AS THE PEON SEES THE MEXICAN SITUATION

Continued from Fifth Page.

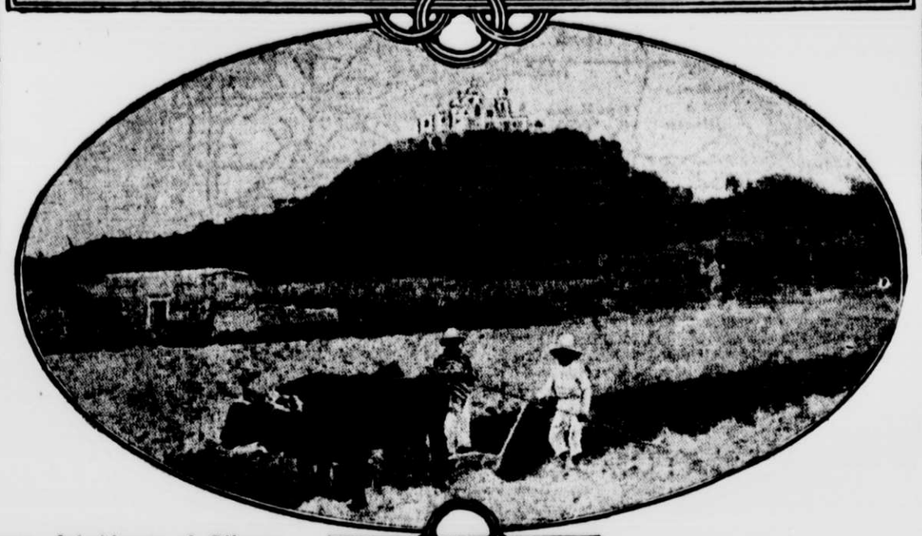
when we consider that this policy of free hand concessions not only in land but in railroads, industries, mines and timber, begun by Diaz in 1876, was pursued by him until his flight to Paris in 1910, and that with each passing year thousands of new investors in all parts of the world have become interested in these concessions, we shall be able to understand a little more clearly the real nature of that vast world conspiracy which has defamed and exploited the common people of Mexico for thirty-four years and exalted the man who was responsible for the massacres of Juchitan, of Vera Cruz, of Papantla, of Tomochic, of Cananea, to the position of an international hero.

It was a matter of dividends. Every investor who held stock in one of these innumerable enterprises worshipped as a god the man who made his dividends possible, no matter how.

At the Restoration Mexico's exact legal indebtedness to Europe was only $20,000,000 due on the English credit, plus some arrears of interest. The coterie of politicians and speculators who formed the Diaz Government, having optioned enormous quantities of this discredited foreign paper at ridiculously low figures, proceeded to reintroduce not only the English but the Spanish and French claims for full recognition by Congress, reinflating them in the process from $81,632,561 to approximately $144,953,785, plus arrears of interest to the amount of $46,431,996, totalling $191,385,781. Of this amount $20,000,000 was legal indebtedness; $69,000,000 represented the result of previous peculations and $110,000,000 represented the exact plunder of the speculators involved in the present transaction.

This colossal fraud was the foundation of many of those vast fortunes so characteristic of modern Mexico, including those of President Diaz and his family. Nor did the peculations of the Government cease here. The same Congress which authorized the recognition of this spurious paper trebled its value by enacting a measure which gave the bondholders of the new Mexican consolidated debt the privilege of exchanging their bonds for Government (?) land at an exchange rate of 35:100. When we consider that the owners of these bonds were members of the Government, or friends and supporters of the Government, we shall understand why this provision was made, and also why the best irrigated lands in Mexico were sold by that Government at about 7 cents a hectare, i. e., about 3 cents an acre. Thus the speculator-politician who had acquired $35,000 worth of Government bonds as his share of the spoils, and at no greater cost than was involved in helping to secure the necessary legislation, could now exchange this $35,000 worth of bonds for $100,000 worth of irrigated lands, at the rate of 3 cents an acre; in other words, emerge from his strenuous labors in support of the Government with approximately 3,267,000 acres of magnificent land to his credit. Thus was instituted the greatest land robbery recorded in history. During the Diaz regime no less than 72,000,000 hectares, i. e., 180,000,000 acres (a hectare is about 2½ acres), of the best lands in Mexico were acquired by land corporations and the personal friends of the Administration, at a total Government valuation of $5,000,000 (7 cents a hectare, or 3 cents an acre), and at an actual payment of only $1,750,000 in Government bonds. The climax of this procedure was reached when these bondholding land speculators proceeded, with the vigorous assistance of Diaz, to evict a million independent farmers from their holdings, under the pretext that they were trespassing upon these already purchased Government lands.

