

Still Our President Will Not Speak Out.

At last the President of the United States has found that it squares with his interests to let out a portion of the truth respecting Mexico. He is wise in his generation. Truth-telling is today the most dangerous of occupations, but to have your mouth full of sympathy for the down-trodden masses, is to travel the high road to political preferment.

President Wilson has had to defend his Mexican policy; has been compelled to furnish some explanation that will "save his face" with the plutocrats whose contributions are necessary to his campaign; has been forced to speak in tones that will ring well in the ears of the common people, whose votes he must have. And even under that enormous pressure, and even under the whip of this tremendous self-interest (I label it "tremendous" because it will make us all tremble) only a perverted portion of the truth escapes his prudent lips.

I summon every reader of this section to witness that throughout President Wilson's term of office I have hammered at him incessantly, hoping against hope that I might find in him the one politician whose conscience would goad him into throwing away the padlock of expediency and freeing his tongue to speak the simple truth. Time and again I have said, with every ounce of earnestness I could command: "You are the nation's head adviser. The masses have to look to you for exact information as to exact facts. Do not mislead them. Do not delude them with the pretense that the Mexicans are making a political revolution and will be satisfied when they obtain some model politician as President. Tell the people straight that Mexico is in desperate, stick-at-nothing revolt because Mexicans find themselves landless; because they have awakened to the appalling fact that their country has passed into the hands of foreign speculators; because they recognize, at last, that a people which has to exist by the gracious permission of the absentee landlord is a people that, to all practical intents and purposes, has passed out of existence."

This is what, in these columns and elsewhere, I have been urging President Wilson to say, and I have added always that it was imperative on him, as chief guardian of the nation's welfare, to point out unflinchingly that the very identical processes that have forced Mexico into bloody revolution are working, day and night, in these United States, and with an energy unprecedented in the history of any other country. The most monstrous of all imaginable crimes—that of barring human beings from the use of this earth, on and from which they have to live—is international, but nowhere has its practice been more relentless than in these United States, and nowhere are the inevitable consequences coming more swiftly into evidence. Within the last few months I have had heart-to-heart talks with scores of men in every walk of life. Always I have found them profoundly discontented and filled with vague alarm as to the future. Generally they have asked me where, in my opinion, the real trouble lies, and always I return the same answer. It is this: "You Americans do not understand your own country. As yet you do not recognize that it has fallen completely into the grip of the land and money monopolist. There the Mexican is

way ahead of you. To him the issue is perfectly clear, and has become so within a short five years. With you no prominent man has had the courage and honesty, as yet, to speak the truth, and you are groping helplessly amid the darkness unscrupulously enfolded by you."

Do I wrong President Wilson? Do I calumniate him? Let him speak for himself. In the carefully-studied address in which he accepted the presidential nomination he defended his own Mexican policy and the Mexican revolution in terms which must have made millions of voters rub their eyes and doubt whether we, or our troops, have any right whatever to be in Mexico. He pleaded for Mexico's right to make her own revolution, just as this country made its own—a plea that is a ways popular because it appeals to a general sentiment which the patriotic school-house has exalted into a religion. And then he touched on the true issue, in these words: "The people of Mexico have not been suffered to own their own country or direct their own institutions. Outsiders, men out of other nations and with interests too often alien to their own, have dictated what their privileges and opportunities should be and who should control their land, their lives and their resources—some of them Americans, pressing for things they never could have got in their own country. The Mexican people are entitled to attempt their liberty from such influences, and so long as I have anything to do with the action of our great government I shall do everything in my power to prevent anyone standing in their way."

Brave words, when you read them casually; words that perhaps the Mexican revolutionists should welcome, since they may serve to open eyes that have been blinded hitherto. But they are not brave words when you consider the care with which the language of this address must have been selected and the attendant circumstances. For the moment, and at one of the most critical moments conceivable, the man had the ears of the whole world strained to catch his every utterance. It was his chance to reveal himself as really big. It was his chance to speak out boldly and strike a really staggering blow for human liberty. And he vented himself in ambiguous double-meanings, and contented himself with shooting near the mark. What would not the indicted editors of this humble sheet have given for that opportunity of scoring a deadly bull's-eye?

Consider! When President Wilson complained that outsiders "dictated" what privileges and opportunities Mexicans should enjoy and who should "control" their land, he KNEW that nineteen-twentieths of his auditors and readers would understand him as opposing interference in Mexican politics; would say to themselves: "Yes, we have no business to dictate to the Mexicans (a thing by the way, that President Wilson himself is doing all the time) whom they shall elect as President, or what form of constitution they shall adopt." And that is NOT the position, either in Mexico or in this country. It is not a question of "control", but of absolute ownership; of the few being able to say, and saying to the many: "This is ours. Get out."

