

# FROM MOUNTAIN DENS TO THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

The two dominant figures in Mexico are bandits. While the unwritten law has been pleaded in extenuation of Villa, who killed the man who wronged his sister and then fled to the mountains for safety, no such excuse has ever been suggested for Zapata, the bandit of the South.

That Zapata finally fought his way into Mexico City after the withdrawal of General Blanco caused apprehension for the future of Mexico to be voted on every hand. Emiliano Zapata was not an ordinary bandit. While bandits in Mexico have some standing, it never was so with the Southern fighter.

The horse-stealing, cattle-running outcast, who used to hang emissaries sent to suggest the disbandment of his forces, thus finds himself translated from mountain dens and sun-baked cactus wastes to the possession of one of the wealthiest, most beautiful capitals on the Continent, free to strut in the halls of the Montezumas and to do as he pleases with any who may have incurred his hostility in the past. Even revolutionary annals, whose principal business is to record meteoric rise and fall in fortunes, mention few changes more startling.

For the bandit note which runs through the biographies of so many other Latin-American leaders is heavily emphasized in Zapata's career. He was against Diaz, he was against Madero, he was against Huerta and he is against Carranza. While he has professed to share the sentiments of other revolutionists who have been against some or all of these leaders and has pretended to fight for their principles, he has held aloof from them all. He cared not who wrote the manifestoes defending the sacred liberties of the Mexican people in high-sounding Spanish, as long as he could raid haciendas, rob the highways and capture towns for ransom.

If Zapata has been consistent in any propaganda except the propaganda of loot, the outside world has never heard of it. He seems to be only one of the more successful type of camp followers revolutions carry in their train. Even among Mexicans with bandit records of their own, he is discredited.

**MEXICAN RESIDENT SEES ONLY DARKNESS.**

That conditions in Mexico are anything but bright, viewed from

the inside, is apparent from a letter written a few weeks ago in response to a request for remittance. The letter follows:

"The Mexican postal money order service, both exterior and interior, has been indefinitely suspended, there are no banks in this region, nor is there any express office near here, and the remittance of bank bills, even in registered letters, is strictly prohibited. We are thus shut off from all means of making remittances.

"How long this state of things may continue it is impossible to know, but I can see nothing hopeful in the outlook. In this respect it would seem that I am not exactly in accord with you, since you recently stated (in effect) that the outcome in Mexico had proved a vindication of the President's policy. "Nothing short of a complete analysis of the situation would make clear the difference between your views and mine, and just at present I have not the heart to put into that effort. I must, however, make one observation on your statement.

"With all due respect for your opinions, it must be said that as yet there is no 'outcome' to Mexico's troubles which have pressed themselves upon public attention for the past three years, unless an unfinished reign of terror and bloodshed and rapine, and an 18-cent dollar may be so considered. It isn't everyone who can see in these conditions the requisite fundamentals of a 'vindication.'

"A man who has lived sixteen years among these people, who reads and speaks the language of the country, and who meets the men, women and children daily in his home and in theirs, may justly claim a dependable knowledge of the conditions under which they are living, and it would be too much to expect that he could subordinate his convictions to non-resident theories. "This letter is not designed for publication, but if for any reason you wish to publish any part of it, my identity must not be disclosed. Mexico is not yet a land of free speech, in matters of the greatest importance the truth may be spoken only in whispers."

### ZAPATISTS WIDELY KNOWN FOR THEIR CRUELTY.

The Zapatists have been widely known for their cruelty and for their wanton destruction of prop-



# Emiliano Zapata, After Years of Bandit Life, Finally Reached Capital of Mexico, Where He Defied Villa, Rival Bandit of the North



able to rule Mexico, and he ruled by fear. Even the strong Diaz was unable to hold Mexico together after he became old and was unfit for field military service. Villa has been the dominant figure in the northern revolutions. He had to fight with Madero because he was a fugitive from the old Diaz government for killing the man who wronged his sister. Zapata was a fugitive from the Diaz government because he was a cattle thief, a murderer and an all-around bandit.

He fled from hiding place to hiding place to escape the Diaz soldiers. He then made sallies from his hiding place to get supplies. He killed those who lent aid to the Diaz soldiers. When Madero gained authority Zapata continued opposing the government. He continued to oppose Huerta. Unlike Madero

and Villa, who have promised to divide the land among the peons, Zapata promised to divide the land among his followers. He is like William the Conqueror who divided England among his Generals.

