

ZAPATA, MEXICAN REBEL LEADER, INTERVIEWED

Found by THE SUN'S Correspondent in Camp, Tells Why He Is Fighting President Madero

From THE SUN's special correspondent.

TEHUACAN, State of Puebla, March 20.—I have just returned from a twelve hours horseback ride from the Chula Mountains, 100 miles west of here, after spending a few hours in the camp of Emiliano Zapata, leader of the Zapata rebels whose activities have exasperated three Administrations and whose petty successes have contributed to set the republic afire.

Tuerto (One-Eyed) Morales, who, with Eufemio, Emiliano's brother, contributes the brains of the movement, is an old acquaintance. When last I saw him he was a peaceful, lazy cardador, or human furniture van, in the historic town of Cuautla. When Emiliano declared himself actively opposed to Gen. Diaz the soft spoken Tuerto removed the head strap by which he carried enormous bulky weights and disappeared into the mountains.

He passed my horizon again at the battle of Horsehoe Hill, near Cuernavaca, on February 19, when his forces were signally defeated by Gen. Juvenal Robles. And yesterday I talked to him beneath a great tamarind's cool shade. In the meantime rustic saga and exaggerated legend had spoken vociferously of his deeds and prowess; and I was amused to remember that the bloodthirsty and picturesque brigand, for whose head Madero willingly would give much money, had once removed his tattered hat and humbly thanked me for the four cents I chose to reward him with for carrying my grip to the railroad station. The price of a glass of mesquite was ample perquisite in those piping times of peace; whereas now he demands a village for immunity!

With the steel tracks of the railway, glimmering in the fearful heat, from Tehuacan to La Huerta as a base, the Chula Mountains in the purple distance for the apex, and my course cutting across the yellow plains northwest of La Huerta, I figured out my map three days ago and decided that I would attempt to see the Southern Eagle in his mountain eyrie before returning to Mexico city. My mission, the portrayal of conditions near Tehuacan and the locustlike Zapatist herds had devastated the country, once accomplished, I was about to purchase a ticket for Puebla, when I accidentally overheard two cardadors conversing in the street.

Forced Poems to Tell.

"He is at La Perla," whispered one.

"Is he coming here?" inquired his companion.

"I do not know, but Tuerto was in town last night and left this morning for the Chulas. I hope he comes; I am tired of working."

Using the last sentence as a club, I forced the two poens to tell me what they knew.

The Zapata was at La Perla Ranch at the base of the distant mountains; that the versatile Tuerto had been in town a few hours before and that the rebels had abandoned the State of Morlos for the richer pastures of Puebla—these bits of news altered my plans, and by 9 o'clock I had purchased a horse and set out down the dusty road indicated by my two scamp friends, for the Chula Mountains.

The day was hot; the road uneven and sandy; my horse a hard trotter; the saddle uncomfortable with its great round, flat horn, low cantle and short stirrups riveted into immutability; the heat in the sunshine, and the tomblike silence about, combined with an uninteresting landscape, nearly caused me to turn back to town, where ice clinked against a slender glass.

Long rolling hills, devoid of all vegetation but dried yellow shrubbery; the winding road; not a single thatched hut in sight; everywhere nothing but vast stretches of empty, desolate space. On the rises my horse would pause of his own accord, while I scanned a shimmering waste. In the ravines the heat closed in like an aching conscience. The town was lost behind; the mountains seemed no nearer.

Far in the north a small cloud slowly writhed and twisted into a myriad contours. I would pull my hat over my eyes, count 100, and look for the cloud. Now it was pulled out like a slender white lady's glove; now it huddled into a quaint faint resemblance to a Billiken; again it spread out like a feathery fan; it drew up in the middle like an hour-glass; it rose like an accusing finger to the zenith. With the patter of the horse's shuffling feet I hummed Casey Jones until I shouted aloud to drive the insane rhythm from my mind. I discovered that I was clutching the plate-like saddle horn tightly with both hands. I wet my lips, wiped my tongue on my sleeve and left a grimy smear on the khaki.

At the Canon's Bottom.