That is precisely what the stronger Governments say to the weaker Governments, as Germany said to Belgium, and as the United States said to the Indians. That is precisely what the stronger church Government—the Roman Catholics—said to the weaker church Governments—the Protestants—and would say it again today, if she could get the power. That is precisely what the big monopolist says to the little monopolist, and the little monopolist to the victims whom he in his turn preys. It is also what the big labor organization says to the little labor organization, and what all labor organization says the unorganized mass that, necessarily, has to stand outside its ranks. A wolf philosophy, that slays its lambs in cold blood and cries hypocritically to heaven; "we feared they would attack us."

Lack of space renders it impossible for me to criticize here the polished phrases in which President Wilson contented that under his administration "American business and life and industry have been set free to move as they never moved before." It is not so. Monopoly's grip grows stronger all the time, and what has been really done for Labor is to fasten on its back an army of official parasites, and develop a spy and detective system which the Government of Russia, in her most corrupt days, might well have envied. "Let's have a 'Big America,'" says President Wilson. That was the one sentiment which appealed to Hearst, and he spread it in big type all over his papers, as giving the true heart of the address. Yes; that is what every Government yearns to be; the big "I am"; the one that shall have the power to annex and own; to rule the lives of more and more millions; to run all competitors out of business. Increase of power is the end and ruin; the sole morality, the sole religion; and he whose activities tend to materialize that fatal ambition is the good citizen and spotless saint, while he who seeks to thwart it is the criminal outcast, for whom no punishment is bad enough. Having the battlefields of Europe in view let us pray that the spoke thrust by Mexico into the wheel of our own plutocracy's ambitions may prove effective. At any rate the Mexicans are speaking out and dowering a thought-bemuddled world with one clear issue—the confiscation of unearned property.

Reality alone counts. Secretary Lansing is now in daily conference with Carranza's commissioners, and their main efforts are being directed, if one is to credit the press reports, not to preventing Mexicans from slaughtering one another, or even to securing peace along the border, but to insuring the safety of American investments. What the monopolist has legally acquired, no matter how immorally, the monopolist must keep.

WM. C. OWEN.

The Real Carranza.

(Continued from last issue)

So, the workers had seen their dreams and aspirations vanish into thin air once more and again paid the price for their simplicity, or rather their crime, of following a POLITICIAN, a fraud, a quack; a thing lower than which has yet to be found.

They found themselves in the sorry predicament of having all the efforts and power they had conferred on their "First Chief" turned against them, and this dignitary began his work by chasing the damned cattle out of the Labor Temples and restoring them to his class, the parasites.

The deal was too raw and discontent broke loose again, but by this time Carranza was strong enough to impose himself and managed to check it, for the time being at least, with his military ring. He proceeded to stop all agitation, written and spoken,

that was displeasing to him and began to fill the jails with all of those who not understanding or realizing the abrupt change persisted in their work which they considered perfectly legitimate as had been guaranteed to them by the very same word of their "Chief."

However, these malcontents were given to understand that they had someone to obey and that they either had to do so or take the consequences, which meant death, imprisonment or exile. A reign of terror was inaugurated and those refusing to submit were punished accordingly, while others who were too prominent to be handled roughly were "won" to Carranza's cause by the promise of good positions and money, thereby becoming mouthpieces and apologizers for Carranza and his machine.

An idea of the sort of agitation going on at that time in Mexico, and which caused Carranza to take that step, may be had by reading the following excerpts from an article by Chas. V. E. Starrett that appeared at that time in the "Chicago Daily News": "One of the most dangerous and unruly elements now tolerated in Mexico is the Casa del Obrero Mundial (Workers of the World's Home) said to be a branch of the I. W. W., and, at any rate, introduced originally by agents from the United States. Its combination of unintelligent socialism, tropical temperament and nervous trigger-finger is likely to be a growing menace.

"A recent episode is typical. Not long ago an old church was turned over to the members of the Casa del Obrero, as a place of convention. Trouble arose upon an effort being made to have the patriotic members of the organization become soldiers, and the church was taken from them. Incidentally, a troop of cavalry was stabled within the sacred walls.

"In retaliation the angry laborites called a strike. Chicago's most hardened walking delegate never dreamt of the sort of walk-out that followed. Construction and destruction work stopped as if at the flourish of a sorcerer's wand. A leisurely Indian painting a balcony packed up his pot and brush, mentioning casually as he left that he was in sympathy with some one or other over in the next block; a cochero (coachman) calmly refused a fare and started for the stables; a milkman interrupted his round and sped homeward. All over town eyebrows went up and implements went down. By noon the coaches had disappeared from the streets and many shutters went up for the noon day siesta (nap) that were not taken down at the usual hour.

