

Regeneración

¿Qué no puede ser león?
Bueno. Sed simplemente
hombres. P. G. G.

Un individuo manso podrá
ser mártir; pero nunca liber-
tador.—Praxedis G. Guerrero

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ESCRITO POR TRABAJADORES Y PARA LOS TRABAJADORES

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OTRA VEZ EN NUESTRO PUESTO

Después de la forzada ausencia nos encontramos otra vez entre los libros. Entramos al presidio con la frente levantada y salimos de él con la frente en alto diciéndoles a todos, amigos y enemigos, ¡aquí estamos!

¡Aquí estamos! Si el enemigo creyó aniquilarnos, hay que confesar que el enemigo ha fracasado. Los grillos torturaron nuestra carne; pero nuestra voluntad está entera y hoy somos los hombres de siempre, los rebeldes tenaces, los enemigos de la injusticia.

Al reanudar nuestros trabajos enviamos nuestro cordial saludo a los oprimidos de todo el mundo y nuestro desafío a los poderosos de la tierra. Para los oprimidos traemos amor y nuestra simpatía; para los poderosos traemos la maldición y el látigo.

Por medio de estas líneas queremos hacer constar la simpatía que sentimos por todos los compañeros y compañeras que con su contribución pecuniaria o con su trabajo personal ayudaron a los compañeros Teodoro M. Gaitán, Blas Lara y Antonio de P. Araujo a sostener la publicación del periódico.

Ahora, esperamos que todos continuarán ayudando de la mejor manera posible, para que el periódico de los oprimidos pueda continuar su obra de propaganda. Las circunstancias en que hemos encontrado al periódico son verdaderamente terribles. El déficit ha ido creciendo de semana en semana y gracias a los heroicos esfuerzos de los compañeros Gaitán, Lara, Araujo, Owen, Téllez y otros pocos más, hemos encontrado con vida al querido periódico; pero creemos muy difícil que esa vida se prolongue, a menos que todos y cada uno de los amigos y simpatizadores, hombres y mujeres, hagan algunos sacrificios y se empeñen no solamente en salvar la vida de REGENERACION, sino también en que el periódico logre alcanzar por lo menos un tiro de cincuenta mil ejemplares semanarios.

Los que de veras tengan empeño en que el periódico viva, los que comprendan la necesidad de su publicación, deben hacer: poderosos esfuerzos para sostenerlo. Nosotros estamos listos a sufrir el presidio o el asesinato; nosotros todos lo sacrificamos por la causa de los trabajadores y esperamos que todos los pobres, hombres y mujeres, harán el sacrificio de dedicar unos cuantos centavos o pesos, cada vez que puedan, para sostener el periódico.

Ahora, a trabajar con el mismo brío de antes hasta morir o vencer. ¡Viva Tierra y Libertad!

RICARDO FLORES MAGON,
LIBRERO RIVERA,
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON,
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA.

Vazquez, Convicto

Un laconico telegrama de San Antonio, Texas, nos anuncia la convicción y sentencia de nuestro compañero Leonardo L. Vazquez, después de haber combatido su causa durante seis días.

La corte capitalista sentenció a nuestro compañero a sufrir la pena de 15 años en la penitenciaría, y es de notarse que sin tener culpabilidad ninguna de la muerte del esbirro Ortiz, como tampoco la tuvieron José Angel Serrato y Jesús González, recibe menor sentencia que estos compañeros, que como recordarán nuestros lectores fueron sentenciados a sufrir las bárbaras penas de veinticinco y noventa y nueve años respectivamente.

La demencia del capitalismo en su agonía, está haciendo cometer a jueces y jurados capitalistas actos tan estúpidos como criminales. ¡Sentenciar a Vazquez, que ninguna culpa tuvo en el ajusticiamiento del esbirro Ortiz por el heroico camarada José Guerra! ¡Mandar a la penitenciaría infernal de Texas por quince años a un hombre tan inocente de un crimen como lo son todos los lectores de este semanario!

El abogado Hudson, inmediatamente después de ser sentenciado nuestro compañero, llenó documentación jurídica pidiendo nuevo juicio y hasta dentro de dos semanas se resolverá este pedimento. En caso de negativa, Hudson apelará a la Corte Superior en Austin, pues la evidencia prueba que nuestro compañero es inocente del hecho que se le imputa.

Respecto a los jurados de los demás compañeros, se verán en audiencias públicas hasta el mes entrante, a solicitud de la Defensa. Excitamos a todos los compañeros a ayudar monetariamente para la defensa de nuestros hermanos. Rangel y compañeros no pueden quedar sin defensa. Urge que tengan todas las ayudas que deben tener, pero para ello se necesitan fondos. No porque algunos compañeros ya hayan ayudado para el efecto, deben permanecer silenciosos; la defensa de nuestros hermanos cuesta muchos centenares de pesos. ¡A ayudar otra vez y exhibir solidaridad por hermanos que cayeron en buena lid en defensa de sus derechos y los de todos nosotros!

Los testigos que declararon en el jurado contra el compañero Leonardo L. Vazquez, fueron los siguientes: el ex-sheriff Eugene Buck, el sheriff A. W. Gardner, el polizón I. L. White, G. R. Tetsworth, Alexander Boyton y un Doctor W. L. Barnhard. El testimonio de los tres primeros, es una cadena de embustes y calumnias contra el compañero Vazquez y demás presos. Y las declaraciones de los últimos consisten solamente en su manifiesto de que vieron el cadáver del esbirro Candelario Ortiz al día siguiente de su ejecución.

Leonardo L. Vazquez, en defensa propia declaró que lo dicho por los esbirros eran mentiras. Dió su edad como veinte años y su lugar de nacimiento, Múzquiz, estado de Coahuila. Refirió la historia del asesinato del compañero Silvestre Lomas, la cual ya es conocida de nuestros lectores, y aseguró que el compañero que ajustició al esbirro Ortiz, fue José Guerra, y que este acto lo lo presencié porque iba a la vanguardia de la columna custodiando al otro esbirro Buck en su

Levantate Obrero

Pobre, pobre clase obrera que sufres la tiranía de la infame burguesía despotica y altanera; con horrible saña fiera te doblega la opresión y en el templo—iniquidad en donde sufre el trabajo—te ha creído escarabajo la maldita ambición.