Vincente Guerrero, President of Mexico in 1827.



Above—Inhabitants of Ojinaga seeking refuge in United States during assault of Constitutionalists.

Jose Maria Morelos, Insurgent leader and leader in framing Constitution of Apatzingam.

This plunder of an entire people and their posterity, this sequestration of an entire country, was the piece de resistance of the banquet presided over by Diaz, but it was by no means the whole banquet. There were innumerable side dishes for all those who possessed the necessary qualifications for a seat at the board.

President Diaz had built up a powerful engine for the suppression of revolt and the castigation of recalcitrants by the efficient organization of the army and by the creation of a special body of 15,000 mounted police (rurales). These latter indeed played a highly important part in the land evictions. Recruited from the lowest class of criminals, splendidly mounted, trained and equipped and wholly destitute of humanity, they were regarded by Diaz and his admirers as the chief guarantee of "peace." Conditions, therefore, were now highly favorable for a systematic attack upon the agrarian democracy.

Accordingly in the winter of 1885 the campaign was opened in the valley of Papantla in the State of Vera Cruz. This valley is one of the richest in Mexico, yielding abundant crops of coffee, cocoa, sugar cane, pineapples and many other tropical or sub-tropical products. At this time it supported an agrarian population of over 20,000 honest and industrious working folk in the full enjoyment of prosperity and peace. So rich a prize as this was naturally the first to fall into the hands of the speculators.

One day a party of surveyors appeared in the valley with their transits. The people knew only too well the meaning of this invasion, and, filled with foreboding, they protested to the surveyors that they had no desire to have their lands measured, even if the Government had ordered it, for those lands were their own private property by the warranty of the constitution. The surveyors persisted and the next day reappeared with a posse of rurales. Again the people protested, but this time they were silenced by force, and in the clash that ensued several lives were lost on both sides.

Four days later a force consisting of several thousand rurales and a division of the army entered the valley and began the systematic extermination of the population. How many were killed will never be known. About ten years ago in the course of our investigations we visited this valley and endeavored to elicit some details of the affair from the people. Neither man, woman nor child could be induced to say a word, because already a number of them had met death, banishment, imprisonment and flogging for even speaking of it. In spite of this dumbness of the people, however, we obtained independent proof that for fifteen days the slaughter never ceased, that not a man escaped alive, that only a remnant of women and children were spared and that the task of burying the dead was so great that a month later the air for miles around the valley was unbreathable owing to the stench of the thousands of putrefying corpses. To-day this whole region, where once 20,000 peaceable, industrious folk obtained a prosperous living from the soil, belongs to a single rich family.

A peon and his complete wardrobe.

Peons toiling in the fields.

Francisco Madero was that most unhappy of all types of politicians—the bourgeois idealist; subsequent events proved him to be a political opportunist as well. Betrayed into the open by the cunning of Porfirio Diaz, he rashly embraced the cause of the people at the moment of their impassioned revolt, not from conviction, but as an alluring political expedient. Almost without effort of his own he was lifted into power by the might of the people as a straw is lifted by a wave, only to be dashed on the rocks of a dilemma created by his own insincerity.

