Regeneración

English Section

Edited by WM. C. OWEN

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Is Wilson Mexico's True Friend?

There is tumult all along the Rio Grande. In Arizona the mines of the Arizona Copper Company are closed, and some 5000 workers find themselves deprived of bread. The daily press speaks of them joyously as "illiterate foreigners," and most of them are Mexicans. A law passed recently requires that 80 per cent of the underground workers must be able to speak Eglish, and American organized labor and American organized capital seem to have vied with one ano her in trying to make the Mexican worker's lot as precarious and miserable as special privilege and special legislation could make it. At this writing they have been parading Clifton with banners announcing that they would rather fight than starve, and the militia has been sent against them. That was inevitable, for that is always the one reply. Even so radical an official as Gov. Hunt could not have acted otherwise. He is a State official, and the State has pledged itself to the deffence of the Mining King's monopolies, just as it has pledged itself to uphold the special legislation organized labor secured at the Mexican's expense. State officials have to stand by their State employer, and that employer invariably stands by his guns. We talk glibly of the party "in power," but how seldom do we reflect on the exact accuracy of that most eloquent expression. My slavery to another is measured precisely by the extent to which he has me in his power.

The European war has affected the copper and cotton markets in particular, and in both instances the Mexican has sufferde. He has suffered cruelly from the race bigotry of Southerners, to whose aristocratic prejudices his recent struggles for freedom are as the red rag to the bull. He has found himself no longer in favor with employers who had use for him only so long as he remained obediently servile. He has been looked askance at by organized labor, which has a narrow exclusiveness of its own and hungers, in its dependence on monopolistic capital, for a monopoly of all existing jobs. All round the Mexican is been made to suffer bitterly for his audacity in venturing to break for freedom, and to his sufferings our national government has added incalculably by lining the border with soldiers who are only too anxious for a chance to come to blows with him. Such papers as the "Los Angeles Times" reek with accounts of the insults offered to and injuries inflicted on the American soldier by the Mexican "barbarians," but of the provocation given by Americans we hear nothing. Yet common sense should tell us that the Mexican, being incomparably the weaker, is the one least likely to begin a quarrel. Common sense and even the most superficial knowledge of the manner in which our soldiers deported themselves in Mexico should tell us that.

Less than two years ago President Wilson, whom ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans picture as a man of peace, made war on Mexico, and hundreds of her inhabitants were slaughtered without a word of warning. When Madero and the Huerta-Diaz faction battle in Mexico City they gave non-combatants twenty-four hours' notice in which to retire to safety. But Wilson struck without warning, and struck because it was his policy to eliminate Huerta. I myself was assuredly no admirer of Huerta, or of the influences at his back; but as an American of English birth and parentage, I am unconquerably obstinate admirer of the hard-won right of nationalities to settle their own affairs without the intervention of meddling interlopers. Conversely I am no admirer of President Wilson, whom I regard as essentially an all-governing State Socialist, and, therefore, the very last man entitle to call himself a Democrat; as the most autocratic President the United Sstates has ever had. Even radicals and revolutionists have got into the habit of commending him as a true friend of Mexico. I doubt it. I think he has been waiting for the weakening and discrediting of Mexico, and I consider that he has lent the weight of his great influence to that discrediting by persistenly representing Mexico's troubles as political. That creates, and is intended to create, the impression that Mexicans are not capable of governing themselves. That creates, and is intended to create, the impression that, wether we like it or not, we shall have eventually to intervine and supply Mexico with an efficient government.

Wilson knows as well as I do that Mexico's real trouble is not political but economic. He knows as well as I do that Mexico has a constitution as liberal as any in the world, and that in the making of laws, and in the enforcement of them, she has been well abreast of other civilized countries. She has produced, and can produce again today, her full share of capable legislators, administrators, sociologists and publicists, who need fear no comparison with those of the United States. The trouble is not there, and Wilson must know it well. On the other hand, he must know, even better if possible, how deep-seated are Mexico's economic ills, inasmuch as his own special investigators have told him. For example, under the heading "Mexico's Message" I published the following in "Land and Liberty," last December.