"Then toward evening the most severe blow fell. With a sympathy no one dreamed they possessed, the cooks struck and deserted the hotels and restaurants as rats leave a sinking ship. But this affected the authorities and the hand of the law intervened sending a flying squadron of gendarmes who went after the recalcitrant chefs and put them back to work. Even the Chinese laundries were shut down, much to the discomfiture of the celestials, who in vain protested that they were not Mexicans.

"The strike had many amusing features but its serious aspect could not be overlooked. It indicated the strength of the organization and what its members could do in the way of paralysis of industry if they cared to. The temper of the body is not good and its leaders are avowed anarchists of the red flag type.

"In the states the red flag means either anarchy or an auction sale, but in Veracruz it is much in evidence when the troops parade or when the obreros (workers) march. For be it known that a vast number of the soldiers are members of the organization. Side by side march the standard bearers with the red flag and the national emblem. Thus do patriotism and

anarchy march side by side. The movement has also spread in the northern armies, and its progress is alarming and dangerous, for anarchy will not aid the cause of peace in Mexico.

"Last Labor day, celebrated in Mexico on May 1, I stood on a street corner in Veracruz and watched the obreros parade. In the procession was a new flag that attracted my attention. Noticing an inscription on it I pressed closer to read the words. The crimson banner contained a memorial tribute to the anarchists who were hanged in Chicago for complicity in the Hay Market riot!"

The above demonstrates that the Mexicans are not so "ignorant" after all, in the matter of organization, as generally supposed. It shows that they knew enough to celebrate Labor day the 1st of May instead of the master-chosen date for that occasion; it shows that they organize and strike industrially instead of by piecemeal and that the red flag is not strange to them.

(To be continued.)

R. G. COX.

OUR TEXAS PRISONERS

To this date we have been unable to learn any more about the death of our comrade Eugenio Alzalde, who was recently murdered by a prison guard in a Texas penal camp where comrades Rangel and Cline and their fellow workers are serving their sentences.

It is extremely difficult to get information of this nature when such things happen in a prison, and particularly a Texas penitentiary, so we only know what appeared in the last issue of *REGENERACION*. Alzalde's assassination is only an incident and a sample of Texas prison brutality; and he is gone. But Rangel, Cline and the other comrades remain, and who can say who will be next.

This makes two of our comrades murdered in cold blood there. Eleven more remain. And what splendid and rare types everyone of them are. None of them have wavered a bit in their ideals and love for the cause, in spite of their dogged existence. The letters from them are an inspiration and show a wonderful spirit. To quote from a recent letter of comrade Luz Mendoza: "We are cheerful and firm as the first day, all hopeful of being free once more some time. We are confident of you all, whom we regard as our most true brothers. Never will we give up this great and worthy cause, even if we knew that you were going to forget us, but we know good and well you never will, or that you will cease working in our favor." 13 men, all told, after 3 years in a Texas prison; and this is their spirit.

Alzalde was exceptional; a genius as an organizer. A pioneer of the Liberal party, he did telling work in Mexico and in this country in the time of Diaz. He was a living and walking dynamo and never ceased. Continually on the move, he no sooner was heard from in a place when he was far away in his tireless mission. Such are our Texas prisoners. No yellow there.

Could you and would you do anything for them?

An agitation has been started in the Spanish section of *REGENERACION* for a twenty-four hour strike as a protest against the brutal treatment meted out to our Texas comrades, and at the same time for their liberation. All interested please communicate with this office.

R. G. COX.

The Frisco Case.

The master class has again scored, and once more a worker, or rather a number of workers must pay

the price of being loyal to their class.

Warren K. Billings, accused of causing the explosion that killed 10 persons and injured many more in the preparedness parade in San Francisco on July 22nd, has been found "guilty" and convicted on that charge. Life sentence is expected.

So many similar outrages have been perpetrated by the ruling class that they have ceased to be unusual, but this latest one certainly seems to be without parallel. In all such cases the mercenary press has always convicted its victims long before the trial was ended, but in this instance the "evidence" of the persecution was so miserably bungling and fallacious that even the press of the prostituted press was the best proof of the absolute innocence of the accused, and in the face of that he is convicted.

The thing is inconceivable, but a few facts will save speculation: San Francisco is perfectly terrorized just now and ruled by the Law and Order gang. Opposition means inquisition. Had it not been for a few bold and brave spirits that dared raise their voices for the accused, against tremendous odds, the noose of the Chamber of Commerce would have done short work of them. It was as ever, the insignificant minority, that saved the day, while the prominent labor leaders with their sheep-like following made the usual criminal and cowardly display of their apathy and utter selfishness.

