

D-14.

Forma M. J.



REPUBLICA MEXICANA

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

Todo telegrama debe llevar el sello de la Oficina.

Telegrama recibido en **83NS FH 69 VIA FO** el **de** **de 191**

Q NEWYORK NY JULIO 16 1920

GRAL ALVARO OBREGON

NOGALES SON

HABIENDO LLEGADO A NUEVA YORK LE TELEGRAFIO PARA DARLE LAS MAS EXPRESIVAS GRACIAS A USTED Y SU SENORA POR SUS ATENCIONES Y HOSPITALIDAD E IGUALMENTE DECIRLE QUE ESPERO TENER EL GUSTO DE VERLO EN LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO A SU REGRESO QUIZAS TENDRA USTED LA BONDAD DE AVISARME APROXIMAMENTE LA FECHA DE SU LLEGADA DE LA CAPITAL RECUERDOS CARINOSOS PARA TODA SU FAMILIA E IGUALMENTE PARA EL DOCTOR SANCHEZ

DILLON,

HOTEL PLAZA

415 PM

Handwritten notes and scribbles in the bottom left corner, including numbers like '150' and '1'.

CLASS OF SERVICE	
Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Message	
Night Letter	
If no class of service is designated the message will be transmitted as a full-rate telegram.	

COPY OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

Nogales, Ariz., July 17' 1920.

Dr. S. E. Dillon.
HOTEL PLAZA.
NEW YORK CITY. NY.

MUCHO ESTIMO CONTENIDO SU MENSAJE AYER.
ESPERO HAYA LOGRADO USTED LA SATISFACCION DE REUNIRSE CON
SU RESPETABLE ESPOSA. EN LOS PRIMEROS CINCO DIAS DEL
PROXIMO MES ESTARE EN MEXICO. MI FAMILIA Y YO AGRADECEMOS
SUS RECUERDOS LO MISMO QUE DOCTOR SANCHEZ Y LOS RETORNAMOS
CON TODO AFECTO Y ESTIMACION.

Alvaro Obregón.

Secretario
de Relaciones Exteriores.
México.

Agosto 1° de 1920.

Mi estimado General Obregón:

Doy a V. la más cordial bienvenida y le participo que habiendo tenido noticia de que el distinguido escritor inglés Doctor Dillon saldrá de Nueva York en los primeros dias de este mes accediendo a una invitación de V., acabo de telegrafiar a nuestro Cónsul en aquel puerto recomendándole que le proporcione las facilidades que fueren necesarias.

Esperando tener el gusto de saludar a V. en estos dias, me es grato subscribirme de V. afectísimo amigo y atento seguro servidor.

M. Covarrubias

Handwritten notes:
1 - 12.500
1 - 2.411 - 1 p. 27
1 - 2.411 - 1 p. 27
104.000 - 17.000 - 1000
1 - 2.411 - 1 p. 27

Señor General Don Alvaro Obregón
Hotel Saint Francis.
Presente.

(4)
México,
agosto 2
de 1920.

S.
Sr. D. Miguel Covarrubias.
Secretario de Relaciones Exteriores.
P r e s e n t e . -

Muy señor mío y amigo:-

Tuve el gusto de recibir su carta fechada ayer, en la que me participa haber dado órdenes a nuestro Cónsul en Nueva York para que proporcione las facilidades necesarias al Doctor E. J. Dillon para su viaje a esta Capital.

Mucho agradezco a usted la atención que esto significa y en espera de la visita que me anuncia, quede a sus órdenes, como su atento amigo, afectísimo y seguro servidor.

México, agosto 9 de 1920.

Sr. Gral. don Alvaro Obregón,

P r e s e n t e .

Muy estimado señor General:

He tenido la pena de no haber encontrado a Ud. en 2 o 3 ocasiones en que me he permitido buscarlo para hacerle presentes personalmente mis agradecimientos por todas las atenciones que ha tenido Ud. a bien dispensarme.

Ruego a Ud. de la manera mas atenta que tenga - la bondad de indicarme cuando y a qué horas podría tener la -- satisfacción de verlo.

Estoy provisionalmente en el Hotel del Jardín; y con muy afectuosos saludos me repito suyo afmo. amigo y atto. -

S.S.

[Faint handwritten notes and signature]
Emilio Dillon

29
/

Agst. 9
de 1920.

Agst. 9
de 1920.

Señor Dr. Emilio Dillon.
Hotel del Jardín.
C i u d a d .

Señor Emilio Dillon.
Hotel del Jardín.
C i u d a d .

Estimado doctor y apreciable amigo:

Estimado señor y amigo:

He tenido el gusto

de recibir su carta fechada hoy, lamentando no haber estado en el Hotel las veces que se ha tomado la molestia de pasar a visitarme.

Le participo que mañana a la 1 pm., tendré el gusto de pasar a saludarlo a su alojamiento del Hotel del Jardín y aprovecharé la oportunidad para presentar mis respetos a su señora esposa.

Con toda estimación, me suscribo su afectísimo amigo y atento seguro servidor.

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

TELEGRAMA para transmitir por estas líneas con absoluta sujeción a las condiciones que al reverso se expresan y son aceptadas por el que suscribe:

INDICACIONES DE SERVICIO

Núm.	PALABRAS	Valor es.	H. D.
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De México D. F. el 21 de agosto de 1920

Para Tehuacán. Pue. Via

Sr. E. J. DILLON. Domicilio a/c Oficina Telegráfica.

~~FOR TREN DE MANANA DEBEN SALIR USTEDS PARA ESPERANZA EN DONDE NOS ENCONTRAREMOS. SALUDOS.~~

ALVARO OBREGON
PASE 3.

Domicilio del signatario, únicamente para casos de aclaración.

En México, D. F.


Sept. 23
de 1920.

Señor don Francisco Pérez,
Director General de los
Ferrocarriles Nacionales
P r e s e n t e .

Estimado y fino amigo:

Tengo el honor de presentar a usted al portador de esta carta, señor Dr. E. J. Dillon, que es la persona a cuyo favor supliqué a usted ayer en la tarde, por conducto de Torreblanca, se le proporcionara el gabinete del tren a Laredo que saldrá de esta Ciudad el próximo día 29.

Agradeceré a usted se sirva atender en todo lo necesario al señor Dr. Dillon y con todo afecto, quedo suyo atento amigo y seguro servidor.



En México, D. F.

Sept. 23
de 1920.

Señor Alfonso Sánchez Gavito.
Administrador de la Aduana.
Nuevo Laredo, Tamps.

Estimado señor y amigo:

Por el tren del próximo día 29, saldrán para los Estados Unidos, la señora esposa del Dr. E. J. Dillon y su Secretaria, debiendo pasar por esa el 1.º en la mañana.

El objeto de esta carta es suplicar a usted - se sirva prestar todas sus atenciones a la señora Dillon y la señorita que la acompaña, a fin de que sin ninguna molestia y demora, puedan cruzar la frontera y continuar su viaje.

Le anticipo mis agradecimientos por su atención a mi súplica y quedo suyo atento amigo y seguro servidor.

En México, D. F.

Sept. 23
de 1920.

Señor Alfonso Sánchez Gavito.
Administrador de la Aduana.
Nuevo Laredo, Tamps.

Estimado señor y amigo:

Por el tren del próximo día 29, saldrán para los Estados Unidos, la señora esposa del Dr. E. J. Dillon y su Secretaria, debiendo pasar por esa, probablemente el 30 en la noche o el 1º en la mañana.

El objeto de esta carta es suplicar a usted - se sirva prestar todas sus atenciones a la señora Dillon y la señorita que la acompaña, a fin de que sin ninguna demora puedan cruzar la frontera y continuar su viaje.

Le anticipo mis agradecimientos por su atención a mi súplica y quedo suyo atento amigo y seguro servidor.

En México, D. F.

Sept. 23
de 1920.

Señor Arturo de Saracho.
Cónsul de México/
Laredo, Tex.

Apreciable Saracho:

En el tren que saldrá de esta Capital el próximo día 29, irán rumbo a los Estados Unidos, la señora esposa del Dr. E. J. Dillon y la señorita - su Secretaria, debiendo pasar por esa frontera el día 1º en la mañana.

El objeto de esta carta es suplicar a usted se sirva estar pendiente de su llegada y prestarles todas - sus atenciones, a fin de que puedan pasar la frontera sin molestia alguna y continuar su viaje.

Le anticipo mis agradecimientos por su atención a mi súplica y con un saludo afectuoso, quedo suyo atento amigo y seguro servidor.

Correspondencia Particular del
Cónsul de México
en Laredo, Texas.

29 de sepbre. de 1920.

Sr. Gral. D. Alvaro Obregón
México, D. F.

Mi General:

Fuí favorecido por su grata de 23 del que cur
sa, dejándome enterado del viaje que a este País hará
la Sra. esposa del Dr. E. J. Dillon, la que será debida-
mente atendida, de acuerdo con los apreciables deseos de
Ud.

Como se sirve indicármelo le fué separado ya
el gabinete para Nueva York, habiendo tenido el gusto de
comunicárselo a Ud. telegraficamente, con la debida oportu-
nidad.

Con los mejores deseos por su completo bienestar,
sírvasse Ud. aceptar los cordiales saludos de su afectuoso
amigo y atto. S. S.