"Listen, if you please, to John Lind, at the Industrial Club, Chicago, November 19, and remember that it is not 'Regeneracion' or 'Land and Liberty,' but President Wilson's personal representative in Mexico, who did the talking. 'I felt while in Mexico,' said Mr. Lind, 'and I feel now, that permanent peace in Mexico on the basis of the social and economic condition which has existed in the past is an impossibility.' He then sketched the manner in which the people had been robbed of their lands, and added, 'As a whole a nation was made homeless, and has so continued to this day. This is and will be the cause of revolutions in Mexico until the question is settled.—The troubles which beset the unfortunate people do not evoke the sympathy of the men who have lost dividends from mines or wells or plantations. I do not belittle these losses—they have been great and grievous. But there are greater interests in this world than dividends. The weal or woe of——15,000,000 people seemed of greater consequence to our President than temporary losses of some of our citizens."

How is one to square that last sentence with the fact that Wilson, less than two years ago, personally ordered the invasion of Mexico, and for a grievance surely far more insignificant than that which led Austria to invade Servia and thereby precipitate the bloodiest tragedy on record? How is one to square that with the fact that Wilson, cognizant of the slaughter the United States soldiery had wrought at Vera Cruz, both among combatants and non-combatants, could find it possible to speak such words as those he uttered in his funeral oration over the seventeen American marines brought back for interment in the United States? On that occasion he said: "Here is the roster of the navy, the list of the men, officers and enlisted men and marines, and suddenly there swim seventeen stars out of the list-- men who have suddenly gone into a firmament of memory where we shall always see their names shine." Does climbing to the Presidency of the United States carry with it the obligation to voice such hypocrisy as that?

In "Regeneracion" and in "Land and Liberty" I gave at the time extracts from letters received from United States soldiers who participated on the attack on Vera Cruz. They were on a par with the talk of hunters gloating over the day's sport. And I call attention to the fact that John Kenneth Turner, more than three months ago, in the "Appeal to Reason," wrote a most searching account of what actually took place at Vera Cruz, drew up a terrible indictment against individual officers and privates, and publicly called on Wilson to set on foot a rigid investigation. Has he done so? Of course he has not. Will he do so? Of course he will not.

As to murder, Turner charged that he had established by substantial evidence that "among themselves the marines boast (mark the word!) of having killed six hundred", and declared that "for two days the Americans ran, war-mad, through the streets, firing at every human creature that they saw, shooting at every head that appeared at a window, were it that of man, woman or child." He singled out for special notice a giant marine, now stationed at Galveston, who handled a rapid fire gun as if it had been a rifle and killed regardless of age and sex. "This hero," he wrote, "was afterwards presented with a medal of honor by President Wilson!"

Turner charged the United States soldiers specifically with having committed against women and young girls the most infamous crimes—crimes which, "if perpetrated in the United States, would have justly earned them imprisonment for life at hard labor"—and he gave a detailed account of the wholesale looting that had been indulged in alike by officers and men. As to this he wrote: "In Mexico there has been no case of wanton looting of American property by Mexicans in comparison with this case of the wanton looting of Mexican property by Americans." We may not like or think much of the "Appeal to Reason," but Turner has made a specialty of Mexican affairs for many years and has always written from personal investigation conducted on the pot.

