

Regeneration.

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No. 3.



More Skillfully Applied Influence.

By John Kenneth Turner.

Here's another case of skillfully applied influence upon American Journalism exerted by the Mexican government.

About the first of this year Doubleday, Page & Co., one of our largest and most "respectable" publishers, put out a book entitled "Yucatan, the American Egypt," written by Arnold and Frost, Englishmen. The book was a large one, and was mostly about the ancient Maya ruins, but it contained a score or so of pages exposing the heinous slavery of Yucatan.

In the ordinary course of publishing and circulating books, this exposure work should have been for sale for from three to five years after its issue. It disappeared from the market inside of five months!

Here is a letter which I have just received, it having been forwarded to me by the addressee:

May 18, 1910. Mr. J. A. Cunningham, Jr., P. O. Box 136, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Sir: Since writing you on the 21st of April, Yucatan, the American Egypt, has gone out of print and absolutely no copies are available. For this reason it will not be possible for us to fill your valued order of the first instant.

This leaves a balance to your credit of \$4.21, and we should be glad to receive your instruction regarding its disposal. Perhaps you may wish to select some other book from our catalogue, a copy of which is going forward to you under other cover.

Very truly yours,

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Mail Order Dept.

Who bought up that book? Who bought up the publisher? If the book had been bought by the general public and the publisher had not been bought, the publisher would have promptly thanked his luck and put out a second edition.

Mr. Cunningham replied from Mexico to Doubleday, Page & Co., the reputable, in part, as follows:

"After waiting so long to hear from you I began to think there might have been something that happened, and now as you inform me that 'something' did happen, but as I do not know what it is, in this part of the world we generally think it was what is now commonly known as 'skillfully applied influence upon journalism,' or, in other words, the Mexican government has bought up all copies and arranged with the publishers to suspend further publication."

This, as readers who have followed my articles in the Appeal to Reason will remember, is a duplication of the story of the suppression of De Zayas' book, "Porfirio Diaz," which was put out by the Appleton Company in 1908. "Skillfully applied influence" stopped the publication of "Barbarous Mexico" in the American Magazine. Influence—a tremendous roar raised by the decent people who have been following this Mexican story—has compelled the American to save its life, to announce that it is going back to continue its Mexican exposures.

"We are gathering more facts," explain the editors.

What facts?

The most important facts about Mexico are, first, the story of the partnership of American capital in the Diaz system of slavery and political oppression; and, second, the story of the persecution of Mexican political refugees in the United States. Fifteen months ago the American Magazine was in possession of the facts in both of these matters. Why did it not publish them then? Will it publish them now? Will it? If it does, it will be only because the campaign waged by the friends of Mexican freedom have compelled it to do so.

Tainted Honors.

299 Seymour St., San Jose, Cal. Aug. 24, 1910. Comrades Magón, Villareal and Rivera:

I write to ask for information as to the names and scope of the national university of Mexico, to be dedicated next month, and on which occasion President Wheeler of the University of California is to take part and accept the godfatherhood of the institution in the name of and for the state of California.

I am planning to have our Socialist local pass resolutions against his doing so, and reminding him of the conditions that prevail there, and the manner in which they concern public men, the press and the educators.

Please send me something comprehensive and brief to be used in the resolutions that we will draft.

Do so at once, as our time is short and we want all the locals of the state to join us by similar action.

Please see the comrades in Los Angeles. I saw the invitation in the

papers one week ago last Friday. I sent the same to the Appeal of Reason. Respectfully yours for the Revolution, the liberation of our enslaved comrades the world over, J. W. WELLS.

519 1/2 East Fourth St., Los Angeles, Sept. 3, 1910.

Mr. J. W. Wells, 299 Seymour St., San Jose, Cal.

Dear Comrade: Your letter of the 24th of August received with delay. As to your inquiry with regard to the National University of Mexico, to which Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler is to become godfather, we can tell you that the honor would be equal to a call to a similar position at the Imperial University of St. Petersburg, Russia.

