

CUBAN REBELS TRAILED TO GUERRILLA WARFARE

Successfully Fighting Spain for a Century, They Know How to Worry Palma



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF DON TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, PRESIDENT OF CUBA



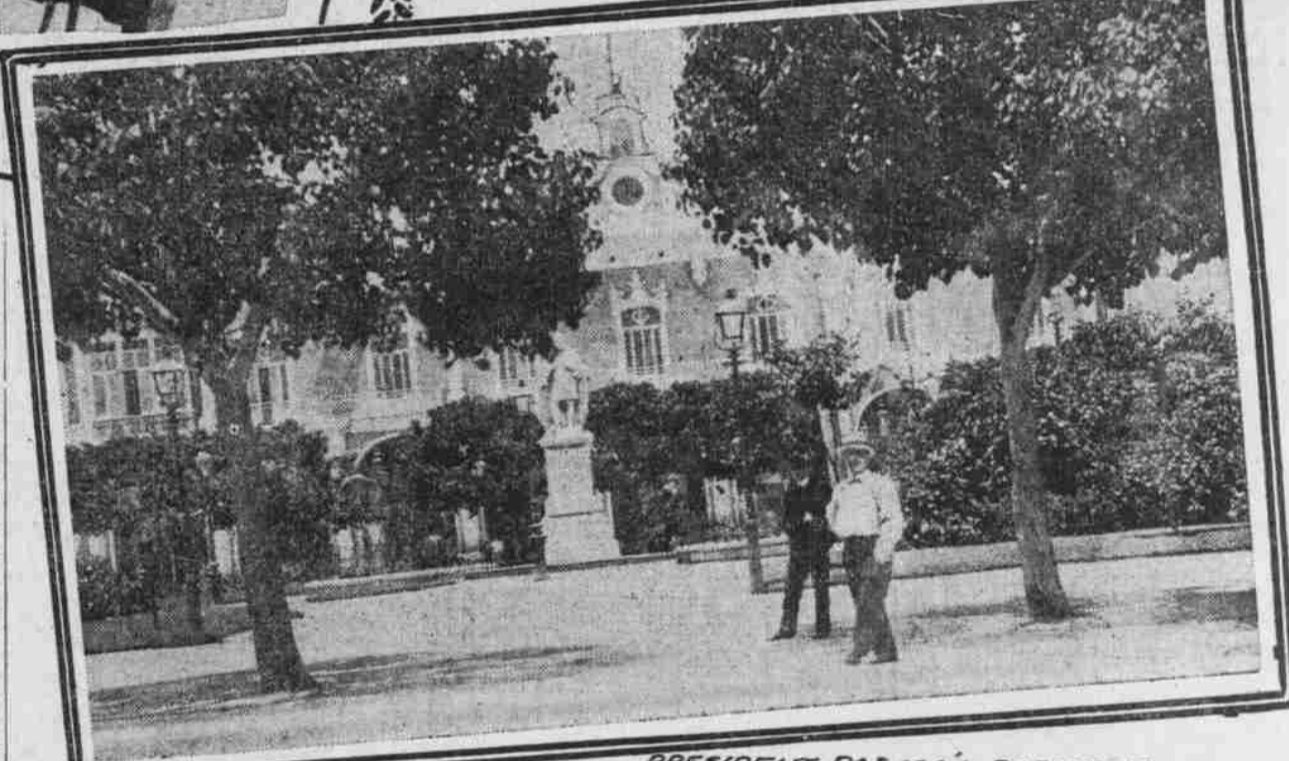
GENERAL JOSE M. GOMEZ, THE INSURGENT LEADER, WHO HAS BEEN IMPRISONED



GENERAL EMILIO MUNEZ, CIVIL GOVERNOR OF HAVANA AND A PROMINENT FIGURE IN CUBAN POLITICS



PALMA AND HIS CABINET



PRESIDENT PALMA'S PALACE, HAVANA. HERE THE PLOT TO KILL EXECUTIVE AND OVERTHROW GOVERNMENT WAS TO BE CARRIED OUT

REVOLUTION stalks again in Cuba. The unhappy island of unrest, whose fair soil has for a century been soaked in the blood of insurgents and their tyrants, is once again in turmoil.

Three brief years of peace, intervening since the achievement of independence, are now over, and the traditional warfare is resumed.

When Estrada Palma, once chieftain of a political junta, quit his quiet school at Little Falls, New York, to become the first President of the Cuban Republic, he little knew what a complex problem awaited him. The spirit that kept Cuba fighting for liberty against Spain grew not only from a desire for liberty. It was the expression of the restless mind of the Cuban that never is at peace and turns to strife on the least excuse.

After being freed from Spain, Cubans wanted the fruits of freedom at once. They saw no reason why they should wait. During the period that the United States remained in control, the strength of Washington was able to preserve order, but it was inevitable that strife should come under the Palma regime.

