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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHY NOT DEVELOP MEXICO?—An Editorial

Mexico is a country of 760,093 square miles, 14,250,000 population, including about 40,000 Spanish and 18,000 Americans. It produces almost one-quarter of the world's oil, one-third of the silver, five per cent of the gold, and has practically inexhaustible coal. Its mineral wealth is virtually untouched.

Americans have about \$500,000,000 invested in Mexican mines. More than \$1,000,000,000 is invested in oil. The per capita wealth is a few cents. Mexico's government is chronically on the verge of bankruptcy. Its educational system is primitive and the percentage of totally ignorant approaches that of Madagascar.

The natural resources of Mexico—agriculture, cattle, mining, and oil—are not developed to one-twentieth their possible output. The great central plateau, which has one of the most perfect of climates, could supply enormous quantities of meats and grains, the Southern States could furnish coffee, the strips of tropical and semitropical coast land are rich in agricultural and timber possibilities. Rubber development would help smash British control. The Colorado-Brazos delta is richer than the Nile Valley and capable of as intensive cultivation with greater yield. Mexico could support 50,000,000 persons in plenty where now the vast majority of its 14,250,000 live in wretched misery.

Only two things prevent Mexico from becoming one of the most prosperous of nations: ignorance and lack of capital. The United States has the greatest surplus capital ever accumulated by any people. Another billion dollars, even more, is available for quick development of Mexican resources. We are ready to supply capital and to furnish men who will train workers and transform half-starved peons into self-supporting, self-respecting citizens who will, in turn, educate their children and elevate the standard of living.

The United States (and the world) needs oil. More than 20,000,000 automobile owners are vitally interested in having Mexican oil and rubber developed. We (and the world) need Mexican ore, cattle, coal, and ranch products.

Apart from selfish political aspirations, greed, and ignorance, there are no reasons why Americans should not pour their surplus wealth over the politically drawn boundary, carry prosperity and education to their neighbors, and in return receive cheaper and more raw materials.

In this ridiculous economic situation, the Calles government is enforcing a "Mexico for Mexicans" policy, forbidding alien capitalists to own more than forty-nine per cent of the stock of corporations, and expelling teachers who have striven, with totally inadequate numbers, to improve conditions.

The wiping out of the boundary would be a blessing to Mexico, a benefit to the United States and to the world. How long this barrier can stand between dire need of capital on one side and natural demand on the other depends upon the patience of the Americans. A war may be necessary to remove this obstruction to economic advancement. All wars are born of stupidity, and this one would be more than usually stupid,

since the same results could be obtained by friendly co-operation.

If war comes, Mexico will be the winner. Her government and her armies will fall, but her people will be infinitely more prosperous and happier.

IN THIS ISSUE

	PAGE
La Zannahoria.....By ACHMED ABDULLAH	7
A tale of a dancer, a prince, and a man from Main Street	
Reaping the Whirlwind.....By HUGH FULLERTON	12
News from the front in the nation's war against crime	
Picking the Best Plays.....By BURNS MANTLE	17
Reviewing the most discussed of the season's successes	
Mr. Dooley Makes a Survey of Prohibition.....	
By FINLEY PETER DUNNE	23
The Inferiority Complex of Old Sippy...By P. G. WODEHOUSE	28
A story of a bashful lover and a bag of flour	
The Oil Crisis in Mexico.....By GERALD R. SEVERN	42
Why peace with our neighbor is once more threatened	
Spring Fever.....By EILEEN BOURNE	49
How to get rid of that "tired feeling"	
The Black Cousin...By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND	51
Continuing a serial of love, laughter, and mystery	
Youth Restorer.....By LILLIAN DAY	60
A Sweet Young Thing fails in the role of Old Man's Darling	
Can a Wet Be President?.....By WALTER DAVENPORT	61
Discussing moist hopes for the next campaign	
"Terrible Terry" McGovern.....By SID SUTHERLAND	67
More of the chronicle of a great little fighter	
Wealth and Happiness.....By BRENDA UELAND	73
Debating whether Cupid prefers tenements or palaces	
Liberty's Patriotic Game of States (Fourth Set).....	75
Continuing a great \$25,000 educational contest	
Tasty Quick Breads for Spring Luncheons. By ETHEL SOMERS	77
News of the World.....By RALPH BARTON	78
A caricaturist has fun with current events	
Interview with a Soldier Who Said He Would Never Go to	
Another War.....	79
Lights! Action! Camera!.....By ALVA TAYLOR	80
Some outstanding films of the week	
Boleros and Plaits Continue in Vogue.....	
(Fashions).....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS	81
Latest Styles in Sports Models.....By PATRICIA	82
Helpful Letters from Liberty's Radio Fans.....	84
Bright Sayings of Children.....	85
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle of the Presidents.....	86
Cover by Leslie Thrasher	

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

What Becomes of the Follies Girls?

WALTER DAVENPORT answers this fascinating question. He tells the ultimate fate of the Greatly Glorified Girls who flash across the sky of Broadway like shooting stars. You've heard many guesses but—read the facts. You'll be surprised!

THE MAN WHO WALKS ALONE is the strange story of John Hulbert, Sing Sing executioner, who has put 140 men to death. EDWARD KAVANAUGH and NORMAN S. HALL are the authors.

MILDRED CRAM contributes THE CHINESE KNIFE, a thrilling and finely written tale of clipper ships and a woman's faith.

KATHLEEN NORRIS starts a wonderful new serial: BEAUTY'S PROGRESS. Read the important announcement on Page 58 of this issue.

HUGH FULLERTON discusses the probable winners of the 1926 baseball pennants in DOPING THE BIG LEAGUE TEAMS.

April 17, 1926

LIBERTY

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Men everywhere are wearing Romleys

this Spring. No wonder! They're an ideal fabric for a Spring suit. Deep, solid blue—just the shade men want most this season. Blues in unusual new weaves: tilted block patterns, diagonals, tiled effects—nothing like them anywhere, nothing so smart. And Romleys are double service worsteds—that means long wear. They come only in Society Brand. Look for the Romley label on the sleeve.

Society Brand Clothes



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POR QUE NO DESARROLLAR A MEXICO? - EDITORIAL.

México es un país que tiene una superficie de 760,993 millas cuadradas y 14,250,000 habitantes, entre los que se cuentan 40,000 españoles y 18,000 americanos. México produce una cuarta parte del petróleo mundial; una tercera parte de la plata; cinco por ciento del oro, y su carbón es prácticamente inagotable; se puede decir que sus riquezas minerales están intactas.

Los americanos han invertido dls. 500,000,000 en minas; dls. 1,000,000,000 en petróleo en México. La riqueza individual equivale a unos cuantos centavos. El Gobierno mexicano está crónicamente al borde de la bancarrota; su sistema de educación es primitivo; y el porcentaje de analfabetas completos es casi igual al de Madagascar.

Los recursos naturales de México - agricultura, ganadería, minería y petróleo - no se han desarrollado ni en una vigésima parte de su probable producción. La gran mesa central, que cuenta con uno de los climas más perfectos de la tierra, podía abastecer de enormes cantidades de cereales y carnes; los Estados del Sur proveer de café, mientras que las fajas de terreno de las costas tropicales y semitropicales son riquísimas en maderas y como tierras de siembra. El desarrollo del hule ayudaría al fracaso del control británico. El del Colorado-Brazos es más rico que el Valle del Nilo y con un cultivo más intenso su producción sería mucho mayor. México podría sostener a 50,000,000 de habitantes en la abundancia, mientras que ahora, la vasta mayoría de sus 14,250,000 habitantes viven en la miseria más espantosa.

Solo dos cosas impiden que México sea una de las naciones más prósperas: la ignorancia y la falta de capital. Los Estados Unidos cuentan con el mayor capital sobrante del mundo, como no lo ha acumulado ningún pueblo jamás. Otros dos billones de dolares están prestos para el desarrollo violento de los recursos naturales mexicanos. Nosotros podemos proporcionar el capital y los hombres para que entrenen a los trabajadores mexicanos y los conviertan, de peones muertos de hambre, en ciudadanos respetables, capaces de sostenerse con decencia y de educar a su vez a sus hijos elevando su standar de vida.

Los Estados Unidos, y el mundo en general, necesita petróleo. Más de 20,000,000 de propietarios de automóviles tienen interes en que se desarrolle el petróleo y el hule mexicanos. Nosotros - y el mundo entero - necesitamos los metales, el ganado, el carbón y todas las producciones de los ranchos mexicanos.

Aparte de las egoístas ambiciones políticas, de la avaricia bastarda y de la ignorancia, no hay motivo para que los americanos no lleven el sobrante de sus riquezas al otro lado de la línea políticamente marcada, llevando la prosperidad y la ilustración a nuestros vecinos, y recibiendo de ellos, en cambio, materias primas más baratas.

En esta ridícula situación económica, Calles está poniendo en vigor la política de: "México para los mexicanos," prohibiendo a los capitalistas extranjeros la pose-

sión de más del cuarenta y nueve por ciento de las acciones o bonos de sociedades o corporaciones, y expulsando a los maestros que han luchado con cifras enteramente inadecuadas, con el fin de mejorar las condiciones existentes.

La desaparición de la línea divisoria sería una bendición para México, y un beneficio para los Estados Unidos y para el mundo entero. El tiempo que esta barrera permanezca entre la espantosa necesidad de capital por un lado y las demandas naturales del otro, depende de la paciencia de los americanos. Tal vez se haga necesaria una guerra para remover esta obstrucción del adelanto económico. Todas las guerras son provocadas por la estupidez, y esta sería más estúpida que ninguna otra, puesto que por medio de una cooperación amistosa se podrían obtener los mismos resultados.

En caso de guerra, México sería el ganancioso, pues aunque es cierto que su Gobierno y su ejército desaparecerían, también es verdad que el pueblo sería infinitamente más próspero y feliz.

Trad:MCM.



CONSULADO DE MEXICO

St. Louis, Mo.,
Abril 20 de 1926.

Sta. Soledad González,
Mexico, D. F. -

Muy querida Cholita:

Me permito remitirle con esta carta un número del Libelo "LIBERTY" que publica dos artículos en que nos pone del asco y como verá Ud. sugiere una intervención armada de los Estados Unidos en México, en uno, el editorial que es el peor y el otro nos pinta como ladrones. -

Le suplico haga llegar a manos del Sr. Presidente dichos artículos, para que si tiene una oportunidad, los lea. -

Dispense la lata y admitame como siempre, su atto.
S. S.,

WEEK
ENDING
APR. 17, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



*The
Loud
Speaker*

*In This
Issue*

The INFERIORITY COMPLEX of OLD SIPPY *by* P. G. Wodehouse

These Toasty, Wonderful Grains

Taste good when nothing else does

If you've reached the point where ordinary foods fail to entice you . . . try, please, this unique temptation; food that's "good for you" that you eat because you love it!



Quaker Puffed Wheat

Enchanted grains of deliciousness . . . crunchy as fresh toast, alluring as a confection. Yet they're whole wheat—with 20% bran. A delightful breakfast variant.

QUAKER Puffed Rice is different from any other cereal you have ever tasted.

Different in flavor; for it tastes like toasted nutmeats. Different in form; for it's steam puffed; then crisped. Different in digestibility—for steam puffing breaks every food cell and makes digestion easy.

Thus on every count, in every way, it holds a place supreme. There is no other like it. It's the enticing "something different," which one needs to win back a wayward appetite. And when served with milk the vitamins are embodied.

You eat this widely valued food because you love it. Because it supplies the great adventure of variety in your diet. You forget that it is listed high among foods that are "good for you."

Serve with milk or cream, or with half and half. Try, too, with cooked and fresh fruits. A breakfast enchantment, a luncheon change, a bed-time dish that will not interfere with restful sleep.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]
and signed on the dotted line. Wedding June the first at eleven A. M. sharp at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Presents should be delivered before the end of May."

"But, Sippy! Come to roost for a second. How did this happen? I thought——"

"Well, it's a long story. Much too long to tell you now. Ask Jeeves. He came along with me and is waiting outside. But when I found her bending over me, weeping, I knew that a word from me was all that was needed. I took her little hand in mine and——"

"What do you mean, bending over you? Where?"

"In your sitting-room."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why was she bending over you?"

"Because I was on the floor, ass. Naturally a girl would bend over a fellow who was on the floor. Good-by, Bertie; I must rush."

HE was out of the room before I knew he had started. I followed at a high rate of speed, but he was down the stairs before I reached the passage. I legged it after him, but when I got into the street it was empty.

No, not absolutely empty. Jeeves was standing on the pavement, gazing dreamily at a Brussels sprout which lay in the fairway.

"Mr. Sipperley has this moment gone, sir," he said, as I came charging out.

I halted and mopped the brow. "Jeeves," I said, "what has been happening?"

"As far as Mr. Sipperley's romance is concerned, sir, all, I am happy to report, is well. He and Miss Moon have arrived at a satisfactory settlement."

"I know. They're engaged. But how did it happen?"

"I took the liberty of telephoning to Mr. Sipperley in your name, asking him to come immediately to the flat, sir."

"Oh, that's how he came to be at the flat! Well?"

"I then took the liberty of telephoning to Miss Moon and informing her that Mr. Sipperley had met with a nasty accident. As I anticipated, the young lady was strongly moved and announced her intention of coming to see Mr. Sipperley immediately. When she arrived it required only a few moments to arrange the matter. It seems that Miss Moon has long loved Mr. Sipperley, sir, and——"

"I should have thought that when she turned up and found he hadn't had a nasty accident, she would have been thoroughly pipped at being fooled."

"Mr. Sipperley had had a nasty accident, sir."

"He had?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rummy coincidence. I mean, after what you were saying this morning."

"Not altogether, sir. Before telephoning to Miss Moon I took the further liberty of striking Mr. Sipperley a sharp blow on the head with one of your golf clubs, which was fortunately lying in a corner of the room. The putter, I believe, sir. If you recollect, you were practicing with it this morning before you left."

I gaped at the blighter. I had always known Jeeves for a man of infinite sagacity, sound beyond belief on any question of ties or spats, but never before had I suspected him capable of strong-arm work like this. It seemed to open up an entirely new aspect of the fellow. I can't put it better than by saying that, as I gazed at him, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes.

"Good heavens, Jeeves!"

"I did it with the utmost regret, sir. It appeared to me the only course."

"But, look here, Jeeves. I don't get this. Wasn't Mr. Sipperley pretty shirty when he came to and found that you had been soaking him with putters?"

"He was not aware that I had done so, sir. I took the precaution of waiting until his back was momentarily turned."

"But how did you explain the bump on his head?"

"I informed him that your new vase had fallen on him, sir."

"Why on earth would he believe that? The vase would have been smashed."

"The vase was smashed, sir."

"What!"

"In order to achieve verisimilitude, I was reluctantly compelled to break it, sir. And in my excitement, sir, I am sorry to say I broke it beyond repair."

I drew myself up.

"Jeeves," I said.

"Pardon me, sir, but would it not be wiser to wear a hat? There is a keen wind."

I blinked.

"Aren't I wearing a hat?"

"No, sir."

I PUT up a hand and felt the lemon. He was perfectly right.

"Nor I am! I must have left it in Sippy's office. Wait here, Jeeves, while I fetch it."

"Very good, sir."

"I have much to say to you."

"Thank you, sir."

I galloped up the stairs and dashed in at the door. And something squashy fell on my neck, and the next minute the whole world was a solid mass of flour. In the agitation of the moment I had gone in at the wrong door, and what it all boils down to is that, if any more of my pals get inferiority complexes, they can jolly well get rid of them for themselves. Bertram is through.

THE END



At the left, just ankles.

Below, shapeliness that gives evidence of fastidious care—the same ankles, but now clad in "Onyx Pointex"



The difference between perfection and mediocrity in ankles

WHAT wondrous miracle is it that "Pointex" works with women's ankles? Listen and we will tell you.

Those twin tapering lines that spring from the shoe top at the back of the ankle do something infinitely greater than make "Onyx Pointex" stockings wear better. They make them *look* better. They create an illusion of slenderness even where slenderness is not. They emphasize the natural beauty of the ankle where it exists. They glorify the ankle. They give it grace, charm, allure.

No wonder all women, whose wisdom prompts them to look carefully to the line between skirt hem and shoe top, point invariably to the little red box behind the counter and say, emphatically, "Onyx Pointex."