Educationally the institution will certainly be of the highest standard in the different departments of science. If we draw the line at civics and political economy. But in all other matters it will be an improvement on Russia, being up-to-date and scientific in its methods of mental enslavement and not of belated medievalism.

As in all other educational institutions in states as well as in the Federal District of Mexico, the student will be bound by iron rules and regulations like those already in operation. The student is strictly forbidden to take part in politics in any shape or form whatever, under severe punishment, even wholesale expulsion. He must neither form nor join political clubs. He must not write for any papers of the opposition.

Let us have a few examples of past and recent happenings:

In 1902 some 125 students were imprisoned and later expelled in Mexico City for the crime of protesting against a reelection of Porfirio Diaz.

In 1903 in Monterey, the capital of the state of Nuevo Leon, the citizens

dared to organize a peaceful unarmed parade against the re-election of Bernardo Reyes, as governor of the state. Soldiers massacred the paraders en masse. Students of the college of law and of the college civil were arrested wholesale and having arranged that parade. Some were kept in prison for over a year, and all students were expelled.

In 1906 in Saltillo, state of Coahuila, all the students of the state schools were expelled for expressing their opinion that they were opposed to a re-election of Governor Miguel Cardenas.

In the same year in the state institutions in Oaxaca, capital of the state of the same name, all students were expelled for the crime of being opposed to a re-election of Governor Emilio Fierro.

During the recent presidential campaign there were several students expelled in Guanajuato, and wholesale expulsions took place in Guadalajara and in Puebla, in the latter city the police breaking up a peaceful parade of students and citizens with unheard of brutality, a good many of the unarmed students being killed outright, and all this because they were in favor of the candidacy of Francisco Madero, the rival candidate whom Diaz had imprisoned at the last hour in order to re-elect himself "unanimously."

It will be similar happenings that will be godfathered, or rather stepfathered, by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, if the people of California will stand for the acceptance of such doubtful honors on the part of one of the foremost educators of this state.

Hoping that this information will be satisfactory, we remain, Yours, for the cause of freedom, A. I. VILLARREAL, R. FLORES and LIBRADO RIVERA.

1810-1910

Mexico a hundred years ago can be defined briefly as follows: Human society divided in two classes, the privileged class and the working class, the former generally living in the cities, the other day for day in the fields tilling the land in unending toil.

The privileged class composed of the clergy owning vast territories of the richest tillable land, of the landed owners of vassal aristocracy, of the employees of the vice-regal government, and of the army officers of the same.

The clergy formed of thousands of monks and nuns, who with the secular clergy lived in plenty, ease and luxury with no harder work than necessary to satisfy their needs and well-fed animal passions and to extract from the tillers of the soil the product of his labor by a system of tithes, firstfruit gifts, and land rent. The vassal aristocrats lived in the same way of the product of the tiller in the fields. And the men of the government and of the army rolled also in idle luxury and threw themselves with insatiable voracity upon the product of the tillers of the land.

The clergy class upheld by the government of Spain. The class of the peasants submerged in eternal slavery, tilling the land to maintain in idleness and luxury the bishops and monks, the nuns, priests and aristocrats, the employees of the government and the soldiery. That was the situation of Mexico a hundred years ago.

Between these two classes a third element led a 'ractic and presumptuous existence, a material containing all from the struggle of a key to the pillar of science and wisdom, harboring in a hodge-podge mixture of incongruities the germs of high virtues, as well as the counterfeits known as adulation coupled with impotency, here carried by the impetus of heroism, there in slimy crawling pettishness of vile treason. This so-called middle-class, like a pendulum swinging from the state of power and luxury of the privileged class to the condition of misery and slavery of the working class.

Dr. Verdaz, Miguel Hidalgo, Morelos, Rayon, Bravo, Aldama, Jimenez, Chico and all the other leaders of the revolution of 1810 were fully aware of the crimes against mankind committed in Mexico by the privileged class against the working class. The consciousness of that monstrous crime inspired them with the idea of the redemption of the common people, and at the same time the thought of a necessary rebellion of the masses against the privileged class came unsent and to annihilate the privileged class. The people of 1810 were fully conscious of their condition of class slavery. Every drop of sweat pearling on the forehead of the proletarian called forth a protest, every humiliation whipped into line an impulse for revolt, and every chastisement was received with a curse.