Arturo de Saracho

SRE

REPUBLICA MEXICANA

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

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46 NS DF 49 VIA NOGUAYTE **Telegrama recibido en** el **de** de 191

ELPASO TEX OCT 10 1920

FERNANDO TORREBLANCA

CARGO DEL GENERAL OBREGON NOGALES SON MEX

KINDLY REMEMBER BRING DOCUMENTS PROMISED RESPECTING LAST REVOLUTION

GREETING

E J DILLON

535PM

9 ✓

COPY OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE	
Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Message	
Night Letter	
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Nogales, Ariz., Oct. 13' 1920.

DR. E J DILLON
Paso del Norte Hotel.
EL PASO, TEX.

MAÑANA EN LA NOCHE LLEGAREMOS ESA. YO IRE A
DALLAS Y LA FAMILIA CONTINUARA A SAN ANTONIO EN EL CARRO
CON LA FRANQUEZA QUE SIEMPRE HEMOS USADO. PUEDE USTED
ELEGIR SI VA A DALLAS CONMIGO O SE VA EN EL CARRO A
SAN ANTONIO. RECUERDOS.

ALVARO OBREGON.

Charge.



MONDAY MORNING, VOL. XXXIX, OCTOBER 11, 1920.

GIGANTIC TASK AHEAD OF OREGON'S REGIME.

Internal Reconstruction Problem Herculean; New President Believed to be One Man to Do It.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON, Accompanying Gen. Obregon on His Journey Through Republic. II. THE TWO MEXICOS.

The task which confronts Obregon and his fellow-workers as soon as they take over the reins of government is truly formidable. Even a Cavour or a Bismarck might well feel uneasy in mind when surveying the situation, taking stock of the available instruments and drawing up a plan of action.

As for the task of internal reconstruction, it is Herculean in magnitude. On the part of the principal reformer it calls for a resourceful brain, an iron will and a considerable number of years in which to carry out a settled policy. And even those conditions are not sufficient. The man of destiny who undertakes the work of regeneration requires to be seconded by a staff of honest, eager lieutenants who understand and sympathize with his aims and can adjust means to ends.

But they lack these requisites and everything which they imply. And one of the consequences is the extreme difficulty of forming a competent and well-trained set of men to form the rank and file of the administration.

It is impossible in a newspaper article to convey to the American reader an adequate idea of the immensity of the task which Gen. Obregon will shortly be called upon to tackle.

TASK IS IMMENSE ONE. It is impossible in a newspaper article to convey to the American reader an adequate idea of the immensity of the task which Gen. Obregon will shortly be called upon to tackle.

(Continued on Second Page.)

WISCONSIN A PUZZLE.

Party Lines Bent and Broken.

State Certain for Harding, but Both Sides Unite to Beat the Nonpartisans.

La Follette as Usual Leads Nondescripts, Germans and Disloyalists.

BY ARTHUR SEARS HENNING.

MILWAUKEE (Wis.) Oct. 10. Party lines have been considerably bent, if not broken, in Wisconsin, and the polling booths are destined to resound with a resolute and industrious scratching of tickets on election day.

The Democratic party is split wide open on the League of Nations issue in this State and thousands of Democrats will vote for Harding, who seems likely to carry the State by more than 100,000 plurality, compared to Hughes's 28,000.

Senator La Follette and his progressive Republican following, together with the Republican "wets," treaty bitter-enders and Nonpartisan Leaguers, have bolted Senator Lenroot, regular Republican nominee for re-election, and lined up in support of the independent candidacy of James Thompson, the La Follette candidate defeated by Lenroot in the primary.

BOLT LA FOLLETTE'S MAN. The Republican "stalwarts" and a good many other supporters of Lenroot have bolted John J. Blaine, the La Follette candidate, who won the regular Republican nomination for Governor, and are supporting Col. Robert B. McCoy, the Democratic candidate.

William E. Morgan, a comparatively unknown man who won the regular Republican nomination for Attorney-General over a well-known Milwaukee lawyer of German extraction, carrying even Milwaukee and other Teutonic communities, has bolted Blaine and is stumping for McCoy. Morgan is one of the leaders of the movement to crush the rising power of the Nonpartisan League in Wisconsin and to his identification with this cause many attribute his success in the primary.

Then Blaine and three other regular Republican candidates on the State ticket have bolted the regular Republican State platform which repudiated the principles of the Nonpartisan League after the La Follette candidates had been nominated with that organization's endorsement.

RAMPANT INSURGENCY.

Although the nation has long been accustomed to the spectacle of rampant insurgency in Wisconsin, a State in which mugwumpery is accounted a virtue of a high order, I doubt that there ever was such a Chinese puzzle as the bolts and counter-bolts which this campaign has produced.

In all this mixup the only certainty is that Harding and Coolidge will carry the State. La Follette will talk neither for nor against Harding. He probably will not cast a vote for President for it is no secret in Madison, where he habitually marks his ballot in full view of the spectators, that he has not voted for a Presidential candidate since 1908 when he supported Taft.

The struggle over the Governorship is a bitter one, but in this case the advantage of regularity rebounds to the benefit of the La Follette organization. Blaine probably will be elected. The Democratic organization is weak and if McCoy should be elected he would be indebted chiefly to the Republican ticket scratchers. He will get an enormous Republican vote, but it is not likely to be large enough to put him over.

NONPARTISAN LEAGUE.

The Nonpartisan League standing for legislation to benefit the farmers and labor and raising an outcry against the urban profiteers accused of exploiting these classes, has gained a foothold in Wisconsin and, in alliance with the La Follette following may be expected to prosper. It already has about 28,000 paying members and controls, it is estimated, some 60,000 votes more. Together with organized labor it was influential in defeating for renomination Rep. Esch and several other Congressmen who voted for the Transportation Act. It failed to nominate a majority of the candidates for the Legislature, but with the Socialist members it will be a power in the Assembly.

TREATS DISEASE VIA WIRELESS.

Liner Surgeon Relieves Man of Allment on Steamer Fifty Miles Away.

[BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SOUTHAMPTON, Oct. 10.—While the steamship St. Paul, which has arrived here, was in mid-Atlantic she received a wireless appeal for medical aid from the tramp steamer Schroon. One of the tramp's crew was seriously ill.

Dr. Stump of the St. Paul obtained symptoms of the man's ailment by wireless while the vessels were fifty miles apart. He diagnosed the case as appendicitis.

Then he treated the man by wireless instructions for four days, when it was reported he was on the way to recovery. Communication between the two vessels was then severed.

IS :: FIRST :: LADY :: OF :: FRANCE.

Late Portrait of Mme. Millerand.



The passing of M. Paul Deschanel as President of France and the inauguration of M. Alexandre Millerand as his successor is expected to mark a new era in social life at the French capital.

KILLS ADMIRAL'S WIFE. Mystery Shrouds Tragedy at Home of Man Who Led Germans at Jutland.

[BY CABLE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

BERLIN, Oct. 10.—The cottage at Weimar of Admiral Von Scheer, who commanded the German fleet at the Battle of Jutland, has been the scene of one of the most terrible crimes which has taken place in Germany for a long time.

Million Dollars Estimated Loss; Firebug Blamea.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

CAMERON (Tex.) Oct. 10.—Loss estimated at \$1,000,000 was the toll taken by fire early today, which destroyed 70,000 bales of cotton and the compress and warehouses of the Cameron Cotton Press Company. Officials believe the fire was of incendiary origin.

Farmers who had cotton in storage will lose heavily. The compress was owned by A. J. Dossett.

Officers are investigating a story that an automobile seen near the press drove away at high speed just before the flames broke out.

ESCAPED PRISONERS LIKE JAIL; RETURN.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

MOUNDSVILLE (W. Va.) Oct. 10. Prison life has been made so attractive at the State Penitentiary here that prisoners who escape readily return. Four men who recently took French leave are back voluntarily.

Sanford Wiley, life-terminer, who has served seventeen years, got his chance and escaped. He found living conditions had changed and the high cost of everything made him long for the prison, where he had nothing to worry about, so he returned.

REBELS SEIZE VILNA.

Polish Officers Resolved to Occupy City; Want Self-Determination.

[BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

RIGA, Oct. 10.—The Polish general, Zeligowski, with two divisions of Lithuanians and White Russian troops, entered Vilna Friday at 5 p.m., according to today's Polish communique.

Gen. Sikorski, commanding the army on the northern front, reported that Gen. Zeligowski was compelled to resign his command on that front in order to execute the demand of his troops that they be allowed to capture Vilna, "to give the population the right of self-determination."

The communique says the Poles have notified Lithuania that they are ready to negotiate at Orany a settlement of the entire Polish-Lithuanian controversy.

ARMISTICE CONCLUDED. [BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.] WARSAW, Oct. 10.—Prince Sapieha, Foreign Minister, today announced the negotiations with Lithuania, concerning an armistice and a line of demarcation between

the armies of the two countries had been concluded. The Polish delegates, he added, had refused to recognize the treaty between Lithuania and Soviet Russia.

OFFICERS HEAD MOVE. [BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.] LONDON, Oct. 10.—A Vilna dispatch to the London Times, dated Friday, says the Polish officers at staff headquarters at Veronoff Thursday declared they were resolved to occupy Vilna with or without the consent of the Polish government. They refused to be overawed by the "barkings" of the Entente and the control commission, according to the British military attache, Maj. Partiger. The popular view is, says the cor-

Strange "Peeper" Has a Liking for Ladies' Silk Hose.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK.—While squads of detectives haunted the roads in the vicinity of Clifton, Roseville and Port Wadsworth last night and early today, Staten Island's strange "Peeping Tom" shifted the scene of his operations and entered the sleeping apartments of two women in the town of Arrochar, stealing silk stockings in each case.