My jaws would relax, only to tighten when I thought of something else. I looked for the cloud—it had disappeared into a drove of sheep. I started to point them and found, to my horror, that I was counting to the tune of the famous Jones. I loosened my left foot in the stirrup and rested on the right. The horse stopped. We were at the bottom of a steep canyon in which grew an immense tamarind tree near the roadside, its trunk ten feet in diameter, its great branches reaching high in the air and falling over the ground in a majestic sweep like a green waterfall.

Beneath the tree, lying with right elbow on a pillow, his horse sleeping with drooping head and tail, my vision disclosed the dusty form of Tuerto Morales. He was fast asleep. What a sublime enjoyment the sight would have caused the bosom of Madero!

"Oh, Tuerto, Dispierta, Mofo!" (wake up, one-eyed).

"What the horse threw up his head, stood up, snorting, nostrils, and Morales stretched his feet, rifle in hand, frightened sense in eye, and gazed at me.

"Do you know me, Tuerto?" I inquired, keeping my hands on the horn of the saddle.

"Of course, certainly. What are you doing here? I knew you in Cuautla, don't you?"

I rubbed my head and climbed stiffly to the ground.

We sat and talked until nearly 6 o'clock. The shade was smooth and cool and refreshing, Tuerto in a good humor and my horse soon gratefully dozing near his companion.

"So you have come to see el jefe?" said my friend as we lay gazing up into the treetop. "The chief is not fond of reporters and was especially enraged over the series of articles you wrote last fall, in which you insistingly recommended that his head be severed, adding that he would then be a fit person to

was useless, the officer ordered them shot. They were jerked to their feet and backed against the wall.

"Notwithstanding the fact that the law says the shooting squad must be ten yards away from the victims, these rurales stood within ten feet of my men and shot them in the face, contrary to the same law which says they must be shot with one bullet each in the breast. I nearly tumbled from my hiding place with fury at the sight. When two or three charges had been fired into the motionless figures one of the rurales went up and searched the bodies. One man had ten centavos in his pocket, another five. The soldier kept the spoils. Discovering that one of the men had a gold tooth, he picked up a stone and smashed the bloody head until the jagged mouth yielded up the bit of gold. This he also pocketed.

"Hello, young man. You are quite a beardless youth to suggest the decapitation of Emiliano Zapata. But I suppose you will get wiser as the years go by. Come over and eat."

The rebel chieftain is forty-one years of age, five feet eight inches tall, with broad shoulders, slender hips, legs bowed from a lifetime in the saddle, long bony arms, a narrow head with low brow, straight wiry purple-black hair; flashing, suspicious, ever moving dark eyes; hooked nose, small ears, high cheekbones, hollow cheeks, flowing black mustache, perfect teeth and a strong pointed chin.

Stared Boldly at Auditor.

He stared boldly at his auditor, is eloquent with shoulder and hands, smiles rarely and has a good command of the Spanish language. It is difficult

he finished he leaned back and picked his teeth with the point of a hunting knife twelve inches long, eyeing me closely the while. What time I did not watch the leader I looked about the camp.

There were about one hundred men in sight, and around a shoulder of the mountain were scores more, eating and resting like us. They were short, swarthy, heavy set fellows in every imaginable costume and armed with every conceivable weapon known to man.

Government army coats, taken from the dead, great straw hats, sandals, army boots, ragged, soiled linen trousers, greasy blue uniforms, a brand new khaki suit, felt hats, turbans made of old shirts or bandana handkerchiefs; pistols, antiquated and automatic, muzzle loading shotguns, rifles, Winchesters,

Reforms Demanded in Mexico's Government—Denies He Is a Bandit—Counter Charges of Cruelty

thrummed a guitar. Instantly the men quieted and hearkened to the song.

"That is Tuerto and Eufemio, my brother," murmured Zapata, as two voices arose in the stillness of the mountainside.

The singers began their song in sweet, quivering crescendo, the guitar throbbing a strange, haunting second. The breeze stirred the leaves above us; far down the reaches of the slopes a coyote barked, the staccato yelp breaking into a long, weird, cackinnative howl that told of demons tearing at the heart of the mangy fugitive.