The people of 1810 felt in its vitals the fervor of revolt on seeing their bodies and souls torn from the hands which sowed and reaped to enrich the idle masters, monk and bourgeois, pillar of government and mercenary petty chief of the soldiery. And that spark of consciousness of a spoliation, accumulating fresh indignities day by day, had matured the common people for the revolution of 1810.

Miguel Hidalgo and his companions of strife were of the common people. They vibrated with the vibrations of the awakening immense masses. They lived the almost superhuman and austere will life of the ever fruitful, ever suffering collectively, capable of great sacrifice as well as of great passions, and in their veins pulsed the best life blood of the heart of an entire people, and out

of such fullness and at-oneness with a people's heart desires grow the supreme, exuberant and heroic life, and those inspirations of human liberty like invigorating delicious slumber grown out of pain.

On the night of September 15th, the conspirators came to a decision and at dawn of the 16th the agreement was turned into action.

At 3 o'clock of the morning Miguel Hidalgo read the mass in the church of Dolores, the mass of the disinherited who were about at sunrise to begin on their daily task of slavery;

and to that mass came the tillers of the land who lacked the wherewith to become free, the richness of the soil which brings liberty and which they had to fight for in a struggle of arduous conquest. When some twenty men had gathered, Hidalgo said to them, "Brethren, we have proclaimed the independence of Mexico! Down with bad government! We must fight for freedom!" More was not needed. The people were ripe for the rebellion. After these few words they went to act, and these men of the common people went from the church of the prison, where other men of the people, brothers in exploitation, suffered confinement, chastised by the privileged class. They broke open the prison doors and gave freedom to the prisoners. That was a logical act. The first step of the revolution was to give freedom to those in bondage. Revolution is liberation, is freedom. The police and the privileged guards, agents of the despotism, were disarmed. And that action was only logical. If the people want to be free, they must disarm the executioners of the privileged class and the despotism, soldiers and police, and purify their weapons by a struggle for a good cause. From there the mere handful of insurgent went straight to the privileged class, the exploiters, the leeches sucking the life blood of the people.

First, liberation of the victims then, chastisement for the victimizers of the people. The leeches were imprisoned, and their riches that had been torn from the hands of the liberators who had produced them from their fall upon the land, were confiscated and placed in the hands of the cause of freedom in purchasing arms and provisions for the insurgents.

In all our history there has never taken place a struggle of clearer consciousness of purpose nor of more plainly defined aspirations of a people than manifested in the struggle of 1810. It was in reality not so much the awakening of a mass as it was the constituting of an action corresponding to an idea distinctly and intensely preconceived in the souls of those people. Ten years of battling, in which the souls of those men were illumined by the greatest ideals on earth, in which the hearts palpitated with the most heroic sentiments that inflamed the stormiest passions, annihilating men and making gods of men. That period was an epoch of the supreme glory, of supreme greatness, of supreme transfiguration, of supreme manhood, in which the revolutionists of 1810 lived and died. It almost seemed as if a new humanity, strongly sublime, was populating our Mexican fatherland.

1910 A hundred years have come and passed. The epic of apocalyptic splendor of glory has long since been supplanted by a tragic-comical farce in which cynicism is hiding under crimes of darkness, the same crimes that were committed a hundred years ago. Hidalgo was the leader of the revolution of a people. Diaz was the unclean miscarriage of a leperous and pestilential patriotism, covered with rags and glittering trimmings, with crosses and medals, apparently the prey of the greed of a bird of prey. Dressed in a clownish uniform, every inch of him breathes all the stupid infamy and all the false haughtiness through which he has turned crime into a pedestal for his miserable personality. Were Diaz not possessed by the ferocity of a hyena, he would be a laughing-stock. Should we forget or one moment the tears, the blood, the immolation of human lives upon which he rests, his so gravely comical, narrow personality, draped