The disappointed seekers for patronage had to be heard from. Quentin Bandera, a brave general in the Cuban wars of the last 30 years, thought it no more than a fair reward that he should be Chief of Police, but Palma, a man of education, shrank from putting in a place of power a man who could not write his own name.

They made Bandera a door-keeper at \$75 a month, and he nursed his grievance till at the first outbreak of revolt he took the part of the insurgents. His death under the machetes of the Cuban guards a few weeks ago took from the insurgents their best fighting leader.

Leaders Not Lacking. But the revolt will not lack for leaders. There are always lots of them to

arise when the fires of insurrection stir the Pearl of the Antilles.

Such men as Velez Garcia, General Carlos Garcia and General Justo Garcia, sons of General Calixto Garcia, Generals Montenegro and Loynaz del Castillo and Colonels Piedra and Alberti are relentless fighters who will stick to their cause, right or wrong, with that pertinacity that seems peculiarly characteristic of the Cuban rebel.

The target at which they are aiming is said to be President Palma, and fear is felt by many that the Chief of the Republic may fall by the assassin's hand. Precautions have been taken by the army and police authorities to extend every protection to Palma at all times.

In such crises there is always a large degree of danger from within. President Palma has been to special pains to assure the loyalty of all parts of his government. He has called into conference all the chiefs of his various departments, has armed the customs employees, and increased the guard around the treasury.

Seditious proclamations have been traced to their source as far as possible, and the publishers punished. Warnings have been posted in all parts of the Republic forbidding all persons to take part in any movement inimical to the present authority, and promising summary justice on those who do.

Ever since the triumph of Palma and the Liberal regime at the recent election started the talk of rebellion, the police have been gathering the names of the disturbers in Havana and other centers, and these are under surveillance so that they may be arrested at the first open act of treason.

There is little of a political issue in the revolt. It is rather the personal ad-

venture of those whose ambitions have been disappointed by the Palma regime.

Skilled in Guerrilla Warfare. In the conflict between the government and the malcontents, there will be little open fighting. Methods in Cuba tend distinctly to bushwhacking. It is the policy of the revolutionists to be mosquitoes, to take advantage of a knowledge of the country to strike a swift and unexpected blow, then disappear from the danger of vengeance, to return for another blow as soon as the chance offers.

The Cubans are masters at this style of warfare. They employed it against Spain with such good success that the flower of Castilian generals and troops returned in disgrace from Cuba, with reputations ruined by months of non-success.

This was the policy of Marti and of the incomparable Gomez. It was the undoing of Spanish generals like Weyler, Compo, Arolas and Linares.

Quartermasters. The Cubans regularly organized armies, the Cuban insurgent simply eliminated. He scorns such a supposedly military necessity as a base of supplies. He lives upon the country. He does habitually what Sherman did in Georgia and Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

In a pinch he can subsist on a yard or two of sugar cane cut from the field with his convenient machete, which was an implement of husbandry, by the way, long before it became a dreaded weapon of war, and a few yams or plantains

make him a sufficient, though frugal, dinner. So the Cuban insurgents' most efficient commissary generals are the warm sunshine and the marvelous soil of his lavishly fruitful island.

As for quartermaster's supplies, fill-busters must, for the most part, furnish the insurgent with his arms and ammunition, and often these supplies are scant enough. The immediate bodyguard of old Maximo in the days of 1895 were a fairly well equipped body of riflemen, but the vast majority of his followers and those of the dreaded Macco had little or nothing in the way of long range firearms, except what they took from the Spaniards.

Many had old-fashioned revolvers slung about their almost naked waists, and practically all carried and knew how to use the keen-edged, heavy machete knife.

With camp equipage, except of the most primitive and portable kind, the insurgent in the field declines to cumber his movements. While in camp a thatched hut, hastily knocked together from cane, bamboo or palm branches, readily serves the purpose of a shelter. In a country perennially balmy, clothing is the least of his troubles. He usually goes barefooted from choice, if not from necessity.

Four Generations of Fighters. In the present conflict both sides understand the art of guerrilla warfare, for both practiced it against Spain. What they were able to do shoulder to shoulder they must now accomplish against each other, and unless the United States should be forced to intervene to protect its own

interests, the turmoil will certainly lengthen out over a considerable period. The daring of the rebels is shown by

to give sympathy, though other Nations that pitied the woes of Cuba had promised to help.

his peaceful school to become the shining target in a country where peace is a stranger.

Is Thirteen Really an Unlucky Number?

THIRTEEN enjoys among numerals a dual position peculiarly its own. It is somewhat singular that a number regarded by some so sacredly as to be reverently venerated should have acquired in the eye of others an unpopular stigma by all that is evil, unlucky and undesirable.