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc., Manufacturers, New York

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

Silk, with Lisle Top	
Style 155, Medium weight	\$1.65
Style 255, Service weight	
Style 355, "Sheresilk"	\$1.95
Pure Thread Silk	
Style 350, Service weight	\$2.75
Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands	

"Onyx"  Hosiery
"Pointex"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The OIL Crisis in MEXICO

*Why the Peaceful Relations of the
United States with Her Southern
Neighbor Are Once More
in Danger*

An Article by
GERALD R. SEVERN

Picture by F. STROTHMANN

OIL is the heart of the Mexican issue. Oil, in fact, has become not only the chief ingredient in waging war, but has displaced gold as the cause of wars.

Few persons realize how important a crisis in Mexican oil is to industry in the United States. Since May 14, 1901, Mexico has supplied practically one-quarter of the oil of the world—with apparently the greatest supplies still untouched.

What is known as the Tampico field really is two fields—the northern, or heavy oil field, west and north of Tampico; and the southern field, southwest of the city. Neither field is close to the port of Tampico, but the pipe lines end there, and the entire district takes its name from the city.

The field contains the largest gusher in the world—Potrero del Llano No. 4—which produced more than 110,000,000 barrels after running wild for three months and pouring millions of gallons into the Buena Vista River. There are a dozen wells with records of more than fifty million barrels and Pan-American (the Doheny Company) has had two gushers that have produced more than seventy million barrels. The Cerro Azul No. 4, which came in on February 9, 1916, went wild for nine days, running 260,858 barrels a day, and after being capped produced eighty million barrels and still is producing, with a chance of passing the production of Potrero del Llano No. 4.

Mexico last year discovered more oil than any field in the world, although shipments decreased.

And herein is a phase of the situation that is not mentioned either by Mexicans or by the oil companies, for different reasons, but that bears acutely upon the present crisis. That is the fact that wells have been drilled faster than pipe lines and ships could take the oil away.

As a result, enough big producing wells have been drilled and capped to supply the world with oil for a long time. The Mexican administration now claims the right to control and operate, or lease to others for operation, all oil lands, and could take possession and unload hundreds of millions of barrels of oil merely by turning a valve and without the further investment of a cent.

The announcement of the Calles government to enforce the provisions of the constitution of 1917 stirred the oil men. They see nothing but confiscation, despite the protestations of the Mexican government.

The Mexican situation has been clouded by conflicting reports from Mexico. The plain facts are these:

PELEAZ was in control of the district and demanded that the oil companies pay him.

Two billion dollars of foreign investments in oil, more than one billion dollars in mining, and approximately another billion dollars in ranching, agriculture and business would be practically confiscated by Mexico under a strict interpretation of the new land and petroleum laws.

There is no doubt of Mexico's right, legal and moral, to enact laws governing ownership of land or mineral rights by aliens, but Mexico's right to dictate who shall own, control, and operate industries already established, legally purchased, and recognized by its own Supreme Court, is disputed.

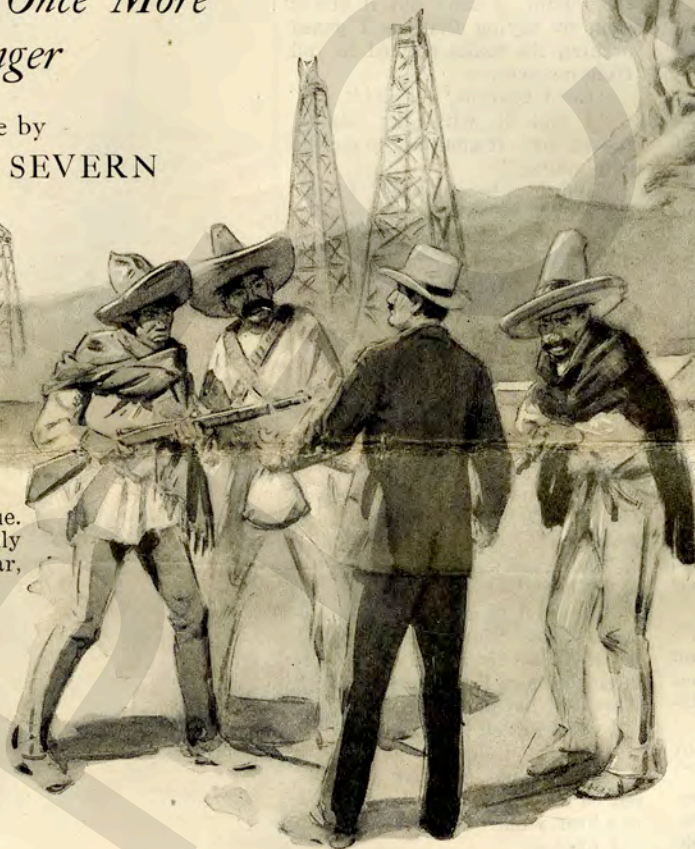
The big international principle involved is whether a government may confiscate property of aliens and whether the legislative branch of any government may overrule the decisions of its Supreme Court.

The big source of misunderstanding in all the Mexican situation is the idea that foreigners are operating on concessions.

Yet no foreign oil company operating in either the northern or southern Tampico field does so on concession from government, past or present. Every one purchased from private holders the rights to drill for oil.

When oil first was found in Mexico, Pres-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO) Ident Porfirio Diaz was in power. The only "concessions" I can find in the history of oil development in Mexico were made then. Diaz, to encourage the investment of foreign capital in Mexico, arranged to have the export tax on oil and the import tax on oil machinery removed.

The overthrow of Diaz and the coming of Madero brought fresh complications. The Madero government, when it came into power, proceeded to collect from the oil producers the taxes that Diaz had remitted, and the oil companies were compelled to pay.

The other charge against American and other alien investors is that they have aided and abetted in revolutions, and the charge against the oil companies in the Tampico field is, specifically, that they bribed Peleaz, once a famous bandit operating in eastern Mexico.

The oil companies (especially Pan-American) admit paying tribute to Peleaz. Peleaz, with a strong band, was ravaging the whole eastern central part of Mexico and he demanded that the oil companies pay him. They appealed to the Mexican government without result, then to the American State Department, which communicated with the Carranza government.

THE Mexican government replied that Peleaz was in control of the district and advised paying, lest Peleaz destroy property. The oil companies paid tribute to him, and also paid the government at Mexico City at the same time. Strangely enough, Peleaz later was taken into the government and made a general in the Mexican army.

The validity of the original oil leases and purchases never has been questioned by Mexico. American, British, and Dutch investors had the assurance of Mexican law, which declared that oil is the exclusive property of the landowner, and the precedent of five distinct decisions of the Mexican Supreme Court upon which to base their investments, and they poured their money into oil development without any thought of a change in conditions.

Then, in 1917, Mexico adopted a new constitution and, in Article 27, it declared the ownership of all petroleum lands to be vested in the nation. It did not explain

how two parties may own the same thing.

The adoption of the constitution of 1917 scared the oil men and checked investment, but it was not enforced; it was held in abeyance. The production of oil decreased because Americans and others were afraid to invest lest the confiscatory clauses of the 1917 constitution be put into effect.

The effect of this fear was reflected upon the Mexican workers directly employed in oil production. Their number dropped from seventy thousand to thirty-five thousand, bringing want to many.

under international law by agreeing not to ask the protection of his own government. It orders that any interest acquired by a foreigner prior to the promulgation of the law must be disposed of, either by the individual during his lifetime or by his heirs within five years, and that foreign corporations owning more than fifty per cent of stock must sell within ten years.

The situation, in fact, has been getting more and more serious for more than two years as the Calles government has developed and strengthened its position.

The antagonism between the government and foreign investors, especially the oil corporations, has increased steadily.

IN addition to other troubles, the oil companies have been harassed in a different way but quite as effectively as the then bandit (later General) Peleaz harassed them. Two lawyers, one of whom once was a member of Carranza's cabinet, have been bringing suits against them in the name of obscure Mexican citizens who claim rights in the lands purchased by the oil companies. These claims are based upon alleged kinship to the original sellers of the land. The oil companies have learned something of the intricacies of Mexican family life. Some have paid to the fourth and fifth generation of cousins, and they may have to settle with the entire family tree to get clear title—and then discover that the government owns the oil and land.

Two of the larger companies have been forced to deposit huge sums to safeguard the "rights" of claimants. The cases will be carried to the Supreme Court of Mexico, but the oil companies are not confident. The lawyers for the claimants smile too blandly, and seem to be supremely satisfied that the majority of the court will find against the alien.

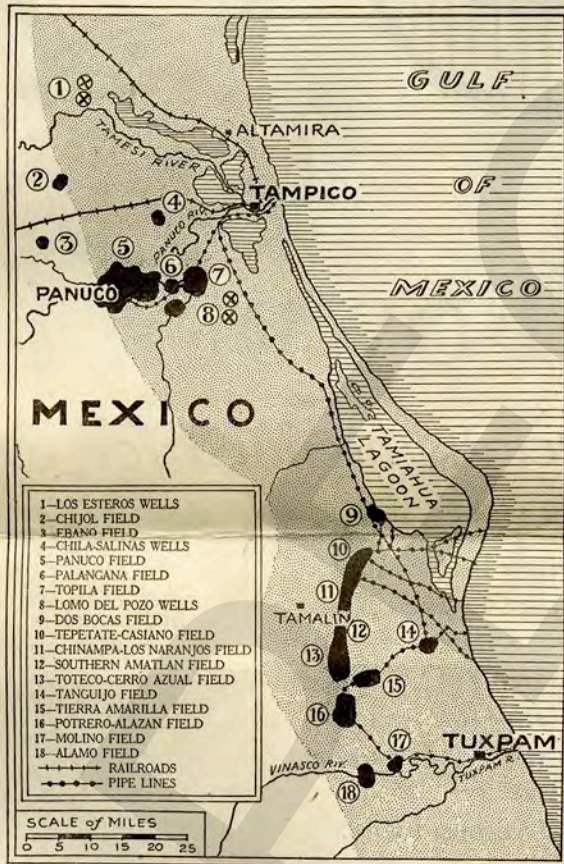
What is the remedy? American intervention?

"No," said one of the big oil men. "I've never been an interventionist. I don't believe in it. The Mexican may be poor and miserable, but it is his country and he loves it."

"What, then, is the solution?" I asked.

He shrugged despairingly.

THE END



THE shaded portion shows the strip, thirty-one miles from the seacoast, in which no foreigner can own land. It contains practically all the oil fields.

The Mexican government, however, reassured investors and intimated that nothing would disturb their possession of the oil lands.

Then early this year the Calles government announced its intention of putting into immediate effect the provisions of the 1917 constitution and of enforcing the Alien Land and Petroleum laws.

THE Alien Land law provides that no foreigner may acquire ownership of lands or waters within sixty-two miles of the frontiers or thirty-one miles of seacoasts; that foreign individuals or corporations may not hold more than a minority interest in any Mexican company; and that an alien in order to own any part of Mexican land, water, or minerals must renounce his rights

Importance of the Investment House

OF FOREMOST importance in the selection of a First Mortgage Bond is the house that offers it for sale.

The average investor is seldom in a position to base his selection of bonds upon a detailed personal examination. The wisest and most practical course therefore is to insist upon three essentials in the investment house with which you consider dealing—

First, that it be a house of wide and substantial experience in the type of bonds it offers—

Second, a house of strong financial responsibility—

Third, a house that has a successful record over a long period of years in selling a large volume of safe investments.

American Bond and Mortgage Company, an old responsible house, with capital and surplus of over \$7,500,000, housed in its own office buildings in Chicago and New York, with offices spread throughout the country enjoying hundreds of responsible bank and brokerage connections, and with a record of every dollar paid every investor in the First Mortgage Building Bonds sold, is the type of organization through which you should select your investments.

In our latest circulars are described many attractive 6½% First Mortgage Bond issues secured by centrally-located properties in the principal cities of the country. As these bonds are being rapidly sold, we urge that you send for this literature now.

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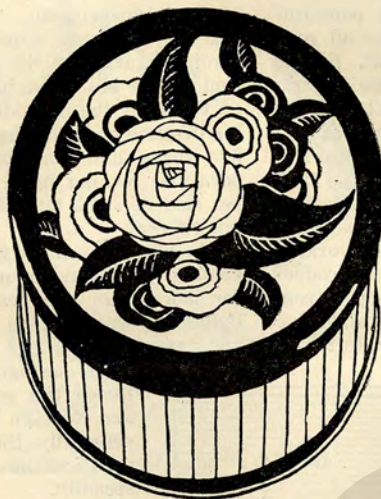
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L-2

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Zinc-O-Lith has a lasting gloss—keeps the gleaming white freshness of color every white house deserves. It costs less to make, and because it flows on so smoothly, covers more surface and covers it better—it costs less to use.

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Switch to it completely for one month. Use it faithfully. You'll note with delight how effective it is for cleaning your teeth, how delicious it is to your taste, how beneficial it can be to your gums.

It is just as important to care for your gums as it is to clean your teeth. For our modern diet of soft, luscious food robs our gums of the stimulation which coarse, fibrous food once gave. They become tender,

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How Ipana and massage help tender gums grow strong

Speak to your dentist at the first sign of trouble. Very probably, he will advise gum massage—to supply the stimulation not given today by the mastication of our food. Very probably, too, he will advise that Ipana be used. For Ipana has been demonstrated to over 50,000 dentists, and it was

by professional recommendation that Ipana first became known to the public.

Simply massage your gums gently with the brush and Ipana, after the regular cleaning. This will bring fresh, clean blood to strengthen the gingival tissue. And Ipana's content of ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists—will help make your gums more resistant to disease.

Start with Ipana—now!

The coupon offers a ten-day tube, gladly sent, but the better way is to get a full-sized tube from your druggist—enough for more than a month. And after you have used Ipana faithfully for thirty days you, too, will be delighted with its beneficial effect, its refreshing taste and its power to keep your teeth clean and brilliant.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partially the cost of packing and mailing.

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The best time to fight gum troubles is before they start. So even if your gums bother you seldom—even if your tooth brush never "shows pink"—begin your use of this delicious dentifrice today.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

9

TRADUCCION.

LA CRISIS PETROLERA EN
MEXICO.

Trad:MCM.

LA CRISIS PETROLERA EN MEXICO.

Por qué las Relaciones Pacíficas de los Estados Unidos con su Vecina del Sur, están de Nuevo en Peligro.

Por

GERALD R. SEVERN.

El petroleo es la vícera productiva de México. En una palabra, el petroleo no solamente se ha convertido en la causa principal de las discordias, sino que ha desplazado al oro como causante de las guerras.

Pocas personas se dan cuenta de la importancia que una crisis de petroleo mexicano tendría para la industria en los Estados Unidos. Desde el 14 de mayo de 1901, México ha proporcionado prácticamente la cuarta parte del petroleo mundial, quedando aparentemente intactos sus mayores centros de producción.

Lo que se conoce como campo de Tampico, en realidad son dos campos; el campo grande ubicado al noroeste de Tampico y el del sur, que queda al suroeste de la ciudad. Ninguno de los dos está próximo al puerto, pero las cañerías terminan ahí y toda la región toma su nombre de la ciudad.

Este campo contiene el chorro más grande del mundo - Potrero del Llano No. 4 - que produjo más de 110,000,000 de barriles, después de haberse estado derramando por más de tres meses y que millones de galones fueron a parar al Río Buenavista. Hay como doce pozos con un record de más de cincuenta millones de barriles, y el Pan-American (Compañía Doheny) ha tenido dos chorros que han producido más de setenta millones de barriles. El Cerro Azul No. 4 que brotó el 9 de febrero de 1916, se derramó libremente durante nueve días, produciendo 260,858 barriles diarios y después de haberlo taponado producía ochenta millones de barriles; aun sigue produciendo con probabilidades de que se le pase la producción de Potrero del Llano No. 4.

México descubrió el año pasado más petroleo que ningún otro lugar del mundo, aun cuando los embarques disminuyeron.

He aquí una fase de la situación que ni México, ni las compañías petroleras mencionas, por distintos motivos, pero que pesa agudamente sobre la crisis actual. El hecho es que los pozos se han perforado con más prisa de lo que los oleoductos y barcos emplean para llevarse el petroleo.

Como resultado, se han perforado y taponado suficientes pozos de gran producción para abastecer al mundo durante largo tiempo. El Gobierno mexicano reclama ahora el derecho de controlar y operar, o alquilar a otros para que operen, todos los terrenos petroleros, y bien podría tomar posesión y descargar cientos de millones de barriles de petroleo, con solo mover una válvula, sin necesidad de invertir un solo centavo.