in an impossibly adorned uniform, with its stupid old monkeyish seriousness, could but call forth a peal of merriment; and that personality has been substituted for that of the leader of the people a century ago, for the centenary celebration is arranged for HIM. The privileged class of today living in idleness and luxury, toying the millions produced by the toiling masses of men, many of them sold larger than those of a century ago, has made of Diaz a hero, though he is but their executioner, the hangman ever ready to have his people murdered whenever the people dare to raise their heads in revolt in insurrection against the privileged idle class of today. Diaz makes frantic efforts in the face of the people to assume a heroic attitude, but he is no more, no less than a lackey of the privileged class. It is their uniform he wears. His crimes place him even far below the level of a common human and seem transformed into a gigantic hound imbued with the insatiable passion to kill of a beast of the lower order. And when he slays, when the blood of men, of women, and of little children reddens the soil, the privileged class asserts with increased firmness their power of exploitation, and Diaz receives another bright plaiting to be pinned to his funny uniform. His figure is that of a catap, a snuff actor, but his soul possesses the idleness of another barbarian that exacted thousands of years ago when man was yet solely agitated by the instinct of the beast. The privileged class is in power. And how about the people?

For long years the people have suffered under the despotism of the beast. Long years of fruitful toil that has transformed little things into big things, deserts into oases, darkness into wisdom, ignorance into light. The riches are brought forth in a mighty stream swelled by the waves of the inexhaustible fecundity of labor of a people. Gigantic machinery places its rhythmic rattles obedient to the service of the brain and the brawn of the toiler. No more have we to deal so much with the tillers of the fields of a hundred years ago. Today we see electricity and steam pulsating within the giant organisms of steel obedient to the intellectual potentiality of modern collectivities, and that new rising manhood is ripening fully to engage in combat in a virile, intelligent, mighty conflict with the privileged class of today.

The rumbling of the approaching lightning of justice of the approaching storm crash and flash across our heavens and purify the atmosphere of our fatherland. The people lift their heads from the daily toil with the sparks of indignation in the eyes ready to make an end to the heinous submissiveness of so many years. The masses make ready to deal out justice and free themselves, and the germ of a chastising rivendication arises from the hand of the toilers, ever more threatening, ever more potent. The divine epic of a century ago is being revived to fight our land forever. A cowardly fear seizes the privileged class; the crime, its ally, is wrought with terror, and Diaz, the "Old Beast," as his people call him, the incarnation of crime, weakly wiggles with the sad efforts of a poor, senile comedian trying to play his assigned role of a hangman and almost futile in his miserable showing of a titanic fierceness trying to inspire the terror of a peasant, and at the side of his cold heart frozen, cowering fear and remorse form a chorus of voices never to be stifled that will follow unrelentingly as an eternal horrid nightmare his faltering steps to the grave. And the leeching contempt of a people and the inexorable spirit of right and justice already begins to write his name upon the dark pages of the criminality of man.

The despot of Persia converted into an effort to make objects of charitable guardianship. Like Hamlet, Turkey looked up like an old hyena with out teeth. Nicolas of Russia mentally unbalanced by a continuous state of terror. All are going down under the chastisement of an upright people. And thou, Diaz, the murderer of thy race, are already almost drowning in the tears and the blood of thy victims. The men despise thee, the women hate thee, and the children curse thee. Live a little longer that thou mayest suffer and that the people might sayest thee whilst thou art alive. Live. Live a little longer.

LAZARO GUTIERREZ DE LARA.

questing that his occupation be changed. His health had been anything but good and he had reason for thinking that he was threatened with tuberculosis; so, when set to work stuffing mattresses with moss which was thought to be infected with germs, he entered a protest. He has a wife and family dependent on him.

It happened before my time and I can speak of it, therefore, only from hearsay; but an attempted jail break took place some years ago in which Yuma shows the lengths to which this punishment of solitary confinement can be pushed. The circumstances were fresh in the memory of many men with whom I talked. I myself frequently saw three of the participants who are still confined at Florence, and I have no doubt whatever that the accounts given me were substantially correct.