Away over to the right and above us a piercing, shrill, reaching howl answered back; to the left a series of angry barks took up the cry; from the summit floated down on the sweet scented air the wild scream of a panther, and from all sides, perhaps miles away but seeming near on account of the peculiar penetrating timbre of the wild wolf's cry and the natural acoustics of the mountain crags, arose the cowardly defiance of the coyote's challenge to the hill leopard.

The song continued. Drowsy melody meant for sleepy ears! Soft words conveying tender sentiments lilting to pensive strains! The folklore of a legendary, wondrous people set to music that is the counterpart and child of forest breezes, murmuring brooks, rippling freshets, pattering rain, warm moonlight, whispering things of the woods—music that is the expression of Nature's tenderest, warmest passionate moods.

If I should pause beneath thy window, dear,
An aching heart within me,
If I should tell my longing wish, dear,

"They are within eleven miles, señor," said the panting voice of a dusty courier. "I saw them at El Higo from the summit of the Tiempo Hill. There must have been 200 and they have three field guns. They were marching fast in this direction."

At Breakfast in Saddle.

Zapata said something I could not catch, shook my shoulder and shouted to a bugler. Before I slipped on my boots, the hoarse, guttural bellow of a horn blew down the mountain, and the men hastily scrambled to their feet.

"I am sorry we must leave you," said Zapata to me. "But one of my men has just come in with the news that the Government soldiers are fast on my trail. They are on the other side of the mountain. I will go with you a part of the way back to Tehuacan, as my road lies in that direction."

We ate our breakfast in the saddle. The morning was cool and the fresh foliage of the slopes looked inviting as I contemplated the long trip back to town. We reached the foot of the mountain, formed in line and started down the road.

Zapata and I rode about ten yards in advance, Tuerto and Eufemio Zapata, whom I had met and found to be a bright young man, of more talent but less initiative than his elder brother, bringing up the troop. Ordinarily Zapata rides in the middle of his men, with scouts far in advance to watch for ambushes; but the road was wide and the plains clear.

"They accuse me of brigandage, with no sense of right, government or politics," he said as we rode. "Perhaps it is true that my knowledge of politics is meagre; I know nothing of stealing from the poor to enrich those already possessed of more than they know what to do with. That seems to me to be the aim and end of politics in this country."

"My idea of government is the employment of such measures as will conduce to the greatest happiness, and any deviation from this ideal is, in my opinion, tyranny, and I am opposed to tyranny. For thirty years my people were bent beneath that yoke, every morning I looked at the apple of revolution, but it seemed it would never ripen."

"Finally, I plucked the fruit of resistance to oppression, and now I am feeding it to Madero as I served it to Diaz in his last days and as I brought it to the table around which sat the aristocratic and religious De la Barra and his conspirators hatching their eggs of intrigue."

"Oh, how I hate them all! If I have to burn and steal and kill to let them know and feel my hatred of them and their acts, I shall steal and burn and kill. I have no other weapons, and I use the ones I have. They will never put me down, and when they kill me they will have a malignant, hating, cursing, omnipresent ghost to deal with."

Madero Is Arraigned.

"Madero cries out that he has not had a chance to make good the promises he scattered so profusely when he needed help."

"We of the South, and the rebels of the North, would have given him every chance, but he started his career by exiling Reyes, who ever has been made to eat out of his hand if appointed Minister of War; by elevating Pina Suarez to the Vice-Presidency in place of Francisco Vazquez Gomez, the people's preference; by compelling the resignation of Emilio Vazquez, who had done nothing but good; by rewarding his incapable men with the governorship of States, by listening to the counsels, nay, demands of Gustavo Madero, the cause of the whole trouble; by rewarding Orozco and offering to pay me for my services with a subordinate position in the army."

"By these, and many other moves, he awoke my suspicions, which were later confirmed by his weak and uncertain attitude in dealing with the problems of state; by his action in surrounding himself with men in a fashion which he probably believed was similar to that of Diaz, or Napoleon with his marshals, but which was really the method employed by a cowardly schoolboy in choosing big companions on the proposition that because they were big they could fight and defend him from tormentors."

"Madero is not a man to occupy the Presidential chair, and I shall make it a point to oust him from it. I shall never cease fighting until he is an outcast. It would give me personal pleasure to hang him from the highest cypress tree at Chapultepec."