El anuncio del Gobierno de Calles, de poner en vigor las estipulaciones de la Constitución de 1917, irritó a todos los petroleros, pues a pesar de las protestas del Gobierno mexicano, no ven en esto sino confiscaciones.

La situación mexicana se ha ensombrecido con los informes poco satisfactorios que vienen de México. Los hechos en sí son los siguientes:

Dos billones de dolares de inversiones extranjeras en petróleo, más de un millón en minas, y aproximadamente otro billón en ganado, agricultura y negocios distintos, serían prácticamente confiscados por México conforme a la interpretación estricta de las leyes de tierras y petróleo.

El derecho legal y moral de México para decretar leyes que gobiernen la propiedad de tierras o fundos mineros pertenecientes a extranjeros, es indiscutible, pero el derecho de México para dictar quines deben poseer, controlar y operar las industrias ya establecidas y legalmente compradas y reconocidas por su propia Corte de Justicia, sí es discutible.

El gran principio diplomático internacional es este: ¿Puede un gobierno confiscar propiedades de extranjeros, y puede el ramo legislativo de cualquier gobierno anular los fallos de su propia Suprema Corte?

La gran fuente de equivocaciones en toda la situación mexicana, no es otra que la idea de que los extranjeros están operando sobre concesiones.

Y sin embargo, ninguna compañía petrolera, operando en el norte o sur del campo de Tampico lo hace por concesiones de gobiernos pasados o presentes; todos han comprado a propietarios particulares los derechos de perforación para buscar petróleo.

Cuando por primera vez se encontró petróleo en México, el Presidente Porfirio Díaz estaba en el poder, y la única "concesión" que he podido encontrar en la historia del desarrollo petrolero en México, fué otorgada entonces. Con el fin de fomentar la inversión de capital extranjero en México, Díaz arregló que el impuesto de importación y exportación de maquinaria para extraer petróleo, fuera anulado.

El derrocamiento de Díaz y la exaltación de Madero, trajeron nuevas complicaciones; el Gobierno de Madero, una vez en el poder, procedió a colectar de los petroleros los impuestos que Díaz había condonado, y las compañías petroleras se vieron obligadas a pagar.

Otra acusación en contra de los capitalistas americanos y otros extranjeros que han hecho inversiones en México, es la de que han ayudado e instigado las revoluciones, y la acusación específica en contra de las compañías petroleras del campo de Tampico es, que cohecharon a Peláez, famoso bandido que operaba al occidente de México.

Las compañías petroleras (especialmente las Pan-Americanas) admiten haber pagado tributo a Peláez. Este, con una fuerte partida de bandoleros, asolaba toda la parte oriental y central de México y exigía que las compañías petroleras le pagaran a él. Las compañías apelaron al gobierno mexicano sin resultado alguno y entonces se dirigieron al Departamento de Estado americano, quien se comunicó con el Gobierno de Carranza.

El Gobierno mexicano contestó que Peláez tenía controlada aquella zona y aconsejó que pagaran para evitar que Peláez destruyera las propiedades. Así es que las compañías pagaron tributo a Peláez y al Gobierno al mismo tiempo. Pero lo más raro del caso es que Peláez fué más tarde reconocido por el Gobier-

no, quien le dió el grado de General del Ejército mexicano.

La validez de las compras y arrendamientos primitivos, nunca ha sido puesta en duda por el gobierno de México. Los capitalistas americanos, ingleses y holandeses descansaban en las leyes mexicanas, que declaraban que el petróleo era propiedad exclusiva del dueño del terreno; y en el precedente de distintos fallos de la Suprema Corte de Justicia de México, para basar sus inversiones, y derramaron su dinero a manos llenas en el desarrollo de la industria petrolera, sin pensar en que podía venir un cambio en las condiciones del país.

Más tarde, en 1917, México adoptó una nueva constitución, y en su Artículo 27, declaró que la propiedad del subsuelo es exclusiva de la nación, sin explicar cómo podría la tierra tener dos dueños.

La adopción de la Constitución de 1917 asustó a los petroleros y paralizó las inversiones, pero ésta no fué puesta en vigor, sino que se mantuvo en suspenso. La producción de petróleo disminuyó debido al temor de los americanos y otros extranjeros, de que las cláusulas confiscatorias de la Constitución de 1917 fueran puestas en vigor en sus propiedades.

Los efectos de estos temores se reflejaron directamente en obreros mexicanos empleados en la industria petrolera. Su número disminuyó, de setenta mil a treinta y cinco mil, ocasionando serios perjuicios a tantos como quedaron sin trabajo.

El Gobierno mexicano, tranquilizó, sin embargo, a los capitalistas e insinuó que nada alteraría su posesión de las tierras petroleras.

Pero a principios de este año, el Gobierno de Calles anunció su intención de poner en ejecución inmediata las estipulaciones de la Constitución de 1917 y de poner en vigor las leyes de Extranjería y de Petróleo.

La Ley de Extranjería estipula que ningún extranjero puede adquirir derecho a tierras o aguas dentro de las sesenta y dos millas de la frontera, o treinta y una millas de las costas; - que los individuos o corporaciones extranjeras solo pueden tener una minoría en las acciones de las compañías mexicanas; y que un extranjero, para poder ser dueño de una parte de las -- tierras, aguas o minas mexicanas, debe renunciar a todos sus -- derechos, conforme a la ley internacional, conviniendo en no -- pedir la protección de su gobierno. Ordena que toda la propiedad adquirida por extranjeros antes de la promulgación de la -- ley, debe ser vendida, ya sea por el mismo propietario durante su vida, o por sus herederos en los cinco años subsiguientes a aquel en que recibieron la herencia, y que las corporaciones -- extranjeras que tengan más del cincuenta por ciento de las acciones, deben venderlas en el término de diez años.

De hecho, la situación se va poniendo cada día más seria, -- según el Gobierno de Calles se va haciendo más fuerte. El antagonismo entre el Gobierno y los capitalistas, principalmente los petroleros, va aumentando constantemente.

Además de otras dificultades, las compañías petroleras han -- sido vejadas en distintas formas, pero de manera tan efectiva como cuando el bandido (después General) las molestaba. Dos -- abogados, uno de ellos miembro del Gabinete de Carranza, han -- estado presentando queja tras queja en contra de ellas, en nom

bre de ciudadanos mexicanos desconocidos que reclaman derechos sobre las tierras petroleras compradas por las compañías. Estas reclamaciones se basan en supuestos parentezcos con los -- vendedores primitivos de los terrenos. Las compañías petroleras han aprendido mucho de los embrollos de la vida de las familias mexicanas. Algunas han tenido que pagar a la cuarta o quinta generación de primos y tíos y todavía tendrán que entrar en arreglos con todo el árbol genealógico antes de poner en claro los títulos de la propiedad.

Dos de las compañías han sido obligadas a depositar enormes sumas de dinero para salvaguardar los "derechos" de los demandantes. Estos casos serán llevados a la Suprema Corte de Justicia de la Nación, pero las compañías no tienen mucha fé en los resultados. Los defensores de los demandantes se sonríen con demasiada suavidad y parecen muy satisfechos de que la mayoría en la Corte está contra los extranjeros.

¿Cuál es el remedio, la intervención americana?

"No," dijo uno de los grandes petroleros, "Yo nunca he sido intervencionista, no creo en la intervención. Los mexicanos serán pobres y llevarán una vida miserable, pero México es su país y lo aman."

"Cuál es entonces la solución," le pregunté?

El se encogió de hombros con desesperación, y nada contestó.

F I N .

Trad:MCM.

The Machete

versus

The Cross

A LETTER

from

MEXICO



A Close-up of the Great Religious War

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sidney Sutherland, the author of this article, is a staff writer for *LIBERTY*, particularly well equipped to write on Mexican affairs. He was born in Mexico, in the city of Monterey, State of Nuevo Leon. His father was a Methodist missionary. In childhood and early manhood Mr. Sutherland lived in Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, learning the native language and dialects, and acquiring a sympathetic understanding of the people and their problems. Because of his dark complexion and his ability to speak Spanish without a trace of foreign accent, he has frequently been taken for a native by the natives themselves. His present visit was undertaken to give *LIBERTY* readers an unprejudiced first-hand account of conditions in Mexico, particularly those growing out of the bitter religious strife.

Mexico City,
Sunday, August 8, 1926.

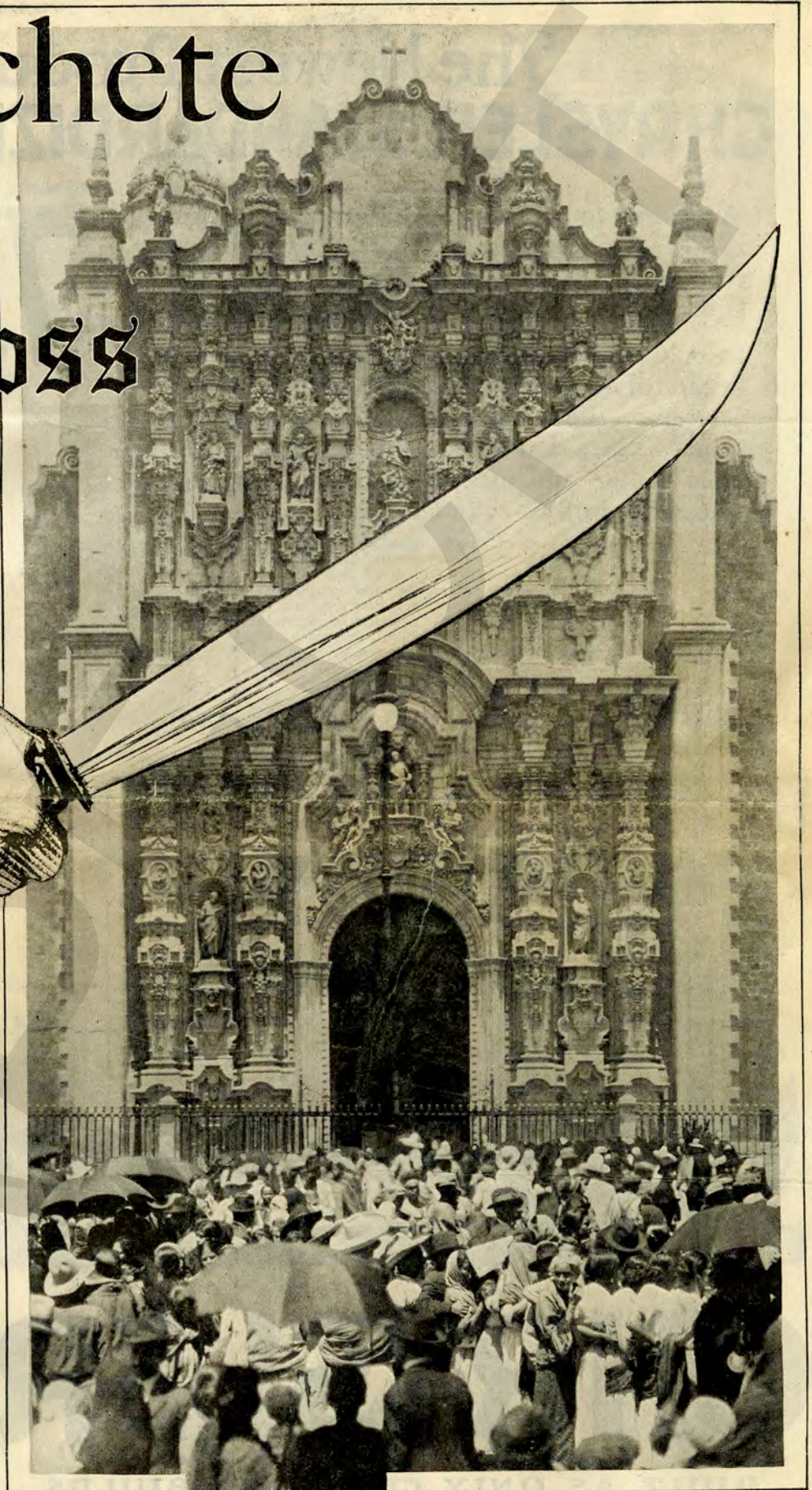
MY DEAR HARVEY:
The church bells of Mexico are silent. From the silvery tinkle of the tiny clapper swung by the altar boy as he motions

the faithful to their knees, to the rumbling, resonant clangor of the giant bronze bells in the cathedral towers summoning the lowly

Crowds before the Mexico City Cathedral as the edict became effective.

hordes to early mass, the chimes are hanging motionless; and for the first time in 400

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]



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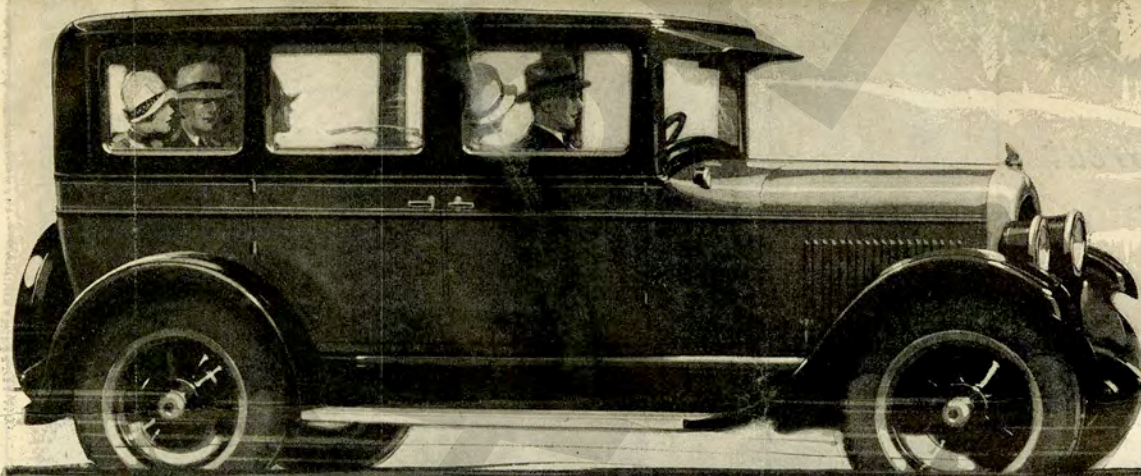
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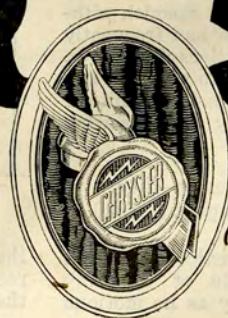
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

years—aye, four centuries and seven years—the Sabbath morn is deathly quiet. And the pigeons coo and preen their iridescence undisturbed in the countless belfries that rear their buttressed towers from the Rio Grande to the Maya ruins of Yucatan.

I have been in Mexico for several days; and I shall stay here for several weeks, watching the sudden, unexpected, and exceedingly bitter war between the government of Plutarco Elias Calles and the Roman Catholic Church. It is a strange conflict and a strange country.

As I stroll to and fro about the land, pausing bewhiles to converse with the chieftains in both desperate camps, I shall drop you a line now and then to tell you what I learn.

A strange country, in truth, with its Indian-Spanish mestizo background, its romance, its cruelty, mysterious impulses, unbounded generosity and hospitality, ravishing politeness, unsparing hatreds, unforgetting revenges, picturesque costumes, lovely maidens, weird revolutionary predilections, and inscrutable Latin philosophy and viewpoints.

Attributed to General Winfield Scott, probably erroneously, is an old poem containing this thought:

"Mexico City, a valley nestling among its floating islands between ranges of snow-crowned mountain peaks, is a paradise whose flowers are without perfume, whose birds are without song, whose women are without virtue, and whose men know not what honor is."

This is unkind; and it is only three-quarters true. Mexico's women are like women everywhere—as virtuous as their men permit them to be.

NO fragrance dwells in any blossom in all this charming valley; no native bird has ever sung a note; and, unhappily, honor is a commodity highly observed in the masculine breach.

And if Mexico has presented a baffling surface and a little comprehended profundity to the Anglo-Saxon spectator, lo! these many centuries, it is a far more bewildering prospect today.

Today, priests are in hiding, growing mustaches to thwart the Federal Secret Service police; religion is dispensed by ecclesiastical bootleggers, who bless their flocks in obscure patios and in darkened rooms; the age of the Catacombs and the fugitive Christian martyrs is at hand once more; and foreign and native business is harried on the one hand by insatiable tax collectors, on the other by a sovietized union labor that teaches its children the tenets and philosophy of Karl Marx. Of all this, my friend, you shall have a plethora of detail in these epistles.