Pobre grey trabajadora que te esfuerzas en afán para ganar sólo el pan que te brinda la opresora burguesía que en mala hora ha pisado nuestro suelo; creyéndose un reyzeulo cada dueño de taller, imbécil, sin comprender del obrero su desvelo. Ante esa infame explotación, ¡porqué, obrero, te avasallas? ¡porqué sufres, porqué lloras rindiéndote a la opresión? ¡Levántate ya tu pendón olí, sufrida clase obrera! ¡Y tremola tu bandera retando a la tiranía y arroja a la burguesía que en las fábricas impera. Tiempo es ya que te levantes de ese marasmo profundo, que des un ejemplo al mundo sin doblegarle cual antes; tiempo es ya que no te espantes ante el grito del burgués, mira que tan sólo es este imbécil un mandón vestido con piel de león ¡piénsate a la vez! ¡Cógelo, píele tu sacro deber en el templo del trabajo y arroja un escupitajo al que mal te quiera ver; piensa que tú debes ser ante todo respetado; no debes ser humillado por el infame potentado. ¡Basta de tanta injusticia como se ve en los talleres; dónde violan los deberes aún de la misma justicia; con descarada maldad te azota la burguesía, y poco falta hoy en día para que el rudo tirano lleve el látigo en la mano para mayor osadía. Levántate, pueblo obrero, y no aceptes esa paz que te lleva al matadero como si fueras cordero. Mejor lucha como león para hacer tu resistencia, ¡oh! valiente clase obrera con nuestra Roja Bandera combatiendo la opresión.

(El Obrero Socialista.)

Las anteriores líneas fueron publicadas en México en 1905 en el periódico "El Obrero Socialista", de Guadalajara, que fue suprimido por el gobierno de Díaz, o haya sido por la influencia de Justo Sierra, ministro de instrucción pública en aquel tiempo, y la prensa clerical; después de haberse publicado 21 números.

La libertad no se alcanza llevando puesto el freno de la legalidad. Cada libertador ha sido un ilegal; cada progreso de la civilización, un atentado contra las leyes consagradas por el conservatismo enemigo del adelanto. Respetad el orden existente, sometidos a las leyes que lo hacen inviolable para los cobardes y seréis eternamente esclavos.—Praxedis G. Guerrero.

Las grandes ideas no necesitan a los hombres, estos son los que se ven necesitados de los ideales. ("El Obrero Panadero").

Tomemos la Riqueza

El porvenir revolucionario de México es más brillante cada día. Las tendencias del movimiento son cada vez más precisas. Al principio, el pueblo oprimido se levantó en armas cansado de sufrir la tiranía del cacique y del patrón; pero fué en la generalidad de los rebeldes el acto ciego del que sintiendo en el cuello la presión de una mano estranguladora, emplea puños y uñas y dientes para salvarse de la asfixia. Fué el movimiento del que rodado por una pendiente, se aferra al primer ramajo con que tropiezan sus manos. El movimiento causado por la desesperación pudo haber terminado en una nueva tiranía, en un vulgar cambio de gobernantes, si la propaganda y el ejemplo de los revolucionarios conscientes no hubieran logrado concretar en una aspiración común el ansia de libertad y de bienestar que animaba al pueblo.

Esa aspiración común es la abolición de la propiedad individual de la tierra. Por eso ahora, el proletario que tiene un fusil en sus manos, aunque tiende bajo las banderas de Zapata, Vázquez Gómez o Carranza, tiene una aspiración común: la toma de posesión de la tierra. La propaganda y el ejemplo de los libertarios del Partido Liberal Mexicano ha producido ese saludable efecto y los revolucionarios sinceros debemos sentirnos satisfechos del resultado. La sangre de Praxedis, de Uliarri, de Tanguma, de Pérez Peña, de Rincón y de tantos miles de los nuestros, no ha sido regada en vano. El sacrificio de los buenos no ha sido estéril, y esto debe servirnos de estímulo para redoblar nuestros esfuerzos hasta lograr que la aspiración común no sea solamente la toma de posesión de la tierra, de la maquinaria y de los medios de transporte, sino la abolición del principio de Autoridad, pues mientras la Autoridad exista, será un sueño la libertad económica, política y social del

proletariado como lo explicamos en nuestro Manifiesto de 23 de Septiembre de 1911.

Debemos llevar al cerebro de todos los desheredados la convicción de que ningún gobierno puede llevar al pueblo a la libertad, porque el gobierno es una institución necesaria para defender los intereses de la clase capitalista, y por lo mismo, el gobierno es el enemigo natural, lógico, de la clase trabajadora. El interés del capitalista es aumentar sus ganancias y no puede aumentarlas sin robar al trabajador el producto de su trabajo. El capitalista no podría efectuar ese robo sin el auxilio de la Autoridad y es por eso por lo que la sostiene; pero los desheredados, los pobres no tenemos necesidad alguna de Autoridad y debemos luchar por aniquilarla considerando como lo que en realidad es: el perro del Capital.

Cuando logremos llevar a la conciencia de los que luchan bajo banderas políticas la convicción de que Autoridad significa tiranía; de que los proletarios no debemos esperar nada del gobierno, como no sea opresión y miseria; cuando al empuñar el fusil el proletario se haga el propósito de tomar por sí mismo posesión de la tierra, de la maquinaria y de los medios de transporte sin esperar a que un gobierno bueno le haga ese favor, entonces la Revolución Social habrá sido consumada.

Acercuemos ese instante, hermanos de infortunio; descomencemos a todos los jefes; hagámonos el propósito firmísimo de arreglar nuestros asuntos por nosotros mismos; no esperemos a que nos hagan el favor de darnos lo que nos pertenece, y como hombres, pongamos nuestras manos sobre lo que siglos de ignorancia y de cobardía habían permitido que estuviera en poder de nuestros verdugos: la riqueza.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.

La Verdad de los Acontecimientos en el Condado de Dimmitt, Texas

El once y trece de Septiembre de 1913.

El Gobernador del estado y los jurados han sido engañados por las declaraciones de empleados inferiores.

La prensa defensora de la clase obrera debe tomar nota del presente documento que nuestros compañeros presos actualmente en San Antonio, Texas, han expedido para que los abogados de la defensa se den cuenta de lo ocurrido en la tragedia de Carrizo Springs y que sirva para refutar la contestación del gobernador Oscar B. Colquhitt al telegrama del compañero José Angel Hernández, que de San Marcos, Texas, le fué enviado, hace unas cuantas semanas. He aquí la siguiente declaración:

"Las injustas sentencias a tres de nuestros compañeros, José Angel Serrato, (25 años), Lino González, (6 años) y Jesús González (99 años), llevan por norma la interesada e insana justicia de los hombres y la marcada veingana de ciertos empleados públicos del gobierno para ocultar su error, su crimen y su inaudita cobardía a fin de vindicarse, para seguir medrando al lado de quien los agració con su voto.