People of southern Mexico lived in mortal fear of the bandit. He had the power to destroy and they knew it. They also knew that the general government was too occupied with revolutions in Sonora to protect them. The only thing they could do was to submit to Zapata's rule of force. They have joined his army. They have fed his men and have extended hospitality to him. That is what has made Zapata a power which will have to be reckoned with in Mexico for some time. Americans who have gone into Mexico and invested their wealth of course are suffering from the ravages of the revolutionists. They

following announcement: "My only mission is to restore order in Mexico and not to take personal revenge on anyone. I promise that order will be restored as once. I am acting as the subordinate of Provisional President Guiterrez and the National Convention.

"The Provisional President is now the supreme power in Mexico and I am merely acting as field commander of the armies. All foreigners and foreign property will be protected."

While Zapata would not make a statement, it was generally conceded that he would not oppose the entry of the Provisional President.

### Genesis of War.

In very early times some kings, having made war, went forth in



**CENTRAL figure—Gen. Zapata. Upper right—A group of bandits in the mountains. Lower left—A scene in Mexico City. Lower right—Prominent Zapatists. On the left is Ambrosio Figueroa; center, with bottle in his hand, is Juan Diego; extreme right is Lucien Moreno.**

took the risk when they went there and the government does not feel inclined to support their property claims, believing that Mexico should be allowed to work out her own salvation as Argentine, Chile and Brazil have done. The present administration probably will not interfere even if Zapata is made President.

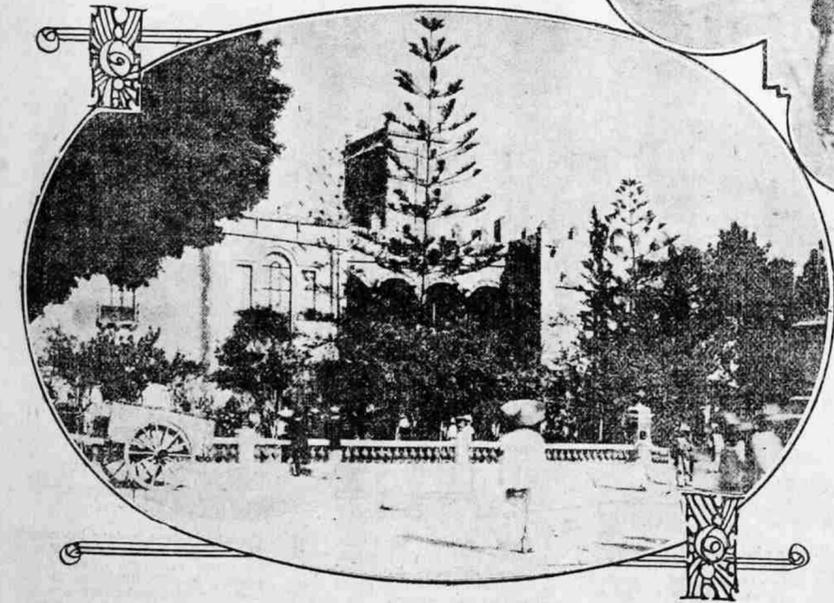
It is not likely, however, that Zapata will become President. All northern Mexico would fight against him. Besides there are some who now admit he will not contend for the presidency. When Villa marched into Mexico City with 25,000 men the other day he made the

person to fight the battles, ignorantly supposing there was no other way.

But they had not proceeded far till they were swept aside by a great multitude rushing to the front. "Who are you?" asked the kings, in no small curiosity.

"We? Why we're the precious fools who are always ready to make somebody else's quarrel our own—patriots, in short!" replied the multitude.

"Precious, indeed!" chuckled the kings, and risked their skins no more.—New York Evening Post.



# GIRL PHOTOGRAPHS HIGHWAY ROBBER WHILE IN ACT OF HOLDING UP STAGE COACHES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

Perhaps the only photograph that was ever taken of a real highway robber while in the very act of robbing a stage coach full of people, was that secured in the Yellowstone National Park by a young woman, Miss Anna L. Squire of Chicago, one of the victims. The holdup occurred on July 29.

Knowing that none of the tourists was armed, because of the government restrictions against carrying weapons in the park, the bandit apparently felt perfectly safe. While he searched the purses his rifle was thrown on the ground, but within easy reach. On orders of the robber the tourists kept on the opposite side of a little gulch from himself so that he would have had ample time in which to recover his rifle had there been any disposition on the part of the men in the party to interrupt the robbery.

Miss Squire was in the fifth coach that was robbed. They arrived on the scene about 10 o'clock and were astounded to find themselves covered by the bandit's gun. Following his instructions they descended from the coach and surrendered their purses. After taking on

their belongings they joined the other tourists across the gulch on a bank overlooking the scene of the robbery.