Passing swiftly from the remotest ages of superstition to more modern times of seemingly sounder reasoning, one finds it typical alike of good and evil according to the particular circumstances of the case. Superstition dies hard, and while the 20th century, with its ripening intelligence is wonderfully able to accept with alacrity what the revolution of ages has brought about in so many desirable directions, one sees it clinging here and there, like limpets to the rock, some persons even still going so far as to refuse to dine in a company of 13 lest death should thereby claim too soon an unwilling victim. This notion is popularly supposed to have arisen through that memorable meal from which Judas rose to meet his doom.

Nothing is more surprising than the inconsistency and contrariety at times of the human race. Dr. G. Russell Forbes has recently drawn passing attention to what is recorded in verse on the marble table in the chapel of the Triclinium Pauperum in Rome, adjoining the Church of St. Gregory on the Caelian hill—namely, that Pope Gregory the Great was in the habit of entertaining every morning 12 poor men. On one occasion, Christ appeared as the 13th and henceforth 12 became "lucky" for the time being. Here, as elsewhere in the numeral world, may be observed a strong tendency to let fancy take so powerful a possession of the mind that it appears that that abnormal imagination no longer as fancy, but

as fact. Thirteen, however, was the symbol of death considerably earlier than the beginning of the Christian era. If the tarot or pipese's gospel be referred to it will be found that the 13th card is represented by a skeleton in his scythe. This symbolism may be traced through ancient oral tradition to the 13th letter of that sacred word of the Hebrew Kabbalah, Yod-he-vau-he, a word never, it is supposed, uttered by the Israelites themselves, and only by the high priest once a year. A number being attributed to each letter of the alphabet, every word in due course gained a numerical value, and so, from this ancient conception of an occult meaning in numbers certain results were attained. As the principal doctrines of the Kabbalah endeavored to portray not only the nature of the deity, the divine emanations, the angels and the creation, the nature of the world and of men, but also their destiny, it can be understood how "death" became associated with its "own" number.

The Thirteenth Guest. Sitting down as the 13th at dinner we are told in the old Norse mythology, deemed "unlucky" by the Scandinavians because at a banquet in the Valhalla Loki, the Scandinavian god of strife and evil, intruded himself on one occasion, making the "13th" guest, and succeeded in his desire to kill, with an arrow of mistletoe, Balder, the god of peace. It is noticeable that in this instance the 13th guest was the emblematic embodiment of evil.

In the case of Pope Gregory the 13th guest was the symbolic omen of good. "Thirteen," says Wynn Westcott in his treatise on numbers, "was the sacred number of the Mexicans and the people of Yucatan. The method of computation among the Mexican priests," he continues, "was by weeks of 13 days—their year being 25 weeks of 13 days and one over. Thirteen

years formed an indiction—a week of years—the 13 days over forming another week. Four times 13, or 52, was their week. In Yucatan there were 13 snake gods." He draws attention, too, to the fact that old authors speak of 13 as a number used to procure agreement among married people. Thirteen, it should be pointed out, is the number of the Hebrew word "achad"—"unity."

Europe Generally Prejudiced. In opposition to this the Turks, Russians, Italians, French and English all have shown themselves more or less prejudiced, from time to time, against 13. Moore in his diary refers to a dinner of 13 at Mme. Catalini's when a French countess was hastily summoned to remedy the grievance. French prejudice, if report be true, has even gone so far as to delete the dreaded figure from their door numbers, while individuals styled quatuorziennes have held themselves in readiness to avert their presence a supposed foreboding calamity. Yet prior to 1825 the Irish, superstitious in many ways though they be, could calmly carry about with them a coin worth just 13 pence.

Thirteen—the "baker's dozen"—is, of course, everywhere regarded as including a vantage loaf. "Would you not," pertinently asks Dr. Forbes in contending for the luck lurking in 13, "rather have 13 guineas than 12?" A Thirteen Club at one time made itself conspicuous in a ludicrous endeavor to upset this ill-fated spread prejudice and other ill-foreboding omens by boldly breaking mirrors and otherwise

identifying themselves with skulls and skeletons, black cats, cross-eyed waiters and coffin-shaped salt cellars, so that the London Spectator in 1894 found itself unable to gain from facetiousness, exclaiming: "Who could have believed that there were 169 men in London so singularly lacking in humor?" Mention might also be made of the celebrated Thirteenth regiment of whom it was spoken: "Gallant deeds in all parts of the country for upward of 106 years, combined with excellent conduct in quarters, have obtained for the regiment the respect of the country, and the queen (Victoria) has graciously named it after her royal consort in testimony of its many and varied services."

Our Original Thirteen States. Attention may now be turned to several lately revived instances in the annals of American history of thirteen being felicitous rather than the reverse. The country of this ever increasingly prosperous people was, at the celebrated Thirteenth, comprised originally thirteen states, and the national motto, intentionally or not, "E Pluribus Unum," consists of just thirteen letters. The American eagle claims to have exactly thirteen feathers on each wing, and General Washington when raising the republican standard was saluted by thirteen guns. It might also be styled the "Land of Thirteen."

