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Through Carranza Mexico Must Not Be Betrayed.

Peace, with honor, is the finest thing on earth. Contrariwise, a dishonorable peace is of all things the most contemptible and degrading, stamping him who makes it as a coward. Men should be slow to wrath, but when they have decided that a condition must be changed and have taken up arms to change it, they must put that change through or die in the attempt. If our forefathers, having deliberately gone to war for separation from the Mother country, had not put the job through, regardless of suffering and bloodshed, they would have deserved the undying condemnation of mankind, and would have had it. If chattel slavery had not been abolished as the result of the Civil War, the people of the United States would have been properly despised for ever. If, having made up their minds quite clearly that free and equal possession of the land by which they live was a thing worth fighting for, the Mexicans lay down their arms short of that goal, they will perish from the map of history, and will deserve to perish. Like countless others they have cast their die, and like them they must stand today to win or lose it all.

Personally I consider that no government on record has shown itself more base than that over which Woodrow Wilson now presides. Its baseness lies in the fact that it is straining every nerve to tempt Mexico from the heroic path on which, four years ago, she set her feet; that, like a strumpet-panderer, it has been using every art and wile to lure the Mexicans to treason; that with threat and bribe, with its armed forces and with the dirty pieces of silver it gets from Wall Street, it has been seeking untiringly to corrupt the peon and make of him a Judas who shall betray his faith. If there is a sin against the Holy Ghost, which is beyond all forgiveness, it is that. If there is a low-down role to be selected from the infinitely-varied drama of human activity, it is that. Beside it that of the White-Slave trader is purity incarnate. He takes his victim's body and, for a more or less brief period, subjects it to physical ill-treatment. But how does it stand with Wilson, Bryan and their satellites? From more than a year past they have been backing and filling, groveling and bullying, turning up the whites of their eyes to heaven and throwing themselves into the arms of Villas—for what? That they may corrupt a nation's soul.

Mexico has a soul. Amid the glare of a commercialism so blinded that it cannot catch even a glimpse of the divine in man, a rebel has stepped out, with eyes wide-open to the possibilities of LIFE. Amid the throng of slaves, chained to degrading tasks and caught in a mental thralldom even more appalling, since today they can think only in terms of slavery, a free figure has appeared; reckless in its abandon; careless of mere existence; bent only on winning that mastery of self and opportunity without which we draw our breath only to suffer. I know full well that every individual and every nation has what we call a soul. I know that somewhere, in every breast, there lurks the spark of a desire to rise, to mount to better things, to conquer circumstance and assume our natural lordship over things. And I know that in Mexico alone, during these latter days, that spark has burst into a purifying flame; the greatest promise yet vouchsafed us; the happiest omen of a dawn too slow in coming. They seek, by cruel cunning and by brutal force, to stamp it out.

To have lived among the Mexicans, who come from all quarters of the Republic to Los Angeles, is to discover how earnest—perhaps how childishly earnest—is their revolutionary faith; how convinced they are that they will eventually recover pos-

session of their lands and with them the management of their own lives; how longingly they look forward to the time when they will be able to shake off their industrial yoke their fellow-workers in the United States still bear so patiently. They dream of it night and day. They talk it incessantly. Short of money though they always are, their purchases of revolutionary literature are astounding. And they act it. Juan Rincon, who was shot to death near Carrizo Springs, when the Mexicans now in jail at San Antonio were intercepted in their attempt to cross the border, had no goad to prick him into leaving a comfortable office job and beating his way across half a continent except the burning desire to fight for Land and Liberty. I knew him very, very well. Rangel, wounded and imprisoned time after time, had no inducement to risk death or imprisonment again except the same burning desire that animated Rincon. I could go on thus indefinitely. Again I say, Mexico has found her soul; and Wilson, Bryan and their official satellites are straining every nerve to kill that soul. They are for peace at any price. They are for peace, that the vested interests of American speculators may not be lost. They are for peace, that the debts with which foreign usurers have loaded Mexico may be collected. They are thinking only in the dollar and care nothing for the nation's manhood. They are intriguing with Carranza as real estate agents intrigue when they are bent on putting through a crooked deal, or as all our politicians intrigue for place and power. The history of Ireland when England bribed her into union is being repeated, and no Castlereagh ever played a role more dastardly than our White House wire-pullers are now larding with crocodile tears and Puritanic sniffles. Huerta has flung his contempt of Wilson, the individual, in the face of all the world, and no exit could have become the grim old Indian better, enemy of the revolution though he was. Wilson gets no thanks from us. We dread him, and the corrupt forces at his back, more than all the Huertas ever born.