No es cierto que el Sheriff Gardner, acompañado de diputados y gente del pueblo en la primera vez que se acercó a nuestro campo, nos haya marcado el alto e iniciado rendición y a lo cual hayamos hecho resistencia. No; por el contrario, y si como de antemano hubiéramos sido nuestro más encarnizado rival, despidiendo a la vez todo principio elemental y sobre todo el de la vida, disparó su arma y asesinó al primer de los nuestros que encontró a su paso; como también la disparó sobre la comisión que pacíficamente pretendió hablar con él; y después, al ver que dicha comisión era agredida, vióse obligada a disparar en DEFENSA PROPIA tres o cuatro tiros, huyendo el Sheriff Gardner con su gente y dejando al ex-sheriff Buck y diputado Ortiz en nuestro poder. Minutos después uno de ellos (Buck), caminaba al cuidado de uno de los compañeros, Charles Cline, y guiados por el guía Felipe Sánchez. El otro prisionero, un mexicano de apellido Ortiz, caminaba al cuidado de José Guerra, en quien ese día había recaído el turno de la dirección de la columna.

Siete horas después por un convenio que tuvimos con Campbell, jefe de una gente montada y armada que nos seguía, y quien nos dió su palabra de honor de que no se nos molestaría más en nuestro camino rumbo a México, si entregabamos a Buck, hicimos eso, y como comprobante se nos entregó un salvo-conduto con la firma de Campbell.

Tanto en el primer ataque como en el segundo, no obstante nuestra ventajosa posición con respecto a la de nuestros perseguidores, como hombres conscientes de lo que hacemos, fuimos los primeros en llamar al susodicho Campbell y tener con él un arreglo pacífico. Mas, si las intenciones de nosotros hubieran sido las de matarlos al caer Campbell y tener con su gente en poder nuestro, lo hubiéramos podido hacer con facilidad, máxime en el momento de su terrible sorpresa en la que hasta nos dió la espalda cuando corrió para esconderse en el bosque.

Terminado el expresado convenio, seguimos nuestra ruta para México. Pero un día después el Sheriff Gardner con sus "Rangers" y su tropa federal, dispuestos en dos flancos, sin decirnos una sola palabra de rendición, ensordecieron a los nuestros con las descargas repetidas de sus armas de fuego. Nosotros deseando evitar complicaciones inútiles, alzamos bandera blanca, y al ver nuestra señal que les hicimos para que no hicieran fuego, el Subteniente Allen ordenó cesar la descarga agresiva. En esta ocasión hemos aprendido que se necesita grande esfuerzo de voluntad para permanecer pasivo al fuego del enemigo que en casos similares hay que contestar. Hasta aquí no hemos resistido arresto; esto consta desde 1906 a esta parte. Si hubiésemos tenido sed de sangre, hubiéramos ajusticiado a Buck desde el momento en que asesinaron vilmente a uno de nuestros más queridos compañeros: Silvestre Lomas, o cuando accedió al hecho de siendo llevado Buck por una comisión nuestra para que hablara con Gardner, éste le dijo que se fuera, disparando a la vez el dicho Gardner su arma sobre la comisión, que regresó burlada. Pues bien, en lugar de recurrir a la venganza con el prisionero, se acordó llevarlo junto con su compañero Ortiz hasta la orilla del Rio Grande donde serían libertados.

Declaraciones de los I. W. W.

La Local 173 de los I. W. W. en San Francisco, California, nos ha remitido las resoluciones siguientes que fueron pasadas en un mitin de reciente fecha. Las resoluciones expresan aquella oposición a la intervención y el sentimiento de solidaridad, los cuales, creemos, la lucha por Tierra y Libertad obtendrá eventualmente del proletariado del mundo, consciente de una lucha común contra un enemigo común. Las resoluciones son como siguen:

"Que la Local No. 173 de los I. W. W. simpatiza con nuestros hermanos los peones mexicanos en su valiente lucha contra sus brutales amos capitalistas, tanto nativos como extranjeros.

"Que aplaudimos la acción directa de los peones al expropiar sus tierras robadas por los métodos y la acción más directos.

"Que los Estados Unidos, con todos sus alegatos de libertad deben permanecer fuera de la lucha y dejar a los peones que al menos tengan la oportunidad de arreglar sus propios asuntos nacionales.

"Resolvemos, que se registre que preferimos una contra-revolución en los Estados Unidos más bien que someterlos a la invasión de México por los Estados Unidos en nombre del orden y de la libertad.

"Que una copia de esta resolución sea enviada al Presidente Wilson y la prensa."

INQUISITIVA.

Epigmenio Zavala desea saber el paradero de José María Peña, quien en 1905 se encontraba en Catorce, Estado de San Luis Potosí. Dirijáse a esta Oficina.

¡VIVA LA ANARQUIA!

Tras largos meses de forzada ausencia del campo de la lucha, vuelvo por fin al mundo de los llamados libres.

Vandante soy que retorna del destierro. Traigo en mis alforjas desengaños nuevos y nuevas decepciones, pues que hasta las rejas de mi obscuro calabozo fueron a asomarse sus rostros repulsivos la ambición y el desprecio, la ruindad y la traición. Al chirriar de cerrojos y chocar de llaves y cadenas se unieron los discordeos aullidos de la fauna anarquizante y los relinchos iracundos de los mulos de la impotencia. El halo fúido de la calumnia envuénen más el enrallado aire de mi celda y la cobardía, viendo mis manos engrilladas, cobró valor y me azotó en el rostro.

Y culminado, maldicido, insultado y herido por la espalda por quienes pensé amigos y compañeros y que, por el contrario, supieron aprovechar mi ausencia é imposibilidad de defenderme para desgarrarme el corazón destruyendo mi hogar y haciendo huérfanos de mis desventurados hijos en venganza de que no me presté a ser instrumento de pasiones ruines y de ambiciones bastardas, vuelvo otra vez, como digo, trayendo en mis alforjas desengaños nuevos y nuevas decepciones, con mi salud quebrantada, aligerado de carnes y pelando más hilos plateados entre las sortijas de mi cabellera negra.

Mas si en lo físico he decaído, no así moralmente. Luchadores somos endurecidos en el fragor de la contienda. Nuestras voluntades han sido forjadas en el yunque de la miseria a golpes de infortunio y tienen el recio temple que da la conciencia de clase. Las vicisitudes de la vida son gimna-

cia vigorizante para las almas tenaces. Pobre de salud, pero rico de espíritu, ahora que me hallo despojado ya de mis cadenas de galeote y con las manos libres una vez más de los grilletes, me apresuro a volver al campo de la lucha y a empuñar nuevamente la pluma que arrancará de mis manos la chicana legal esgrimida en nuestra contra por los eunucos de los proceres que sienten perturbarse las funciones digestivas de sus voluminosos vientres con nuestra propaganda revolucionaria.