"He is a traitor, inasmuch as every act of his has been antagonistic to Mexico's prosperity and development. He has failed in his promises and proved weak in his premises. He is a small man."

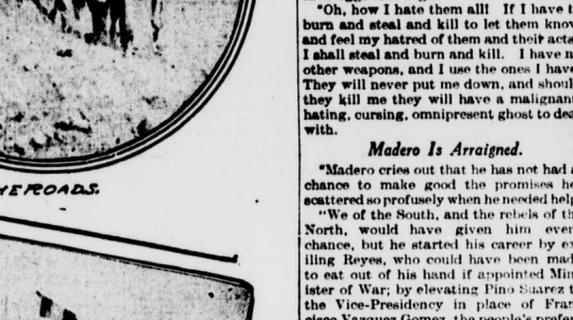
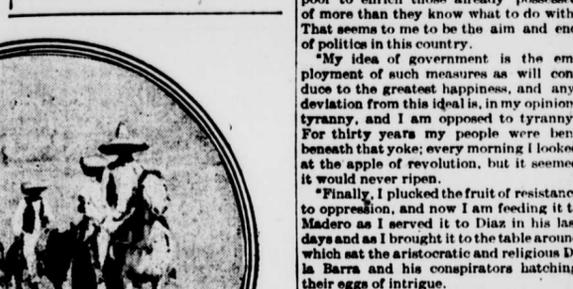
"No, I do not know who will be his successor. Frankly, I see no one worthy of the position. But Madero being the lowest throw from Fate's dice box, the chances are that the next throw will be better; surely Fortune will not repeat the deuce. Any honest man who would have the strength to live up to his character would be better than Madero, no matter if he is a cad and statecraft were weak. He can hire men to do that work."

Need a Strong President.

"In our country we need a strong President to direct affairs, or a Cabinet that can. In your country you have a Constitution that is respected, laws that are obeyed and men to enforce both. In Mexico we have not these things. Therefore we need a man at the top and not a silly automaton like Madero, nor yet a gross, mercenary dictator like Diaz. Certainly, he is better than Madero, but we must leave you here. You know my ideals—partition of the great estates among the poor, good wages and work for all, honest administration of the judges' offices, justice to all with a fair trial, punishment commensurate with the crime, peaceful relations with your country, the removal from power of usurpers and the unit, and the election to office of good, capable Mexicans; these plans, as you call them, are vital in the platform of the plan of San Luis Potosi, which Madero drew up and failed to live up to."

I shall hope to see you in Mexico city before long. Try to tell the truth in your paper, and do not believe that all our battles are lost, or that we always lose more men than the enemy, or that Emiliano Zapata is a bandit with an outlaw's ideals.

We stopped our horses and awaited the cavalcade behind. They rode up, shook hands with me, and turned out of the road. I watched them out of sight around the base of a hill. The mountain was miles behind, and the road to Tehuacan long and hot and dusty.



great with. He is a sensible man, however, and will probably realize that you had to say that to earn your wages. When it gets a little cooler we will proceed."

We talked or rather Tuerto mumbled long eloquent phrases while I listened drowsily. His exploits were recounted at length. He dwelt with gusto and detail on the narration of sanguinary battles, relating the number of Federals who perished by his hand.

They Feared the Result.

"It is a hard fight, and we sometimes fear the result," he said. "They accuse us of barbarous methods with the wounded. Let me tell you, my friend," he grew excited, rising to one elbow and looking down into my face. "Let me assure you that the atrocities practised by the Government soldiers so far surpass ours that comparison dies before it is born."

"At the battle of El Hule the detachment under my command was forced to flee after I had killed six soldiers myself. We fled through the jungles to the outskirts of the town. Imagine our terror when we discovered ten rurales riding out of the street to meet us. We dispersed in all directions; I myself ran into an abandoned hut, climbed up to the middle rafter and lay there still as a night owl."

"Through a torn place in the wall I watched proceedings outside. Five of my men were taken. Their hands were tied and they were thrown to the ground beside another hovel. Soon the rurales returned. They had caught one other fellow. A discussion immediately arose, and it was decided to execute them."