WM. C. OWEN.

BOASTS OF IT!

When the Americans took Vera Cruz, an ensign, in his student days perhaps the best full-back Annapolis ever had, had command of a squad of men who took many prisoners.

"These prisoners were corralled in a room. At a word from the ensign, they were released and told to scurry for the next corner. Those who reached it in safety, in the opinion of the ensign, deserved to live.

"But very few did. The ensign applied the 'ley de fuga'—the law of flight.

"War is war; and one American naval officer did apply the law of flight. He admits it, boasts about it.

"Curiously enough, his friends applauded him for it.

"Hundreds of American army and navy officers and men know that this ensign and his men applied the forbidden law of flight—made sport of prisoners of war and even noncombatants, giving them a flying start and 'potting' them as they fled.

"I have been told that it was fun to see them run."

For writing the foregoing, Fred L. Boalt, Scripps newspaper correspondent, was arrested at Vera Cruz by order of the war department and ordered to be deported.

He has now been released, although he stands stoutly by his story as true in every line, and a Congressional investigation has been demanded.

What do you think of it? What do you propose to do about it?

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

There is no subject before the people of North America at the present time more interesting than the Mexican question. The people of North America, however, do not know the facts concerning the Mexican situation, simply because of the continued false reports that have appeared during the last four years about the Mexican trouble in the columns of the capitalist press, ably backed by pernicious editorials worded purposely to gull the unwary.

The pamphlet "The Mexican Revolution 1906-1914," just off the press, written by Theodore M. Gaitan, a revolutionist from the Central States of Mexico, undoubtedly fills the gap created by the insidious twisting of terminology indulged in by bourgeois-minded editors. The history of the fight in Mexico is clearly outlined, showing how this question has been at stake for many years, and that the object in view is not the reform of society, but a revolution of society.

The workers should make themselves acquainted with the matter contained in this little work, so that they might understand the reason for the war against Huerta, Carranza and other upholders of Capitalism, who are supported by the U. S. A. government.

The pamphlet contains 32 pages, 6x9, and the price is 10 cents per copy; \$6.00 per hundred; and special price on application for orders exceeding 500.

Send your orders to A. L. Figueroa, Box 1236, Los Angeles, Cal.

Authority's Voice

Ernest Untermann, whose voice is loud in Socialist Party councils and who is now that Party's candidate for U. S. Senator, has written a long letter to "The World," of Oakland, in which he warns his party to be cautious in the matter of contributing to the Rangel-Cline Committee. He names the members of the committee, and comments: "All these are anarchists, with the possible exception of Wirth, who may be a Socialist. But is he a member of the Socialist Party? If he is, did the Party authorize him to accept a position on this Rangel-Cline Defense Committee?" Another objection he has is that "Wm. C. Owen, anarchist, is slandering the Socialist Party in his LAND AND LIBERTY."

Has it come to the point at which a member of the Socialist Party must be "authorized" before he dare stretch out his hand to aid the afflicted? Did—the question naturally suggests itself—did Mr. Untermann go on his knees for a permit to write the letter in question? Did the Powers authorize him to charge the editor of this section, who happens to be also the editor of "Land and Liberty," with slander, because he dares to differ with the Socialist Party and, therefore, criticizes its philosophy and tactics, openly and honestly? One does not suppose Mr. Untermann capable of understanding that wise men welcome criticism, as giving them the opportunity of triumphing in argument, but is it conceivable that the collective wisdom of the Socialist Party has not grasped that simple and well-established truth?

Mr. Untermann writes also: "I should like to see a statement of receipts and expenditures from the present Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, and before I contribute to this defense I want to see the Defense Committee in control of the American Federation of Labor and of the Socialist Party." As to the latter demand, he is clearly entitled, as an individual, to withhold his contribution from any fund not under the control of those he himself would have selected; but he is not entitled to insinuate that the accounts are not kept squarely. As a matter of fact both receipts and expenditures have been acknowledged regularly in the columns of "REGENERACION," and the secretary and treasurer were chosen with exceptional care as being old inhabitants of Los Angeles, with established reputations for probity and business ability.