How, I ask myself continuallyl, was Bryan, today the great apostle of "Peace at any price," able to reconcile his conscience to the perpetration of such deeds as these—deeds committed solely in pursuance of a theory (now proved preposterous) that peace in Mexico would follow the elimination of one bad man? What sort of a man is Wilson that he can rest satisfied with the cavalier treatment which, to put it mildly, powerful Germany has condescended to mete out to these United States, while against weak Mexico he not only threatened big guns but fired them, as directly as if he himself had lit the fuses? In "Harper's Weekly" I expressed the opinion recently that, if Wilson really longed for peace, he would have given Germany to understand most clearly that this government does not stand indifferent toward her breaking of treaties by which she bound herself to keep the peace; does not stand indifferent to the cynical invasion and laying—waste of weak and helpless nations; does not stand indifferent to the appalling fact that the greatest military power in the world, admittedly directed by an autocratic Monarch who avows himself Gods agent, has launched itself on a career of conquest, with "Welt macht oder Niedergang" —world power or downfall—as its war-cry. I stand by that position. As a man, consider that no great nation has a right to anounce itself indifferent to issues so grave as these. As are now regarded in Europe as little better than word-jugglers. As an anti-militarist I hold that the termination of this brutal conflict would have been hastened incalculably had Wilson possessed the courage to put down his foot and keep it there. As a believer in the right of a nation to manage its own affairs, I think it augurs badly for the continued independence of Mexico that apparently, in Wilson's opinion, the invasion of Belgium was not a matter that concerne us deeply. As it appears to me, he who by his silence, condones such things in Europe will practise them cheerfully on this continent whenever it suits his hand to do so,

Turner's exposure concluded with these words: "The true story of Veracruz conveys a hint of what would happen throughout Mexico provided Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Guggenheim, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Otis finally succeeded in persuading us to go down and straighten out Mexico in the name of humanity." The paper in which he published his exposure introduced it with a preface in which Gen. Candido Aguilar, governor of the State of Veracruz, was quoted as saying: "I am depending upon the Socialists of the United States to save us from intervention."

As to Gen. Aguilar's statement it is only necessary to remark that if the influence of the Socialist Party is all that stands between Mexico and intervention her case is hopless; because in the first place, the party's strength has sunk to zero; because, in the second place, as shown so lucidly by Henry L. Slobodin, in the October number of "The International Socialist Review," the party is at heart a military party and at one with Germany in the believe that the sooner Socialism is IMPOSED by force on other countries the better it will be for all the world; and because in the third place, the very quintescence of Socialism, to which the party, here as elsewhere, instructiinly runs true, is that, in the interests of material efficiency, economy and order, the many must be governed by the chosen few. As to that no competent student of modern social problems will express a doubt, and American Socialists will easily convince themselves that the cause of Socialism will be advanced by the annexation of Mexico to the United States.

So much for Gen. Aguilar's illusions, which need only to be stated and laughed immediatly out of court. Those expressed, however, by Turner are more deeply rooted, are more widely spread, and will coutinue to mislead well-meaning but unthinking men for many a year to come unless we face them boldly with a patent fact. The fact is this. No capitalist, no group of capitalists, holds the reins of peace or war today. That, which is by far the greatest of all human powers, has now become the sole prerogative of the highly-centralized governments into whose fatal trap the drift of Socialim has led us. No Rothschild, or group of Rothschilds, was able to draw the sword issued the order to march and herd all Europe to the shambles. No Rockefeller commanded the warships to swoop down on Veracruz. That rested with the commander-in-chief of our naval and military forces; with the President of the United States; with our "King in Dress Coat"; with Woodrow Wilson. The lesson taught by Veracruz has been re written for us once more in Europe. The power of the United States government is the one great enemy Mexico has cause to dread.

WM. C. OWEN.

Lest We Forget Rangel & Cline

Contemporaneous labor history is a tragic chapter. Looking back upon it in the future years, our successors in the struggle or the victory may well marvel at the matter-of-course attitude of the hosts of present day workers.

The physical body responds to a ceaseless pain and irritation with a callous. Fortunately or unfortunately, the mind acts in the same way. Fortunately, in that we might all go mad of horror and of the seeming helplessness of our position were it not so—unfortunately, in that pain is the signal that something is wrong, and if it is continued to be felt it would urge us into a searching out of our potentialities which now lie dormant.

We read without a quiver the daily orgie of blood and barbarism which holds our fellow workers in Europe in its relentless, murderous grip. The daily news of this country is a nightmare of crime, the daily results of applied capitalism. Child labor, over work and under pay of women, the starveling horde of unemployed, industrial murders, the stealings of respectable business—all have been exposed until they have become a mere safety valve for the effervescence of socialist writers and a sweet morsel for the idle bourgeois reformer to chew upon.