Today I went to church. Five days I had passed in gathering preliminary impressions, and in listening to the sentinels on the front lines of this religious struggle.

Beggars and cargadores, newsboys and lottery-ticket venders, hotel servants and boot-blacks, clerks and mail carriers, tram motormen and waiters—these are the privates without voice in the spiritual war, and if their views be humble, surely they are indicative of what the little folk think about the controversy.

Later, I shall knuckle the portals of the generalissimos and question them. And you shall have their views exactly as they utter them, without distortion, without favor, without fear—and without propaganda. Perchance the genuine truth of this quarrel may be found in what they tell me, and in what I observe of the working of their programs.

One thing is positive: I have no opinion one way or another. These letters shall be simply a record of a reporter's observations.

When I awoke in the strange silence of this sweet, dew-drenched Sunday morning, so unlike the 21,165 Sunday mornings that have

less she acknowledges her Indianship, and that you can see whining for alms outside your passenger-train windows.

La Iglesia del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus stood dreaming in the sun. In its lone tower hung three silent bells. A solitary gendarme on a distant corner leaned against a yellow adobe wall and slumbered, his chin buried in his cape. The barred windows of the houses were deserted.

Lazy dogs against the curbs deputized their hind paws into posses and pursued nimble fleas about their mangy hides. A cab driver and his equally emaciated horses dozed in the warmth and silence.

A bleary-eyed pelado knocked cryptically on a blue-stained door and was hurriedly admitted into a pulque shop—for saloons are supposed to be closed on Sundays.

On the narrow sidewalk on either side of the ancient, wondrously carved panels of the great double doors of the church, crouched five beggars. Two of them were filthy, verminous veterans in rags, blind and toothless and rocking to and fro, one scrofulous hand fumbling at a rosary, the talons of the other clutching their inverted sombreros, into which they besought passers-by to drop a coin.

THREE dreadful old crones sat muffled in black mantillas, their withered breasts visible as I looked down on them. Their calloused feet protruded from beneath greasy skirts; their upturned palms trembled as with palsy while they peered up at me.

"O, hijito de mi alma," they quavered, "¡dada la arididad, por el amor del santo Dios en los cielos!"

And so "a little charity for the love of the sainted God in His heavens," came their way, as I dropped a few centavos in their hands.

As I stepped into the cool

blue shadows of the little Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I turned, hat in hand, and looked out across the saffron, sunlit street. A military band in a distant plaza seemed a miniature orchestra above the flat housetops. On the farther sidewalk stood three old couples and two young girls.

They glanced up and down the street, observed that the sleepy policeman had not stirred, and came hurriedly forward. As they reached the high doorsill, they bent one knee, crossed themselves, arose, and passed into the interior. I followed.

No matter how small these Mexican churches seem from the outside, once you enter, a feeling of vast space is experienced. This one was no exception. Eight huge pillars, four on either side, rose towering to the arched ceiling, where they spread, frond-like, in all directions to support the dome. Between these pillars were pews separated by an aisle leading to the altar. Between the pillars and the walls were long corridors with curtained confessional booths every few yards.

I stood a moment waiting for my eyes to readjust themselves from the glaring sunlight outside to the shadows of the nave.

Hanging on the walls and on the pillars were paintings of saints; and in mural niches stood figures of the apostles and other holy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Wide World photo

NONDE-
script sol-
diers guarding
a small church
in the capital.



Wide World photo

Mexican women meet in the open to protest ruling.

dawned over Mexico since Cortez nodded to his adventuring padres to ring the first Catholic bells back in 1519—when I wakened and lay straining my ears for the tremendous, melodious clamor I was wont to hear in my boyhood, it struck me that it might be well to hasten to a Catholic church and see what effect the religious battle was having on a small fraction of the 11,000,000 adherents to that creed in this land of 15,000,000 souls.

I DID not go to the great cathedral facing the Zocalo—and likewise facing the frowning eyes of the government palace which also adorns one side of that historic plaza.

Timidity and uncertainty as to the purposes of the Federal authorities on this first Sabbath of the crisis, might keep the natives away from that conspicuous spot; and I wanted to see how a Catholic flock, not under surveillance, would act while its shepherd was in hiding.

So I sought out an obscure little temple in the poorer quarters—pitiful slums, where dwell a vast percentage of the humble, hopeless, hungry, miserable peons who so far outnumber the selfish, cruel, rapacious native "aristocracy," which stalks grimly about on recently sandaled feet and flaunts an artificial civilization borrowed from every other nation. Mexico, you know, has no culture of her own, un-

**[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS
(A LETTER FROM MEXICO)
Continued from Page Nineteen]**

men, looking out from their recesses as they had looked out for decades.

Through stained glass images representing the Fathers of the early Church, rainbow sunlight streamed from the lofty dome to a spot in front of the pulpit, whose carved oak canopy and railing were elevated on a spiral stairway between two of the pillars halfway down the interior.

A maiden hurried by me, caught her black shawl under her chin with her left hand, dipped the fingers of her right into a little marble font, drew a damp cross on her forehead, knelt at the end of a pew, and made the sign of the cross four times—two small ones, one on her brow, one on her mouth and chin; one from throat to sternum and from breast to breast, and a final, all-embracing cross from forehead to breastbone and from armpit to armpit.

Then she sidled into the pew and joined her sisters in Christ, kneeling on a little bench, fingering the beads of her rosary, and joining her murmurs to the murmured Aves droning throughout the twilight of the edifice.

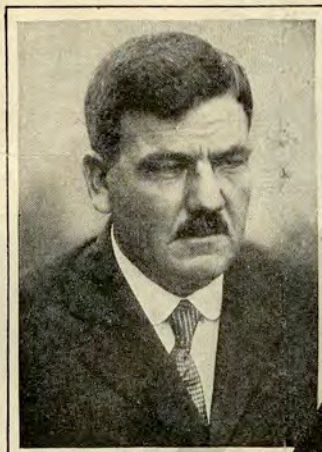
OF the 200 persons present, all but thirty were women—old women; middle-aged; young girls, and barefooted infants, sucking fragments of fly-specked candy. The confessionals were empty, the drapes drawn back. The perforated tins through which the priests were wont to hear the whispers of the penitents kneeling outside, were now rusty and blackened by the disuse which followed President Calles' declaration of war on sacerdotal offices.

Except for a tall, mahogany clock ticking slowly in the stillness, and the electric chandeliers, now unlighted, which hung on immensely long, slender wires from the distant ceiling, there was nothing modern in this church;

sat down to study the effect of Mexico's overt break with that Church to which so many of her inhabitants vow deathless allegiance.

On the steps and platform of the altar were candles larger than a man's arm, standing ten feet high in immense candlesticks, covered with gold foil. They were not lighted. The whilom acrid odor of the swinging censer was absent.

Above the shelves of the altar, which was draped with priceless linen drawn-work and supporting a huge missal, and ringed about the alcove, were scores of small red and white tallow candles. From these, motionless pin-points of light were gleaming.



P. & A. photo

President Calles, instigator of the conflict.

Part of President Calles' bodyguard.



P. & A. photo



Archbishop Jose Mora y del Rio, head of the Mexican branch of the Church.

In the exact center of the altar, stood a transparent glass receptacle filled with oil, bearing on its still bosom a tiny lighted taper. It and its predecessors had floated there, unextinguished, God knows for how many generations!

The central figure above the terraced shelves was a marble sculpture of the agonized Christ, stumbling to His knees beneath the weight of an ebony cross. Ruby drops fell from the sculptured thorns entwined about His brow. On an arch far above this sad figure were the words, "Parce, Domine, Parce Populo Tuo."

Everything seemed empty, forlorn, profane. Behind me, the elevated pulpit was empty. The great altar was empty. The confessionals were empty. Most of the pews were empty.

Harvey, the hearts of the little flock were empty. They were empty and misery-laden and destitute of hope.

The poor old men, the little clerks with their hair sleeked back, the urchins and the grandmothers and matrons and girls, kneeling hither and yon, all were groping and perplexed and disconsolate. Their priest was in hiding.

MY friend, whether parental guidance, spiritual preference, or adult ratiocination has turned one's feet along other paths to the Unknown that lies beyond the grave, it is no light thing, I take it, to rob a man of the comfort, and the solace, and the strength that he finds in his chosen credo.

Here is a nation of hard-working, poverty-haunted, illy-nurtured, unenlightened peons—for whom life in its happiest phases holds little but woe, and degradation, and dismal prospect.

The only ray of light that even feebly dispersed the darkness of their existence has been taken from them. They cannot go to the sympathetic padre, pour into his ears the sad saga of their days, and receive his counsel and his blessing.

At my right hand came distinctly the murmurs of several intelligent-looking women reading from a typewritten paper, of a size they might hastily conceal in the folds of their mantillas. I leaned toward them to hear what the heart of priest-robbled Mexico had to say about the robbers.

They were reading, half aloud, what seemed to be a special prayer for Mexico. One would recite a few lines, and her companions, glancing apprehensively about, as if they feared the heavy-browed, saturnine eyes of President Calles might be staring at them, answered with other lines from their slips of paper.

"O Dios mio," quoth the moving lips of her who led the prayer; "O my God, have Thou mercy on Mexico in her day of labor and of sorrow."

"Mercy, dear Lord, mercy; infinite mercy and pity without bounds," came the response. "Thou knowest, Jesu Cristo, that it is

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

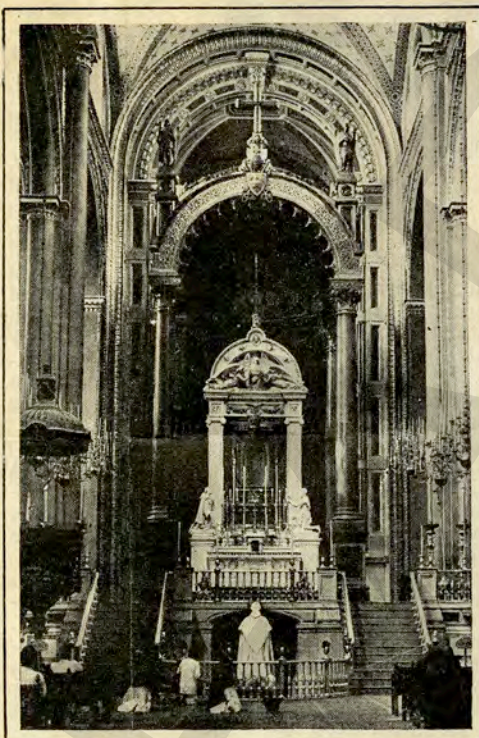


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Interior of the Cathedral of Guadalupe.

nothing that could not have been placed there three centuries ago.

But one thing was missing. One vital thing. There was no guardian for this unhappy flock. The towering, ornately gilded altar was empty.

I made my way quietly through the dancing motes of tinted sunlight to the front pew and

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]
against the wishes of Thy children that Thy holy church should be tormented, her sanctity betrayed, and her innocence violated."

"Yes, beloved Father, all that we could do, that have we done. Yet, if it be not sufficient, if we have been remiss in aught, deal Thou leniently with us and manifest to Thy eager servants how better we may serve."

"AND Thou, blessed Mother of Christ, soften the hearts that are hard; make more tender those who oppress us and through us deny Thee; teach those who rule us in temporal unkindness that love is a rod we fain would kiss."

"But if it be Thy blessed will, precious Virgin of our hearts, that we should suffer still longer, then instruct us that we may endure without complaint and without faltering."

There was a fluttering sound as the women turned the pages of their printed intercession for fortitude and relief.

"Forgive Mexico," the leader's lips quivered. "Forgive the land which has loved the Lamb of God, lo, these many centuries."

"The little bruised Lamb, dear God," the others sobbed; "the little Lamb now wretched in the land that in silence still worships and adores."

My eyes were wet; I could stand no more such poignant grief. As I walked slowly past the outer ends of the pews, beyond the soaring pillars, old men and women lifted their hands aloft and gazed dumbly at the empty altar. The shaft of sunlight had moved, and in its rainbow heart an ancient woman knelt weeping.

And as I emerged from the temple and passed the undeloused mendicants on the flagstones, a squad of soldiers tramped down the street, turned a corner, and disappeared. Behind them came a touring car filled with mustachioed officers in olive drab and Sam Browne belts, automatic pistols in holsters, and a cluster of riot guns on the seat beside the driver.

They glanced at the church, laughed at a remark one made, and slowly followed the file of infantry out of sight.

I shook the sleepy gendarme and he told me it was one of the patrols going about the city on this first Sunday of Mexico's religious conflict. They were not needed, at least here in the capital, for the Catholic legions have no militant leader and no arms and no funds.

I say here in the capital, Harvey; but in some of the other cities and in the less populous districts there has been trouble. In Guadalajara where, with the approval of the president and his bolshevik advisers, the National Catholic Church was organized a year or so ago, there has been much violence. How much, it is difficult to say.

Reports in this country are rumors and, as such, improper in the realm of accurate reporting. They are more improper when they are difficult to confirm, and even more so, when every incident is magnified and distorted and related to suit the propagandizing purposes of the narrator.

One report has it that more than fifty persons have died in Guadalajara, lovely second city of the republic. Another rumor discounts this and explains that a crowd of Catholic fanatics attacked a group of police guarding a church, and that in the quarrel two peons and one gendarme were killed and several others injured.

But here is one dreadful rumor I have been able to confirm; that is, I have substantiated it so far as a camera's truthfulness may be trusted:

It seems that last March—this



Peons selected at random and hung after a church raid in a small village.

trouble started in January, and in my next letter I'll tell you all about that phase of it—in the village of Jalisco, which is in the Territory of Nayarit, a member of the lower house of the national Congress, one Juan Moreno, took the law into his own hands.

Surrounded by half a dozen armed plunderers, this individual tactfully waited until the villagers were gathered at early mass, and then raided the church. They entered with shouts and curses, to terrify the peons and their women. The old priest stopped the services and asked Moreno the reason for such sacrilege. The Congressman retorted that mass was prohibited, and that he had come to expel the worshipers, arrest the priest, and seal the doors of the church.

The old man asked for permission to remove the sacred vessels—they were pitifully poor in this parish—to his residence; but Moreno and his gang grabbed the chalice and incense container. The priest then quickly swallowed the Host to save it from their profane hands, and Moreno and his accomplices shot him dead.

With a howl of fury and sorrow, the congregation attacked the invaders and in the fight Moreno was fatally wounded. The peons had no guns, and it would seem obvious that the bullet came from one of the weapons of his excited companions.

In any event, the Federal troops rounded up the villagers the next

day and questioned them. Unable to learn the identity of the assassin, they calmly selected nine Catholic peons and hung them to a tree in front of the church. I am sending you a photograph of the tree with its fruit of death. You can see by the cotton clothing and the sandals of the victims, the humble caste to which they belonged.

I'll write you again in a few days, after I have looked about a bit. Since no subject is properly covered until both sides are known, I shall merely relate what they say and what I see.

AT this writing I do know certain things—and after I check and cross-check on them, I'll treat of them fully. For example, the boycott declared by the Catholic episcopate is tearing the life out of business all over the republic. Even apart from this, industry

and commerce are desperate; harassed as they are constantly by tax gluttons on the one hand, and, on the other, by the demands of the bolshevik leaders who are running organized labor and enriching themselves in the process.

Mexico is galloping amuck, and the whole structure is tottering, in spite of the armed peace President Calles has been able to maintain, a peace that still requires armed escorts on every passenger train. No concern can keep going when it is conducted on a wholly selfish and one-sided basis.

Calles is shrewd. He is not molesting the American or other foreign Protestants, which of course keeps other nations from interfering. But heed this prophecy: If he wins this fight against Rome, he will turn ruthlessly on the other creeds and rend them. He then will need only to quote what the Protestant leaders are now saying—that he is right and justified in his war on the Catholics.

And he will only have to quote the reports carried back to the United States by the herds of deluded Americans he and his bolshevik agents escort about this country, paying their expenses, and persuading Protestants that, in ten days, they have learned all about a country it would take ten years to begin to understand! I shall have more to say later about these personally conducted tours.

With kindest regards to yourself and any inquiring friend, dear Harvey, I am,

Affectionately,

Sidney Sutherland

Another letter from Mr. Sutherland, telling the underlying causes and historical background of this unusual struggle, will appear in an early issue. He will deal not only with conditions in the capital, but also of those in the smaller cities and districts which he knows so well.