What Mr. Untermann has done is this. In the first place he himself has been guilty of direct slander in calling the editor of this section a slanderer, and he is hereby challenged to produce a single proof that will justify that charge. In the second place, he himself insinuates a slander by intimating that prudent persons will do well to look into the accounts.

What the Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, in my opinion, should do is fight; fight by calling this would-be autocrat sharply to book, and fight by insisting on a definite answer as to the stand taken by the Socialist Party in matters of this nature. If its members are not allowed to act as individuals; if they cannot assist a worthy cause without the consent of the "Authorities" we want to know it, that we may place the Socialist Party exactly where it belongs.

I may add that my conviction is that very few members of the party will indorse Mr. Untermann's despotic position, and I hope that even fewer of them are in the habit of using the capital when they write of Socialists and of their Party, while being careful to use the small letter whenever they use the word Anarchist. Straws show the direction of the wind. By that indescribably pycnophetia Mr. Untermann gives the public the true measure of his mind.

THREE YEARS HENCE.

"June the month for wedding bells." An excellent cartoon, published in the "San Francisco Examiner" and representing Roosevelt as marrying the G. O. P. elephant and the Progressive moose. The elephant, as bride, looks tickled to death, while the moose eyes Parson Roosevelt with obvious but profoundly-obedient alarm. Penrose and Pinchot, Hiram Johnson, La Follette and Cannon are the officiating bridesmaids.

That is the program and in all probability it will carry, for the Republicans MUST get back into power and can do so only by the help of Roosevelt. He will take all the sap out of the Socialist Party and ditch it, giving many leading Socialists of-

fice. For the political Single-Taxers he will have a graduated land tax, and many of them also will get office, and many of them also will get it. As for as Louis F. Post has got it. As for as Organized Labor, be sure that Roosevelt is too good a politician to leave its leaders out in the cold, and those leaders know it.

Such is politics! But there is one element which all the Roosevelts in the world cannot seduce or hoodwink. That is the revolutionary element, whether it labels itself I. W. W., Single Tax, Anarchist, or—as in the vast majority of cases—prefers to go untagged. Backed by rising prices, increasing uncertainty of employment and growing discontent, that element will play the dickens with Roosevelt's little house of cards. Stirring times are ahead; but, mark you! Roosevelt will have the armed forces of Government as his back, and he is the man to use them—mercilessly.

INDIA AND MEXICO.

"India is awakened into national self-consciousness, and her tie with Great Britain can only be preserved by her freedom," writes Mrs. Annie Besant. "Free, she will be the buttress of the Empire; subject, she will be a perpetual menace to its stability." Her cry is a re-echo of that of Florence Nightingale, who, so long ago as 1878, with something like a sob, exclaimed: "We do not care for the people of India. The saddest sight to be seen in the East—nay, probably in the world—is the peasant of our Eastern Empire." But free India never can be by the methods suggested by Mrs. Besant—political enfranchisement. The freest nations under the sun to-day politically are seething with discontent, poverty, and unemployment. It did not help the Mexicans when they made Mexico a republic; only the establishment of the common right of the people to the land can make a people free. It is now in India, as it was when Mr. H. M. Hyndman declared, nearly 50 years ago: "The famines which are devastating India," he wrote, "are in the main financial famines. Men and women cannot get food because they cannot save the money to buy it. Yet we are wroth, as we say, to tax these people more." The drain is greater than ever. Their parasites are without; ours are within. The bloodsuckers are those who "toil not neither do they spin." The only remedy in India, as here, is to destroy the parasites. Do let us hurry up! By helping ourselves, we shall help the unfortunate people of India. Now is the time to act, if we would save this great Empire; to-morrow it may be too late.—("The Guardian,"—Middleton, England.)

Hurrah for Charles P. Taft! He is seeing the light. In a recent editorial in the Cincinnati Times-Star Charles says:

"Only a few years ago we grabbed considerable land from Spain. In 1848 we grabbed a huge chunk from Mexico. Can any human being in his right mind doubt that that territory has been more useful to humanity under the stars and stripes these sixty years than if it had been allowed to stagnate under the conditions that have prevailed south of the international border?"