When the first shock of the encounter had passed Miss Squire decided to take some pictures. Other tourists pleaded with her not to attempt to secure pictures, but she decided not to overlook the opportunity. Concealed behind bushes she pushed her camera through the foliage and snapped the holdup man until her roll of film was exhausted.

Miss Squire gave a vivid account of her experience. She and her party had a delightful time while in the park, she says, even including the time they were held up and robbed. On the day of the robbery they left Old Faithful at about 3 a. m. Having a seat up alongside the driver of the coach she chatted with him about the possibility of being held up. Whether from force of habit or not, the driver assured her that there was really a holdup in the park every six years, and the last one was in 1905. The driver went on, while the people in the coach laughed and suggested that they

were due for such an experience, since the six years had passed.

"Suddenly there was a commotion in front," said Miss Squire. "The survey ahead of our coach came to a sudden stop, and the white faced driver, turning in his seat, shouted that we were held up. In a moment a man came along by the survey and coach with a repeating rifle under his arm, aimed in our direction.

"Simultaneously something inside of me took firm hold of my heart and elevated it to my throat. My strongest feelings were annoyance at the blackness and roundness of that gun barrel and a positive certainty that if I could get my throat from feeling choked I would be happy.

"It was as though nature had set the scene for this mountain thriller. Back of us the road wound its way upward, flanked on one side by the sheer rises of rock and close by on the right by ravines, shudderingly deep. The road here is really nothing but a shelf along the mountain. Teams can barely pass, could never turn around and only a skilled driver can handle a coach and four with safety.

to the left at the bandit's order, a mountain crevice, or gully, coming to its outlet has widened the road into almost a semi-circle, a stage where the back drops were the mountains, where the audience must sit close or fall off.

"And in about the middle of this outer curve of the semicircle, with the rise of the mountain at his back, stood a man, probably five feet eight inches tall, erect as an Indian, wearing huge lumberjack shoes and socks, with a black mask over three-fourths of his face.

"The robber politely but firmly ordered us to 'pile out,' which we lost no time in doing. He then commanded the driver of the coach to drive on down the road and wait. Wait! There was nothing else to do—it was nine miles to the nearest station.

"Lying on the ground in front of the tourists was a sack. He ordered the tourists to pass in front of him and toss their purses on the ground and were seated on the other side of the gulch.

teous and gentlemanly in manner. He reassured those who were more timid and tried to calm the women who were more bluff and made them hurry in depositing their belongings. He explained very politely that he did not want jewelry—only money.

"When all the passengers of the coach had passed him and paid their tribute he ordered them to sit down across the gulch and remain quiet. As this order was accompanied by a sweeping motion of the rifle barrel in our direction, we lost no time in complying with the request. Then he began to take the small purses from the bags and examine their contents. The large bags were left on the ground for the owner to recover later.

"The robber had difficulty in opening one bag and said: 'This appears to be a handsome bag and full of money, but I am unable to open it. I dislike spoiling it by slitting it with my knife, so if the lady who owns it will be so kind as to open it for me I shall be very much obliged.' One of the ladies then stepped forward and opened the bag and taking out the money he

restored it to her, thanking her graciously.

"And so it went on. Coach after coach, twenty-two in all, rounded the curve into the little arena and faced the deadly rifle, the passengers piled out and the coaches went on down the road where they could neither turn around nor drive rapidly. The heap of money grew and the group of picked tourists also grew.

"After we got our throats cleared of various choking sensations and really knew the situation, elements of humor appeared and were appreciated. We remembered the joyous start from Old Faithful in the early morning hours, the singing, the sightseeing. At one point our driver had pointed out the scene of the famous holdup of 1908, where sixteen coaches were robbed by one man; and had told us how things were tame now compared with the old days.

"Yet let any one of us now make a move and the unwavering line of steel with that unwinking circle of black stared you full in the eyes. "There was one intensely human moment. An aged woman trem-

blingly stood in the line and laid down her small tithe. As she straightened up she looked full in that slit of cruel eyes and said: 'Boy, I hope your mother can't see you, now.'

### Tit for Tat.

A noted wag met an Irishman in the street one day, and thought he would be funny at his expense.

"Hello, Pat," he said. "I'll give you eight (in) pence for a shilling."

"Will ye, now?" said Pat.

"Yes," he replied.

The Irishman handed over the shilling, and his friend put eight pence into his palm in return.

"Eight in pence," he explained. "Not bad, is it?"

"No," answered Pat, "but the shilling is!"—Tid-Bits.

### A Contradiction.

"So your husband kept house and cooked his own meals while you were away. Did he enjoy it?"

"He says he did; but I notice that the parrot has learned to swear during my absence."