De vuelta estoy entre vosotros, hermanos de cadenas; y así como os envío el más cordial saludo, escupo a los hocicos de la canalla imbécil que con sus maquinaciones pensaron corromperme y que en su impotencia, su rabia y su desprecio, arremetieron, ¡tonos! contra la hermosa lucha que en tierra mexicana sostiene el proletario, a más de arrojar lodo sobre mi nombre limpio y de meter cizaña en medio de mi hogar.

He vuelto, pues, hermanos, después de largo encierro, y aunque en él he sufrido como nunca en mi vida, dispuesto estoy de nuevo a pasar por la prueba. Mas, mientras esta llega, a vosotros, a nuestro campo, hermanos, a nuestro lado en la lucha; que si mi cuerpo se halla temporalmente enfermo, mi voluntad, como antes, se encuentra inquebrantable.

De aquí que tome ahora una vez más mi pluma é irguindome, alzórate ante el prócer protervo le lance como reto, este grito sublime que condensa mis ansias: ¡VIVA LA ANARQUIA!!

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

No mas Religion ¡Viva la Libertad!

Inspirado en la verdad, y obedeciendo a la voz de la conciencia, trazo estas líneas en las cuales van envueltos mis puros sentimientos, y el verdadero amor que profeso hacia la clase productora.

A esa que incesantemente trabaja largas horas en ruda labor para llevar a su hogar escaseamente el sustento para que su familia no muera de hambre y de miseria.

A esa sí, que todo lo produce, y que nada posee de lo existente en la naturaleza.

A esa que es considerada como seres desgraciados, y como infelices pebeyos, por el sólo hecho de ser trabajadores, por el sólo hecho de no poseer nada del producto de su constante labor; no teniendo en cuenta los miserables que así nos tratan, que ellos son los culpables que existe clase baja como ellos nos llaman, porque nos roban todo lo que nos pertenece por igual a todos los hombres pobladores de la tierra, a todos los que componemos la humanidad. Nos roban y nos dominan a su antojo, valiéndose de la religión que nos aconseja a sufrir con resignación todos los sufrimientos, atropellos y crueldades que cometen los grandes canallas con nosotros, ofreciéndonos en otra vida que ellos se han forjado, la gloria, si somos humildes, esclavos y serviles, y el infierno si nos rebelamos en contra del infame amo, y reclamamos nuestros derechos de hombres libres.

Nos amenazan con un dios que será juez de nuestras culpas, según ellos, un dios vengativo y criminal, que nos castiga a nosotros porque no somos sus esclavos, y a ellos los lleva a gozar de su gloria, porque son sus serviles sostenedores.

Un dios infame que permite si es verdad que existe, que miles de seres humanos mueran de hambre, se ahoguen por las ciudades y campos, mientras los ladrones que impunemente nos atropellan, que descaradamente nos explotan, que miserablemente nos despojan de lo poco que podemos adquirir a costa de grandes luchas con el hambre, a costa de miles sufrimientos en el trabajo rudo, gocen de todas las comodidades en el mundo.

Un dios que permite y da poder a los grandes capitalistas, a los grandes burgueses, o sea a los grandes abusadores, a los grandes ladrones, para robar nuestro producto y abusar de nuestras hijas y de nuestras hermanas, dándonos como recompensa el castigo de un gobierno, tan miserable como ellos; haciendo caer sobre nosotros, al menor movimiento de fuerza, el peso de una ley injusta, é inhumana, que es la ley de la sociedad, o sea de los canallas que la forman.

¡Oh! Hermanos productores, no permitáis que a nombre de un dios que no conocéis, se os imponga una religión que os hace humildes esclavos, y os somete a la voluntad de esos miserables, pequeños y grandes burgueses, que forman una sociedad amparada bajo las leyes de un gobierno tirano, sostenido por nosotros; y para la defensa de ellos.

Trabajadores, no seáis religiosos, si no queréis ser esclavos, no seáis esclavos si no queréis trabajar para mantener al gobierno, al burgués, al papa y a los curas, a monjas y capuchinos, y a todo ese grupo de zánganos miserables y ladrones. No más religión, no más dios, porque ella es la causa de tanta miseria y esclavitud; ella es el alma poderosa con que se defienden

nuestros enemigos, haciéndonos creer en un dios, en un más allá, donde pretenden que exista otra vida que nos tiene reservada el paraíso de los burgueses para recompensarnos ó castigarnos según los comportamientos que observemos con los que se han hecho nuestros amos y señores. ¡Ah! ¡Nuestros amos y señores! A esos infelices también les hablo; sí, también a ustedes, miserables endiosados, a ustedes os digo, la hora se acerca de dar cuenta de las injusticias que habéis cometido con la mayor parte de la humanidad, sosteniéndola en un estado de ignorancia bajo el cual no pueden darse cuenta del deber que les corresponde para reclamar sus derechos usurpados por ustedes grandes y pequeños burgueses.

La hora se acerca, sí, porque el hombre camina con el progreso, y se va dando cuenta exacta del triste papel que representa viviendo sometido bajo el dominio de ustedes y de sus religiones, que no son otra cosa que un sin número de embustes y supercherías que han inventado para tener a los seres humanos, humildes y sumisos, para poder abusar de nosotros a su antojo haciéndonos vivir en la más espantosa miseria, como hombres salvajes que no conocen cuales son sus deberes, cuales son sus derechos que les corresponden en esta humanidad para gozar de nuestros productos, de todo cuanto existe en la Naturaleza.

¡Ah! Si el tiempo pasa, la humanidad progresa, la hora se acerca y el hombre esclavo de ayer despierta del letargo en que estaba sumido y marcha veloz como el viento, rápido, tan rápido como el pensamiento, para alejarse de las tinieblas de la ignorancia, del insoluble abismo de la esclavitud.

Va veis, productores, que es preciso luchar, hora es si que despertemos del terrible sueño que nos consume, que nos humilla, y nos levante fuertes y vigorosos, activos y dignos, y caminemos unidos como un sólo hombre hacia la conquista de nuestros derechos de hombres libres, los que real y verdaderamente nos pertenecen a todos los seres habitantes de la tierra.

Marchemos, sí, hacia adelante, destruyendo todos los obstáculos que se opongan a nuestra marcha hacia la conquista de nuestra emancipación, de nuestra plena libertad, aunque si para ello es necesario sacrificar nuestras vidas, lo hagamos en nombre de la felicidad de nuestros hijos, de nuestras compañeras y nuestros padres, que también sufren las torturas de la miseria y el pesado yugo de la esclavitud. ¡Oh! Si, productores, destruyamos todo lo que sea causa de nuestra miseria, de nuestra ignorancia, de nuestra esclavitud, que son la religión, el gobierno y la sociedad actual, que es el templo maldito donde se anidan todas las injusticias de los miserables burgueses, canallas endiosados, infames acaparadores.