Twenty-five men took part in this attempt, and it is said they were driven to it by the atrocious food supplied. None succeeded in getting away, several were shot down and killed, and the remainder were kept in the dark dungeons twenty-seven days, on bread and water. Thence they were removed to the "chronic" yard, mentioned in my last letter, where they were placed in cells in the floors of which large stones had been piled up. To each of these stones two prisoners were chained, and there they were confined for another six months, still on bread and water. Subsequently they were removed to specially constructed steel cages, in which they were to serve another five years. Most of them are now dead, and it should be mentioned that in their attempt to break from prison they seized the superintendent and assistant superintendent, had them for a time entirely at their mercy, could have killed them and refrained from doing so.

Several men succeeded in escaping from Florence while I was there, in January last. On the other hand two made a failure of it shortly before my release. They were working in the engine room and endeavored to climb over the wall with the aid of a piece of piping which they had bent into a hook. One of them was sent to the solitary dungeon for a week; the other, after a few days of similar imprisonment, was placed in one of the cells set apart for those condemned to death.

I particularly remember the case of a Hungarian, a mere boy, who declared himself a Socialist. He was employed in the tinsmith's shop and was an excellent mechanic. Being very hungry he asked the prison baker—this was at Florence—for a piece of bread, which was given him. The manager was reported by one of the stokers and the baker was thrown into the dungeon. The Hungarian came forward and announced that he was the one to be blamed, whereupon he was sent to the dungeon for five days. It was understood that he would have been given a much longer sentence but for the fact that his work was greatly needed.

At Yuma we saw nothing of the superintendent, as he was at Florence, which they were then transferring prisoners to, as far as possible, when we ourselves were moved there. We came but little into contact with him, for he was occupied chiefly with office work. The actual management of prisoners, first at Yuma, and subsequently at Florence, was in the hands of the assistant superintendent, a hard man, who had been in office many years and no doubt had become indifferent to human suffering. The captain of the yard and the inside guards were men of an inferior type, and none of the prisoners, with the exception of the favored stool-pigeons, had a good word to say for them. As stated before there were no flogging, but blows of the fist and rough usage of a similar character were not infrequent.

To men situated as we were, shut up thirteen hours out of every twenty-four in our noxious cells, recreation of some kind is an absolute necessity if life is to be preserved. There were no games of any kind at Yuma, but in such brief moments of idleness as we enjoyed when not in our cells we could walk the narrow space between the prison wall and central buildings. At one spot a tiny garden had been laid out; a thing poor enough in itself but a welcome rest for the eyes. There was a small library, but it contents consisted of very old books, largely of a religious character and out-of-date papers and magazines. At Florence there was no library, but we had a small reading room. There also such periodical literature as was furnished was all of ancient date. In neither prison was there any school, and not the slightest attempt was made to teach the prisoners anything that would be useful to them after their release. Once a week a Protestant and a Roman Catholic service was held in the chapel. We had none of those visits from representatives of religious societies which, for good or for evil, are so common in many penitentiaries.

I have said nothing respecting the female prisoners, because I know practically nothing. There were only three in Yuma while I was there, and they occupied separate quarters, as stated previously, in one corner of the yard.

Florence has been mentioned incidentally from time to time in this letter, and I had expected to reach with this issue a consideration of the conditions existing there. The space at my disposal, however, is already exhausted and I postpone the matter to next week. I shall have much to say then of the "bull pen," in which seventy-five of us were confined, of the prevailing types of prisoners and of the causes of their troubles; of iniquitous practices with which the prison's life is rotten, and of various humanitarian features respecting which, as it seems to me, we should not keep silent.

ANTONIO VILLARREAL.

San Luis Potosi.—The rival candidate of Diaz, Francisco Madero and Roque Estrada, announce that if they were not prosecuted and tried by the end of the month they will withdraw the bonds and go to prison as they are tired with a freedom that is equal to confinement in San Luis Potosi, impeding them from going on with their regular work. The farcical prosecution is still in the air for a cause, establishment of connection with the Valladolid, Yucatan uprising failed, connection with the Huasteca, San Luis Potosi uprising did not materialize in spite of all the efforts to stamp it as a pro-Madero revolt, and as a last resort they are scanning now out the manifesto to the people given out by Madero from the prison with an open letter to Diaz, and they may make it yet a case of lese majeste.