"They were offered their lives and freedom on the condition they tell where I was. Although my men could see my face through the aperture, they shrugged their shoulders and laughed at their executioners. Finding that it

"No effort was made to bury them and the soldiers went away in search of me. I waited until sundown and then rejoined my forces. I have heard that the troopers cut the ears off the dead rebels to prove how many were slain in battle. I have not seen this; however, but I have no doubt it is true."

Saw Twinkling Campfires.

Tuerto's talk was interesting, but when one is in search of a lion a hyena is disappointing.

At 6 o'clock we saddled the horses and rode on. In the cool of the evening we pushed ahead at a rapid pace and just before we entered the long valley at the foot of the mountains I noticed that the cloud had grown and was tumbling about in the ultramarine heavens like barber's foam. Far up the hillside could be seen the twinkling campfires of the Zapatist camp.

"As we started up the mountainside a voice rang out: "Quien vive?" (Who goes there?) "Viva Zapata. Soy yo, el Tuerto." (It is I, the One-Eyed!)

The sentry stood out from behind a boulder, saluted and we went on up the tortuous path. We soon came in sight of the camp. Dozens of fires were blazing about; whole quarters of veal from the ranch herd were roasting with pleasant smell; dark forms passed between us and the flames, and we, dismounted, gave the horses to a rebel and advanced to the main group.

A man arose, gazed sharply into our flammé faces and stepped forward to meet us. It was Emiliano Zapata.

"Hello, Tuerto. Who is that?" he asked in a sharp voice.

"Good evening, Chief. This is a pencil driver who has come to see our little band of cutthroats, as he called us last September."

Zapata gazed intently at me, then held out his hand.

cult to gauge his sincerity, and it is said that he has promised his men four days of unlicensed looting when he takes Mexico city.

That he is a natural leader is not to be doubted. His followers obey his orders with prompt docility, they fear him perhaps more than they respect him or love him, but they follow and obey him. The people of his country adore him and prefer death to telling of his movements.

He himself has never been seen on the field of battle, but aware of every move made by the enemy, as is evidenced by the reinforcements he sends from his wildly scattered herds to the band engaged. His capture will be a difficult thing. Every emissary from Madero remains in his camp and shares his fortunes.

We ate tortillas, a thin flat cake of ground corn meal, beaten out by hand and baked on a hot tin, and broiled meat without salt. Zapata said little, but devoted himself to completing a hearty meal, during which he consumed an astonishing number of cakes and a great quantity of meat. When

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If in thy little hands my heart lay,
If in thy eyes my future told its tale;
Could I but know that pulsing heart you hold,
Could I but read my future in thine eyes,
Could I but touch thy garment's hem, dear,
Meditate beneath thy window I could die.

The song died away in a drawn out, melancholy wail, the guitar rounded up the notes with a soft jumble of chords, and the night was still.

I was awakened by a conversation carried on beside me in low tones. With closed eyes, I listened.

Loose Songs Amid Dangers.

We reclined on our blankets, with saddles for pillows, our feet toward the fire. Together we listened to the gradual stilling of the camp. Somewhere beyond the big boulder, a natural artist

VARIED AND BEWILDERING IS THE TIPPLE OF CUBA

The old colored cook in Cuba when she goes to market can pick out the pork obtained from pigs which have been fed on sugar cane alone, and she refuses to purchase any other. No one can cheat her into buying alcohol made from any other source, either. Some foreigners may not know real aguardiente, pure and undefiled sugar cane made, but she does. She bathes her face in it, slips it, rubs the baby with it, puts a drop of it in the baby's hot soup, makes a cross on the forehead as a charm against evil spells with the aguardiente and thanks heaven for the ever present remedy. It restores her spirits as efficaciously as French cognac does her Spanish master's.

Should a wound be received a remedy is at hand; the sore is bathed in aguardiente, a little is taken for the stomach's sake, and all is well. Aguardiente is as close, even much closer at hand often than is water, and it is the remedy of all who bathe her face in it, slips it, rubs the baby with it, puts a drop of it in the baby's hot soup, makes a cross on the forehead as a charm against evil spells with the aguardiente and thanks heaven for the ever present remedy. It restores her spirits as efficaciously as French cognac does her Spanish master's.