Nine respectable citizens in Port Wadsworth, Roseville and Clifton were chased for miles between the hours of 1 and 6 o'clock today when they failed to halt at the command of the police sentries. In each case they explained that they feared hold-up men.

The series of peeper episodes last winter in the same section of Staten Island convinced the police that the prowler is a lunatic and they have settled their suspicions on one man.

As in the past, the peeper climbed the porch, cut away the screening and entered the women's rooms quietly. When they were awakened

the police refuse to divulge the names of the latest victims, saying that when the peeper is captured the persons who go to court to prosecute will be willing to have their names published.

In the last three weeks thirty-two complaints have been received.

Russ Submarine Liable to Attack, Says Earl Curzon

[BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Russian submarines encountered on the high seas will be attacked on sight by British naval forces, according to a note sent by Earl Curzon, British Foreign Secretary, to M. Tchitcherin, Russian Bolshevik Foreign Minister, October 2, which is published along with other correspondence recently exchanged between Great Britain and soviet Russia.

THROUGH WAR UNHURT, INJURED IN RUNAWAY.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

LEXINGTON (Ky.) Oct. 10.—The man who crossed the Atlantic without even getting wet and then drowned in a bathtub has nothing on Louis Dezarn of Iron Mound when it comes to being fate's football. Dezarn served ten years in the Army and passed through the Argonne campaign, but when he came home on a visit and hitched up the old family nag he received injuries which will probably cause his death. The old horse ran away with him.

COLLISION KILLS 23.

[BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

VENICE (Italy) Oct. 10.—Twenty-three persons were killed and many seriously injured in the collision of two passenger trains near here.

THE DAY'S NEWS SUMMED UP

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

OBREGON FACES GIGANTIC TASK.

(Continued from First Page.)

February, March and May, this year, as compared with those which I received in June, July and August. It is no easy matter to gauge aright the internal conditions of any foreign country with a view to forecasting its future and ascertaining the bearings of those conditions on its international relations.

AMERICANS VISIT CAPITAL.

In the early part of the year, for example, a number of American business men paid a visit to the Mexican capital. They were, so to say, personally conducted, and they at once touched the chords lying in praise of the President for whose marvelous work of restoration they professed the highest admiration.

Now it was quite possible, under Carranza, for a foreigner, especially if he were ignorant of the history, language and psychology of the Mexican people, to pay a flying visit to their fascinating country and even to reside there for a short while and return with a picture of its present condition and future outlook as different from the reality as were the distorted shadows of Plato's imaginary men on the cave wall from the human beings hidden from the eyes of the spectators.

SAGACITY OF OBSERVER.

And yet despite the sagacity of such an observer, the unbiased character of his testimony and the correctness of the facts which he alleged in support of his conclusions, the general picture he painted would be wholly false and misleading.

Now this unrealized fact that there were two Mexicos under Carranza—one of them phantasmal and the other practically inaccessible to the average outsider—is accountable for the pathetic optimism of many a more or less truth-worshipping visitor to that enchanting land of unmeasured possibilities and amazing contrasts.

FIRST OF FOUR VISITS.

During the first of my four recent visits to the republic, I had several opportunities of contrasting the phenomena of the two Mexicos. I remember the case of an Englishman who had to make a railway journey of some eight or ten hours from the capital and then to pursue his way as best he could across the country to examine a mine.

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.

My own experience, limited in time as in space, illustrated the chances of traveling in safety if not in comfort, as well as the risks and incidentally, too, the ever-present dread which was felt by would-be

travelers. From Puebla I desired to go to Oaxaca, one of the most delightful States in the republic. Nearly all my Mexican friends, who, I may say, were staunch supporters of the Carranza government, endeavored to dissuade me on the ground that the journey was both uncomfortable and perilous.

A somewhat analogous experience fell to my own lot. In Guadalajara I announced my intention of returning to the United States by way of Ciudad Juarez and El Paso, but before ordering my ticket I made inquiries of Mexican friends as to whether the trains were running tolerably well and whether there was really as much danger from attack by the bandits under Villa as people affected to believe.

ARMED SOLDIERS ON TRAIN.

This is what occurred. The train was accompanied by armed soldiers, of whom some were in an armored car and others, as was their wont, seated on the roof. Two powerful bombs exploded under the train, blowing the engine to shreds, whereupon the rebels rushed up and opened fire. All the soldiers on the roof were quickly killed off and the others were prevented from issuing forth from their stronghold.

Traveling under the Carranza regime was a lottery. If one was lucky one had merely to rough it. The only two things certain about a journey were discomfort and a military escort. Death or mutilation and robbery were contingencies about which one could never be sure.

SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

Thus, there was ever a Damocles' sword in the shape of uncertainty and danger hanging by a frail thread over the heads of the people whose avocations took them from place to place and of foreigners who resided beyond the city boundaries. They carried their lives in their hands. That there were a few railway lines over which one might travel with some degree of safety, if special precautions were taken, it would be unfair to deny.

In truth, they labored under several gross misconceptions, one of which was that every railroad necessarily passed through the danger zone. Another consisted in giving the name of order to a condition of things which rendered railway traveling impossible at night and not feasible even by day unless a strong military escort accompanied the train, and blockhouses occupied by armed soldiers dotted the way.

Short though the distance was, the passengers had a military escort and nobody felt the slightest misgiving. None the less, it was dynamited in the traditional fashion, four passengers were wounded, two were killed, the women and children were crazy with terror, sixteen soldiers of the escort were slain, seventeen, including the captain, were wounded and a scene of anguish was enacted which left an indelible impression on the mind of my acquaintance and brought home to me in conclusive fashion the necessity of distinguishing between the show Mexico which Carranza had exhibited to ingenuous American delegates and the real Mexico as he had made it and as it was known to those natives and foreigners who made it their home.

PLANNED VISITS.

Several of my planned visits were countered owing to those untoward conditions. I had long desired to visit the States of Chiapas and Tabasco, concerning which I had gathered various interesting data. But everyone discountenanced the idea.

KEEPS HIS SEAT.

When the train steamed into Tejuacan Station I resolved to keep my seat and sent for tickets to Oaxaca, whereupon my companion overcame his reluctance and resigned himself to share my fate. The journey was supremely uncomfortable.

While I was in Oaxaca, however, the rebels took the station of Atlatlan about eighteen miles distant, cut off our water and light and caused a panic in the city. For two days I was without water for washing and was obliged to content myself with a candle after sundown. A short time previously the bands had attacked the town of Teztlahuaca, forty-five miles distant from Oaxaca, killing and wounding many people and striking terror to the hearts of many more.

INSANITY STUNT STAGED IN COURT BY WANDERER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Carl Wanderer, confessed murderer of his wife, his unborn babe and an unidentified man, staged what may be part of his insanity defense yesterday when he sprang up in the midst of a lengthy argument over prospective jurors and demanded to know why he is not given time to take a bath.

One of his attorneys tried to quiet him, but Wanderer shouted: "It's all your fault; every hour I'm awake I'm dragged up here in court. I'm never given time for other things."

Finally, he was quieted by the promise that he should have plenty of time for his tub on Saturdays hereafter.

"I'm sick and tired of this," Wanderer continued. "It's two weeks now since I've had even a chance to take a bath. They hold court so late I always miss out at the jail."

It became more plain today that Wanderer's defense will be insanity, but the State has built up a strong line of attack in anticipation of this. Four more jurors are still needed and an additional venire of a hundred men was called for duty Monday in the hope of completing the panel.

Wanderer is losing much of his bravado and nerve and twists about on his chair constantly, with his fingers nervously picking at the straps on the satchel of his counsel's papers.

NEXT LEAGUE COUNCIL.

PARIS, Oct. 10.—The next meeting of the Council of the League of Nations will be held at Brussels, October 14 to 20, according to official announcement today.

BE SURE to help the Chamber of Commerce celebrate its birthday, Monday evening, October 11, and hear Congressman Osborne talk on "Japan and China."

A day or two later we learned that a powerful onslaught had been made by the rebels on the capital of Tabasco and that the fight continued for two whole days, resulting in considerable casualties to both sides.

Even delegates of humanitarian organizations visiting the country or missions of beneficence were not immune from the dangers incident to travel. Nay more, they were specially singled out as targets for aggression.

While I was in the district or Orizaba, which had suffered terribly from an earthquake, I learned that the American Red Cross, desirous of extending a helping hand to the destitute population, was sending its representative, Mr. Hopkins, to visit the destroyed villages and inquire into the needs of the homeless people, and that he, too, was obliged like myself to desist from his charitable purpose, not because he was deterred by the ordinary risks which every traveler must incur, but by reason of the special measures which were planned to kidnap him.

The military police informed him that a plan had been organized to lie in wait for him near one of the villages, kidnap him and hold him to ransom.

IN STATE OF JALISCO.

While I was traveling in the State of Jalisco, where to my knowledge foreign business men were compelled to pay a fixed monthly tribute to the chief of the bandits who infest the country, an attack was organized, whereupon the Chief of Military Operations ordered the troops of Lagos and other places to be mobilized and I was warned that it would be dangerous to venture too far afield. Involuntarily I called to mind the solemn testimony of American preachers of the Gospel, volunteered by their American bishops: "Our missionaries and the Mexican members . . . believe that the country is in a better condition than at any time since the revolution began."

That such tributes of admiration and respect from prominent citizens of the United States and from the chiefs of certain proselytizing churches there, should have convinced many Americans that Mexico had at last come into line with the progressive nations of the world and that President Wilson had put his money on the winning horse, was natural and deplorable.

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MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1920. Vol. XXXIX. No. 314.