Over the country in its prisons and penal camps are scattered men who have not been able to deaden feeling, men to whom the wrongs of their class brothers and sisters have been real, a ceaseless pain which called for an effort toward a cure.

Such men are Rangel and Cline and their associates. They never forget that they belonged to an oppressed class. They never ceased to feel the rods wherewith lives of their brothers and sisters were seared and aborted. That feeling urged to action.

Now they are paying the penalty of those who dare to question in actuality the right of the ruling class to make slaves of those who produce for it.

Rangel and Cline and their comrades have all been sentenced, most of them to long, weary years which they areunlikely to survive, several of them to life terms. This despite the best efforts of a devoted group of their comrades and generous contributions from all sections of the labor movement.

Charles Cline, as has been announced in Solidarity, has another chance in the courts. The Appellate Court has reversed the case because of error in the admission in evidence of a book showing him to be a member of the I. W. W. Comrade Vera Mayfield, of San Antonio, writes "Mr Haltorn's success in getting this reversal after we had been told repeatedly by the best lawyers in town that it could not be done adds to our confidence in him. He will have charge of the defense and we hope to make a good fight and get a just verdict. Public sentiment seems to be gradually changing in our favor."

THERE ARE TWO THINGS YOU CAN DO FOR CLINE NOW

Send money for his defense to Mrs. Vera Mayfield, 709 North Brazos street, San Antonio, Texas. Write him a letter and let him know that you have not forgotten him. Think what a letter from the outside must mean to a man who has been shut up as long as Cline has. He is weak and hopeful and grateful to the comrades and fellow workers who have assisted him. But there is little money on hand and more must be sent in if he is to have this fighting chance for freedom and continued service in the cause of labor. He is still in the San Antonio jail.

All the Mexican prisoners have been taken to the penitentiary and according to reports are in very hard conditions, with unwholesome food, insufficient clothing and hard and inhuman labor. Letters to them from comrades in Los Angeles have been returned by the warden unopened.

Heroic old Rangel, incorruptible as a flame, persisted in wearing his Land and Liberty badge in the court room, regardless of how it might affect his case. Protesting his innocence of the charge of conspiracy to murder, he held up the banner of his stern convictions in the faces os his opponents when it meant life or death to him. His undaunted spirit rang out in his letter of thanks, void of complaint, to those who have tried to help him. Like an old warrior who wraps his battle flag about him and lies down to endless sleep, he has gone without a murmur out into the living silence so much more than death.

There was but one cry from that strong heart. When the time was at hand for him to be taken to the penitantiary his young daughter came to San Antonio to try to see him once more Knowing that she was alone in a great city he sent a pathatic appeal from his cell to Mrs. Mayfield to find her and take care of her.

All the Mexican prisoners have decided not to appeal their cases. One in appeal had his term lengthened many years. Rangel decided he would not burden his friends with the expense of a long and apparently hopeless fight in hostile courts after the San Antonio comittee had retained counsel to present appeal.

THERE IS ONE THING TO DO FOR RANGEL AND THE MEXICAN COMRADES

That is, to get out a petition as soon as it is deemed advisable for their pardon. Then we must all work to forward the petition.

In the meantime their cases must be kept before the public. WE MUST NOT FORGET RANGEL AND CLINE.

I have just read that Jim Larkin says, "It is a disgrace that the workers of America will permit their leaders to lie in jail as they are doing in many parts of the country."

Let us guard against becoming calloused or indifferent to the sufferings of those who have borne the battle's brunt.

Georgia Kotsch.

Manifesto to Mexicans,

Issued by Emiliano Zapata AND SIGNED BY HIM AND THIRTY-FIVE OFFICERS, AUGUST 1914.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUED.)

Therefore the Agrarian Revolution, distrusting chiefs who are looking for their own triumph, has adopted, as a precaution and as a guarantee, the most just rule that revolutionary leaders of all the country shall be the ones to choose the first magistrate as Provisional President, charged with the duty of calling the elections; for it knows well that on the Provisional President depends the future of the Revolution and, along with that, the fate of the Republic.