Sonora.—The subscribers of the independent press living in Seris, Sonora lodge complaints that the gov-

ernment papers arrive always many days ahead of the independent press. The fault is said to be with the postal authorities of Hermosillo who favor in the service of distribution the semi-official press though the subscriptions to the press of the opposition are paid as well, and by the subscribers to that.

Veracruz.—On August 21 were at last released the workmen Vicente Murrillo, Ricardo Castro, Vincente G. Vanegas and Miguel Ayon who had been designated as the promoters of the strike of "Santa Rosa" because they had accepted to represent their comrades before the exploiting textile firm. After being severely lectured, and led through the streets in chains like highwaymen they are now out of work, forced to emigrate. The same fate awaits the workers Manuel Garjon, Fernando Pereda and Aurelio Gonzalez who escaped the hands of the authorities.

Yucatan.—With the arrival in Merida of General Ignacio A. Bravo, chief of the Tenth military zone, coming from the territory of Quintana Roo, accompanied by the field surgeon Jose Cansedo and his lieutenants Anastasio Sanchez and Manuel Suarez there are persistent rumors that he is to be governor ad interim to replace the incumbent Mr. Munoz Arizguil, who will ask permission to be relieved and to leave the state. But others state that the frequent conferences with the governor deal only with deciding on steps how to dispose of the 250 individuals imprisoned in Valladolid, mostly natives, as sequel of the uprising in that city of the Mayas. It seems that General Lofero took along to Mexico City the acts of these cases so that no one knows what to do with them unfortunate people. Amongst the prisoners is Mr. Benito Aguilar, and Jose Fernando Perez, assistant judge of Tixtahuatan, and also the landed owner Maximiliano Villanueva, who is charged of being implicated because of his anti-Diaz and Pro-Madero views.

Durango.—"La Evolucion," of Durango, not a revolutionary paper by a long shot, has the news that the legislature of the State of Chihuahua is to proceed by law against Miguel Cardenas, the governor unseated by Diaz, to give accounting for \$58,859.60, money not vouched for and used in subsidizing the press and overpaying public officials. The paper comments on it quite carefully: Should for similar expenditures all public officials be prosecuted, there would hardly be in this world (they mean Mexico, of course, but dare not say so) ministers, governors and high officials who could escape going to jail. We heartily agree with that sentiment, and always in the past persisted emphatically in producing evidence, and that is why the powers that be love us so much for.

Jalisco.—In Guadalajara Luis R. Alvarez, editor of "El Combate," has been sentenced to imprisonment for six months for having insulted with his pen Governor Ahumada. In Mexico it is lese majeste to bark at the moon. The people are entirely ignored in the dispositions coming from the scientific central government. General Clementes Villasegora, will rule Jalisco until the end of the constitutional term of the present incumbent Ahumada. Men of army training are always good to be played out against the will of the people. Mr. Ahumada will do the same in Michoacan to end there the term of Aristeo Mercado, the man who did not step to legally avenge the official assassination of Ignacio Chavez Guizar and son, of which Turner told in our last issue, and who therefore to protect him is reported to be of incompetent old age. Thus the legally responsible, yet practically immune, high-ups are only shielded from state to state to use their well trained inherent qualities time and again to keep the common people in subjection, and to keep in immunity local Pizanos like those who on August 3 killed the charcoal burner Ortiz in Etzatlán after stealing his cattle.

Morelos.—Aug. 23.—One of the promises given at the election time by re-election candidate Pablo Escamón was that as governor he would abolish the personal tax or head tax. Shortly after taking office he had passed a law abolishing that tax which amounted to 20 cents per month for each individual whose daily emoluments did not exceed one dollar. As this money was destined to pay the department of public instruction quite naturally a considerable deficit landed property was revalued, which was done by a special uninterested body prescribed by the law. But instead of that the taxation officials assumed such position valuating the properties just as they pleased, in many cases increasing the value fictitiously by two hundred per cent, imposing upon that value a tax of seven per mille. As it was to be expected the landed owners repiled by increasing to their subscribers the rates far in excess of the taxed amount, and the servants and dependents their prices for the necessities of life far in excess, and in the long run the tolling and consuming people pays the whole bill a hundred fold. The head tax is abolished all right, and the good people pay seven times the price after all.