SURPRISE RAID IN CORK.

[BY CABLE AND ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CORK, Oct. 10.—A surprise raid was made by the military and police in Cork today. Armored cars and machine-guns were used in the raid of the city at 2:30 a.m. and a cordon was drawn around that portion which lies between the two arms of the river.

Pickets had been placed and everyone who attempted to pass through the cordon was searched. Publicans were ordered by the officers to clear their bars, and as they did so the soldiers and police stood at the doors and searched those leaving. One man named Michael Giffin refused to obey an order to halt and rushed along Merchant street. He was fired at by the troops and one bullet entered his back. He is not expected to recover. One man was arrested.

In a battle between troops and civilians at Newcestown, six miles from Brandon, last night, one officer was killed and another and three soldiers were wounded. As the soldiers of an Essex regiment were traveling in two lorries along the road leading to the village an intense fire was opened on them by parties of men concealed in a glen near the road. The military returned the fire and for over an hour a heavy fusillade and throwing of bombs were engaged in.

Lieut. Richardson was shot dead and Lieut. Robertson of the Essex regiment was seriously wounded. The three wounded soldiers are not in a serious condition. About midnight the attacking party withdrew. It is not known if they suffered any casualties. The Brandon district for a long time has been one of the most disturbed areas in Ireland. Several ambushes have taken place throughout this portion of the country and there are few police barracks now standing between Bantry and Cork.

RENEWS DEMAND THAT LEN SMALL WITHDRAW.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—John Maynard Harlan, "Harding-Coolidge" Republican candidate for Governor, has renewed his demand that Len Small withdraw as the Republican nominee for Governor and allow the Republicans of the State to select some one in his place. Unless he does, Harlan declared in a formal statement, he intends to make some disclosures concerning his official acts. He did not indicate the nature of the attack he intends to make.

"I am in the fight for the good of Illinois and the happiness of her people," said Harlan. "For the very same reason I, Small should get out of the fight and that, too, without a minute's delay, if he values his own peace of mind and considers his running mate."

Senator New, chairman of the Republican national bureau of speakers, gave an explanation for the failure of Senator Harding to speak in Chicago Wednesday night. He said that efforts had been made to obtain a hall in which Senator Harding could speak, but the only suitable places were unavailable.

INSANITY STUNT STAGED IN COURT BY WANDERER.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Carl Wanderer, confessed murderer of his wife, his unborn babe and an unidentified man, staged what may be part of his insanity defense yesterday when he sprang up in the midst of a lengthy argument over prospective jurors and demanded to know why he is not given time to take a bath.

One of his attorneys tried to quiet him, but Wanderer shouted: "It's all your fault; every hour I'm awake I'm dragged up here in court. I'm never given time for other things."

Finally, he was quieted by the promise that he should have plenty of time for his tub on Saturdays hereafter.

"I'm sick and tired of this," Wanderer continued. "It's two weeks now since I've had even a chance to take a bath. They hold court so late I always miss out at the jail."

It became more plain today that Wanderer's defense will be insanity, but the State has built up a strong line of attack in anticipation of this. Four more jurors are still needed and an additional venire of a hundred men was called for duty Monday in the hope of completing the panel.

NEXT LEAGUE COUNCIL.

PARIS, Oct. 10.—The next meeting of the Council of the League of Nations will be held at Brussels, October 14 to 20, according to official announcement today.

BE SURE to help the Chamber of Commerce celebrate its birthday, Monday evening, October 11, and hear Congressman Osborne talk on "Japan and China."

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Alvaro Obregón: The Man and His Policy—By Dr. E. J. Dillon



General Obregón and the Villagers of Santa Maria Del Tule at the Foot of the Gigantic Cypress Tree Near the City of Oaxaca, Supposed to be the Oldest Tree in the World

ALVARO OBREGÓN is still almost unknown beyond the frontiers of his own country and is very imperfectly appreciated within them. It may surprise the reader to learn that even the late President Carranza, who owed his ascendancy to Obregón's military achievements and worked for a considerable time in close conjunction with him, died without gauging his character aright or appreciating his motives. The fact is there are two Obregóns; one of whom is light-hearted, superficial, jovial, answering most men according to their limitations, living in an atmosphere of jejune commonplace and amusing himself by shooting folly as it flies; and another who is thoughtful, serious, solicitous about national and international problems and whose conversation is pregnant, suggestive and illuminating.

Most people are acquainted with the former, who is the only one known to the public, while but very few seem to get on speaking terms with the latter. This trait, I may add, characterizes other members of his family. For example, his brother Don José, the ex-schoolmaster of Huatabampo, is likewise a twofold personality who gives of his best to very few. I have listened to scores of ordinary conversations between Obregón and his political friends and supporters, as well as to his ordinary table talk, and I have often wondered at the amazing difference between those two psychological aspects of the same individual.

And yet, whatever may be the final outcome of the politico-social movement of which he is now the recognized chief—and the manifold bearings of which are nowhere fully realized—his name and career mark one of the most fateful epochs in Mexican history. They will be creditably associated with the closing of an era of revolutionary chaos and

the inauguration of a period of such peace, order and reconstruction as the psychology of the Mexican peoples and the chronically disturbed condition of the civilized world will allow. Not only has he sounded the death knell of the band of assassins and plunderers who kept the republic continually immersed in human gore, but he has roused from their secular torpor a large section of the people, wakening them to an incipient sense of their rights, providing them with the legal means of exercising these, exhorting them to respect the rights of others and releasing numerous forces which, one hopes, under his direction, may ultimately prove constructive.

The new current may, for example, contribute to sweep away some of the racial barriers and enable a future administration to fuse into a single organized entity the many heterogeneous ethnical fragments of which the republic is composed. For as yet Mexico is only a state, not a nation in the strict sense of this term. The process of unification to which Obregón's name, exploits and doctrines have given the first impetus is only in its initial stage to-day, and the peoples undergoing its operation are hardly conscious of any change. But though as yet scarcely noticeable, it is real and widespread and may well become effective, if the future president reinforces it, as I have reason to believe he will, with the series of statesmanlike measures which he unfolded to me in the course of our daily conversations.

That in brief is an imperfect summary of what General Obregón has already achieved. It represents the upshot of eight years of a tremendous struggle against bitter enemies and well-meaning friends and of the heaviest sacrifices which any man could make for the cause to which he has devoted his life. If he should be further destined to work out

to a satisfactory issue the far-ranging schemes for the reconstruction of the politico-social fabric which he is now turning over in his mind, he will have conferred upon Mexico the moral leadership of Latin America and a creditable position among the progressive states of the New World.

But the difficulties with which he will have to cope are formidable, and I am not absolutely sure that as yet he fully appreciates their magnitude. It is so natural for a strong man about to take over the reins of government for the first time to assume that his will is powerful enough to hinder events the occurrence of which lies in the nature of things. Moreover, the greatest statesman the world could produce would be helpless without trained, loyal and gifted assistants to carry out the details of a far-reaching program of reconstruction.

Like an architect who can design an edifice and supervise the work but requires stonecutters, masons, bricklayers and hodmen to build it, the new president of Mexico can effect little without conscientious and energetic public servants. The lack of these—and as yet there is no trustworthy civil service in the country—was the blight of those of his few predecessors who would fain have introduced a new and better ordering of things political and social into the republic. Obregón himself, as a military commander, had first of all to create an army on which he could rely, and as a reforming president he will be obliged to form a body of honest bureaucrats; and this is a formidable task. Carranza once remarked to a friend of mine who was complaining of the class of men by whom he was surrounded: "I confess that many of them are drags in lieu of helps. They damage instead of furthering the cause, and I should be glad to get rid of them. But I cannot, at least not at once. They stood by me in critical moments, and if I were to throw them over now I should be not merely displaying ingratitude but tempting fate and jeopardizing what has already been achieved."

Obstacles and Difficulties

THE idealist, Francisco Madero—a very different type of man from Carranza—gave forcible expression to this plaint when he wrote: "All wars in Mexico, whether civil or foreign, have produced a class of *condottieri* who, the struggle once over and the victory won, exact from the country an exorbitant price for their services; and who, if not rewarded commensurately with their own estimate of their achievements, are apt to stir up trouble for the new government."

Now Madero, the visionary, who in conceiving his projects took scant account of realities, is a remarkable instance of the utter inadequacy of good intentions allied with political power but devoid of trustworthy instruments, for while he was striving to fire his environment with his own enthusiasm for democratic principles and universal brotherhood his army in Morelos was plundering and maltreating the wretched inhabitants. But he had at least a presentiment of the dangers that beset him, and he knew that a man's most formidable enemies are those of his own household.

General Obregón is equally well aware of this peril to which I more than once ventured to draw his attention. The inner temper of the man toward militarism in general and toward the monstrous forms which it had assumed in Mexico is clearly reflected in many of his official acts and words as far back as the first stages of his

military career. Early in the year 1913, when the so-called plan of Guadalupe was drawn up, Obregón made the following specific proposal to the Sonora Commission, which was to visit Carranza and recognize him as first chief: "I request you to present my respects to Señor Carranza and to suggest to him in my name that he issue a decree disqualifying all of us chiefs who are taking any part in the present armed movement to occupy any public posts, inasmuch as all our national misfortunes have been caused by the unbridled ambitions of military men."

From these sentiments General Obregón has never swerved.

During our tour through the southern and eastern states I once took occasion to point out to General Obregón the difficulties that might rise from a natural desire to reward the men to whose efforts the overthrow of the Carranza administration was due. He replied that no such difficulty existed for him, and in a remarkable speech which he delivered next day in Puebla he plainly said that one of the blights of every revolutionary movement in the past had been the alleged necessity or expediency of duly recompensing its champions.