What could be more just than that all those interested-the chiefs of the groups engaged in the fight, the representatives of the people in arms-should agree in the selection of the functionary in whose hands there must be placed the tabernacle of the revolution's promises, the sacred ark of the people's aspirations? Why should the so—called Constitutionalists fear the crucible of revolutionary revision or shrink from rendering tribute to the democratic principle that the candidate should be discused freely by those interested?

Any other method of procedure will be not only disloyal but dangerous, for the Mexican people has shaken off its indifference, has recover its courage and will not be the one to allow others to erect their own government on its back.

There is still time in which to reflect and avoid the conflict. If the Leader of the Constitutionalists considers that he has the popularity necessary to stand the proof of its submission to a vote of the revolutionists, let him submit to it without vacilation; and if the Constitutionalist truly love the people and understand what they demand, let them do homage to its sovereign will, accepting with sincerity and without any reticences the Plan of Ayala —expropiation of fhe lands for the sake of public utility, expropiation of the property of the people' enemies, and restitution to the towns and communities of the domains of which they have been despoiled.

If that is not done, they may rest assured that the agitation of the masses will continue, that the war will go on in Morelos, in Puebla, in Oaxaca, in Tlaxcala, in Michoacan, in Hidalgo, in San Luis Potosi, in Guanajuato, in Tamaulipas, in Durango, in Texas, in Chihuahua, and there are lands to be redivided, and the great movement of the South, supported by all the country population of the Republic, will continue until, conquering all opposition and combating all resistence, it shall have finally snatched, by the hands of its warriors, blackened with powder, the lands which its false liberators undertaken to keep from it.

The Agrarian Revolution, calumniated by the enemy's press, unrecognized by Europe, understood with sufficient exactitude by the diplomacy of North America, lifts on high the banner of its ideals, that those who have been deceived may see it, and that it may be contemplated by the egoits and the perverse, by those who deafen their ears to the lamentations of the suffering people, to the cries of mothers who lost their sons and to the enraged shouts of the struggles, who do not wish to see, and who will not see, the destruction of their aspirations for liberty and their glorious dreems of redemption for their people.

LA OFICINA DE REGENERACION

Para llegar a la oficina de REGENERACION, tomese el carro colorado de Edendale, en Sexta y Main, cuando el carro camine rumbo al Oeste. Bajese en Fargo St., y andese sobre la izquierda, hasta encontrar Ivanhoe Ave. Caminense cerca de tres calles hasta tener a la vista un lago: Los jacales que se ven en el bajio son el taller de la imprenta y la oficina del periodico.

¡ATENCION, TRABAJADORES!

Todos los domingos a las 7½ de la noche, hay mitines de propaganda en el Local del Centro de Estudios Racionales, situado en la calle de San Fernando, No. 767.—Asistid a aprender cómo dejar de ser pobres.—Entrada gratis.

Jose Valdez.

Este firme, abnegado y sincero companero de ideas, se encuentra preso en la carcel del Condado de esta ciudad. En legitima defensa hirio a un individuo que, se dice, penetro a su casa y agredio a su familia con un punal.

Los tramites lentos de los tribunales son la causa de que el buen companero se encuentre preso todavia.

Bueno seria que los companeros que puedan hacerlo, visiten a Jose ahora que se encuntra entre las redes de la ley burguesa. Los dias de visita son los martes y los viernes, de diez a doce del dia y de dos a cuatro de la tarde. No lo olvideis, companeros.

Cosa curiosa: el agresor esta libre, mientars el agredido esta preso.

NUEVO EDITOR.

La muerte de nuestro querido companero Anselmo L. Figueroa nos obliga a nombrar otro Editor de REGENERACION, pues la ley postal así lo requiere, y hay que cumplir con ella para no perder el registro de segunda clase.

Hemos pensado que Enrique sea el Editor, y como tal figurara en lo sucesivo'

Toda correspondencia debera ser enviada con esta direccioe: Enrique Flores Magon, P. O. Box 1236, Los Angeles, Cal.

CIENCIA MEDICA REVOLUCIONARIA.
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