Hagámonos así, y seremos grandes, porque sólo siendo grandes podremos ser fuertes, y sólo siendo fuertes podremos emanciparnos, y sólo emancipados podremos ser libres, y sólo siendo libres podremos gozar del producto íntegro de nuestra labor, y de todos los placeres existentes en la humanidad y de todo cuanto produce el globo terráqueo en que vivimos.

Luchemos, sí, porque es nuestro deber cambiar esta sociedad infame donde (Pasa a la 3a plana)

Rexar County Jail,
San Antonio, Tex., Diciembre 30 de 1913.

OUR COMRADES FREE "ONWARD" IS THE CRY

Early this morning Jan. 19 our comrades, Ricardo and Lorraine Magón, Labrado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, stepped out of the McNeil Island penitentiary, free once more, free that is to say, to take up again the "Tulane struggle" to which they have dedicated long, long years of unbroken toil, and to bind in their hands the shackles of poverty which they share in common with the disinherited Mexican people whose lives they have laid so eloquently before the world. I met them at Tacoma, Wash., and found them all in good health, although Enrique Magón and Rivera seem far below their usual weight. This evening a reception mass meeting will be held in Tacoma. A large hall has been engaged and we expect a crowded house, as the Social Science Club, Socialists, I. W. W. and other labor and revolutionary bodies are showing a splendid spirit of solidarity. Tomorrow there will be two meetings in Seattle; Wednesday one will be held in Portland, Oregon, and Friday we hope for a big celebration in San Francisco. Both the Seattle and Tacoma papers have treated the release of our comrades as an event of importance, and have devoted long illustrated articles to their careers and the part they are playing in the great movement which, at last, is attracting the attention of all the world.

My own time has been so fully occupied since I left Los Angeles, nine days ago, that I have been forced to neglect my editorial work in a manner I regret profoundly. Holding to the Napoleonic maxim that he who excuses himself finds it difficult to find it, I could have packed more work into so small a space of time. In San Francisco I gave four addresses, visited the Bakunin Institute, near Maynard in connection with matters that I considered of first rate importance and lectured at Berkeley College. Coming North I have spoken four times in Seattle, he delivering lectures at Tacoma and Everett, and visiting McNeil Island. In the sphere of literature I express myself as greatly satisfied with results up to date; for, although the audience at some instances have been small, owing to the meetings having been hurriedly arranged, extraordinary earnestness has been shown and I am conscious that we are adding daily to our list of friends and understanding sympathizers. The really vital thing in this character, in my opinion, is the consultation meetings of small groups and the interchange of thought and experiences with proved workers. To that business I have devoted every moment I could spare, and I am most sorry that my stay in this Northern country has to be so brief.

Financially, such a trip cannot be made to pay at any time during such times as we are having at present. For example, a really splendid meeting at the Seattle I. W. W. hall, and under I. W. W. auspices, brought a collection of \$19.10, and I was genuinely astonished; for I know that figures as desperately hard, and that times in Seattle are desperately hard, and that members of the I. W. W., who have thrown their lives boldly into the unemployed and other local fights, are at their wits' end for money while having no money to take to the coast, the cash they can take together. It would take many such collections to pay fares over the long distance I am traversing, and they have not been forthcoming. In fact I have given several talks where there was no chance of getting money. Always, however, I have believed the opportunity for making propaganda at the place selected was good; and that, in my judgment, must take precedence of all other considerations.

It is almost needless to say that the unusual situation as regards the unemployed and other local fights, are at their wits' end for money while having no money to take to the coast, the cash they can take together. It would take many such collections to pay fares over the long distance I am traversing, and they have not been forthcoming. In fact I have given several talks where there was no chance of getting money. Always, however, I have believed the opportunity for making propaganda at the place selected was good; and that, in my judgment, must take precedence of all other considerations.

THE REAL ISSUE

Max Bagdikian has written for "Mother Earth" an article entitled, "The Significance of the Mexican Situation." He is an old warrior in the social war, a pupil of John Most; he was the man chosen to succeed Most as editor of "The Freiheit" when death called a halt to that sturdy fighter's activities. We have always felt that if John Most had been still alive the Mexican Revolution would have had, from the first, the full weight of the influence he wielded in the Anarchist world, for he had the intelligence and historical knowledge necessary to grasp the importance of the economic issue involved, and he never was deterred by the temporary unpopularity of any cause that seemed to him worthy of support. For this reason we welcome especially Bagdikian's article, and cite it at unusual length. It writes, in part:

A dictatorship that will artfully hide the great poverty and misery of the Mexican people behind constitutional, parliamentary forms and "honest" elections—that is the great wish of all the powers interested in the robbery of the Mexican people. A regime that can establish in Mexico the play things for grown ups, so that barbarous Mexico will be transformed into a real "civilized" nation in newspaper style, is sure to enjoy the approval and support of the international money powers. The latter are interested only in this, that the exploitation of the Mexican people be legalized and all governmental and capitalist outrages be conducted on the well defined principles of established legal practice and usages, according to the efficient and orderly procedure of such democratic lands as the United States of America or of other constitutional countries.

This wish to legalize the robbery of the Mexican people, to clothe the vile deeds with the drapery of legal dignity, to make them respectable and honest, so to speak, is the key note of the policy of the Washington administration. The good moral men, the enthusiastic patriots, the President Wilson for his refusal to recognize Huerta because the latter grasped the reins of government by

played is absorbing the time, energies and resources of our most active workers. I met it face to face the moment I landed in San Francisco, and found such friends as Mrs. Parsons up to the neck in the business of organizing the unemployed workers, as well as men, and thousands flocking to huge out of door meetings and parades. An unexpected riot played the ducks with what had promised to be an excellent audience in the I. W. W. hall, and everywhere the competition of these rival attractions made itself plainly felt. Surely one does not regret it. Surely the fact that the workers are showing a most rebellious spirit toward conditions here is deep gratification. Moreover, as regards one's own lectures there is ample compensation. If one loses some who, under ordinary conditions, would attend, the others are in a more receptive mood. This I have noticed especially in Seattle, which appears to me to possess a boldly aggressive spirit such as, most unfortunately, is not common in Los Angeles.

Everett, on the other hand, seemed to furnish a different lesson. We have some excellent friends there; and there is a good Socialist paper, "The Commonwealth," edited by Maynard Shipley, formerly of the Oakland "World." It is one of the all too few scholars we have in the social movement on this coast, and his illustrated lectures, delivered regularly in various small, outlying towns, should be doing useful educational work. The State secretary of the party has his headquarters there, and there is an excellent club house, which has had its origin, as I understand, in the energies of Mrs. Hodgkins and a few other women. Everything should conspire to make Everett a live center; yet my lecture, given Sunday afternoon and well advertised, was poorly attended and the audience seemed unusually apathetic, hardly any questions being asked. Generally I have been kept busy answering questions, often until a too late hour. I fancy the cause for this apathy is to be found in the fact that Everett, which is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, is said to have been singularly free from labor troubles. The workers are nearly all engaged in the shingle-weaving industry, and I am told that it is a one-man town. In other words, the Everett workingmen read and discuss the social war, but apparently they themselves have not participated in it actively. That makes all the difference.