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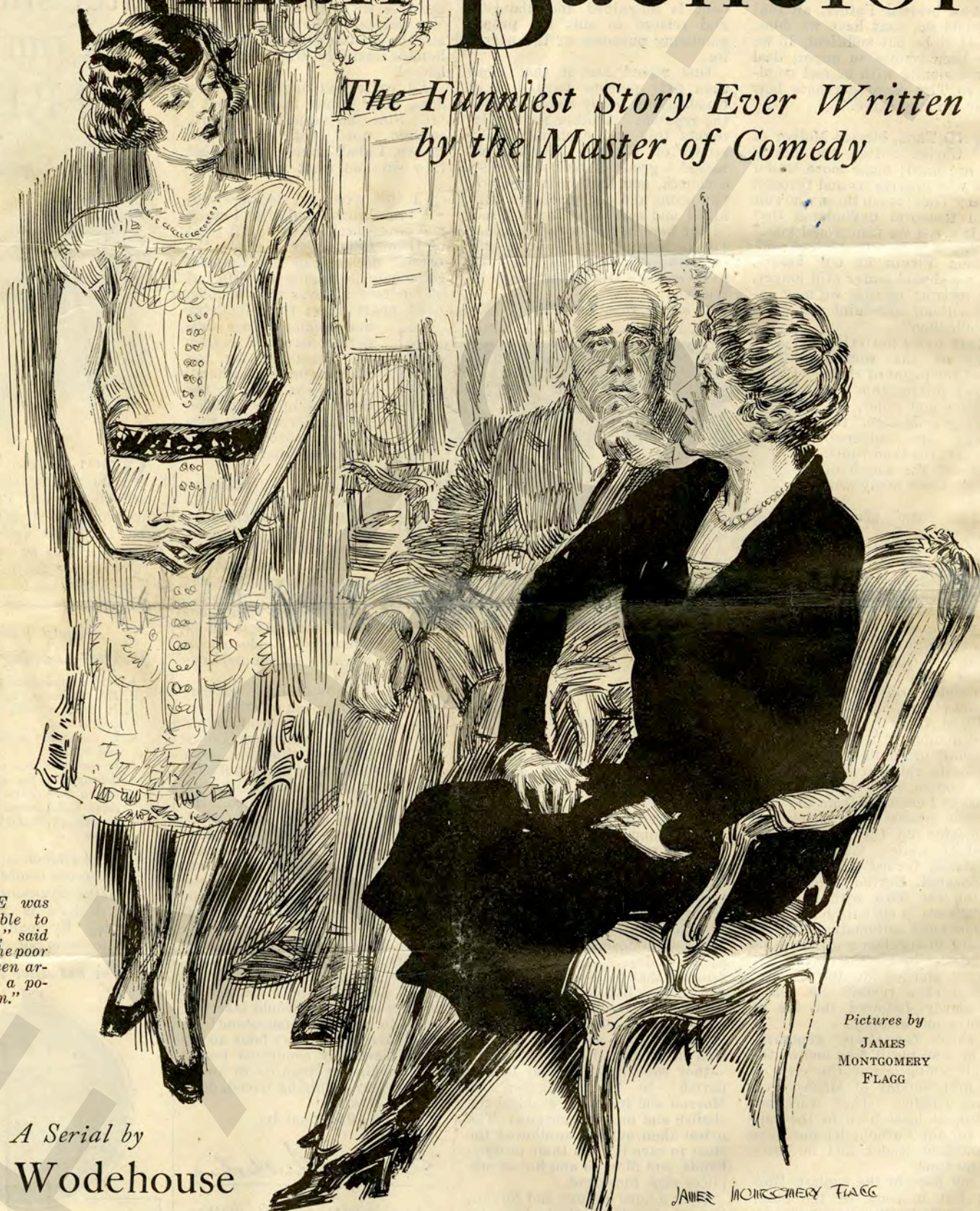
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The Small Bachelor

*The Funniest Story Ever Written
by the Master of Comedy*



"GEORGE was not able to come here," said Molly. "The poor pet has been arrested by a policeman."

Pictures by
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

A Serial by
P. G. Wodehouse

HAMILTON BEAMISH, fixer extraordinary, would have given freely of his vast intellectual endowment to guide George Finch in his love affair with Molly Waddington, society heiress, if a disturbing element had not entered his own

life. That element was Madame Eulalie, palmist to rich dowagers. This expert in second sight completely bowled over Beamish's contempt for love at first sight. Her conquest of Beamish was complete, when he called to enlist her support on behalf of George and Molly. And

her admiration of Beamish grew when she observed his verbal castigation of Garroway, the poetic policeman, who disguised himself as Delancy Cabot, society man, seeking to entrap her in the act of telling fortunes for money.

Mrs. Waddington, imperious and fat, learned from Madame Eulalie that Lord Hunstanton's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Oct. 23-1926

17

"LIBERTY"

EL MACHETE contra LA CRUZ

CARTA DE MEXICO

POR

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

Trad.:MCM.

18
"LIBERTY"
oct. 23 de 1926.

EL MACHETE versus La CRUZ.

CARTA DE MEXICO.

Un Finiquito de la Gran Guerra Religiosa.

por

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

NOTA DEL EDITOR: Sidney Sutherland, autor de este artículo, pertenece al cuerpo de escritores de "LIBERTY", y está especialmente capacitado para escribir sobre asuntos de México, pues él nació en la ciudad de Monterrey, Estado de Nuevo León, y su padre era misionero metodista. En su niñez y temprana juventud, el señor Sutherland vivió en México, en la América Central y en las Antillas, donde aprendió el idioma y los dialectos de los nativos, y adquirió un conocimiento simpático del pueblo y sus problemas. Debido a su color moreno y a que habla el español sin ningún acento extranjero, con frecuencia los mismos nativos lo han tomado por uno de ellos. Su visita actual la ha emprendido con el fin de proporcionar a los lectores de "Liberty" un informe fidedigno y sin prejuicios de las condiciones existentes en México, principalmente de las que han nacido de la ruda campaña religiosa.

Ciudad de México,

Ciudad de México
Domingo, 8 de agosto de 1926.

Mi querido Harvey:

Las campanas de las iglesias de México están calladas. Desde la pequeña campanilla de sonido argentino - movida por el acólito junto al altar, para indicar a -- los fieles que deben ponerse de rodillas, hasta el estruendo resonante y ensordecedor de las gigantescas campanas de bronce de las torres de catedral llamando a -- las hordas de humildes a la primera misa, todas están -- silenciosas; y por primera vez en 400 años - sí, cuatro siglos y siete años - la mañana del domingo está mortalmente tranquila. Y los pichones se arrullan y componen sus plumas iridiscentes impasiblemente, en los incontables campanarios que elevan sus macisas torres desde el Río Grande hasta las ruinas mayas de Yucatán.

Hace varios días que estoy en México, y aún permaneceré aquí varias semanas, vigilando la repentina, inesperada y excesivamente ruda guerra entre el Gobierno de Plutarco Elías Calles y la Iglesia católica romana. Es un conflicto singular en un país singular también. Mientras vago de aquí para allá en esta tierra, deteniéndome de cuando en cuando, para conversar con los jefes de ambos campos donde reina la violencia, te iré enviando unas líneas de vez en cuando para tenerte al corriente de todo lo que sepa.

País singular en verdad, con su fondo mestizo de indios españoles, sus romances, sus crueldades, sus impulsos

sos misteriosos, su generosidad y hospitalidad ilimitada, su cortesía encantadora, sus odios sin piedad, sus venganzas implacables, su indumentaria pintoresca, sus hermosas mujeres, sus fantásticas predilecciones revolucionarias y sus inescrutables filosofías y miras latinas.

Al General Winfield Scott, se le atribuye, tal vez sin razón, un viejo poema que contiene este pensamiento:

"La ciudad de México, valle que anida entre sus islas flotantes y entre filas de montañas coronadas de -- nieve, es un paraíso en que las flores no tienen perfume, los pájaros no tienen cantos, las mujeres carecen de virtud y los hombres ignoran lo que es el honor."

Esto es poco amable; y solo es cierto en sus tres -- cuartas partes. Las mujeres de México son iguales a -- las mujeres de todo el mundo -- son tan virtuosas como -- los hombres les permiten serlo.

No hay fragancia en las flores de este valle encantador; ningún pájaro nativo ha elevado jamás un trino; y, desgraciadamente, el honor es una conveniencia observada arrogantemente por el sexo masculino.

Y si México ha presentado una faz desconcertante -- cuya profundidad ha sido poco comprendida por el espectador anglosajón, en tantos siglos, hoy se presenta en forma mucho más confusa.

Hoy, los sacerdotes se ocultan, y se dejan crecer -- los bigotes para desconcertar a la Policía Federal Re--

servada; la religión la administran "bootleggers" eclesiásticos, que bendicen a su grey en oscuros patios y en cuartos sin luz; la época de las Catacumbas y de los mártires cristianos fígitivos ha vuelto; los negocios foraneos e interiores están acosados por una parte, por la insaciable codicia de los recaudadores de impuestos, y por la otra, por una unión obrera soviétizada que enseña a sus hijos los artículos de fé y la filosofía de Karl Marx. De todo esto, amigo mío, recibirás una plétora de detalles en estas epístolas.

Hoy fuí a la iglesia. He pasado cinco días recogiendo impresiones preliminares y escuchando a los sentinelas de las líneas avanzadas de esta batalla religiosa.

Limosneros y cargadores, papeleros y vendedores de billetes de lotería, mozos y limpiabotas de hotel, oficinistas y carteros, motoristas y meseros - he aquí a los soldados sin voz ni voto en esta guerra espiritual; y si sus convicciones son humildes, también son indicios de lo que piensan con respecto a la controversia.

Después, tocaré en los pórticos de los generalísimos para interrogarlos, y te enviaré sus opiniones exactas, tal como las expresen, sin tergiversaciones, sin favoritismos, sin temores - y sin hacerles propaganda. Quizá encontremos la verdad genuina de este conflicto en lo que ellos me digan, y en lo que yo observe cuando pongan en práctica sus programas.

Una cosa es positiva; que no tengo opinión formada,

ni de un lado, ni del otro, y estas cartas solo serán - un record de las observaciones del reporter.

Cuando desperté, en el silencio de esta dulce mañana dominguera humedecida por el rocío, tan distinta de las 21,165 mañanas domingueras que han alboreado sobre México desde que Cortés permitió a sus padres aventureros que tocaran las primeras campanas católicas allá en 1519 - cuando desperté y esforcé mis oídos para escuchar el tremendo y melodioso clamor a que estaba acostumbrado en mi niñez, me vino la idea de salir violentamente y encaminarme a una iglesia católica para ver el efecto que la batalla religiosa hacía en una pequeña -- fracción de los 11,000,000 de adherentes a aquel credo, en esta tierra de 15,000,000 de almas.

No fui a la gran catedral que da frente al Zócalo - y al mismo tiempo a la ceñuda fachada del palacio de Gobierno que también adorna un costado de la histórica -- plaza.

La timidez o la incertidumbre respecto a los propósitos de las autoridades Federales en este primer domingo de la crisis, podían mantener alejados a los nativos de un lugar tan conspicuo; y yo quería ver como obraría el rebaño católico, sin vigilancia, mientras su pastor permanece oculto.

Así es que busqué un humilde y pequeño templo en -- los barrios más pobres - barrios miserables, donde vive la mayoría de los humildes, de los desheredados de -- los hambrientos, de los peones sin esperanza, que sobre

pasan en vasto número a la egoísta, cruel y rapaz "aristocracia" nativa, que de poco tiempo a esta parte se — contonea ceñudamente con pies descalzos y haciendo alarde de una civilización artificial copiada de todos los demás países. Tu sabes que México no tiene cultura propia, a no ser que reconozca su cultura india, y ESTA se puede ver en las ventanillas de los trenes de pasajeros lloriqueando en busca de limosnas.

La Iglesia del Sagrado Corazón de Jesus soñaba bajo el sol. En su única torre se ven tres campanas silenciosas. Un gendarme solitario, en una esquina distante, se reclina sobre una amarillenta pared de adobe y dormita, con la barba oculta entre los pliegues de su capa. Las enrejadas ventanas de las casas están desiertas. —

Los perros callejeros, sentados sobre sus patas traseras, se persiguen las pulgas que ligeras les atacan la piel sarnosa. Un cochero extenuado al igual que sus caballos, dormita en el calor y el silencio.

Un pelado lagñoso toca secretamente en una puerta pintada de azul, y violentamente es admitido en una pulquería — se supone que las cantinas están cerradas los domingos.

En la angosta báquetta, de uno y otro lado de los antiguos y maravillosamente tallados entrepaños de la gran puerta de dos hojas de la iglesia, se encuentran cinco pordioseros en cuclillas. Dos de ellos, viejos asquerosos, llenos de piojos e hilachentos, ciegos y desdentados, se balancean de un lado a otro, pasan a tien-

tas, con una mano escrofulosa, las cuentas de un rosario, mientras que con las garras de la otra aprietan — sus sombreros invertidos, pidiéndole a los transeuntes que les arrojen en ellos una moneda.

Tres horrorosas y arrugadas viejas estaban sentadas y envueltas en negros tápalos, con los marchitos senos descubiertos, y los pies encallecidos saliendo de debajo de sus mugrosas enaguas; sus manos con las palmas hacia arriba temblaban como si padecieran de parálisis, — mientras sus ojos me escudriñaban.

"O, hijito de mi alma," me decían con voz trémula, — "una caridad, por el amor del santo Dios en los cielos!" Y la pequeña caridad, por el santo amor del Dios de los cielos, les cayó en forma de unos centavos que les arrojé en las manos.

Al penetrar a las frescas y azuladas sombras de la pequeña iglesia del Sagrado Corazón de Jesus, me volteeé, sombrero en mano, para mirar al otro lado de la calle — azafrañada por el sol. Una banda militar que tocaba en una plaza distante, semejaba una orquesta en miniatura sobre las azoteas de las casas. En la banqueta más lejana se encontraban tres parejas de ancianos y dos muchachas, que dirigían sus miradas a uno y otro lado de la calle, y al observar que el gendarme dormía sin moverse, se acercaron violentamente. Cuando llegaron al pórtico, inclinaron una rodilla y se santiguaron; luego se levantaron y se dirigieron al interior de la iglesia. Yo — las seguí.

25

No importa qué tan pequeñas parezcan estas iglesias mexicanas desde afuera, una vez dentro, se siente lo -- vasto de ellas, y ésta no era una excepción. Ocho enormes pilares, cuatro de cada lado, se elevaban hasta formar un arco en la parte ~~anterior~~ ^{anterior} donde se extendían en todas direcciones, como especie de fronda, para sostenerla cúpula. Entre estos pilares se encontraban los a--sientos, divididos por una nave que llegaba hasta el altar. Entre los pilares y las paredes había largos pasillos en los que se encontraban los confesionarios encortinados, de trecho en trecho.

Yo me detuve un momento mientras mis ojos encandilados por la luz del sol se acostumbraban a la obscuridad de las naves.

De las paredes y de los pilares colgaban pinturas - representando a los santos; y en los muros había nichos con las figuras de los apóstoles y de otros santos, mirando desde sus nichos con la misma mirada con que habían visto desde hacía varias décadas.

A través de las imágenes de los ventanales representando a los primeros Padres de la Iglesia, se filtraba la luz solar semejando un arco-iris, desde la elevada - cúpula hasta el frente del púlpito, cuyo dosel de encino tallado y su barandilla se elevaban sobre una escalera de caracol entre dos de los pilares y casi en el centro de la iglesia.

Una joven pasó presurosa cerca de mí, se envolvió - el negro chal debajo de la barba con la mano izquierda,

mientras mojaba los dedos de la mano derecha en una pequeña fuente de marmol, humedeciendo su frente en forma de cruz, luego se arrodilló al extremo de una de las bancas e hizo el signo de la cruz cuatro veces - una pequeña sobre la frente, otra sobre la boca y barba; otra del pecho al esternón y de un seno al otro, y finalmente, una gran cruz abarcando de la frente al pecho y de un hombro al otro.

Luego se unió a sus hermanas en Cristo, arrodillándose en un pequeño banco, moviendo entre los dedos las cuentas de su rosario y contestando al murmullo de las Ave-Marías que zumbaban cual abejas por todo el sombrío edificio.