The climax came on Feb. 9, 1913. On that date the students of the Military Academy of Tlalpan, near Mexico City, broke into the prison where General Bernardo Reyes and Felix Diaz were confined and set them free. This was the signal for a general uprising of the troops stationed in the city. At the head of several battalions Felix Diaz marched on the arsenal, where the garrison received him with enthusiasm. From that moment the cuartelazo was in full command of the situation. Mustering some 5,000 men, powerfully fortified and equipped with practically inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, the Felicistas started what was in reality a sham battle with the Government troops. For days a raking fire from the opposing forces swept the city from end to end. The practiced military on both sides received little hurt, but over 6,000 helpless non-combatants, many of them women and children, were slaughtered in the streets.

At the critical moment General Victoriano Huerta, commander-in-chief of the Government troops, having made sufficient stand to save appearances, betrayed the Government and went over with all his troops to the support of General Felix Diaz, making the cuartelazo completely successful. President Francisco Madero, Vice-President Jose Maria Pino Suarez and Gustavo Madero, leading politicians of the Madero faction, were arrested in the national palace. A few days later all three were murdered in cold blood under the convenient "ley fuga."

It is not to be supposed that the late President Madero viewed with indifference the ill concealed alliance of the United States with his enemies nor the unfriendly attitude of President Taft. Indeed, from the day of his accession to the Presidency he regarded United States intervention in Mexico as a daily probability, and he shaped his foreign policy accordingly. No more severe criticism of the short sighted policy of the United States toward Mexico could be made than is to be found in the simple fact that Francisco Madero in order to checkmate that policy was compelled to throw himself into the arms of Japan.

We are well aware of the importance of this statement and of its tremendous international significance, but we make it deliberately with full confidence in our authority. Not only did Madero enlist the ardent support of the South American republics in the cause of Mexico's inviolability, but he entered into negotiations with the Japanese Minister in Mexico City for a close offensive and defensive alliance with Japan to checkmate United States aggression. The consummation of these negotiations was undoubtedly only prevented by the cuartelazo of Felix Diaz. How far they had progressed may be gleaned from the following incident related to us personally by one who was the intimate friend and confidential adviser of Madero throughout his political career, and in whose veracity we have complete faith.

When during the fateful twelve days battle in Mexico City a rumor of American intervention more alarming than usual was communicated to Madero, he replied coldly that he was thoroughly anxious for that intervention, for he was confident of the surprise the American Government would receive in discovering that they had to deal with Japan.

Such an alliance would have been fraught, of course, with infinite disaster to the Mexican people. Japan in return for her protection must have inevitably demanded and received not only large land concessions but full economic privileges for her subjects in Mexico. Japanese immigration on a vast scale would have followed, and the Mexican people would have found themselves quietly inundated, dispossessed and finally economically controlled by an aggressive alien race, irresistibly competent in arms and commerce.

In the Directory

HERE are a few New Yorkers listed in the city directory for the current year whose names in some cases are and in other cases are not in harmony with the subject they represent:

Financial—Minnie Cash, James Check, Andrew J. Million, Charles Money and William Penny.

Feminine—Lucy Darling, Blanche Fair, Rosa Hug, Pauline Kiss, May Lovely, Mary Loveless, Sarah Birdy, Matilda Pretty and Mary Sweet.

Names in the Calendar—Andrew M. January, Charles F. March, Nathan April, Mary May, Jac June, Richard July, Thomas F. August and Max November.

Warfare—B. Trigger.

Delicatessen—Jesse E. Beans, John Mustard, Leonard Onion, William Pepper, George Pickles and Albert L. Salt.

Liquid Refreshment—A. Beer, Samuel Brandy, Joseph H. Booze, Priscilla Drinker, Frank Drunke, Edward Gin, Abraham Lager, A. Port, William Rickey, A. Seltzer, A. Sherry, Casper Sober, Andrew M. Wines and Gustav Wurzburger.

The Weather—William J. Breeze, Agnes D. Cloud, J. Harvie Dew, John F. Frost, Harry F. Mist, Eldridge C. Snow, A. Storm, John R. Rainbow, Molly Warm and A. Wind.