It is impossible for me to contemplate all this seething mass of righteous discontent, as it exhibits itself at unemployed meetings and in such centers as the I. W. W. headquarters, without regretting profoundly that it is so isolated and unattached; that Los Angeles, for instance, has no opportunity of pulling in time with San Francisco, and that this latter apparently knows little or nothing of what is going on in this active Puget Sound country. Men whose judgment should be good tell me that the revolutionary papers in the East draw their most substantial support from these discontented thousands on the Pacific Coast, who at present have not even the cheapest kind of a sheet which they can take to the coast, the cash they can take together. It would take many such collections to pay fares over the long distance I am traversing, and they have not been forthcoming. In fact I have given several talks where there was no chance of getting money. Always, however, I have believed the opportunity for making propaganda at the place selected was good; and that, in my judgment, must take precedence of all other considerations.

treachery and murder and is trying to retain its office by the same means. Huerta has offered the desecration and ethic of constitutional statecraft, whose basis is pious sham and democratic hypocrisy. Had he succeeded in veiling his villanies with the mantle of constitutionality and parliamentarism, there would have been no offense to the moral feelings of our statesmen. Instead of being branded a bloody despot, Huerta would have then become famous as a great reformer and benefactor of Mexico. Has not, indeed, bloody Tsar Nicholas risen to the dignity of a "modern" ruler since the establishment of the Duma, which gives an appearance of constitutionality to the Russian Russian despotism that now wields its powers with even greater brutality than before, by means of the Duma, the bastille and Siberian tortures?

The diplomatic exchange of notes between the dignified government at Washington and the despot of Mexico does not in the least touch the real question at issue, the vital problem of the Mexican people. It does not deal with their despair, misery and oppression. It treats only of the question of political etiquette, Washington is about as "deeply concerned" in the destiny of the poor as in the fate of the negro who is lynched under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, or in the fate of striking American workmen who are corrupted and shot down by the Hessians of the American money bandits.

The pacification of the discontented and rebellious people will be possible only when the usurpers of that unfortunate country shall have been deprived of their stolen possessions and driven out of the country. But President Wilson no more dreams of that than Huerta. That the property of the national and international vultures, however gained, be legally protected, that is of more importance to him than the life and death struggle of an enslaved people. The American warships are not to be sent to Mexican waters to aid the great uprising of the people against their oppressors, but to protect the ill-gotten wealth of speculators against the just wrath of a long-suffering people. The Standard Oil interests are nearer to

the heart of Washington than the fate of the poor Mexican peasant, whose position today is no more tolerable than that of the peasants of the feudal times, under the yoke of the robber knights, the nobility and the Church.

In Texas a number of Mexicans are languishing in prison, arrested by the American government on the charge of smuggling ammunition across the border. They are facing the face of a trial that may doom these brave men to long prison terms for having aided the struggle of their fellow countrymen to liberate Mexico. These men are treated by the American government as the worst criminals. Where revolutionists are concerned—as in the case of the Magons and their comrades—the authorities at Washington are never at a loss what diplomatic means are to be applied. They are always to be found on the side of the vile horde in Mexico City that calls itself the Mexican government. Indeed, this love-peace attitude of Washington towards this horde is a source of much praise for President Wilson.

But suppose that the miserable peons should gather in their hundred thousands, proclaim the social revolution and drive their blood-suckers and all political pretenders like swine into the sea how quickly would the dove of peace take wing at Washington! For the "most sacred principles" would then be endangered. The events of the French Commune even might be repeated, when the generals of the Prussian army rushed to the rescue of their hereditary enemy, the provisional French government, to destroy the revolution.

The Mexican people have nothing to expect from the etiquette of diplomacy, be it that of despotism or of constitutional democracy. In their great struggle to break the chains of slavery they will receive no aid from the government either on this or that side of the Rio Grande. They will wrest Land and Liberty only through their own efforts of revolutionary activity. They have nothing to hope for from government, military chiefs, and political pretenders. Salvation rests with the people themselves.

THEIR TRAITOR FREINDS

Our indefatigable friend and fellow-agitator, John B. Barnhill, of Washington, D. C., has sent us a leaflet of the "Personal Rights Series," published in England, which gives a lamentable account of conditions in Australia, as they have developed under the compromising, panacea manipulation of the "Labour" party. It says: "Wages are falling to keep pace with the costs of living. Toil is intensified. Industrial accidents increase. And while working conditions become harsher and harder without any corresponding rise of wages while the workers are being 'screwed up' by their employers—they are being socially screwed down by the new governing class; registered, ticketed, numbered, not permitted to change their employment or residence, or even have medical attention, save on lines laid down by the new bureaucracy."

Passing to a consideration of conditions in England, the leaflet says: "The truth is that the labouring classes have lost heavily by their recent Socialistic policy, and both the capitalist and landed classes have gained the latter enormously. Well may they have submitted quietly to payments for Old Age Pensions, National Insurance, etc. The landowners never had a more profitable friend than Mr. Lloyd George. For every penny he has taken from them he has given them sixpence. And they are making haste, as the Marquis of Lincolnshire has said, to take advantage of the boom in the price of land."

The author of that leaflet KNOWS, just as the editor of this section KNOWS the beneficial effects of all this make-believe remedial legislative tinkering. He need not read books on the subject for go on investigating, feel the hand that is shaking the workers, fight under his nose, all the proof any honest enquirer needs. In truth he can imagine no wiser financial policy than to put the few millions you happen to have idle into city and suburban real estate, and then whomp it up for public improvements. That is what our Los Angeles money men do, and they were not born yesterday. Moreover, in this way you kill two valuable birds at a single easy shot; you feather your financial nest and shine as a beacon of public spiritedness and philanthropy.

What we know, lots of men prominent in the Socialist and Labor movement also know. They have admitted to us a hundred times, in conversation. But they must go with the swim, herd with the crowd, stand by the union and party program, or step down into obscurity. In other words, they are moral cowards of the most abject type, and because the labor movement overflows with just such cowards, and indeed is run by them, the labor movement sinks deeper into the mud, generation after generation.