"I have heard it said," he went on, "that the same exigency will rise up once more as an obstacle to national progress. Well, I may say at once that it is an error. It will not. I for my part regard all the efforts—and they were truly heroic—of those who contributed to free the country from the nightmare of the dictatorship as unselfish and patriotic and far too precious to be weighed in the balance with public posts or emoluments. The gratitude of the country and the consciousness of having discharged their duties as high-minded citizens constitute the only meed worthy of these brave men. This way of viewing the matter will enable the new government to choose its servants without constraint and to enlist the services of those who are best qualified to transact the business of the nation."

Another of the more serious difficulties with which the new president of the republic will have to cope turns upon the settlement of the questions now outstanding between his country and foreign nations and in especial upon the measures which are to render effective Article XIV of the Constitution of 1917, which declares that the clause nationalizing the products of the subsoil—mineral, oil, and so on—shall not have retroactive force. It would be mischievous to say aught at the present moment calculated to envenom a controversy which has already become unduly rancorous. It may not, however, be amiss to make one or two remarks which, however obvious, are too often ignored by professional politicians who live in an atmosphere of abstractions and phrases.

The first is this: The sooner an earnest endeavor is made to get this embarrassing obstacle out of the way the

smaller will be the sacrifice it will entail. Like the purchase of the Sibylline Books, it will turn out to be incomparably more advantageous to conclude the bargain at once than to go on haggling indefinitely over the terms.

In the second place, the matter can still be settled satisfactorily for both sides in harmony with law and equity, for as yet it is merely a dispute between the Mexican Government and foreign individuals.

But the subject should be tackled without delay and in a genuine spirit of fair play. For if it be postponed or approached without a firm resolve to arrange it amicably moral issues, such as that to which I have elsewhere alluded under the name of "manifest destiny,"* are sure to catch fire and set the interested nations in a blaze. And that would constitute the most sinister upshot to what at present may be treated as a mere passing misunderstanding. To-day this misunderstanding can be settled by an appeal to the canons of logic, jurisprudence and equity. To-morrow it may be removed to the domain of international diplomacy, where the issues will be wholly transformed. And that to my mind is the quarter in which the most formidable and imminent danger lurks.

Constructive Possibilities

LASTLY, I should like to record my conviction that no public man in Mexico is so well qualified to deal with the questions involved as General Obregón, nor is there any other endowed either with equal moral courage to stand for what is right or with equal capacity to discern for himself and to bring his countrymen to see where justice and fair play lie. Moreover, he possesses the rare gift of visualizing such issues as these in correct perspective.

Alvaro Obregón, then, is not only the most distinguished and influential representative—he is to a noteworthy extent the creator of those moral and intellectual forces, still widely scattered and seemingly inadequate, which appear destined ultimately to save his country from the irreparable ruin into which it was gradually sinking. Hence neither the present condition nor the immediate outlook of that ill-starred republic can be fully understood without some knowledge of the personality, principles and aims of the man who for more than eight years fostered and drew into focus such constructive elements as the nation afforded and imbued some of them at least with the spirit of a sound politico-social philosophy.

During the tumults, risings and civil wars which came to be looked upon as the normal state of the republic Obregón was the only leader of note who fought with a clear-cut plan for an avowable end. Hating the effusion of blood, he had recourse to military force as to the indispensable means of abolishing violence once for all.

His aim was the establishment of peace, order and law on a solid and enduring basis.

The ideals which he consistently advocated and strove to uphold were morality and justice, and it is these same ideals which those who know him best expect him to embody in the achievements with which his presidential career will be associated in the history of his country.

*The Predominant Issues. Cf. War and Other Essays by W. G. Sumner. "The claim of a group of people to hold a part of the earth's surface is never absolute. Every group holds its territory by force and holds it subject to the obligation to exploit it and make it contributory to the welfare of mankind. If it does not do this it will probably lose the territory by the conquest of a more energetic people. This is manifest destiny."



General Obregón on a Visit to Doctor and Mrs. Dillon at Their Hotel in Mexico City

ALVARO OBREGÓN: THE MAN AND HIS POLICY

(Continued from Page 4)

I think I may say without undue presumption that I have a fairly practiced eye for the raw stuff of what are known as big men. I have enjoyed the personal acquaintanceship of practically every European statesman of note from Bismarck to M. Briand and of such non-European personages as President Roosevelt, Li Hung Chang and the Marquis Ito. I may claim to have been the first who divined the real strength of Sergius Witte, the greatest Russian statesman since Peter, whose intimate friend and adviser I was for many years. It was I, too, who, when Greece was in the throes of anarchy, as was Mexico under Huerta and Carranza, publicly declared that if Greece could be saved by her own efforts, the only man endowed with the requisite qualifications to save her was my Cretan friend, Venizelos. It was in consequence of that pronouncement of mine that Colonel Tsorbas, the chief of the military party, after consultation with me, sent for Venizelos, with whom he was then unacquainted, and brought him into the arena of Greek politics, where he has since acquired undying fame.

My intercourse with General Obregón has been exceptionally close and intimate. I enjoyed the privilege of accompanying him on his historic journeys extending over thousands of miles through the republic, first when he returned in triumph from the successful revolution and later when he visited the southern and eastern states on what was erroneously termed an electioneering campaign but was really a tour of exploration.

"I must see the country and the people for myself," he said. "I hate to have to contemplate them through the semiopaque leaves of official reports."

Getting at the Mexican People

On those journeys by train, steamer, automobile and carriage he and I were continually together, spending hours every day in unimpeded and frank talk on most of the topics that exercise the ingenuity of mankind to-day. We lived in wretched inns and tolerable hotels, traveled in carriages filled with workmen, were poisoned with the ptomaine of fish, fasted occasionally when there was nothing to eat, were literally crushed by dense, enthusiastic crowds five and six times a day, were drenched with torrential rains and scorched with tropical heat. We heard the desires, the grievances and the aspirations of the various groups and individuals of the states through which we passed. Wherever Obregón was invited to a banquet—a very different sort of entertainment from what is known by this name in the East—I went with him; when he had to address the people from a balcony or a tribune in the public square I was generally by his side; and when he received the governors, municipal authorities and party chiefs to discuss the needs of the population I was permitted to be present. Thus I heard him discuss proposals and schemes for the betterment of the country and the people, refuse and accept suggestions and criticize concrete plans of amelioration, after having examined the land.

I found him a charming companion. At table he is entertaining and his conversation is replete with anecdote. An enemy to every kind of excess, he generally drinks water. During our journeys he invariably refused every kind of alcoholic liquor, though he is by no means a prohibitionist. In this connection I should like to narrate an amusing little episode that occurred in a town on the Pacific Coast. I was out walking with the official representative of a foreign country, and on our return to the hotel we found General Obregón sitting at a table in consultation with half a dozen of the municipal and state authorities. Seeing me, he called out to me to join them. I looked up at my foreign companion interrogatively, desiring to learn whether he would like to be introduced. But he said emphatically that he must leave me.

On the following day I mentioned to him that I should have liked him to make the acquaintanceship of the future president of the republic, but he replied: "Well, you see I could not prevail on myself to go over to that circle and sit down and imbibe alcohol with them."

As a matter of fact, none of them was imbibing any liquid, not even water, and my interlocutor was amazed to learn that General Obregón had never tasted any drink stronger than water—sometimes the reverse of limpid—during all our travels.

Obregón's serious conversation is current Mexican history in graphic sketches and dramatic or comic pictures, the accuracy of which is due to his marvelous memory, whose stores are inexhaustible, the whole seasoned with a touch of humor which is Hibernian rather than Mexican. It is only in private at odd intervals that he reveals his inner self and the vast range of speculation in which his mind has indulged. He sees the universal in the local and interweaves threads of humanity in his schemes for national well-being. By dint of experience and induction he has discovered for himself many of the truths long since expounded by foreign thinkers of whose existence he is unaware. In a discussion he has the gift of seizing the gist of the matter, and he possesses the knack of setting it in correct perspective. He is free from party spirit, from shuffling and sophistry.

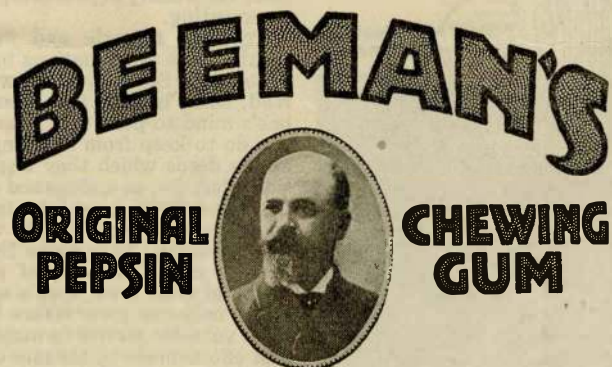
Fine Personal Traits

Some of the gaps, however, left by his early education have not yet been filled in. He knows little of ancient history, and his ideas about concrete foreign policy are fluid, apart from a few sound basic conceptions, for he hardly ever reads, and his intercourse with foreigners of parts is neither frequent nor sustained. His travels have never taken him beyond the United States and Cuba. He speaks no foreign tongues, and he has had no experience in international politics, though he has had occasional glimpses of its seamy side. Of necessity, therefore, his notions of the policy, strivings and psychology of foreign governments are as hazy as are the views which foreign statesmen hold of Mexican affairs. They both operate with imaginary men and bodies, and the results are untoward. But obviously this drawback is fraught with much greater danger to Mexico than to the great powers. I have heard, for example, the views of many Mexican politicians about their misunderstandings with the United States, and I make bold to say that they all started with utterly groundless assumptions and failed to take into account facts and factors which are obvious and decisive. Their world of international politics is unreal, and this, to my thinking, is the main source of danger to the coming government.