Zoological—Constant Bird, Frank Dove, Abraham Eagle, Harry Falcon, Julius Fowl, Alfred B. Goldfish, Irene Heron, David Lark, Martin J. Loon, Richard D. Parrot, W. J. Pigeon, Edward Swallow, Helen M. W. Swan, Joseph Elephant, A. Fox, Fred Goat, Robert M. Kid, Ada E. Lamb, A. Lion, Benjamin Milk, Sol Tiger, A. Wolf, Fred Bee, Axel Moth, A. Roach, Joseph Wasp and Anna Worm.

NIFTY LESSONS IN SALESMANSHIP

Lesson III.—Your Latent Powers—How to Develop Their Bust Measurements

BY PROF. O. U. BOJACK (BUS. DOC.)

"Any salesman can give his whole attention to a well trimmed ankle going up the avenue."

INTRODUCTORY CHATTER.

The job of penning off the two preceding Lessons was mere joy stuff for Prof. O. U. Bojack (Bus. Doc.) of Hicksville. There is nothing that gives Proff greater glee than to ladle advice on The Sale, because Proff knows the Selling Game from alpha to uneeda and all the way back to alph again.

In his time Proff has sold everything from Bowlegged Pianos to Kippered Limburger and he has probably held down more different jobs than any ten salesmen combined. He may not have held them down very securely, but whenever one got away from him he ran and fell on another.

But when it comes to talking about Latent Powers and all that kind of abstract stuff that you can't even see when you get down and squint at it through a microscope, and which hasn't so much as a dinky little handle to catch hold of, we frankly admit that you've got Proff sneaking along Slender Ice. When it comes to knowledge of curselves, and what we really are, the Race seems to divide itself into three classes, i. e., to-wit, also viz.: Those who know next to nothing, those who know nothing, and Prof. O. U. Bojack (Bus. Doc.) of Hicksville.

Therefore we must ask our Students to hold as kindly a mental attitude as possible toward Proff while he picks his way down into the region of the Subconscious. Proff may not know any more about the subject than a bale of bungholes, but he has got just as much right as anybody else to patter up with his little ticker and enter the guessing contest.

As stated in the preliminary chatter, we know very little about ourselves. Of course we know that we are so many feet tall, weigh so many pounds and have a fine chest and all that, but that isn't knowing anything about our real selves. Those are only outward manifestations. What is meant here is that we do not know any more about our possibilities than a hen does about the care of teeth.

For example: A salesman puts across a bird of a deal involving the sale of, say, several dollars worth of goods. He gets all pinkied out arguing back and forth with his square headed prospect about the exclusive agency. After the order is signed he goes over to the hotel and drops exhausted on his little bed with the cotton linen. All of a sudden he happens to think of another man to whom he can also give the exclusive agency, and he jumps up, grabs his little wooden derby and runs over and closes a deal with the second kanoop.

Now, where did Friend Salesman get this new burst of energy that enabled him to rise Phoenixlike from the hay when he thought he was all in and go over and argue out another exclusive sale? It came from the salesman's latent storehouse of energy, or, if you prefer, from his storehouse of latent energy. You can put it either way, just so long as you pay your tuition and don't go out without your arctics.

No man knows how much energy he has got for continuous mental strain until he runs up against an occasion of this kind or gets married.

Your warehouse of latent energy is but one of many such shacks you've got within you. They are all over the premises. There are your unused reasoning powers, for instance, stored up in your loft, taking up good floor space, adding to the cost of doing business and increasing the work of inventory every year. Instead of dusting off these reasoning powers and getting them out into the trade, most people use only their instinct like an automobile. Instinct is good and all right in its place and should not be sneezed at nor used as a gargle, but it must always be guided by the horny hand of reason.

Prof. Bojack (Bus. Doc.) of Hicksville has very beautifully expressed this guiding principle of reason in his great Petrarchian sonnet, "Four-Eleven-Forty-four":

Could the goat's horns butt but for the goat?
Could the rudder rud without the boat?