The labor leaders invariably warn their followers against Anarchists, because Anarchists are disquieting partners, who threaten to upset platforms by creating individual rebels. Don't you think they are needed? Don't you think the millennium will grow an inch or two nearer if we could get, say, a thousand workmen in this great country to do a little thinking and observing for themselves?

THEY WANT BREAD NOW AND NOT MERE TALK.

Have you noticed how rapidly the decks are being cleared for action? The almost universal disrepute into which politicians have fallen? The growing distrust of big words and those spell-binding orations which, only yesterday, were so popular? The cynicism with which the administration of what men still call "justice" is discussed? The impatience with those interminable debates of which revolutionists and radicals are one time never weary? But a psychological change is taking place. A keen appetite for substantial results begins to show its teeth.

Back Again to Our Post

(Translated from the Spanish by Enrique F. Magón.)

After a forced absence we find ourselves amongst the free once more. We went to the Penitentiary with our heads held erect, and come out from it with our heads still held erect and thus addressing all, friends and foes: "Here we are!"

Here we are! If our foes thought to annihilate us, it shall be acknowledged that their efforts have failed. The chains have tortured our flesh, but our will is undiminished, and today we are the same men as ever, the tenacious rebels, the enemies of injustice.

Now that we reassume our work, we send both our cordial greetings to all the oppressed the world over and our challenge to the Almighty Masters of the Earth. We bring for the oppressed our love and our sympathy; for the almighty men we bring our curses and our whips.

Through these lines we want to express the sympathy we feel toward all the Comrades who with their pecuniary contributions or with their personal work have helped our Comrades Ricardo M. Gaitán, Blas Lara, Antonio de P. Araujo and William C. Owen to continue the publication of this paper.

We hope now that everybody will keep on helping to their very best, so that this paper for the oppressed might continue its propaganda work.

The conditions in which we have found the paper are really awful. Its debts have been increasing week after week and thanks only to the heroic efforts of our Comrades Gaitán, Lara, Araujo, Owen and a few more, we have found our beloved paper still alive. But we think it very hard that such life be prolonged unless all and every one of our friends and sympathizers, men and women alike, exert themselves and take at heart, not only to save the life of "REGENERACION," but, too, that the paper might reach at least a weekly issue of fifty thousand copies.

Those who really feel an earnest desire that the paper live, those who are aware of the necessity of its publication shall do powerful efforts to support it. We are ready to face jail again or to be assassinated; we sacrifice our all for the cause of the toilers and hope that the poor men and women will do the sacrifice of dedicating a few cents or dollars once and again every time they can to support the paper.

Now, to work with the same resolution heretofore, until death or victory!

Long live Land and Liberty!
RICARDO FLORES MAGÓN.
LABRADO RIVERA.
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA.
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGÓN.

Are We Apt to Grasp the New Ideas?

Through our short lecture tour that we were invited to make along the West Coast of this land of the "Free" from the American Bastille of McNeil Island, I have learned many valuable things about the doubts that the English-speaking radicals of this country entertain toward their brown-skinned Mexican brothers.

Let me tell you, although it might sound funny to you, that our ignorance, our lack of civilization and of education is our greatest blessing and our greatest help to keep us from sinking into the mire in which the so-called civilized people have sunk under the present social system, and to digest the New Ideas quicker than they do.

I am speaking, of course, about the folks who have been away from the great industrial centers and who in Mexico form the greatest majority, being as it is largely an agricultural country, a fact that is widely known all over the world; which saves me the trouble of going into figures that I do hate so strongly, perhaps because they are the best weapon in the hands of our masters to leave us in the simple apparel of our first ancestors.

Our greatest blessing is, indeed, to be ignorant, uncivilized, uneducated. Blessing, because that way our minds are like the mind of a child, pure, simple, honest, virgin, unspoiled by our so-called civilization.

Our greatest blessing is, because that we do not have in our minds such a great number of prejudices and aversions that you, my poor "civilized" brothers, have in your minds. Because we have not to struggle first against those prejudices and aversions to expel them from our brains in order to make room for the New Ideas. Because to assimilate the New Ideas, we have not to fight steadily and vigorously with our innermost souls for years and years and years as you have to do to get rid of the wrong ideas that they taught you in your schools since your childhood and the others you learned through your daily life amidst the mephitic environments of the fictitious civilization that you have "enjoyed."

Having as we have our minds as a child's, pure, simple, honest, virgin, unspoiled by the capitalistic so-called civilization we are apt to grasp the New Ideas far quicker than the "civilized" peoples.

Many a folk has told me that we are so religious, so fanatic, so church-ridden that only for that fact we are hopeless and so can't take the New Ideas.

Perhaps we Indians and half-breed Indians, who form almost the entire population of Mexico, might be too religious to the eyes of our critics, but in fact we are not so much, at least at the bottom of our hearts.

In Mexico, contrary than in the United States of North America, you will not read on the Mexican money as in the American the "In God we trust." In Mexico, contrary than in the United States, you will not find the black-crows called Chaplains in the military barracks, the war ships and the jails and penitentiaries and—to finish to fill up the cup—being paid by the Government with money expropriated from the working class. In Mexico, contrary than in the United States, you will not find the President of the Republic as your clown Woodrow Bluff urging the people to pray to cure them from evils and other nonsense! A President from Mexico never would dare to open his mouth to say such foolish things because he would know that he would be hissed and hooted by the "religious, fanatic and church-ridden" Mexican people. In Mexico, contrary than in the United States, you will not find people apparently intelligent who will drop on their backs because of the bright that seizes them when you let them know that you do not believe in God. In Mexico, contrary than in the United States, you will not have to swear in court by a problematical God that you will say the truth, and you will not find a single judge who in open court would sentence a father to a \$3 fine because he was teaching his own child that there is not any stupid thing as that that they call Santa Claus, as happened to a man somewhere in the Middle West, if I do not remember wrong, at the end of last year, and which news was transmitted by wire through this country and played up by "The Los Angeles Times," and other papers from different localities, in a prominent place and inside of a fancy box. In Mexico, contrary than in United

States. . . . But, what for to continue accumulating data upon data that could fill as many books as an encyclopedia?

There was a wise man in Mexico—and, by the way, this great thinker was a pure-blooded Indian, and therefore knew what he was talking about—who said: "The Mexican Indian might be very religious, if you please, but as soon as he gets into a pair of shoes he does not go to church any more,"—except when following his sweetheart to flirt with her to the shadows of the old saints, I should add—"when he gets a pair of pants he forgets the church; and when he gets a coat, besides, he curses the church."

Which means, in a few words, that if you get the Indian economically free, to hell goes the church and the old bonneted-and-skirted-crow together with it!