De las 200 personas presentes, todas eran mujeres, exceptuando treinta - unas viejas, otras en la edad madura; y otras en la primavera de la vida y algunas niñas descalzas, chupando trozos de dulces manchados por las moscas. Los confesionarios estaban vacíos, con las cortinas recogidas. Las placas perforadas por donde los sacerdotes acostumbraban escuchar los secretos de sus penitentes arrodilladas en la parte de afuera, estaban ahora oxidados y negros por la falta de uso como resultado de la declaración de guerra del Presidente Calles a los oficios sacerdotales.

A excepción de un gran reloj cuyo tic-tac acompasado se dejaba oír en aquella quietud, y los candelabros eléctricos, ahora apagados, que colgaban del techo por medio de alambres inmensamente largos, nada había en es

ta iglesia que fuera moderno; nada que no pudiera haber estado ahí desde tres siglos atrás.

Pero faltaba algo. Algo vital. No había guardián para este desventurado rebaño; el elevado altar ornado de oro estaba vacío.

Yo fui adelantando quedamente entre los puntos de luz que daba el sol hasta llegar al asiento de delante, en el que me acomodé para estudiar los efectos del manifiesto rompimiento del Gobierno de México con la Iglesia, a la que tantos de sus habitantes han jurado una adhesión imperecedera.

En los escalones y plataforma del altar, había cirios más gruesos que el brazo de un hombre, colocados en enormes candeleros de diez pies de altos, cubiertos de chapa de oro, pero no estaban encendidos. El antiguo y acre olor del incensario estaba ausente.

Sobre los anaqueles del altar, adornado de inapreciables paños de lino calado, y sobre el que permanecía un enorme misal, había cientos de pequeñas velas de sebo rojas y blancas, de las que brillaban pequeños puntos de luz.

Exactamente en el centro del altar estaba una transparente lámpara de aceite, en cuyo seno brillaba una -- pequeñísima vela encendida. Esta, igual que sus predecesoras, había flotado allí, solo Dios sabe por cuántas generaciones!

La figura central del altar era una escultura de -- marmol del Cristo agonizante cayendo de rodillas bajo --

el peso de la cruz de ébano. Gotas color de rubí caían de las espinas que coronaban su frente. En un arco colocado arriba de esta triste imagen se encontraban estas palabras: "Parce Domine, Parce Populo Tuo."

Todo parecía estar vacío, abandonado, profanado. -- Detrás de mí, el elevado púlpito estaba vacío. El gran altar, vacío; los confesionarios, vacíos, y la mayor -- parte de los asientos, vacíos también.

Harvey, los corazones de aquel pequeño rebaño también estaban vacíos; vacíos y cargados de desventura y desesperanza.

Los pobres viejos, los humildes dependientes u oficinistas con sus cabellos alisados hacia atrás, los chamacos y las abuelas, las matronas y jovencitas, arrodilladas aquí y allí, todas se sentían perplejas y desconsoladas, como quien anda a tientas. Su pastor setecón día.

Amigo mío, ya sea que la dirección paternal, la preferencia espiritual, o el raciocinio del adulto lo dirijan a uno por otros senderos hacia lo Desconocido, más allá de la tumba, no creo que sea cosa fácil y leve, el robarle a un hombre su consuelo y solaz, y la fuerza -- que encuentra en el credo que ha escogido.

Aquí tenemos una nación de peones azosados por la -- pobreza, ganándose la vida con dificultad, mal nutridos, y sin ninguna ilustración, para quienes la vida, aun en sus fases más felices, solo les reserva penalidades, de gradación y una perspectiva bien sombría.

El único rayo de luz que débilmente disipa las tinieblas de sus miserables existencias, les ha sido quitado. Ya no pueden acercarse al padre compasivo para verter en sus oídos la triste historia de sus días dolorosos, ni recibir sus consejos ni bendiciones.

A mi derecha llegaba distintamente el murmullo de varias mujeres de mirar inteligente que leían un papel escrito a máquina, de un tamaño que fácilmente podían ocultar entre los pliegues de sus mantillas. Yo me incliné hacia ellas para escuchar lo que el corazón de México, a quien le han robado sus sacerdotes, tenía que decir a los ladrones.

Ellas leían, a media voz, lo que parecía ser una oración especial por México. Una leía una línea, y sus compañeras, mirando con aprehensión hacia todos lados, como temerosas de que los melancólicos ojos de espesas cejas del Presidente Calles las estuvieran mirando, contestaban con otras líneas escritas en sus hojas de papel.

"O Dios Mío," murmuraban los labios de aquella que dirigía la oración; ten misericordia de México en su día de prueba y de dolor."

"Misericordia, Señor, misericordia; infinita misericordia y piedad sin límites," era la respuesta.

"Tú sabes, Jesús mío, que es contra la voluntad de tus hijos que tu santa iglesia se encuentra atormentada, su santidad traicionada, y su inocencia violada."

"Sí, amado Padre, todo cuanto podíamos hacer, lo he

mos hecho. Mas, si esto no es suficiente, si hemos faltado en algo, trátanos Tú con clemencia y manifiéstala a tus siervos cómo han de servirte."

"Y Tú, oh santa madre de Cristo, ablanda los corazones endurecidos; has más tiernos a aquellos que nos oprimen, y que por medio de nosotros te niegan; enseña aquellos que temporalmente nos gobiernan con malignidad que el amor es la disciplina que de buena gana aceptaríamos."

"Pero si es tu santa voluntad, preciosa Virgen de nuestros corazones, que suframos todavía más, enseñanos a sufrirlo todo sin ninguna queja y sin desmayar."

Como un revuelo de alas se oyó el sonido de las páginas impresas que volteaban las mujeres pidiendo fortaleza y alivio.

"Perdona a México," decían los labios trémulos de la que dirigía la oración, perdona a esta tierra que ha amado al Cordero de Dios, por tantos siglos."

"Al pequeño Cordero maltratado, amado de Dios," sollosaban las otras; "al pequeño Cordero, que ahora sensible desventurado en la tierra que en silencio ama y adora todavía."

Yo tenía los ojos humedecidos por las lágrimas; no podía soportar un dolor tan acerbo. Al pasar pausadamente al lado de los extremos exteriores de los asientos, más allá de los elevados pilares, ví que viejos y mujeres levantaban sus manos suplicantes hacia el altar vacío. las saetas del sol se habían movido y en -

el centro del arco-iris se arrodillaba una anciana llo
rando.

Y al salir yo del templo y pasar junto a los limos
neros sentados sobre el empedrado, un escuadrón de sol
dados, marchaba por la calle, volteaba una esquina y --
desaparecía. Tras ellos venía un carro turismo, lleno
de oficiales de grandes mostachos, vestidos de verde -
gris, con cinturones Sam Browne, y pistolas automáti--
cas enfundadas, y un montón de fusiles en el asiento -
del chauffeur.

Miraron hacia la iglesia, y se rieron de algo que-
dijo uno de ellos, y muy despacio siguieron la fila de
infantería hasta perderse de vista.

Yo sacudí al gendarme amodorrado, y este me dijo -
que era una de las patrullas que recorrían la ciudad en
este primer domingo del conflicto religioso en México.
No se necesitaba; cuando menos en la capital, pues la-
legión de católicos carece de jefe militar, de armas y
de dinero.

He dicho, aquí en la capital, Harvey; pues en al-
gunas otras ciudades y en los distritos menos populosos
ha habido algunos disturbios. En Guadalajara donde, -
con la aprobación del presidente y de sus consejeros -
bolcheviques, se organizó la Iglesia católica Nacional,
hace poco más o menos un año, ha habido muchos actos -
de violencia, aunque es difícil asegurar hasta donde -
han llegado.

Los reportazgos en este país, son solo rumores y,-

como tales, son impropios del reino reporteril que tiene por norma la exactitud; y son más impropios aún --- cuando son difíciles de confirmar, y más todavía, cuando cada incidente es aumentado y tergiversado, y relatado de acuerdo con los fines propagandistas del narrador.

Algunos dicen que más de cincuenta personas han muerto en Guadalajara, la hermosa segunda ciudad de la República. Otro rumor desmiente esto, y explica que un grupo de fanáticos católicos atacó a la policía que -- cuidaba una iglesia, y que en la lucha murieron dos -- peones y un gendarme, y otros varios quedaron heridos.

Pero aquí tenemos un terrible rumor que he logrado confirmar, es decir, que lo he verificado hasta donde -- la exactitud de una cámara fotográfica puede ser tenida como verdadera.

Parece que en el mes de marzo último - este conflicto empezó en el mes de enero, - y en mi próxima te pondré al corriente de esta fase del mismo - en el pueblo de Jalosquillo, del Estado de Nayarit, un diputado del Congreso nacional, llamado Juan Moreno, quiso hacerse justicia por sí mismo, y rodeado de media docena de saqueadores armados, esperó con mucho tacto a que los -- pueblerinos estuvieran reunidos en la primera misa, para sorprenderlos y apoderarse de la iglesia a la que -- entraron con gritos y maldiciones, para asustar a las mujeres y a los peones. El anciano sacerdote suspendió los oficios y le preguntó a Moreno la causa de ---

33

aquel sacrilegio, y el Diputado contestó que estaba -- prohibido decir misa, y que él había ido a sacar de -- allí a los creyentes, a arrestar al sacerdote y a se-- llar las puertas de la iglesia. El anciano pidió permiso para recojer los vasos sagrados, --eran muy pobres-- en esa parroquia, - y llevarlos a su domicilio; pero - Moreno y su pandilla arrebataron el cáliz y el incensario, y el sacerdote se tragó violentamente la Hostia - para salvarla de ser profanada, lo que disgustó tanto a Moreno y a sus cómplices, que ahí mismo lo mataron - de un balazo.

Con un aullido de rabia y de dolor todas las personas allí congregadas se arrojaron sobre los invasores-- y en la lucha que siguió, Moreno fué herido de muerte. Los peones no iban armados, y es obvio que haya sido - una de las balas de sus compañeros la que lo hirió.

Para las averiguaciones del caso, las tropas federales sitiaron a los aldeanos para interrogarlos, y como no pudieran averiguar quien había sido el asesino, -- con toda calma escogieron a nueve peones católicos y - los colgaron de un arbol, al frente de la iglesia. Te mando una fotografía del arbol con su fruto de muerte. Por la ropa de algodón y los huaraches de las víctimas, te daras cuenta de que pertenecían a la clase más hu-- milde.

Dentro de unos días te volveré a escribir, cuando haya visto un poco más, y como ningún asunto puede tratarse con imparcialidad hasta que se conocen los dos -

sas tal como las oigo o las veo.

Mientras escribo he sabido ciertas cosas - y despues de corregir y volver a corregir, voy a tratarlas de lleno. Por ejemplo, el boycott declarado por el -- episcopado católico, está haciendo pedazos los nego---cios en toda la República, y a más de ésto, el comer--cio y la industria están perdidos; acosados constante--mente por la codicia de los recaudadores de impuestos, por una parte, y por la otra, por las exigencias de -- los líderes bolsheviques, que dirigen a los obreros or--ganizados, enriqueciéndose ellos con el procedimiento.

México va al desastre a gran prisa, toda su estruc--tura se está tambaleando, a pesar de la paz armada que el Presidente Calles ha podido mantener, paz que toda--vía requiere que vayan escoltas armadas en cada tren -- de pasajeros. Ninguna empresa puede prosperar cuando--es dirigida sobre una base egoísta y viendo tan solo -- un lado de la cuestión.

Calles es astuto; no molesta a los americanos, ni--a ningún otro extranjero protestante, con el fin de -- que ninguna nación extranjera intervenga. Pero acuér--date de esta profesía; si gana en esta lucha contra Ro--ma, se volverá despiadadamente contra los otros cultos y los destruirá; solo necesitará citar las mismas pa--labras que ahora dicen los líderes protestantes - que--está justificado y hace bien en hacerle la guerra a -- los católicos.

Y no tiene más que citar los informes llevados a -- los Estados Unidos por los bandos de americanos ilusos

que él y sus agentes bolsheviques han paseado por todo el país, pagándoles todos sus gastos, y persuadiendo a estos protestantes de que, en diez días, han sabido todo lo que hay por saber en un país en el que se necesitarían lo menos diez años para empezar a comprenderlo; Tengo todavía mucho que decir respecto a estas excursiones acompañadas personalmente.

Con cariñosos recuerdos para tí, y para los amigos que por mí pregunten, quedo, querido Harvey, como siempre,

tu amigo afectísimo,

Sidney Sutherland.

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NOMBRE DEL EXPEDIENTE: LIBERTY

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LUGAR: New York, NY, Estados Unidos

FECHA: Noviembre 20, 1926

PLANERO: 2

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DESCRIPCIÓN: Ejemplar de la revista *Liberty* del 20 del noviembre de 1926 que incluyen un artículo intitulado "Machete contra la Cruz. Tercera carta desde México" de Sídney Sutherland, en el que se trata la aplicación de las normas constitucionales relativas al ámbito religioso y su estricta aplicación en Tabasco, finalizando con las declaraciones de Plutarco Elías Calles en relación al conflicto religioso.

The Machete versus the Cross

*A Close-up
of Mexico's*

Religious War

A Third Letter from Mexico

By

Sidney Sutherland

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Sidney Sutherland, the author of these letters, previously reviewed the results of the strange religious conflict in the Latin republic and digested the constitution on which it is based. He now has obtained the views of the opposing sides. As Mr. Sutherland was born in Mexico, the son of a Methodist missionary, he speaks the dialects fluently, and his dark countenance gives him the appearance of a native. His letters are based on a sympathetic understanding of the temperaments of the actors in the conflict and the impartial information gained by thorough observation.]

Mexico City,

Monday, August 16, 1926.

MY DEAR HARVEY:

If a kaiser runs amuck and declares war on the whole world, repertorial instinct, based on humanity's curiosity, persuades one to question him first as to his reasons, rather than to ask the defenders why they are fighting back. I regarded it as logical to find out just why President Calles had decided to annihilate the Catholic Church in Mexico. Later I got that Church's side of the controversy.

Before interviewing the Federal chieftain, I fortified myself by a study of the situation—by visits to towns near by, where, rumor had it, atrocities had been perpetrated; by a survey of business

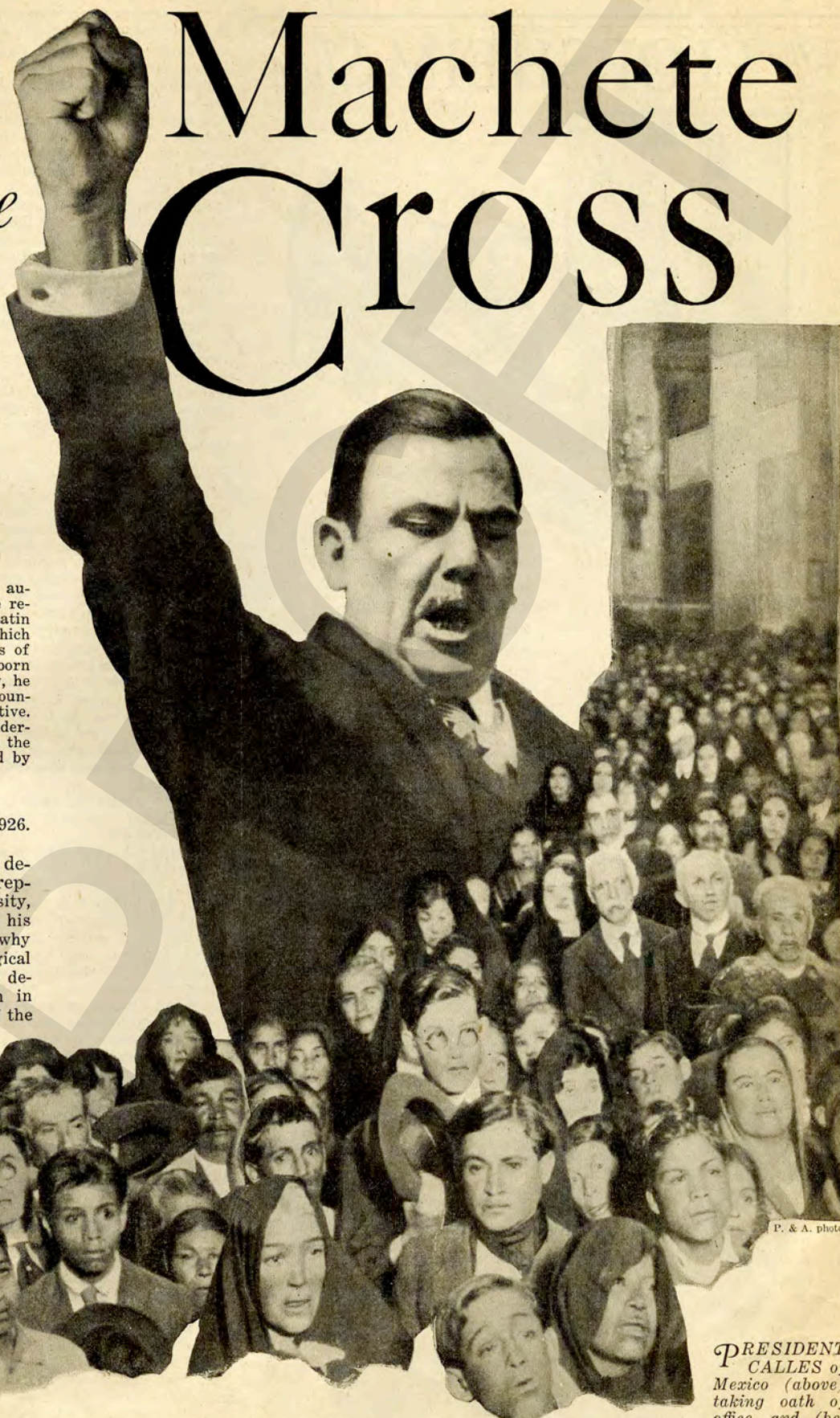
conditions in numerous lines and the effect thereon of the Catholic boycott; and by a list of questions based on information I had gathered as to how affairs were going, both in the capital and in outside territory.