Now, instinct is that which makes a man act before he knows it, and reason is that which makes a man know it before he acts. Let us give you an illustration, with no obligation on your part to buy:

You are sitting in the dining room of the Bughouston Hotel, jingling your knife and fork. The flies are staking out claims on the back of your neck and your competitor is sitting opposite scooping up peas on his bowie with maximum efficiency. The waitress with the haircloth disposition is putting the eats before you in little birds' bathtubs ranged all around your main eating plate, and in one of the little bathtubs is a very hot boiled potato.

You are in a mad rush to clean up the job and get over to see your customer before your competitor does, and, without thinking, you grab the hot potato. Then you drop it again. You drop it in less time than it takes a respectable Boston family to drop a lineage hunt when a bandit looms in the family tree.

Now, what was it that prompted you to let go of friend hot potate? We mean what was it besides the heat. It was your instinct of self-preservation, which, according to Dun and Bradstreet, is called the first law of life, although Doc Bryan says he was the first to advocate it. Anyway, the Supreme Court hasn't yet declared it unconstitutional and so it serves our purpose here just as well as if we had not used it.

You should learn to decide one way or the other. Never try to part your decision in the middle.

A salesman should be able to remember the faces and names of his customers. Some salesmen can remember a name all right, but they can't tell what particular face goes with it. Others can remember a face, but don't know what to call it. For instance, when you see Proff's face you don't know what to call it. But that is not the fault of your memory. Nobody knows what to call Proff's face the first time they see it. They have to wait until they hear him talking through it.

Whenever you can remember to address a prospect by name during a canvass you get a subterranean entrance to his egotism. The oftener you call him by name the more of a drag you get with him. Of course you don't want to overdo the thing or he'll think you are just kidding his name.

You don't want to say, for example: "Now, Mr. Schmoos, we believe we've got the best line on the market, Mr. Schmoos. And I'll tell you why, my dear Mr. Schmoos. Firstly, friend Schmoos, because our advertisements say so, and secondly, Schmoosie, because I wouldn't stay with my house if they didn't have the best."

The argument, you see, is impregnable enough, but there's too much schmoosing about it. You shouldn't ring in your prospect's name more than, say, two or three times a minute during the canvass. It is not necessary to take out your watch and time it, nor stop the conversation to go back and pick out an extra schmoos in case you've put in one too many.

We will admit that it isn't so easy to concentrate, as the casual observer may be inclined to casually observe. Even Prof. Bojack (Bus. Doc.) himself finds trouble at times in getting his gears to mesh.

The other day, while adding up the week's tuition fees, Prof.'s mind wandered around the corner to Steve's bar. Prof. called to it several times, but it paid no attention to him and so there was nothing left for Prof. to do but to go after it. He couldn't very well add up a column of figures with his mind rubbing against a foaming seidel of beer down on the next block.

Of course Prof. returned along toward evening, leading it by the hand, but had he been a better concentrationist his mind would not have got up and wandered off in the first place during business hours.

Whenever you get to the condition where your thoughts fly from one thing to another and won't light on any one thing long enough for you to tell what they are lighting on you had better clip their wings or tie a string around one leg. Learn to concentrate on one thing at a time, like a flea. A flea may cover a lot of territory in one day, but he works it thoroughly. He may appear to you to be just jumping about in a sort of haphazard way, but when he's through with his trip you begin to realize that he has worked at maximum efficiency and made a pretty systematic canvass.