Par Dunn Fratres.—Was it an accident, or the grim humor of history that placed the two following items of mock-Christianity into the same column of the Los Angeles Herald? "Mexico City, Sept. 10.—With a silver key President Porfirio Diaz unlocked the new home of the Young Men's Christian association, the dedication of which was the chief feature of today's centennial program. The building is a five-story stone structure, occupying a corner of a block and extending half a block on both streets."

Passaic, N. J., Sept. 10.—The czar of all the Russias is now known in Passaic as one of the city's leading philanthropists. Announcement was made this week the czar has given \$40,000 toward the erection of a new Russian orthodox church at Passaic. The structure will cost \$120,000.

All we have to comment on to the benefit of our Christian American readers is a recommendation to read in this connection the gospel of St. Luke 13:24-28.

That Mexican Senator.—Did we really forget him? Poor senator Isabell, as the papers called him recently when he grandiloquently spoke of the terrible things that were to happen to wicked "Regeneration"? No, we did not, only we did not consider that austere nonentity important enough to waste time on. He is really not quite as big as his infamous brother ex-Governor Isabal, despot and exterminator of the Yaquis, of whom a photograph exists showing him holding a "bottle" of Yaquis hands, of hands of peaceable tillers of the soil, men, women and little children. The Isabal millions represent a people almost extinct, thanks to "benevolent assimilation," for profitable capitalization. And the Americans setting upon these lands will hear in the dead of the night the sighs of outraged women, the shrieks of little babies dashed to pieces, the splashing of shiploads of living bodies thrown into the ocean to feed the sharks of the sea and of the land, and the whizz of the lash falling upon the backs of slaves in the hell of Yucatan. Will they be happy and prosper in Yaquiland?

EL CRONISTA.

Reminiscences of My Prison Life

Neither at Yuma nor at Florence did they employ the straitjacket or those other forms of physical torture—flooding, the water cure, the "humming bird," etc.—which have brought such well-deserved condemnation on the management of many American penitentiaries and reformatories. The universal punishment was solitary confinement, on bread and water, in the underground dungeon. In both prisons this underground dungeon was absolutely dark; at Yuma the floor was ordinary earth, while at Florence the cell was a hole in the ground wherein a steel cage had been inserted for the occupancy of the victim. The sole furniture was a slop-bucket, that had been used for years and was filthy beyond expression, and a pail of water. The water was usually such as only a mad desperate man with thirst would drink and was known to contain dead rats, crickets and other objectionable matter. Eight, twelve and fifteen days' detention in these awful holes was an ordinary sentence, often imposed for a trifling infraction of one of the innumerable rules spoken of in my "last" article. Occasionally the term would be extended to twenty days or even a month. The mental as well as the physical suffering involved cannot be expressed in words, and the appearance of those who had just emerged from the ordeal was pitiful beyond description. I am satisfied that the health of many a man was ruined for life.

Librado Rivera was given three days in one of these dungeons for re-

questing that his occupation be changed. His health had been anything but good and he had reason for thinking that he was threatened with tuberculosis; so, when set to work stuffing mattresses with moss which was thought to be infected with germs, he entered a protest. He has a wife and family dependent on him.

It happened before my time and I can speak of it, therefore, only from hearsay; but an attempted jail break took place some years ago in which Yuma shows the lengths to which this punishment of solitary confinement can be pushed. The circumstances were fresh in the memory of many men with whom I talked. I myself frequently saw three of the participants who are still confined at Florence, and I have no doubt whatever that the accounts given me were substantially correct.