For example, I was curious about the rather astonishing conditions to be found in the

swampy State of Tabasco, down in the lower loop of the Gulf of Mexico. I wanted to know why Tomas Garrido, youngish Governor, had been allowed to get away, literally, with murder, in his transactions with business and with the Church.

Garrido, I was told, had boasted that he, personally, had disposed of fifty enemies by tying iron weights to their bodies and dropping them into the gulf, where sharks helped strangulation to end their lives.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

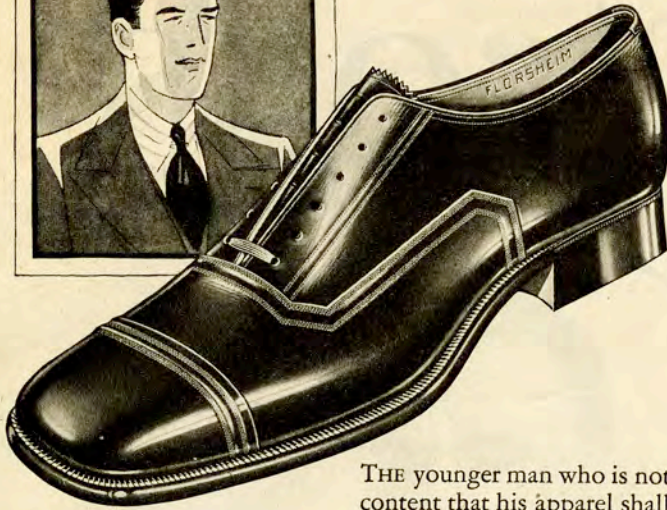


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PRESIDENT
CALLES of
Mexico (above)
taking oath of
office, and (be-

low) the type he says he is elevating.

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[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS] Continued from Page Seventy-five

Nobody that I know has ever denied this horrible story; and I couldn't question Garrido, because he was shot and seriously wounded in a five-cornered affray that took place a day or so ago in the immense doorway of my tavern, the Hotel Iturbide, on the main avenue of the capital. Three were killed and five wounded in this fight.

The young man may have succumbed by the time you read this letter; and that will be all right.

Garrido was a whole Russian Checka in himself. He had a private Article 33 to chase persons he disliked out of Tabasco. Article 33 of the Federal Constitution permits the President to expel as pernicious any foreigner whose presence he finds odious. Nationalities meant little to Garrido, and he drove aliens and natives alike from his borders.

ONCE a General named Ramon Urbina entered a store in Frontera, capital of the State, and asked the price of oil stoves. Told they were forty pesos, he swore terribly. The clerk, a young Mexican bridegroom, courteously explained that such stoves were cheaper elsewhere, but that because of the Governor's personal tariff and his personal revenue stamp law and his personal tax act, it was impossible to sell the stoves any cheaper. The General departed, and an hour later the clerk was conducted to the frontier and driven into the jungles of Chiapas with a warning never to return.

He was accused of seditious remarks. What became of his bride, I do not know.

Garrido also indulged a quaint interpretation of the religious clauses in the Federal Code of 1917. He had a law passed that no priest or minister could practice any cult unless he was a native Mexican and a married man! This reglamento was followed, of course, by a hasty exodus of all Catholic priests, among them Bishop Pascual Diaz, a huge, swarthy prelate of pure Indian blood and a splendid mind. He is now secretary and active right hand to the aged archbishop here in the capital. The old man is dying of senility and a broken heart.

President Calles speaks candidly when questioned, as do all persons who are bold and unabashed. He is a tall, stoop-shouldered man, with thick ankles and powerful hands. There is not much space between his eyebrows and his straight black hair, but his head is full of brains. His beady black eyes stare steadfastly, and his stubby mustache draws back to reveal an even, yellowish dental measure.

"What can I say that I have not said before?" he asked, smiling. "Correspondents from your magnificent country have run the whole gamut of interrogatory on this subject, it seems to me. But if you will suggest some untouched angle of what the world is pleased to call Mexico's Catholic problem, I shall be happy to speak."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

Cholita, his private secretary, came in with a sheaf of papers. Calles glanced at them, nodding or shaking his head as he turned them face down, and she went away.

The President stood near a window overlooking the valley, which rolls entrancingly beautiful away from the eminence crowned by the historic castle of Chapultepec toward the eternal snows of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. His somewhat harsh voice came across the room as, hands clasped behind him, he leaned against the waist-high sill. Somebody had fortified him with points to emphasize in condemning the ancient faith.

"Why be blind, why fool ourselves about the role the Roman Catholic Church has played in Mexico for four hundred years? There is no redeeming feature to justify her existence anywhere on earth; and she has been the curse of my country since her first priests came.

"One has only to study what the Church has accomplished with the destinies of Italy, Austria, Spain, and Ireland. She has interfered in the politics, indeed she has been the politics, of every country she has sunk her talons in for nearly two thousand years. She made and unmade kings and dynasties. Her dignitaries helped a thousand ruling houses trample on the poor. She organized crusades, declared war, wrote peace treaties, and drew and redrew the map of the world.

"The Roman Church has flourished precisely to the extent that ignorance and superstition and mendicancy have prevailed. She drew a line from pole to pole and gave a hemisphere to Spain and a jutting peak of Brazil to Portugal. She fixed the language and the customs of all the Latin-American world. Wherever illiteracy existed, there she was powerful. She thrived in the night of the Dark Ages and she fattened and grew dissolute on the wretchedness of human beings.

"JUST as the world has advanced in civilization and science and knowledge and culture, so has the Catholic Church waned in prestige, influence, and power.

"Where she could not convert, she murdered. Where she could not persuade, she tortured. Where she could not rule, she ruined. Cortez in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, and Torquemada in Spain are perfect specimens of her cross-bearers and her tactics. Today she sulks and writhes in the impotency of the tiny terrestrial area where the world has confined her on the Hill of St. Peter, just as the world has always had to confine menaces.

But she watches and waits (for what are centuries to her program?) for a chance to recover her lost control. The whole world had better keep an eye on Rome!

"And what a straight face she assumes when she talks to me of tolerance, of freedom of the press, of speech, of conscience! Shades of Saint Bartholomew! Read her red-stained, torch-blackened history—and talk of tolerance, indeed!

"THERE has never been bloodshed in Mexico that the Catholic Church has not been largely responsible for it. Her modern boast that two priests, Hidalgo and Morelos, helped us win our independence from Spain means nothing, because she is an organization that prospers by taking advantage of expedients. And when we did gain our freedom, the

Church made those two heroes and their companions incorporate her in our Magna Charta as the state religion. What she could not prevent—our independence—she appropriated to her own ends. George Washington was a Mason; yet Masonry did not insist on being made the official spiritual organization of the United States.

"The Catholic Church seized four-fifths of the lands of Mexico in our early days. She dominated our internal politics and dictated our external policies. As we struggled toward the light, she made an emperor of Agustin de Iturbide to hold the poor in chains. Later, she took advantage of your Civil War and enthroned Maximilian and Carlotta on Chapultepec. Cowardly as ever, she deserted the former when he was sentenced to the firing squad, and drove the latter insane by refusing to ask Juarez to spare her husband's life.

"The Church supported Porfirio Diaz for thirty years. He made a dead letter of the constitution of 1857 in exchange for the Church's co-operation in his brutal policy of keeping our poor people in bondage. The modern world now knows that if the dictator increased our material wealth, he did it by betraying his people to the mercies of foreign concessionaires and that he did nothing for the soul of our beloved land.

"Always, I repeat, the Roman Catholic Church has prospered in direct ratio to the ignorance and misery about her. And when General Obregon and I tried to do something for our poor, unhappy, landless countrymen, vested business screamed 'Bolshevism!' and the Catholic Church howled 'Atheism!'

"Not meddle in politics? The Church has never done anything in all her dreadful career except

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS]

Continued from Page Seventy-seven

meddle in politics! Look at what she did to England when Henry VIII broke away from her. Look at what she did to Germany when Martin Luther left her in disgust. Look at what she did to Savonarola when he tried to reform the evil clergy. Look at what she tried at first to do to Ignatius Loyola, until she found there was a place in her hierarchy for that fierce warrior.

"Look at what she did in the United States when she tried to involve your country in war with Great Britain by sending her Fenian hordes into Canada. Look at what she tried to do to France when that enlightened republic wearied of the costly cancer the priesthood had become. Look at what she has tried to do to Italy since her temporal boundaries were circumscribed to the premises of the Vatican. Look at what she did just recently, when Spain tried to wrench away from a state religion, but did not have the strength.

"Look, indeed, at what the Church has done in every land that has awakened from the nightmare of Catholicism and stepped forth into the light of reason and of science. Look at her Index Expurgatorius and find there the roll call of all men who have made the world a better place to live in.

"NOT meddle in politics? Why, right this moment the Knights of Columbus and the organized church in the United States are trying to force Washington to intervene in Mexican matters. That a war might follow such intervention—and I hasten to say that nothing of the sort will happen, because there are a hundred million non-Catholics in America who will not permit the American government to pull the Pope's chestnuts out of the Mexican fire—that thousands of young American lives might be lost in such a war, that it would be a long and costly and profitless conflict, that your taxes and prices would rise and your mothers' hearts be torn by anguish—all this means nothing to the Catholic Church if it could once again seat its priesthood in the saddle here.

"Fanaticism, of course, is not limited to the Catholic Church. There are Protestants and unbelievers equally rabid. Yet I wonder if there is not something worth heeding in the declarations of the latter that this would be a dangerous time for the United States to have a Roman Catholic President?

"Could not such an executive cause confusion and anxiety, to say nothing of actual trouble, if he decided to withdraw recognition from my government, lift the embargo on arms, and permit the equipping by American Catholics of every rascal and adventurer and rebel who would overthrow me to enrich himself and restore Catholicism to its quondam predominance in Mexico?

"Why shouldn't the Catholic priesthood, which is causing all this turmoil here and abroad,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT] register and otherwise comply with our basic law? And I'll tell you specifically just what this government objects to in the attitude of this rebellious and treasonable religious corporation.

"What could be more revolutionary and disturbing to public peace and order than the pastoral letter issued by the archbishops and bishops of Mexico on July twenty-fifth? The falsehoods contained therein and the incitements to disobedience and violence it suggests are sufficient justification for any steps this government might see fit to take.

"It is untrue that the measures we are enforcing in any way hinder preaching, the administering of sacraments, or the practicing of other rituals of the Catholic Church. It is untrue that we interfere with the religious convictions of any human being. I take it that it is not necessary to the proper practice of a religious cult to allow priests to mingle in politics and appear on the streets in distinctive clerical garb, as though they were divinely ordained to immunity and veneration, or to withhold from the authorities the statistical data our archives require in the matter of what property we are disposed to let the Church use for religious purposes.

"What is wrong about requiring the Church to inventory and report the property it is using? It doesn't belong to the priesthood, but it does belong to the nation. Don't business corporations, doctors, lawyers, fraternal societies, etc., have to register, pay licenses and taxes, and keep their books open for official inspection? Since when, outside the Church, is the clergy divine or exempt from the laws of man? I never heard that an earthquake or a flood distinguished between a law-abiding dry-goods store and a law-defying church.

"This defiant pastoral letter merely voices the fear of the clergy that it is about to be actually deprived of what for nearly seventy years it has illegally held—buildings and lands and gold and silver they were constitutionally deprived of after they had stolen them for three and a half centuries from a docile, ignorant, and helpless people.

"LET me tell you one significant thing that you may or may not have noticed in your strolls about this capital. Now, whether the so-called National Catholic Church, the schismatic organization that functions in the Church of Corpus Christi on Avenida Juarez, is a divine cult or a renegade group, as the Roman Catholics call it, one thing cannot be denied: "It is the only Catholic church in all the Republic of Mexico that

has a flagpole above the cross! It is the only Catholic church of the thousands that dot our country that has ever flown the Mexican flag. On all others the cross stands highest and supreme. There seems to be no room for love of country as symbolized in the display of our flag on any Catholic church in this land.

"But let me tell you something"—and Plutarco Elias Calles strode forward from the window where he had stood throughout his long and uninterrupted statement, drew his heavy brows into a rigid black line, and pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Mark my words: Before I have finished, the flag of the Republic of Mexico will float above every building where today the Roman cross looks contemptuously down on a land it has robbed and betrayed for four hundred years!"

* * *

My friend Harvey, you may or may not agree with one syllable of

what the President said; but you are impressed by this Sonora Indian when he leans across a table and points a trembling finger at your nose and you gaze fascinated into the blazing dark eyes he fastens on you.

And, as you listen attentively to learn

if his tumbling phrases contain aught that is earnest and born of conviction, or merely consist of parrot-like sentences, rehearsed and hollow and counterfeit, you wonder how the Catholic episcopate of Mexico is going to answer his charges and assertions.

Well, it has spoken at length and in detail, and in its fierce denunciation of the President, his Cabinet, his government, and their motives, you should find much to interest you in my next letter.

Sincerely yours,

Sidney Sutherland

P. S.: Oh, by the way, if it suits the purposes of the President, because of developments in the quarrel during the next few months, to deny any and all parts of my interview with him, you may be sure he will not hesitate to do so. But "Liar!" is the favorite retort of the world when it has talked too much to a reporter and comes to regret its loquacity—particularly in Mexico. Ask any foreign correspondent who has "covered" the various crises in this country! Since we are used to it, it makes little or no difference to us whether they admit or repudiate an interview.

Mr. Sutherland's next letter, detailing the views of the Mexican Catholic legions, will appear in an early issue.



Mexican judge questioning Catholic cure who refused to register church property.

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37
"LIBERTY"

20 de Noviembre
de 1926

"EL MACHETE CONTRA LA CRUZ"

TERCERA CARTA DE

MEXICO

por

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Tred.: OMR

México, D. F.,

Lunes, 16 de Agosto de 1926.

Mi querido Harvey:

Si un kaiser, atacando a troche y moche, declara guerra a todo el mundo, el instinto natural, basado en la curiosidad humana, obliga a uno a interrogar primero a él respecto a las razones que tiene para obrar así, en vez de preguntar a los que se defienden por qué rechazan el ataque. Me pareció lógico investigar el motivo por el que el Presidente Calles había decidido aniquilar a la Iglesia Católica. Más tarde obtuve la opinión del Clero respecto a la controversia.

Antes de entrevistar al Jefe Federal, hice un detenido estudio de la situación, visitando pueblos cercanos, donde, según se contaba, se habían cometido atrocidades; analizando el comercio en sus diversos ramos, y el efecto del boycott católico sobre el mismo; y valiéndome de una lista de preguntas, basadas en los informes que había reunido, acerca de la manera cómo marchaban los asuntos, tanto en la capital como fuera de ella.

Por ejemplo, me picaba la curiosidad la espantosa situación en el cenagoso Estado de Tabasco, que está situado en la costa del Golfo de México. Deseaba investigar por qué a Tomás Garrido, el joven Gobernador, se le había permitido que hiciera lo que le diera la real gana en sus relaciones con los negociantes y con el Clero.