The crass impotence and purpose of the persecution is glaringly displayed in the following paragraph of the dispatches: "The District Attorney promised to obtain a pardon or commutation of sentence of Billings if he would tell what he knows of an alleged dynamite conspiracy." Perfectly consistent and proper of Law and Order and Authority. Their plan of a Judas, a McManigal, a Meserve is becoming hellishly popular and virtuous. What they want is Mooney and Nolan and anything that will get them is fair.

Quite a few other reasons but space will not allow; among these, the open shop—cheap slaves—and the \$21,000 reward to the hounds for the conviction of these rebels who are a thorn on the hides of the blood suckers.

Mooney, Nolan and Mrs. Mooney will soon go to trial and their fate depends on the solidarity and support of the workers, those who recognize and appreciate a good fight. Send all money for their defense to Robert Minor, 210 Russ Bldg., 235 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

R. G. COX.

GARRANZA STILL AT IT.

Carranza is determined to have his blood—proletarian blood. With his plans for a wholesale slaughter of striking workers frustrated by the solidarity and prompt action of the latter, his royal pride was badly ruffled and must be assuaged. For this purpose a rebellious worker has been picked out for the rifle squad. Only one, since more would probably be too big a risk, and the benevolent First Chief is not particularly anxious to part with his precious, Constitutional-ist hide.

According to news in the Mexican press, we had reported in the last issue of *REGENERACION* that the striking workers in Mexico City had been found not guilty of treason to the government by a court-martial, and turned over to the civil authorities. However, latest and more authentic reports in the Mexican papers say that all the prisoners were unconditionally released by the court-martial but one, Ernesto H. Velasco, who was sentenced to suffer the death penalty, which shows that Velasco must be exceptionally obnoxious to the august First Chief.

Velasco is now awaiting execution and the only thing that will save him is a demonstration as portentous as the one that saved all the other strikers. Let us hope that the workers,

especially in Mexico, will realize this, and that the principle involved makes it as important that one man be saved as a number of men.

The release of Velasco would leave Carranza in a sorry discomfiture, as he would be pretty well stripped of his "bull", and his arrogance suffer a bad smash. As to the crime of Velasco, a good idea may be had from the following paragraph of the decision, taken from "El Pueblo", leading Carranza organ of Mexico City: "Ernesto H. Velasco is found guilty of the crime of complicity in rebellion and for the said crime, he is condemned to suffer the death penalty."

Guilty of the crime of "complicity in rebellion" and sentenced to death for daring to go on strike in demand of a few more crumbs of bread!

Can a better illustration be given of government at its best? For it must be remembered that Carranza and his government have repeatedly been paraded as an example of what a good man and a good government can do when given a chance. And this is the Carranza that has used the term, "yours for the Social Revolution" above his name as one of his schemes in catching suckers. This is the Carranza that cried, "Today begins the Social Revolution", upon reaching Veracruz after being chased out of Mexico City in 1914. May this serve to put a quietus on the hosts of Carranza boosters, paid and otherwise, who have made it a practice to hail him as a Messiah. This practice has not been confined to the capitalist press and writers alone, but unfortunately has been taken up by many radicals and even so called anarchists who seem to reason that a wolf is very good if he only has a sheepskin on.

It has been a sickening proposition to put up with the chant of the socialist press, and even some anarchist papers, in their praise of Carranza and his work, especially in reference to his land laws, which seem to be regarded as a marvel. This, in the face of the fact that while the people have taken up arms for free land, Carranza, with his laws, has fixed it so for them that they have to pay the landlords for it, in spite of what he has said thru his famous governor of Yucatan, Alvarado, that land should be as free as the light of day and the air.

A good sample of Carranza agitation in this country can be seen in an article by Edmund E. Martinez, in "The Masses" for September. In this article the writer indulges in such phrases as this: "The Carranza Revolution", "our own Venustiano Carranza", "our First Chief" etc. But in marked contrast with Carranza's attitude toward the workers of Mexico City, take a look at these remarks of Martinez in *The Masses*: "Under Carranza the workers are not only encouraged to organize, but their organization is a part of his plan for the new state which he is trying to create." Speaking of land distribution he says: "... but we are willing to have these estates appraised and bought by the government, as we do not wish to have anybody say that we are robbers." Buying the land from the landgrabbers who have stolen it, while the people are bleeding for it! Such is the Carranza work praised by the socialist and radical press of the country. Fine education for those who seek their emancipation.

Fortunately Carranza cannot last very long at the pace he is going and may this serve to convince the "skeptics."

R. G. COX.

All money for *REGENERACION* should precisely be sent to Enrique Flores Magon, P. O. Box 1236, Los Angeles, Calif.

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