All the infirmities of man are supposed in Cuba to be helped, if not cured, by a drink of some kind, hot or cold or tepid, but iced, never. What a flying in the face of Providence to a Cuban it is to drink iced anything! Tea as known in other countries is slightly esteemed and seldom used.

Then there are the panadas. These are made of sugar and white of egg, dried in the form of honeycombs, and a jar of them is usually found on top of every tinaja ready for use, while stacks of them are visible in all the cafes. Pleasant

to the palate? Of course. Every one finds them useful in cutting the dust from the throat in the "Garden of Eden" where the heat makes the mouth like a dry sponge. Simple? Yes, very; so are the delectable lime drinks so abundant, the real thing and not concoctions of some drug essence.

Just follow the old negro with the large gold hoop in her nose, who was transplanted to this island from Mozambique about a decade ago—follow her as she goes strolling along, jingling a triangle as she bobs coppers on her way to the corner grocery to get her sip of firewater or a cup of red claret. As she dawdles and jingles she sings a common refrain, "So says the Priest." This is almost the only class seen drunk on the streets.

The cart driver, an emigrant from the Basque country of Spain, will be at the corner grocery also for his thimbleful of "Manzanilla," a kind of apple toddy made in Spain. Hanging from a rafter there is a strange looking object somewhat resembling a large smoked ham, but it is in reality a pigskin filled with ordinary wine.

The Chinese quarters reveal another kind of "bebida." A large number of Chinese remain in Cuba, where a living may be had with small labor and less capital. Some earn enough by merely ringing the bell in a railroad station for the train to leave. Others are storekeepers or truck gardeners and others are domestic in well-to-do families. Some of them, even as beggars, look more than any other beggars as if quite deserted by "Ka," who gave the seed of life.

In Cuba the café is open on all sides and within sit rich and poor day in and day out sipping, sipping. No one drinks in Cuba. Every one sips. Nobody could keep drinking all the time, but sipping has the advantage that one can keep it up almost perpetually.

Chocolate may be found at some 5 o'clock tea where the guests are of mixed blood, but it is no false presentation of this rich nourishing cup, but the true "fabrica" made from the bean right in the city of Havana, where are large factories importing it direct from South America. In vast cool "almacenes" along the wharves of large cities are to be had wines, oily and rich, fit for a golden chalice, pure, unadulterated, from Cadix direct or other markets.

There are some of the ordinary soda fountains, but they are supposed to be for the use of foreigners chiefly.

A Kentucky Family Record.

From the Brandenburg Messenger.

Clint McCarty, who killed Mrs. Rebecca Frank in Louisville a few days ago, was well known here, having lived near town and opposite this place in Indiana until twelve years ago, when he moved to Louisville. He certainly belonged to an ill-fated family.

Thirty-eight years ago his father, Allen McCarty, was shot in a saloon in this city. About four years ago a sister of McCarty's committed suicide in Louisville by taking poison. Just a few days ago before the above shooting McCarty had a son to die in Louisville.

Because the hot "guarapo" is pure and healthful one should taste it when visiting a sugar mill or "ingenio." "Guarapo" is the hot boiling cane juice before it is made into granulated sugar. Often a thimbleful of anisette or kimmel is put in to remove its insipidity. Invalids stand in the vapor of this foaming syrup and drink it hot daily as a supposed remedy for many diseases of the body.

But the drink of all drinks in Cuba is just coffee. Even babies in swaddling clothes drink coffee and milk as it is prepared in a native Cuban household—a cupful of fresh boiled milk with just a dash of coffee. The pure bean is not even ground out on the plantations, in some instances it is merely crushed and put into a flannel bag, boiling water then being poured over it.

It is something of a problem how to secure fresh milk in Cuba, where it has been known to curdle almost on leaving the cow. The wall in many households of early morning is "Ay! oh! the milk is curdled. No coffee or milk." The first born takes up the cry of "Ay mama-it," and the next heir chants it to the rising sun, till all down the line goes a howl for milk alone is the common breakfast, partaken of by all. In the cities and towns to prevent this calamity the cow and her calf are brought to one's dooryard and there the milkman seated on the very doorstep, the cow is milked.

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