But Obregón, conscious of these deficiencies, is eager to remedy them. He knows that he does not know and is ready to learn from those who do. He has the courage to face the ghosts of his former errors, and he possesses the secret of making them serviceable. During his toilsome journey on the road of self-development many of his youthful prejudices fell away. Circumstance, the unerring assayer of the ore of talent, removed much of its drossy alloy. The only subject on which I seemed to detect traces of bias was that of the oil magnates, for he is generally as deliberate in his judgments as he is faithful in his attachments.

I visited Obregón's native place in Sonora, became acquainted with the Obregón clan, which is very numerous in the north, talked with the teachers who imparted to him all the education he ever received, questioned his playmates and became conversant with his family history. And during this close intercourse, and since, I can truly say that I have enjoyed his confidence to a degree which warrants the statement that I possess ample data for a fairly adequate judgment on his character, attainments and politico-social conceptions.

My impressions are distinctly favorable. I do not hesitate to affirm that the pen portraits of him hitherto limned and given to the world by foreign publicists are the merest caricatures. To put the matter succinctly, Obregón stands on a higher moral and intellectual level than his race. He is endowed in a greater degree with those special aptitudes which distinguish the people of the United States, and in addition he displays some of the most valuable traits of the Mexican race. Essentially a member of the class of doers, gifted with initiative

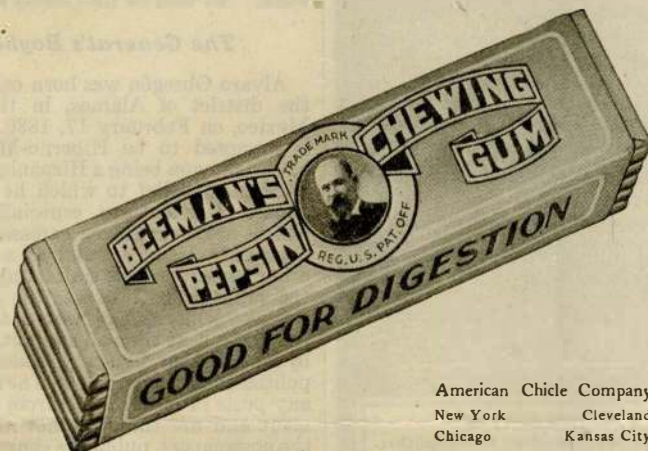


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and quick resolve, he never under stress of action falters, hesitates or reconsiders. He is of the same mind as Marshal Foch, who wrote in my album: "To wage war is to act with decision and without fear of responsibility after having deliberated." He states a question in which he himself is an interested party with fairness to his antagonist. He is chary of promising and punctual in executing.

Pageant, rhetoric and every kind of bombast are abominations to him, and he agrees with Spinoza, whose works he never read, when he said that when one applies one's mind to politics it is as much as one can do to keep from laughing or groaning at the deeds which they inspire. He considers politics, as understood and practiced in most countries, as a scourge of peoples and would fain substitute morality and plain dealing. Like Dean Swift, he holds that to make two ears of corn and two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before is to render a more valuable service to mankind than the best efforts made by the race of professional politicians from year's end to year's end.

His respect for the rights and the personality of others, which is no mere form, has its source in his own sense of human dignity. Like M. Briand, he is a past master of the difficult art of saying no without offending the disappointed suitor, and he seldom fails to use his expressive eyes in conjunction with his insinuating voice to soften the asperity of a refusal. Lastly, he seems to be quite capable of enlisting the services of men more richly endowed than himself. I say he seems, because he has not yet met any such. There are one or two distinguished and able compatriots of his who deny him friendship and cooperation, because though they gladly forgive his mistakes they cannot pardon him his superiority. Even friendship can seldom rise to this degree of generosity.

Applying the standards then by which I judged Witte, Venizelos and other eminent men before they became generally known to Alvaro Obregón, who is still merely a Mexican general in the eyes of the majority of newspaper readers in the United States, and not even so much as that to the bulk of newspaper readers on the Continent of Europe, I have no hesitation in affirming that for political vision, high moral purpose, skill and tact in dealing with men and controlling or modifying great emergencies and also—a most important point—in appearing opportunely at the height of a national crisis, he is Mexico's strongest son, her man of destiny.

I am acquainted with his schemes of reconstruction, some parts of which I propose to dwell upon later on. For the moment I will content myself with characterizing them as comprehensive, statesmanlike and, so far as a foreigner can judge, calculated to lift the Mexican state chariot from the Serbonian bog into which his predecessors plunged it and place it on the road of progress. He has never yet set his hand to an enterprise without working it out to a satisfactory issue. None the less, it is not impossible that he should fail in this. If so, no other Mexican stands the slightest chance of succeeding, for Obregón, and only he, wields a sufficiently powerful lever for the work. All that he now needs is a fulcrum.

The General's Boyhood

Alvaro Obregón was born on a ranch in the district of Alamos, in the north of Mexico, on February 17, 1880. His stock is supposed to be Hiberno-Mexican, the name Obregón being a Hispanicized form of O'Brien, a belief to which he himself inclines. His features, especially the eyes, which are expressive, caressing and undoubtedly Irish, as well as a number of other less prominent traits, impart color to the supposition. He was the youngest of eighteen children, of whom ten are still living; but as they all support themselves by honest labor, live very modestly, eschew politics as a profession, have never accepted any posts or emoluments from the government and are therefore not mentioned in the newspapers, publicists generally assume that Obregón is an only son. For otherwise would not his brothers have followed him to the political scene in accordance with the time-honored custom of the country?

When Alvaro was a few months old his father died, bequeathing to the widow a burden greater than she could bear. Señora Obregón came of a family highly distinguished for artistic talents, moral energy and physical strength, and Schopenhauer's

theory that the intellectual equipment of a man is an inheritance from his mother would seem to be borne out in the case of her youngest son.

In his native country I made the acquaintanceship of some thirty-odd of his blood relations, including those from whom he received such education as was within his reach, and while there I learned a good deal of the family history. Among the stories told me of his mother's family—the Salidos—one of which her sister was the heroine made a dent in my memory and is perhaps worth reproducing. One night the house of a neighbor was attacked and gutted by five bandits, who rode away with their booty. On learning what happened Obregón's aunt rose hastily, took a rifle, mounted her horse and chased the ruffians at high speed. Having come up with them after a long run, she shot one of them dead, wounded two others, took the remaining two prisoners and compelled them to carry the corpse of their comrade to the authorities, to whom she duly delivered them up. This deed still lives in the memory of the inhabitants.

School Days at Huatabampo

As Alvaro's mother—a woman of indefatigable energy, exceptional resourcefulness and altruism—was unable to provide for and educate her youngest offspring, he was confided to the care of his three eldest sisters, who occupied the responsible but badly paid posts of schoolmistresses. One of them, with whom I am personally acquainted, took especial charge of his moral upbringing. She laid uncommon stress upon veracity as the groundwork of all morality and punished severely every deviation from truth, every act or word denoting a lack of sincerity or candor.

It is hardly too much to say that the moral side of Alvaro's education was puritanical in its austerity, if compared with that which most of his countrymen received, and in this respect, no less than in virtue of his inborn qualities, he differs to a noteworthy extent from the bulk of his compatriots. Between the people of Sonora generally and those of the central and southern states there is a marked difference of temperament and character. To the blend of the Yaqui Indian and the Spaniard on the one hand and to the influence steadily growing in intensity of the people of the United States on the other this difference is mainly due. Quickness of apprehension, resourcefulness, independence, energy, and a frank address which dispenses with form and often merges in bluntness are among the traits that mark the Sonorans in general and the people of Alamos, Huatabampo, Culiacán and Navojoa in especial. In Obregón's case one may perhaps add the Hibernian strain and the early struggle with poverty to the many factors that have made him what he is.

Dogmatic religion appears to have had little or no place in his early training. It certainly made no impress on his memory and never formed the basis of his morality. Like his contemporaries, he received his first communion and afterward confirmation with the solemnity customary in Catholic countries, but he was never a devout practicing Catholic; and he continued in after life to tread the path traced for him by his sisters, one of whom is a fine practical psychologist and shrewd observer of men and things. Many years later this lady was pitted for a few hours in a conversational duel against the most ingenious special pleader in the republic. This man, who has little sympathy for her favorite brother, was defending his own line of action and explaining to her that antipathy to himself could only be the result of ignorance.

"I should like you," he explained, "to read what I wrote on such and such occasions, for I know that you would then see how I have been misjudged."

"There are some men," the lady answered, "who must be judged not by what they have said, but by what they have left unsaid. And if you will allow me to say so, I have always included you in the number."

From the care and attention of his sisters Alvaro passed into the public school of Huatabampo, the head—and indeed only—master of which was his own brother, Don José, with whom also I am personally acquainted. Huatabampo in those days was a hamlet consisting of the frailest of human habitations dwelt in by the poorest of hard-working people, who had to exert themselves very strenuously to keep body and soul together. There were about two score

children, including a few Indians, in the school; and most of them toiled hard when not actually at their lessons. The master, Don José, was beloved by them all.