Twenty-five men took part in this attempt, and it is said they were driven to it by the atrocious food supplied. None succeeded in getting away, several were shot down and killed, and the remainder were kept in the dark dungeons twenty-seven days, on bread and water. Thence they were removed to the "chronic" yard, mentioned in my last letter, where they were placed in cells in the floors of which large stones had been piled up. To each of these stones two prisoners were chained, and there they were confined for another six months, still on bread and water. Subsequently they were removed to specially constructed steel cages, in which they were to serve another five years. Most of them are now dead, and it should be mentioned that in their attempt to break from prison they seized the superintendent and assistant superintendent, had them for a time entirely at their mercy, could have killed them and refrained from doing so.

Several men succeeded in escaping from Florence while I was there, in January last. On the other hand two made a failure of it shortly before my release. They were working in the engine room and endeavored to climb over the wall with the aid of a piece of piping which they had bent into a hook. One of them was sent to the solitary dungeon for a week; the other, after a few days of similar imprisonment, was placed in one of the cells set apart for those condemned to death.

I particularly remember the case of a Hungarian, a mere boy, who declared himself a Socialist. He was employed in the tinsmith's shop and was an excellent mechanic. Being very hungry he asked the prison baker—this was at Florence—for a piece of bread, which was given him. The manager was reported by one of the stokers and the baker was thrown into the dungeon. The Hungarian came forward and announced that he was the one to be blamed, whereupon he was sent to the dungeon for five days. It was understood that he would have been given a much longer sentence but for the fact that his work was greatly needed.

At Yuma we saw nothing of the superintendent, as he was at Florence, which they were then transferring prisoners to, as far as possible, when we ourselves were moved there. We came but little into contact with him, for he was occupied chiefly with office work. The actual management of prisoners, first at Yuma, and subsequently at Florence, was in the hands of the assistant superintendent, a hard man, who had been in office many years and no doubt had become indifferent to human suffering. The captain of the yard and the inside guards were men of an inferior type, and none of the prisoners, with the exception of the favored stool-pigeons, had a good word to say for them. As stated before there were no flogging, but blows of the fist and rough usage of a similar character were not infrequent.

To men situated as we were, shut up thirteen hours out of every twenty-four in our noxious cells, recreation of some kind is an absolute necessity if life is to be preserved. There were no games of any kind at Yuma, but in such brief moments of idleness as we enjoyed when not in our cells we could walk the narrow space between the prison wall and central buildings. At one spot a tiny garden had been laid out; a thing poor enough in itself but a welcome rest for the eyes. There was a small library, but it contents consisted of very old books, largely of a religious character and out-of-date papers and magazines. At Florence there was no library, but we had a small reading room. There also such periodical literature as was furnished was all of ancient date. In neither prison was there any school, and not the slightest attempt was made to teach the prisoners anything that would be useful to them after their release. Once a week a Protestant and a Roman Catholic service was held in the chapel. We had none of those visits from representatives of religious societies which, for good or for evil, are so common in many penitentiaries.

I have said nothing respecting the female prisoners, because I know practically nothing. There were only three in Yuma while I was there, and they occupied separate quarters, as stated previously, in one corner of the yard.

Florence has been mentioned incidentally from time to time in this letter, and I had expected to reach with this issue a consideration of the conditions existing there. The space at my disposal, however, is already exhausted and I postpone the matter to next week. I shall have much to say then of the "bull pen," in which seventy-five of us were confined, of the prevailing types of prisoners and of the causes of their troubles; of iniquitous practices with which the prison's life is rotten, and of various humanitarian features respecting which, as it seems to me, we should not keep silent.

ANTONIO VILLARREAL.

San Luis Potosi.—The rival candidate of Diaz, Francisco Madero and Roque Estrada, announce that if they were not prosecuted and tried by the end of the month they will withdraw the bonds and go to prison as they are tired with a freedom that is equal to confinement in San Luis Potosi, impeding them from going on with their regular work. The farcical prosecution is still in the air for a cause, establishment of connection with the Valladolid, Yucatan uprising failed, connection with the Huasteca, San Luis Potosi uprising did not materialize in spite of all the efforts to stamp it as a pro-Madero revolt, and as a last resort they are scanning now out the manifesto to the people given out by Madero from the prison with an open letter to Diaz, and they may make it yet a case of lese majeste.

Sonora.—The subscribers of the independent press living in Seris, Sonora lodge complaints that the