Me contaron que Garrido se jactaba de haberse deshecho, personalmente, de cincuenta de sus enemigos, a los que después de haber estrangulado, había arrojado a las aguas del

Golfo, donde sus cuerpos fueron pasto de los tiburones.

Nadie que yo sepa ha negado esta horrible historia; y no he podido interrogar a Garrido en el particular porque hace uno o dos días que fue seriamente herido en una refriega que tuvo lugar a la entrada del Hotel Iturbide, donde me hospedo, el cual está situado en la principal arteria de la capital. El resultado del zafarrancho fue de tres muertos y cinco heridos.

Puede ser que para cuando leas esta carta, el joven haya fallecido, lo cual estará perfectamente.

Garrido se había convertido en una especie de dictador ruso. Tenía su Artículo 33, especial, para hacer salir de Tabasco a todo el que no le simpatizaba. El Artículo 33 de la Constitución Federal permite al Presidente expulsar a los extranjeros perniciosos; pero para Garrido eso no significaba nada y aplicaba la ley tanto a los extranjeros como a los mexicanos, con el fin de alejarlos del Estado.

En cierta ocasión, un General de nombre Ramón Urbina, se presentó en una tienda de Frontera, capital del Estado, y preguntó los precios de las estufas de petróleo. El dependiente, un joven recién casado, mexicano, le informó cortésmente que valían cuarenta pesos, y como el General empezara a vociferar, el dependiente le explicó que aunque en otros lugares eran más baratas, allí era imposible darlas a menor precio en vista de las diversas contribuciones personales del Gobernador. Salió el General y una hora más tarde fue conducido el dependiente a las selvas de Chiapas, advirtiéndosele que jamás debería volver.

Se le acusó de hacer observaciones sediciosas. Ignoro lo que pasó con su joven esposa.

Garrido también se permitió dar una interpretación muy extraña a las cláusulas religiosas de que habla la Carta Magna de 1917, pasando una ley por la que se prohibía ejercer cualquier culto a los sacerdotes o ministros que no fueran mexicanos de nacimiento y casados! Naturalmente que a este reglamento siguió el éxodo precipitado de todos los sacerdotes católicos, entre los que se contaba el Obispo Pascual Díaz, un prelado muy moreno, de pura sangre india y dotado de un gran cerebro. Actualmente, este señor se encuentra aquí en la capital y es el secretario y brazo derecho del anciano Arzobispo, quien está sucumbiendo agobiado por los años y por un corazón traspasado de dolor.

El Presidente Calles, como todas las personas que son audaces y descocadas, se expresa con franqueza al ser interrogado. Es un hombre alto, inclinado de hombros, de gruesos tobillos y manos vigorosas. No hay mucho espacio entre sus cejas y su cabello negro y liso, pero tiene la cabeza llena de sesos. Sus ojos negros miran con fijeza, y su corto y tieso bigote, al encogerse, deja ver una dentadura pareja y amarillenta.

"¿Qué puedo decir que no haya manifestado antes?", preguntó sonriendo. Me parece que los corresponsales de su grandioso país han recorrido toda la escala del interrogatorio en el asunto; pero si usted me indica algún punto que no haya sido tocado, respecto a lo que el mundo se complace en llamar el problema católico de México, tendré mucho gusto en hablar."

En esos momentos entró Cholita, su secretaria particular, con un fajo de papeles, a los que Calles dió una ojeada y a medida

que los iba colocando boca abajo, hacía movimientos aprobatorios o negativos. Ella se marchó en seguida.

El Presidente permanecía de pie, cerca de una ventana de donde se observa el hermosísimo valle que se extiende desde la eminencia que corona el histórico castillo de Chapultepec y hacia las nieves eternas del Popocatepetl y el Ixtaccihuatl. A través de la habitación se dejó oír su voz algo ronca, y con las manos cruzadas por detrás, se inclinó sobre el antepecho de la ventana. Alguien le había suministrado puntos para sostener sus teorías al condenar la vieja religión.

"¿Para qué cegarnos y hacernos tontos acerca del papel que la Iglesia Católica Romana ha desempeñado en México por cuatro siglos? No hay ninguna razón que justifique su existencia sobre la tierra; ella ha sido la maldición de mi patria desde que sus primeros misioneros vinieron.

"Tiene uno solamente que estudiar lo que el clero ha hecho en Italia, Austria, España e Irlanda. Ha intervenido en la política, más bien se puede decir que ha sido la política de todos los países donde ha logrado hundir sus garras por cerca de dos mil años. Ha formado y aniquilado a reyes y a dinastías. Sus dignatarios han ayudado a un millar de casas reinantes para que opriman a los desheredados. Ha organizado cruzadas, declarado guerras, formulado tratados de paz, diseñado y rediseñado el mapa del mundo.

"La Iglesia Romana ha florecido precisamente donde quiere que la ignorancia, la superstición y la mendicidad han prevalecido. Tiró una línea de polo a polo y dió un hemisferio a Es-

paña y un elevado picacho de Brazil a Portugal. Implantó el idioma y las costumbres de todo el continente latino americano, y se hizo poderosa donde reinaba la ignorancia. Floreció en las épocas de la superstición, y se cebó e hizo disoluta con la miseria de los humanos.

"A medida que el mundo ha avanzado en civilización, ciencia instrucción y cultura, la Iglesia Católica ha ido perdiendo prestigio, influencia y poderío.

"Donde no podía convertir, asesinaba; donde no podía persuadir, torturaba; donde no podía gobernar, arruinaba. Cortés en México, Pizarro en Perú y Torquemada en España son unos ejemplares perfectos de los que portaban su cruz y ponían en ejercicio sus tácticas. Hoy se debate en la impotencia de la pequeña area terrestre, donde la tiene el mundo confinada en la Colina de San Pedro; pues hay que recordar que el mundo siempre ha confinado a las potencias que constituyen amenazas. Sin embargo, ella espera y vigila (¿por qué qué significan los siglos en su programa?) por una oportunidad en que pueda recobrar el dominio que ha perdido. ¡Todo el mundo debería vigilar a Roma!

"¡Y hay que ver la actitud tan seria que asume cuando se dirige a mí, hablando de tolerancia, de libertad de la prensa, del pensamiento y de la conciencia! ¡Sombras de San Bartolomé! ¡Léase su historia, empapada en sangre, ennegrecida, y hállese de tolerancia!

"En todas las épocas en que ha habido derramamiento de sangre en México, la Iglesia Católica ha sido la mayor responsable de ello. Su alarde actual de que dos sacerdotes, Hidalgo y Morelos, nos ayudaron a obtener nuestra independencia de España, no

significa nada, ya que siempre se aprovecha de todas las circunstancias. Cuando conseguimos nuestra libertad, la Iglesia obligó a esos dos héroes y a sus compañeros para que incorporaran en la Carta Magna a la religión católica como la de todo el país. Como no pudo impedir que se llevara a cabo nuestra independencia, se aprovechó de ésta para sus propios fines. Jorge Washington fue masón y, sin embargo, la masonería no insistió en que se hiciera oficialmente la organización espiritual de los Estados Unidos.

"Al principio de la consumación de la independencia, la Iglesia Católica se apoderó de las cuatro quintas partes de las tierras de México; y se ocupó en dominar nuestra política interior y en dictar la exterior. A medida que avanzábamos hacia la luz, convirtió a Agustín de Iturbide en emperador para que retuviera a los pobres en cadenas. Más tarde, se aprovechó de la Guerra Civil de los Estados Unidos para elevar al trono a Maximiliano y a Carlota, en Chapultepec; y obrando con la cobardía de costumbre, abandonó al primero cuando éste fue sentenciado a ser fusilado, y fue la causa de que la segunda se volviera loca, al rehusar pedir a Juárez que le perdonara la vida a su marido.

"La Iglesia sostuvo a Porfirio Díaz por treinta años. Este consideró a la Constitución de 1857 como letra muerta en cambio de la cooperación de la Iglesia para observar su política brutal con el fin de tener a la gente en esclavitud. El mundo moderno ahora sabe que si el dictador aumentó la riqueza material del país, fue porque traicionó al pueblo, entregándolo a merced de los concesionarios extranjeros, y que no hizo nada por nuestra amada patria.

"Repito que siempre la Iglesia Católica Romana ha pros-

perado en una proporción directa con la ignorancia y miseria alrededor de ella. Cuando el General Obregón y yo tratamos de hacer algo por nuestros pobres, desgraciados y miserables compatriotas, los hombres de negocios exclamaron: "¡Bolshevismo!" y la Iglesia Católica dejó escapar el alarido de: "¡Ateísmo!".

"¿Que no se mezcla la Iglesia en la política? ¡La Iglesia jamás ha hecho otra cosa, durante su terrorífica carrera, que inmiscuirse en la política! Y si no obsérvese lo que hizo en Inglaterra cuando Enrique VIII se separó de ella; lo que hizo a Alemania cuando Martín Lutero la abandonó disgustado; lo que hizo con Savonarola cuando éste trató de reformar al depravado clero; y lo que trató de hacer primero a Ignacio de Loyola, hasta que se convenció de que había un sitio en su jerarquía para ese impetuoso - guerrero.

"Véase lo que hizo en los Estados Unidos cuando intentó envolver a ese país en guerra con la Gran Bretaña, enviando a sus hordas fenianas a Canadá. Mírese lo que quiso hacer con Francia cuando esa culta república se fastidió del costoso cáncer en que se había convertido el clero. Obsérvese lo que trató de hacer en Italia, desde que se le señaló al Vaticano como sus límites temporales. Véase lo que hizo recientemente cuando España, aunque sin contar con la fuerza suficiente, trató de separar la religión del Estado.

"Mírese lo que la Iglesia ha hecho en todos los países que han despertado de la pesadilla del catolicismo y han entrado a la luz de la razón y de la ciencia. Véase su "Index Expurgatorius" y se encontrará allí la lista de todos los hombres que se han dedicado a mejorar a la humanidad.

"¿Qué no se mezcla en política? Precisamente en estos momentos los Caballeros de Colón y el clero organizado de los Estados Unidos están tratando de ejercer presión para que Washington intervenga en los asuntos mexicanos. Que siga una guerra a tal intervención, nada significaría para la Iglesia Católica, con tal de lograr, una vez más, dominar aquí; aunque me apresuro a manifestar que nada de eso sucederá, ya que hay cien millones en los Estados Unidos que no profesan la fe católica y que no permitirían al Gobierno norteamericano que "sacara del fuego mexicano las castañas del Papa"; además de que millares de vidas jóvenes de norteamericanos se perderían en una lucha de esa naturaleza, que sería larga y costosa, así como inútil, y que traería como consecuencia no sólo el alza de contribuciones y precios, sino también el desgarramiento de los corazones maternos.

"Por supuesto que el fanatismo no se limita a la Iglesia Católica, pues hay protestantes y descreídos que también son muy fanáticos. Sin embargo, creo que no se deberían desatender las indicaciones de los últimos de que esta sería una época muy peligrosa para que un católico romano ocupara la silla presidencial en los Estados Unidos.

"¿No causaría confusión y ansiedad un primer Magistrado de esa índole, sin decir nada de las dificultades reales, si decidiera retirar el reconocimiento a mi Gobierno, levantar el embargo de armas, y permitir que los católicos estadounidenses equiparan a todo pícaro, aventurero y rebelde que quisiera derrocar me para enriquecerse y restaurar al catolicismo su antigua predominancia en México?

"¿Por qué el clero católico, que está causando toda

esta agitación aquí y en el extranjero, no se registra y cumple con lo que ordenan nuestras leyes? Voy a explicar a usted las razones por las que este Gobierno objeta a la actitud rebelde y traidora de la Iglesia.

"¿Qué puede ser más sedicioso y perturbador de la paz y del orden públicos que la carta pastoral repartida por el Arzobispo y Obispos de México, con fecha veinticinco de Julio? - Las falsedades que en ella se asientan, así como las instigaciones a la desobediencia y a la violencia que sugiere, son una justificación suficiente para los pasos que a mi Gobierno le parezca prudente tomar.

"Es falso que las medidas que estamos poniendo en práctica impidan el decir sermones, administrar los sacramentos o - practicar los otros ritos de la Iglesia Católica. Es falso que intervengamos en las convicciones religiosas de las gentes. Opino que para practicar debidamente un culto religioso, no es necesario que los sacerdotes tengan que mezclarse en política y aparecer en las calles con un traje que indique su religión, como si se tratara de seres inmunes y venerables; o que dejen de dar a las autoridades los informes estadísticos que se requieren para nuestros archivos, con el fin de señalar a la Iglesia las propiedades que se les permite usar con fines religiosos.

"¿Qué hay de malo en exigir al clero que haga un inventario y dé una información de las propiedades que usa, las cuales no pertenecen a la Iglesia sino a la nación? ¿Qué las corporaciones comerciales, los médicos, los abogados, las sociedades fraternales, etc., no tienen que registrarse, pagar licencias, contribuciones y tener sus libros en orden para inspección oficial? Desde cuando, fuere de la Iglesia, se tiene al clero por divino, o se

halla éste exento de las leyes humanas? Jamás he oído decir que un terremoto ó una inundación hagan distinción entre un cajón de ropa que acata la ley y una iglesia que la reta.

"Esta desafiadora carta pastoral simplemente hacer ver el temor del clero de que se le prive de hecho de lo que por cerca de setenta años ha conservado ilegalmente: edificios, terrenos, oro y plata, y de los cuales se le ha privado legalmente - después de que los estuvo robando por tres siglos y medio a un pueblo dócil, ignorante y abandonado.

"Voy a llamar su atención a algo significativo que puede usted haber notado o no durante sus paseos por la capital. Si la llamada Iglesia Católica Nacional, u organización cismática, que funciona en la Iglesia de Corpus Christi, en la Avenida Juárez, es un culto divino o un grupo de renegados, como la llaman los católicos romanos, una cosa no puede negarse:

"!Es el único templo en toda la República de México que tiene un asta sobre la cruz! Es la única iglesia católica, de las miles que existen en nuestro país, donde se ha visto ondear el pabellón mexicano. En todas las otras, la cruz se eleva en lo más alto y es suprema. Parece que no hay lugar para el amor patrio, simbolizado por el despliegue de nuestra bandera sobre cualquier templo de la nación.

"!Déjeme agregar algo más!", y Plutarco Elías Calles dando unos pasos, se alejó de la ventana donde había permanecido parado durante toda esta prolongada y continua declaración, frunció el ceño, de modo que sus cejas formaron una línea negra y rígida, y dando con el puño cerrado de su mano derecha en la palma de la izquierda, exclamó:

"Fíjese en mis palabras: Antes de que yo termine, la enseña de la República Mexicana flotará sobre todos los edificios donde hoy la cruz romana mira con desdén al país que por siglos ha robado y traicionado."

Amigo Harvey: Puedes aprobar o no lo que ha dicho el Presidente; pero te aseguro que este indio sonorense impresiona cuando, inclinándose sobre la mesa, apunta con su dedo tembloroso a las narices de uno, fascinando al mirar con sus ojos oscuros y chispeantes.

Y, mientras se le escucha atentamente para saber si sus frases contienen algo que sea sincero y nacido de convicciones, o sencillamente se trata de frases estilo papagayo, ensayadas, huecas y engañosas, se pregunta uno cómo va el Episcopado católico a contestar esos cargos y aseveraciones.

Bueno, al fin ha hablado éste largo y tendido, y en su vehemente denuncia del Presidente, su Gabinete, su Gobierno, y sus motivos, encontrarás mucho que te interese en mi próxima carta.

Tu amigo afectísimo,

Sidney Sutherland.

P. D. Tengo que manifestarte que si los acontecimientos que traiga el conflicto durante los próximos meses, hacen que al Presidente le convenga negar parte o toda la entrevista que tuve con él, puedes estar seguro de que lo hará sin un momento de duda. Cuando el mundo ha hablado demasiado y después se arrepiente de su locuacidad, señala con el epíteto de "¡Mentiroso!" al reportero, y eso sucede especialmente en México. Te bastará

con preguntar a cualquier corresponsal extranjero que haya informado sobre las diversas crisis en este país. ¡Por lo tanto, me hace poca mella si se admite o repudia mi entrevista!

En una edición próxima aparecerá la siguiente carta del señor Sutherland, en la que se detallará la opinión de los católicos romanos de México.