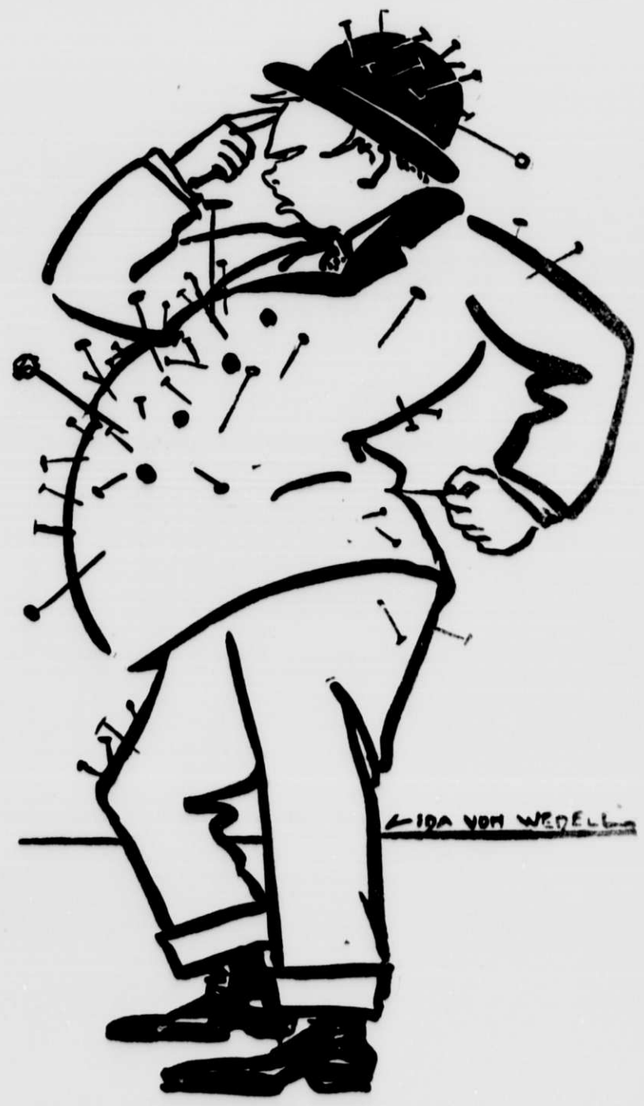
Think of only one thing at a time. Give your whole attention to it. This refers of course to matters of business. Any salesman can give his whole attention, for example, to a well turned ankle going up the avenue. That's easy; in fact, it is no trick for him to rivet his attention in a case like this—you couldn't cut through it with a cold chisel. But that's not concentration—that's distraction. Distraction is concentration on the wrong thing.

Imagination is more real than reality. This may sound strange, but if the little boys in the rear will kindly remain as quiet as possible we shall attempt to explain it.

Nearly everything you see around you existed in the imagination of some one at first. Not only that, but there exist to-day in the imagination of men like Prof. Bojack (Bus. Doc.) and men whose sanity you would not think of questioning many new and marvellous things that will some day be objectified in matter, and your heirs, executors and legatees will be able to step up and scrutinize them, feel them, guess at their weight and so on. These things exist now. They are real now. What will be seen later on will be only the reflection of these things.

In shorter and uglier words, thought stuff is the real thing, and matter is a bum imitation. We shall now back into the roundhouse and change engines. This is pretty hefty chatter for us to be pulling and we've gone and got all het up about it.

To continue, then, every salesman should cultivate imagination and not sit around the lobby with his chair and hat tilted back, chewing gum and kidding people who believe in its usefulness. We knew a salesman one time with one of these single cylinder imaginations who couldn't form a mental picture of anything he had not first seen. He couldn't even imagine what a raise in salary would look like because he had never seen one.



"Used to have to push a pin in himself every time he wanted to remember something."

Every salesman should have some definite purpose in life and then stick to it like a fishbone in a parched throat. When you stick to a thing you call it perseverance. Of course you wouldn't call everything you stuck to or that stuck to you perseverance, but there's no need of our trying to get funny and queering an otherwise sensible little book.

Another necessary thing is initiative. Initiative, according to a reliable poultry journal, is that which prompts a man to do a thing on the strength of an inner hunch. Or, to define the definition, initiative is "doing the thing without being told." If you have to be told twenty or thirty times before you do a thing there is some ground for the suspicion that you are not a man of great initiative, even if the goon who told you is a goop of great patience.

The best way to develop initiative is to first place a decent valuation on your own ideas and then stick to them.

Class is now dismissed. Next time we will take up lesson IV, Memory Training and Reading Character Fore and Aft.

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