I have met several of Alvaro Obregón's schoolfellows, and they speak in the highest terms of his brother and of himself. Indeed all his old acquaintances and neighbors, some of them poor, struggling folk, hold him in the highest esteem. It is not often that a man is a prophet in his own country, and this exception to the rule undoubtedly reflects great credit on Obregón and the family to which he belongs.

This simple little rustic school at Huatabampo was quite a remarkable institution in its way. I feel tempted to liken it to a rural Baliol College with Jowett as the chief pedagogue—one of the colleges of Oxford University which was rendered famous by Jowett and the group of distinguished men, Arthur J. Balfour among the number, whom he taught. It certainly left a deep impress on the minds of all who were subjected to its discipline, especially on Alvaro Obregón. The children were taught to observe, compare and criticize. Upon veracity, independent judgment and distrust of authority in matters of opinion the greatest stress was laid. The lives of the scholars and of their parents and master were permeated by an overpowering sense of realities which left no scope for the dreaming of dreams. So popular was the teacher and so interesting were the lessons that the children often entered the school-room at half past seven in the morning instead of the official hour of eight. There were no truants.

Among the precocious little toilers who came thus regularly to be initiated into the mysteries of life there was no trace of anything like faith in the perfection of the present scheme of things. One and all, they had already begun the struggle for existence and found it strenuous. Rather a spirit of sharp criticism was evoked by experience and fostered by the master, a spirit which appears to have shaped Obregón's thoughts and inspired his action ever since. The scholars were taught to inquire into the origin and aim of institutions, to gauge their value by their actual achievements and present usefulness, and they were told that all progress has its source in love of social justice and individual freedom.

A Remarkable Pedagogue

From Don José, who was a rank agnostic, the scholars had little chance of imbibing the milk of Christian doctrine. There was no church in the hamlet, and the curate of Culiacán contented himself with paying an occasional visit to the place in order to perform the ceremony of marriage and to christen the children. The best Catholics in the hamlet were the Indians, some of whose religious customs were a subject of amusement to the village schoolmaster and his pupils. For example, in June, on the feast of St. John, it was customary for the Indians to carry the wooden image of their patron saint in solemn procession to the river, doff his straw hat and gorgeous clothes and give him an annual bath.

In the opinion of his pupils, Don José was a zealous, well-informed and successful pedagogue who possessed the rare arts of communicating what he knew and of rousing as well as satisfying curiosity about the practical problems of life. He also contrived to keep his wards well posted on the current events of the world, and they informed me that they used to know by heart the names and exploits of most of the public men of the world, including the generals in the war then being waged between China and Japan. In a word, they already felt themselves units of the community of mankind of which they were taught to regard themselves as active and responsible members.

"This doctrine," General Obregón said to me, "I have never ceased to take to heart. The ever-present consciousness of the unity of the race is the only sound basis of a national policy worthy of a cultural people or of one which aspires to culture. The neglect of this truth is the source of most of the sinister errors into which contemporary statesmen have fallen; and before their blunders can be corrected the narrow idea underlying them must be abandoned. True, a nation, like an individual, has its own special interests and is warranted in furthering them to the best of its ability and opportunities, but only within legitimate limits.

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"That form of national egotism which takes no account of the just demands of other peoples is a crime against that larger community which it is the aim and object of all progress to organize as compactly as may be. It is in this direction that the stream of human tendency, deliberate and unconscious, is continually flowing. We are too apt to dwell upon the individual and the nation and to promote the interests of these as the highest objects worthy of our pursuit, whereas real progress lies in the development of the final aims of the species, one of which I take to be the organization of a world community knitted together by lofty yet feasible purpose and founded upon morality, of which justice is an integral function."

The axiom on which this theory is founded may be challenged by many, but the benefits it is capable of conferring as a canon of public action should not be overlooked. At all events, I mention the subject merely as an indication of the kind of teaching Obregón received at Huatabampo, of the train of thought which it started and of the fruits which it may reasonably be expected to produce.

Thoroughly moral in essentials—which, however, must not be taken to include that stringency of view respecting relations between the sexes which prevails among most peoples of non-English speech and is universally recognized as one of their ethical canons—Obregón never belonged to any church, nor has he ever accepted any dogma, excepting this, that there are none worthy of credence. Against churchmen who employ their spiritual authority for political purposes, if their politics run counter to his own cause, his hostility is open and bitter, and during the civil war he displayed it in the capital and other places, as he himself admits. Toward clerics who hold aloof from public affairs he is tolerant and unsympathetic. I have never heard him say a harsh word of any minister of religion and, little though he sympathizes with the class, he is a sincere advocate of absolute liberty of worship to be accorded to all denominations impartially. I doubt, however, whether he has as yet made an exhaustive study of the extent to which that liberty has been systematically curtailed, mainly to the detriment of the principal church in the republic.

Obregón's ethics are as simple as his view of the religious side of life. He holds that a developed sense of moral obligation is the only durable cement of civilized society, and he further maintains that by the degree of its comprehensiveness one can measure the progress of a nation and of the human race.

"Excess is to my thinking the only vice," he often repeats, "even though it be the exaggeration of virtue."

High Social Aims

Hence he naturally leaves a somewhat large margin for things morally indifferent—larger than is usual in English-speaking countries—and his tolerance of certain weaknesses of his fellows endears him to many. But to dishonesty and deception he gives no quarter. Veracity, plain dealing, respect for one's word and integrity in the fullest sense of the term are among the virtues the lack of which denotes an inferior category of men. He professes to regard them as the alpha and omega of a cultured community, without which no constitution, however cleverly drawn up, can create an organic entity worthy to figure among the progressive peoples of the earth. In all stages of his own varied career as mechanic, agricultural laborer, factory hand, military leader and head of a revolutionary movement, zeal for social aims, thirst for social and political justice, at first vague and sporadic, afterward definite and continuous, were the mainsprings of such of his activities as were not devoted to the struggle for existence.

Though Alvaro Obregón's leanings are decidedly toward what is currently known as agnosticism, he has not escaped the tendency, so marked in self-made men, to transform the attitude of suspended judgment into a dogma of positive denial and to pin his faith to that. In his rationalism there is no room for any of those substitutes for a religious system which some men find in philosophy and others in the search for a nexus between the visible and the unseen. In a word, he is not religious by temperament any more than by early

training. It is fair, however, to add, on the other hand, that, wholly free from a spirit of proselytism, he is content to let his neighbors work out their salvation in their own way, and among his warmest political partisans are pious practicing Catholics who admire in him the statesman who is prepared to do away with lawlessness and bloodshed and to substitute justice and morality for the insincerity and corruption of latter-day politics.

Obregón once had a curious experience which to minds more akin to the metaphysical temperament might have served as a point of departure for speculation of a mystical order, but in his case led merely to a note of interrogation mentally addressed to scientists. It turned upon the death of his mother, who was worshiped by her numerous children not only for the generosity with which she was wont to sacrifice herself for their good but also for the sweetness and firmness with which she faced her trials and hid them from those whom they would have grieved and might have dispirited. Toward Alvaro in particular she displayed a warmth of affection which he still loves to recall. It was to him, when he was nineteen years old and penniless, that she confided the care of his sisters, for she had a presentiment, or rather the firm conviction, that he would one day rise to a high position in the social scale.

A Curious Experience

Well, he and his brother were employed far from the town where Señora Obregón dwelt, on a hacienda, working twelve hours daily, earning a mere pittance and improving their minds in their leisure hours at night by reading aloud to each other. Unfortunately, the only books available—those of the landed proprietor—were almost exclusively novels, and mostly poor ones. One night after Alvaro had gone to sleep his brother woke him up and said: "I have terrible news for you. Mother is dead."

"Whatever do you mean?" rejoined Alvaro. "Have you been dreaming?"

"No, nor sleeping either. Wide awake, I have just seen her as I now see you. She lay on the bed a corpse, rigid and bloodless, her face drawn and her skin like parchment. I actually saw her."

Alvaro argued against the possibility of such an apparition, set it down to a hallucination, and after a time induced his brother to go back to bed.

Soon afterward, however, a knock was heard at the door, and the brother returned with an account of a second apparition and protesting that he could not sleep.

"Well," rejoined Alvaro, "I have to be up betimes in the morning and at my work, so I cannot afford to do without sleep in order to keep you company. You are ill."

He then woke up the housekeeper and asked for some medicine to calm his brother's nerves and, having obtained it, he went to bed, slept soundly and rose next morning as usual. Two days passed after that, during which he forgot the incident completely. But during the night of the second day he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs afar off, and suddenly the episode revived in his memory. Gradually the sound grew louder, and then stopped. He felt certain that it bore a direct relation to himself and his mother. The horseman entered the house. He was a messenger with the tidings of the death of Señora Obregón, who had expired at the exact moment of the first apparition.

All the school children of Huatabampo performed menial and other work at home for their parents, but none of them toiled as hard or began as young as Alvaro Obregón. At the early age of five he was already making himself useful about the shanty, and by the time he was seven he was intrusted with much of the household work, including the purchase of provisions, and so on. When less than thirteen he obtained the use of a patch of land for himself, on which he planted tobacco, cultivating it with the utmost care whenever he could steal a few minutes from his other avocations. The little crop he harvested, dried, prepared, cut and made into cigarettes, to which he gave the name America. But as the quality was not of the highest, the demand was very slack and the venture threatened to be a failure, whereupon one of his mates, who is now a personal friend of mine, went to the few shops in the place, as if sent by his father, to purchase the brand America. None of the salesmen had the cigarettes in stock, but, roused by these

inquiries, they promptly invested in a certain number, and young Obregón got some slight return for his time and labor. He actually registered his tobacco factory under the law, got his brother to work for him and paid him in smokes.