That is why the Mexican Liberal Party is fighting down in Mexico for "Land and Liberty." Because the "Land," and nothing else, is the basis of Economic Freedom. Because THE WHO HAS THE LAND CONTROLS EVERYTHING ELSE, as mines, waters, forests, MACHINERY, means of transportation, etc., etc. And for this same "Land and Liberty" you Americans, Englishmen and every workman from the world over, will, sooner or later, have to fight; and to fight it out to death or victory, as you brothers in Mexico are fighting, without flinching, consciously and desperately. That is why Rangel and thirteen others of the finest type of men, all clear cut revolutionists, were on their way to Mexico to fight once more, when betrayed and cowardly trapped by such as a Campbell—who could not act otherwise for being so his idiosyncrasy of a parasite upholder of Law and Disorder—and who, Rangel and companions, are languishing now in the hideous jails of Barbarous Texas, waiting for you working men of all the world to come to their rescue, sending your vigorous protests to the imparters of injustice and your contributions to their defense funds, so as to save them from long terms in prison or from the scaffold to which Rangel and four more are openly threatened to be sent, most iniquitously and against all justice, by certain authorities and lackeys of the Capitalist class.

You know now how we ignorant, uncivilized and uneducated Mexicans are apt to readily digest and assimilate the New Ideas, the just ideas that will bring into existence that beautiful chimera known as the millennium by the Christians and that is, nothing else, in fact, than a kind of society based on Freedom, Equality and Fraternity, in which the human being be politically, socially and economically free in the whole sense of the word.

And now that you know, would you deny your steady moral and financial support to the Mexican Revolution and to Rangel and the other thirteen gallant warriors of this first spark of the Universal Social Revolution? Will you?

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGÓN.

The Illiteracy Test

The American Federation of Labor recently celebrated its annual convention in Seattle, and, as is its habit, adopted resolutions calling for strict enforcement of the immigration laws, especially as against all Orientals. Also it demands the enforcement of a literacy test, the incoming immigrant must be able to read and write.

That is what Labor's leaders call encouraging the international solidarity of labor, and going to the root of things.

The poor, illiterate toiler is not the man who robs you and keeps you poor. The enemy is the monopolist and the monopolistic institutions your so-called leaders are too damned cowardly and too damned ignorant to attack.

By attacking the poor individual worker they divert the attack from the real cause of poverty, which is the thing that plotters would pay millions to accomplish.

You prate about union being strength. More than a thousand of your leaders were represented in the Seattle junket, and the whole lot of them were such weaklings that they dared not face the real enemy, though knowing who he is as well as we do. The more sheep you crowd into the corral the more they shiver with alarm.

A large proportion of your so-called leaders who voted for the literacy test could not write their own names when they came to this country; or, at any rate, their fathers could not. When they got enough smattering of education to be useful to Tammany and similar corrupt organizations their careers began.

They went on their knees to the Church, which is the master wire-puller of all the ages and pulls solely for the maintenance of authority and the perpetuation of a submissive, dependent class.

These leaders profess to be looking after the interests of ALL labor. In reality they care only for the building up of an aristocracy, which leaves the unskilled laborer in the lurch; bars out, with heavy dues, the man who packs his blankets, and looks down with all the snobbery of the

beggar on horseback on what, in their unspeakably vulgar ignorance they are pleased to call the "inferior" races.

These leaders despise the negro, who is climbing while you have been sinking deeper and ever deeper, into dependence on that plutocracy your leaders monopolistic methods have done so much to create. They despise the Mexican, whose thought is straight enough to understand that he must own the land by which he and all of us have to live, and who has the pluck to fight for it; a pluck these leaders never yet have shown the least evidence of possessing. They look down on the Chinaman, who is making one of the greatest revolutions this world has known; and on the Japanese, who has mastered within a few years all the secrets of modern industry while you have been crawling backwards, mere tenders of machinery to which your masters claim you and which you never hope to own.

Your leaders snivel over the White Slave traffic. Your daughters are the ones who have to sell themselves because their leader ridden fathers dare not strike for freedom.

These leaders draw up ringing resolutions denouncing corrupt politics, and every Labor Temple in the country where they dominate is a hot-bed of political corruption. No class lobbies more industriously than they do; no section of politicians is so cheaply bribable.

And you remain content! You who do the work are content to live in the slum, the tenement house and hotel. If your politicians will secure you the paltriest of pensions, when you have reached sixty and have a long life of strenuous labor to the credit side of your account, you will slobber all over them as the greatest emancipators, your class has known!

Your leaders label themselves progressive. In reality they are the most reactionary element with which we have to deal. They read nothing, and in your voluminous labor press, which they manipulate, is to be found the most monotonously barren literature that ever spoiled good paper. Never a single new idea, never a single generous revolutionary thought; nothing but the old catch phrases with which buncombe orators win the applause of audiences so dense that they respond only to that which has been ground into their brains by ages of repetition. Then they vote for illiteracy tests!

REBEL.

What Sabotage MAY DO

"You are destroying civilization," is likewise hurled against us, to which we reply in the language of the street: "We should worry! Civilization is a lie. A civilization that is built upon the backs of toiling babes; a civilization that is reared upon the sweating, starving, struggling mass of mankind; a civilization whose very existence depends upon a constant army of hungry, servile and law-abiding unemployed, is scarcely worthy of consideration at the hands of those whom it has so brutally outraged. The saboteur carries on his work in order to hasten the day of working class victory, when for the first time in human history we shall have a civilization that is worthy of the name."

What is more civilized than for the workers to create powder that refuses to explode?

What is more civilized than to work slow and thus force employers to give a living to more of the unemployed?

What is more civilized than, to spike the guns when they are trained on our working class brothers in other countries?

What is more civilized than to waste the adulterations given the workers to place in food, thus making it unprofitable to sell impure products?

Sabotage will civilize the soldier, the militiaman, the police, the speeder, the slave driver, the food poisoner, the shoddy manufacturer, the profit grabber of high and low degree, and even the politician.—"Sabotage, Its History, Philosophy and Function," by Walker C. Smith.)

Reason devoted to politics; fights for its own dethronement. The moment the minority becomes the majority, it ceases to reason and begins to command and punish.

Don't be duped, young man. Your true interest lies with the great body of the toilers in solidary effort with the producers to possess themselves of the land and tools of production for the use and benefit of all. Down with the slaughter of mankind! Long live humanity!—(The Revolutionary Almanac.)

Rangel-Cline COMMITTEE

The following sums have been received by this committee: Collected in ILLINOIS amongst a revolutionary group by Comrade Enrico Boccia, \$5.30; Emilio Lambert, \$1; A. E. Oreland, \$1; Collected by A. Lushis, \$3.20. TENNESSEE, A. E. Emerson, \$2. Total, \$12.50.

VICTOR CRAVELLO, Secy.

The Revolutionary Almanac for 1914

Edited by Hippolyte Havel

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