de los movimientos de la Tierra y de los Astros; la mañana, el medio día, el crepúsculo y la obscuridad en que se descubren las estrellas; las nieves y las nubes que reemplazan al cielo azul, y luego los grandes y raros espectáculos de la tempestad, el relámpago, el arco iris y acaso la aurora boreal. Todos esos movimientos celestes comenzarán a precisarse en nuestro entendimiento por una matemática inicial, ya que todos los astros siguen un camino trazado de antemano y que les vemos pasar sucesivamente por el meridiano, dándonos así la ocasión de precisar los puntos cardinales y de reconocer los diversos puntos del espacio. A la alrededor de nuestra residencia habitual, las circunstancias de la vida podrían añadir largas excursiones, verdaderos viajes, dirigidos con método, porque no se trata de correr al azar, como aquellos americanos que dan su "vuelta al Mundo Antiguo," y que suelen hacerse más ignorantes a fuerza de amontonar desordenadamente lugares y personas en sus cerebros, confundiendo todo en sus recuerdos: los bailes de París, la revista de la guardia de Postdam, las visitas al papa y al sultán, la subida a las pirámides y la adoración al Santo Sepulcro. Tales viajes son de los más funestos que pueda imaginarse, porque matan la potencia de admiración que ha de crecer en el individuo al mismo tiempo que su conocimiento, y leceñan por estragarle de modo que llegaba a despreciar toda belleza. Recuerdo, a propósito, la sensación de horror que experimente oyendo a un joven guapo, muy instruido, muy desdenoso, y tan tonto como sábio, decir perezosamente acerca del mont Blanc: "Ah sí; es necesario que yo vea esa camama!"

Para evitar semejantes aberraciones es importante proceder a las excursiones y a los viajes con el mismo cuidado del método que en el estudio ordinario para la enseñanza; pero es preciso evitar también todo pedantismo en la dirección de los viajes, porque ante todo el niño ha de encontrar en ellos su alegría; el momento psicológico, en el preciso instante en que la vista y la descripción entren de lleno en el cerebro para grabarse en él para siempre. Preparado el niño se encuentra ya muy adelantado, aunque no haya seguido lo que se llama un curso; el entendimiento se halla abierto y tiene deseo de saber.

Tarde o temprano, siempre demasiado pronto, llega el tiempo en que el niño se encuentra en la escuela encerrado en su cuarto por paredes; y digo cárcel, porque el establecimiento de educación lo es casi siempre, ya que el niño se encuentra ya muy adelantado, aunque no haya seguido lo que se llama un curso; el entendimiento se halla abierto y tiene deseo de saber.

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FEBRUARY 28, 1913

The third part of the penitentiary term to which our companions are condemned, will end at the time we start these lines; and at the same date, according to the United States law, Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, should be put into preparation for liberty. Notwithstanding we are informed that the Mexican despotism is intrigued with the government of Taft to deny our companions the right to liberty.

This crime with its deceitful appearance of tyranny which we must not consent to consume, as we could not avoid the capitalist court from condemning our fellowmen.

The federal law of the United States voted by the congress in 1910, liberates the prisoner as he finishes the third part of the condemnation. The greater part of federal prisoners are being constantly freed from the penitentiary at the end of the first third of their sentence.

Why, then, should Magon and our companions be an exception and the government to deny them their liberty?

From our actions, depends whether they will be forced to return to prison, or not.

Urge William H. Taft by a letter, to liberate our companions upon our virtue of the future, on the 28th of February, 1913.

Foreign companions, protest to the American consuls, ministers and ambassadors in their respective cities, against the continuance of imprisoning Magon and companions. Demand the liberty on the day mentioned above.

Let us have the United States government understand that we are depending upon the situation of our comrades and we will not permit it to keep them prisoners after February 28, 1913.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE OF THE "REGENERACION."

(We ask the radical press to reproduce this article.)

IMPORTANT.

The companions who wish to apply to the government of the United States in demand of the liberty of our brother workers of the Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano, should fill out this coupon and send in sealed envelope to William H. Taft, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. In case there are more than one companion in one place, in favor of it, sign your names on a slip of paper and enclose WITH COUPON.

COUPON.

TO WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The White House, Washington D. C.

According to the franchise known as "Liberty on Parole," Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, members of the Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano, should be liberated from the McNeil Island Penitentiary of Washington the coming 28th of February, 1913.

The prison in which these men are suffering, not only punishes them for the violation of the so-called neutrality laws, but even for liberal ideas which they possess and for wishes of the advancement of the revolution stages, when your government will allow politicians to violate the same such laws, as you prove yourself by permitting the coming of the Mexican soldiers to American soil, and allowing Francisco I. Madero and Manuel Bonilla, today presidents of Mexico and Honduras respectively, to depart from El Paso and New Orleans for their countries at the head of filibuster expeditions.

For that reason, I urge from you, the complete liberty said revolutionists, whose permanency in McNeil Island, dressed in convicts' garbs, has placed the United States in the foremost of the odious conversational world.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

por todas partes observaríamos cierta diversidad de terrenos, arenas, arcillas, pantanos y turbas, probablemente también areniscas y calcreas; podríamos seguir el margen de un arroyo o de un río, ver una corriente que se pierde, un remolino que se desarrolla, un reflujo que devuelve las aguas, el juego de las algas que se forma en la arena, la marcha de las erosiones que despojan parte de un río y de los aluviones que se depositan sobre los bajíos. Si nuestra comarca fuese tan poco favorecida por la naturaleza que careciese de arroyo en nuestras inmediaciones, a lo menos habría alguna vez arroyos que nos suministrarían arroyos temporales con sus cauces, acantilados, rápidos, contenciones, compuertas, circuitos, revueltas y confluencias; en fin, la variedad infinita de fenómenos hidrográficos.

Y pues en el cielo? En él podemos estudiar la esfera infinita de los movimientos de la Tierra y de los Astros; la mañana, el medio día, el crepúsculo y la obscuridad en que se descubren las estrellas; las nieves y las nubes que reemplazan al cielo azul, y luego los grandes y raros espectáculos de la tempestad, el relámpago, el arco iris y acaso la aurora boreal. Todos esos movimientos celestes comenzarán a precisarse en nuestro entendimiento por una matemática inicial, ya que todos los astros siguen un camino trazado de antemano y que les vemos pasar sucesivamente por el meridiano, dándonos así la ocasión de precisar los puntos cardinales y de reconocer los diversos puntos del espacio. A la alrededor de nuestra residencia habitual, las circunstancias de la vida podrían añadir largas excursiones, verdaderos viajes, dirigidos con método, porque no se trata de correr al azar, como aquellos americanos que dan su "vuelta al Mundo Antiguo," y que suelen hacerse más ignorantes a fuerza de amontonar desordenadamente lugares y personas en sus cerebros, confundiendo todo en sus recuerdos: los bailes de París, la revista de la guardia de Postdam, las visitas al papa y al sultán, la subida a las pirámides y la adoración al Santo Sepulcro. Tales viajes son de los más fun