A remarkable example in evidence of the influence which personal feeling may have over one's opinion is worth recalling. Bismarck is credited with holding in supreme veneration the number three, but he had a particular antipathy to it when preceded by the figure one, and would never, it is said, sit down to dine if he happened to be the thirteenth at a table. Pythagoras declared three to be the "perfect" number, typical of "beginning, middle and end." Bismarck's reasons for his predilection were briefly

stated at the time of his death. He served three masters; he was responsible for and fought in three great wars; he signed three treaties of peace; he arranged the meeting of three emperors; he established the triple alliance; in the Franco-German war he had three horses killed under him; he had three names (Bismarck, Schoenhausen and Lauenburg); he acquired three titles (count, prince, duke); the ancient arms of his family are a leaf of clover and three oak leaves. His family motto, "In Trinitate robur"—"Strength in Trinity"—was surely in itself sufficient to give a meaning in this particular direction. So closely were his feelings associated with the triple number that the caricaturist represented him with three hairs on his head. He had three children. Under his administration the conservatives, national liberals and ultramontanes were formed. These circumstances considered, then it is hardly to be wondered at that Bismarck should have had a penchant for "three" rather than for "thirteen."

Wagner's Preference. Richard Wagner, the musician, on the other hand, preferred "thirteen." Born in 1813, fate endowed him with a name of thirteen letters and in course of time allowed him to compose thirteen works. His "Tannhauser" was finished on April 13, and was first performed in Paris on March 13. He left Bayreuth on September 13 and died on February 13.

Ever in the present year of grace folks may be found firmly believing that there is luck in odd numbers, not alone in three and thirteen, but in seven also. As shown in a former paper, like "three" and "thirteen," "seven" has played no inconspicuous part in the story of the past. Had Cobden been a man of constant, a little less matter of fact he might have dwelt with a sense of satisfaction on the fact that seven, for was it not owing to the power of seven men

Sacredly Venerated by Some People and Stigmatized as Evil by Many Others.

and the patience of seven years that those crushing corn laws were in the end so completely conquered and overthrown? "Luck will come if it can" was, in substance, what Carlyle tersely and soundly predicted, to which one ventures to add, "Yes, and in the train of three and seven and thirteen, respectively and in spite of rather than because of any particular number. The reflection carries with it an amazing amount of comforting consolation. But it should not be forgotten that while awaiting its appearance one may actually be speeding its advent in a calm pursuit of the Chelsea philosopher's sensible counsel: "Work—work hard; work well."

An instance in which this may be seen and in association with the so-called "unlucky" number is in the time-honored and still popular game of whist. Thirteen cards are dealt out to and rigorously dealt, by each player. It depends largely, of course, upon the player himself whether these thirteen cards are turned to his advantage or disadvantage.

One more remark about thirteen. At roulette quite recently "thirteen" was reported having come up "three times in succession." Losing the casino, it was stated, no less than 5,000 pounds sterling, enough, one would think, to upset the prejudiced attitude of many a superstitious mind.

The Forgotten Gift. She had been cleaning up her "den" and came across various and sundry unfamiliar books in the process. After thinking hard she had restored them all to their rightful owners with a fine and conscious sense of virtue. Only one remained and one night the man with whom she connected this particular book called. She brought it out. "Here's a little old book of yours," she announced in her usual flippant way, "and I wish you'd take it home."

I've given it house room long enough," he said, "but I'll look at it rather quietly. "All right," he said, but there was no enthusiasm in his tone. "It's yours, isn't it?" she demanded. "Well, not exactly," he replied. "I gave it to you for a birthday present about two years ago."

Now she is writing her name in every book she owns.

The Unexpected. W. A. Glasgow, Jr., of the Interstate Commerce Commission's counsel, smiled. He had been interrogating a reporter in his hotel, and the reply he received was unexpected.

"That was an unlooked-for answer, truly," he said. "It was like the answer the policeman gave to the good citizen. 'A good citizen, breathless and excited, ran up to a large, calm policeman one day and cried: "Officer, there's a terrible fight going on around the corner to the right. "Thank you, sir, I'll do as much for you some day," said the policeman, gratefully, as he took the turning to the left and quickly disappeared."

He Followed Style. The press agent of a successful farce produced during the past Winter tells of his experience with the composers of a paper in Chicago who persisted in "boiling down" the advertising matter submitted to them. The press agent had written for one of the Chicago dailies a poetical "ad" reading as follows: "From half-past eight till half-past ten you laugh and laugh and laugh again." To the indignation of the advertising man, the compositor set up the advertisement thus: "From 8:30 till 10:30 You laugh and laugh and laugh again."