That's a fine thought. When land is stagnating it should be seized. Some of Charley Taft's land is stagnating. It is idle and in densely populated centers. What a fine idea it would be, since Charlie is allowing "land to stagnate," to go out and seize the property. Charlie could not possibly object. He is for grabbing land that is stagnating.—("Johnstown Democrat.")

Vazquez Sentenced

There is bad news this week again. Comrade Leonardo L. Vazquez has been sentenced, too.

He was found guilty on the elastic charge of "constructive murder" and sentenced to serve 25 years in the Penitentiary.

Vazquez is the second comrade that has been tried and sentenced during the present term of the Court; the first being Miguel P. Martinez, who got a term to serve of twelve years some two weeks ago.

As in the case of Martinez, the defense has appealed in that of Vazquez.

The third comrade now before the jury is Pedro Perales, and it is feared that he would follow the same fate as the others, because the defense has not been given time enough to be well prepared.

The District Attorney, one Linden, who is distinguishing himself as the most bloodthirsty prosecutor there ever existed, is exerting his ut-

most to have our comrades taken by surprise, without their counsels prepared for the fight, so as to obtain that Rangel, Cline and companions be railroaded to the Penitentiary and to the gallows.

The bloodthirstiness of such Linden is explained too easily, when knowing that the said man shall get a bonus of \$500.00 for each comrade sent to the Penitentiary or to the gallows.

This man Linden, to be in a position to drink good wines, eat good food stuffs and enjoy all comforts, has to drown his conscience in the blood of innocent men, that he would gladly send to the scaffold in order to fatten on their misfortune.

How degenerated has become humanity under the hideous present Capitalist System! And how stupid and cowardly is a people that forbears such monstrosities as that of forcing a man to become a bloodthirsty panther in order to live!

Long live to the "ignorant greaser" that manly stands on the battlefields of Mexico, in open revolt against conditions that were not as bad as those that the "civilized and highly educated" but tame American "enjoys!"

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

To Respect Private Property, Authority And God Is To Uphold Slavery.

Through centuries and centuries the sheep-like human beings have submitted to be sheared off.

Having Humanity fastened to its neck the chains of prejudices and atomisms, it has marched through centuries with bowed back under the whip of exploitation and tyranny, taking as a natural course to be a serf, thinking itself happy if the Master Class would let it but gather up the scraps from Nature's overflowing banquet table.

Unable to lucidly think because of his ignorance, human kind became a mere puppet at the hands of the Ruling Class that cunningly stuffed his head with self-deceiving religious, economic, political and social ideas.

Man was taught to respect Private Property, Authority and God. A loaded revolver in the hands of a child, is less dangerous than such ideas rooted in the brains of mankind.

From such respect to private property, to Authority and to God, our chains were forged.

From there come all of our evils.

Respecting Private Property, we sanction robbery; we approve that our natural inheritance; the land,—from which we live and without which we become helpless creatures,—be taken away from under our feet to the benefit of a few privileged parasites of human kind. Respecting Private Property, we uphold slavery.

Respecting Authority, we side ourselves with the cur that licks the hand with the whip, because Authority exists to whip us into line, to force us to respect that Private Property that nurses slavery and keeps us away from Life's banquet.

Respecting God, we respect Authority and Private Property and, hence, uphold the unjust Capitalist System that denies us the right of living. Authority was made to force us into line, torturing our body; God was invented to force us into line, torturing us morally and confusing our minds.

Therefore, we must fight against Private Property, against Authority and against God, if we ever want to become free, completely free.

The Mexican Liberal Party aims to conquer Private Property, Authority and God, to master them and annihilate them forever, and that through the only means at hand for the proletariat everywhere to gain its emancipation, armed revolution.

Rangel and his companions now in the jails from Texas as members of the Mexican Liberal Party, do recognize that Capital, Authority and Church are the three common foes of the Working Class that must be fought to death if we ever hope that Humanity be emancipated.

That is why Rangel and companions were on their way to Mexico to fight under the red flag of Land and Liberty.

Such kind of fighters deserve to be helped out of the plight in which Capitalism has got them as punishment to their devotion to Freedom.

The "Rangel-Cline Defense Committee" would appreciate any financial help for their defense which pray be sent to Victor Cravello, Room 108, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.

To save Rangel and companions from the gallows is to do a good action to the benefit of Human Cause.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.