It is worthy of note that the iron of poverty, to the pressure of which Alvaro was thus subjected for the first twenty years of his life, left no abiding mark either on his character or on his life philosophy. To him it was a stimulus to exertion, not a debasement. One could live on very little in Huatabampo thirty-five years ago, especially if one were a native of the place. His brother, the schoolmaster, received a salary of twenty pesos a month—about ten dollars—and was contented with his lot until opportunity offered to better it. But once in a while Alvaro was in sore straits and required an extraordinary exertion to keep himself at the level of his schoolmates, nearly all of whom were better off than he. Thus at the annual examinations, which were conducted with a certain degree of ceremony, it was deemed the correct thing to appear in a hat. But young Obregón had been living without headgear and could not raise the money to purchase any. On the eve of the great day he was sorely perplexed, but after sundown he had a plan ready. He borrowed a machine, dispensed with sleep, obtained a quantity of rice straw, plaited it, took it down to the river and soaked it, returned, and made a hat which took everybody by surprise next morning.

At the age of ten he was working as a mechanic, without, however, abandoning school; and those who were his schoolmates then assert that he acquired considerable proficiency in his work. This was natural enough, for not only was he gifted with unusual acumen and healthy curiosity but he possessed—and still possesses—the most prodigious memory of any human being I have ever met. I once gave him the names of every card in the pack in a certain order, and not only did he repeat them in that order but when I called out the number he named the card, and this not only at once but ten days later. I tested him in other ways, and I can truly affirm that I have never met a person gifted with such a receptive, retentive and responsive memory. He will encounter by chance a friend whom he has not seen for ten or fifteen years, and he can at once continue the conversation which they broke off at that remote date. He still speaks with a certain degree of fluency the Yaqui language, which he acquired as a boy. I have heard him talk it on several occasions; but unhappily it is the only foreign tongue he has ever tried to master.

Seeking His Fortune

At the age of thirteen his school years came to an end with an incident which impressed him somewhat at the time and was regarded by his political friends in later life as an indication that Providence or Destiny had some special work, some momentous mission, in store for him. Though only a boy of thirteen, he had long desired to seek his fortune in the world and had made various inquiries about an opening, but without result.

One day, however, he received, to his joy, a letter from a friend in Durango who was making his own way there successfully, offering him employment of a congenial kind and scope for his enterprise. Accordingly he scraped together a few pesos and took a ticket from the little port of Medano Blanco, in Sonora, to Mazatlan on board a steamer called Porfirio. On his way to Medano Blanco, however, he received a telegram informing him that the boat would not touch that port, whereupon he returned home disappointed. Hardly was he back when another message reached him to the effect that the Porfirio was on its way to the little port, but that he must make haste if he intended to travel by her. He again took leave of his friends, including a little sweetheart to whom he was engaged, set out with great expedition and moved as rapidly as the state of the roads permitted. But to his regret the vessel had already gone. He was disappointed, but nowise cast down.

Obregón has never allowed himself to be unduly dispirited by the pranks played him by circumstances. His temperament is decidedly sanguine and marked by unusual resiliency. Only once did he entirely lose hope, under circumstances which will be recorded later on; and then, too, strange to



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say, he was saved from death by a curious coincidence of unlooked-for occurrences. But to conclude this story: A few days after his return home from Medano Blanco he learned that the Porfirio, which he had twice missed, was caught in a heavy storm and lost together with every soul on board.

After that he decided to take employment wherever he could find it, and very soon he received an offer in his own state of Sonora to work as a mechanic in a *hacienda*. It was there that the episode occurred by which he received the mysterious announcement of his mother's death. The proprietor under whom he served, and indeed most of those who were his employers during this period of storm and stress, were kind-hearted men who took an interest of a sort in the well-being of their workmen. But it was purely superficial and temporary and therefore led to nothing. Only the very strong could hope to rise in time to a position of economic independence, and even they had to put forth superhuman efforts. Obregón's novitiate was long and wearisome. At the age of nineteen he exchanged the *hacienda* for a sugar factory, where he also discharged the duties of night watchman and was intrusted with important functions that necessitated extreme punctuality and a developed sense of responsibility. Here, too, he won golden opinions from his employers, but discerned no prospect of such promotion as he deemed commensurate with his capacities. Years afterward, when commanding the troops in Sinaloa, he and his staff visited the workshop in Navotato and examined the lathe at which he was wont to work.

At last Obregón resolved to set up for himself. Renting a plot of land, he tilled it, lived as best he could on his scanty savings until harvest time, toiling in the meanwhile with might and main. In his home I saw a photograph taken of him in those days, when he was digging a canal for irrigation. Little by little he prospered on the land, contracted for work and executed it satisfactorily, until at last he rose to be the owner of a little manor house bearing the significant name of Ruined Cottage. I have met and talked to several of the workmen who were his mates during that period of his life struggle, and they still regard him as a comrade.

At the age of twenty-three he wedded his first wife, by whom he had two children,

who are still living. In connection with this marriage an incident occurred which brings into sharp relief his settled attitude toward the church of which he is a nominal member and also his detestation of anything that resembles hypocrisy. He called on the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony.

"You will have to go to confession," explained the priest, "before receiving the sacrament of matrimony."

"But I don't believe in confession," Obregón rejoined, "and surely you would not have me play at make-believe!"

"Well, but you have the alternative—you can pay the fee which exempts those who do not comply with the religious requirements."

"I wish I could, but I am poor and cannot afford so much money."

"Very well, then, you must confess." Obregón, intent on marriage, had no choice. He went to confession, but when asked what sins he had committed he replied:

"None. I have done nothing in malice. I have no reason to repent of any of my deliberate acts and I regret the necessity of having to tell you so."

That brief conversation exhausted the matter. The priest insisted no further and the wedding took place in due course.

A fairly safe test of a man's integrity and general moral worth is the degree of consideration he enjoys among those in whose midst he has grown up and made his way in the world. And, judged by this standard, I may say that few Mexicans would be able to live up to the high reputation which Obregón fairly established among his own shrewd, observant neighbors. His word there is a bond; between promise and execution there is only the interval defined in advance by himself; and he can fairly accept as a debt the high praise which the entire community bestows on him unstintingly. One of the many manifestations of public confidence—which was also his first initiation into public life—was his election to the post of president of the municipality of Huatabampo under the government of Francisco Madero. It also coincided with the beginning of the period of civil wars which well-nigh ruined the republic, turned Obregón's name into a clarion and finally raised him to the presidency.

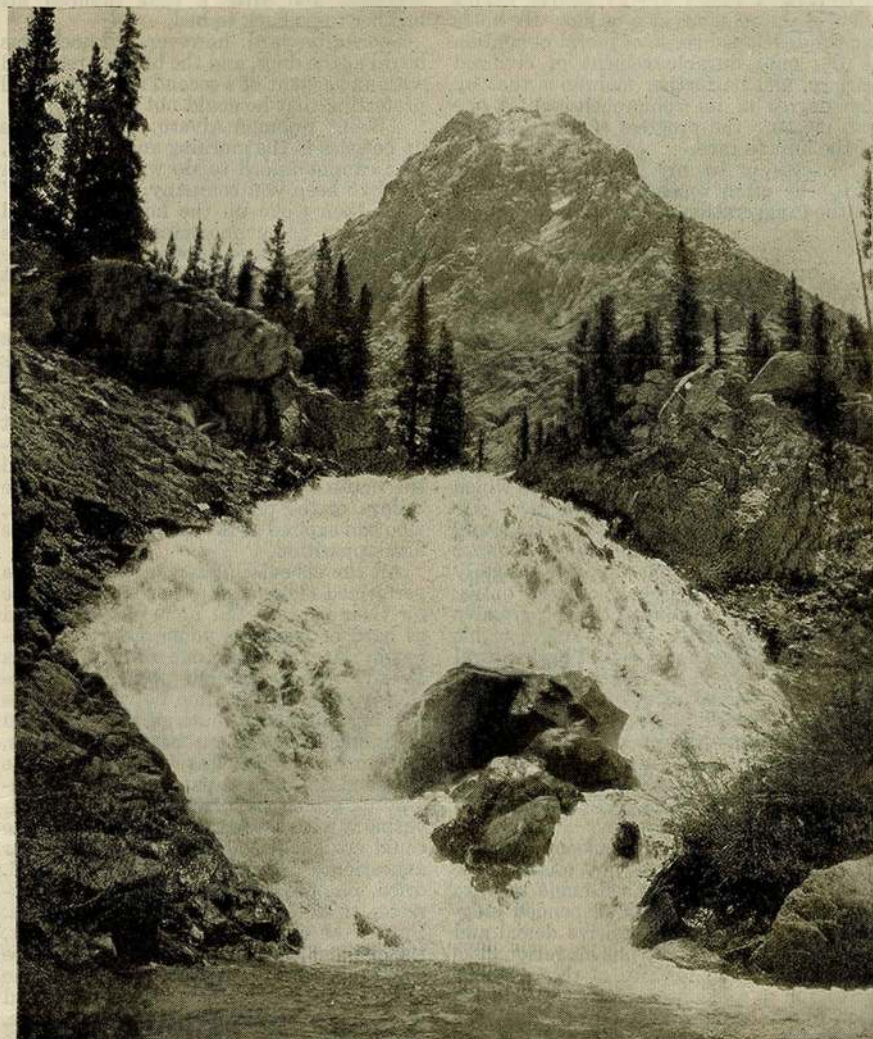


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