

REVOLUTIONS MADE TO ORDER

A View Behind the Scenes of Latin American Intrigues

Washington, D. C., Firm Follows Novel Occupation of Launching and Breaking Revolts—Credited With Responsibility for Overthrow of Diaz—The Delicate Maze of Neutrality Laws Is Gone Through by Them to Prevent Complications for Their Clients.

BY WILLIAM AHERTON DU PUY
HOW to make revolutions, how to break them, how to put a client into a Latin American Presidency, how to maintain a President in one of those stormy republics to the south, how to get arms and ammunition without violating neutrality laws, how to make it possible for the leading financiers of these countries to defy its President without having his property confiscated—these and a score of other such questions present themselves regularly to a certain unassuming, silent firm in Washington which is today a power behind many of the rulers of Latin America.

This firm is Hopkins & Hopkins, father and son, in whose modest offices are hatched and matured half of the plans that mean the reaching and unseating of Presidents to the south. These offices on the eighth floor of the Hibbs building in Washington are the point from which insurrection after insurrection in Latin America, every one successful, has been directed. Thomas S. Hopkins, the senior member of the firm, is the crafty authority on neutrality and international law who directs the activities of the firm. Sherborne G. Hopkins, the son, is the active force on the outside who plays the Latin American game among the diplomats and even in Latin America itself. This is the firm which represented the Maderos in the recent contest for the unseating of Diaz. This is the firm which is now attempting to smother another insurrection in Mexico. This is the firm which fought Zelaya in Nicaragua, Davila in Honduras, and which has long maintained Cabrera in Guatemala.



Thomas S. Hopkins, Who Fills The Wires That Shift The Scenes in Latin America



President Cabrera of Guatemala



Revolution Headquarters in Washington

Sherborne Hopkins, The Outside Man in Revolution Making

Causes of Revolutions.

From the fulness of the experience of Hopkins & Hopkins it is easy to deduct the secrets of revolution-making and to write the prescription for success in that most speculative branch of endeavor. In this connection must be outlined a condition typical of that which almost always exists in one of those more backward republics of Latin America before unendurable conditions drive its citizens to revolt. This typical, hypothetical republic is ruled by a so-called President, whose authority is in reality absolute and whose term of office is indefinite unless he be overthrown by a revolution. The President is surrounded by a staff, a little inner ring, which shares in the perquisites of office and systematically loots the government and the people for whatever it can.

After elementary lessons in political graft like this the inner ring has found a way to hold the club over any commercial enterprise of the community known to be paying large dividends. These money-makers are shaken down for everything available. In addition the inner ring goes into the open market and, in the name of the government, borrows all the money that may be secured. Little of this money is ever expended for any purpose of government. It goes into the pockets of the grafters. Eventually the people grow restive, dissatisfied, rebellious. Then conditions are right for a revolution.

After establishing friendly relations with the United States, the next step of importance is to protect leaders of the revolution that they may not lose their wealth, for revolutions require much money in the financing. Taking it that the man who is starting a revolution is rich, he must have his property adequately protected or it would be immediately seized and turned into the coffers of the authority which he is seeking to overturn. This prospective revolutionist is advised to form a foreign company, either American, British, German or French, to which all his belongings are transferred. Thus his antagonist may not seize his property without getting into international difficulties.

rauntlet of neutrality laws and international laws to be run, as well as the vigilance of the government that is to be overthrown. If the revolution is north of Panama these munitions of war come almost wholly from the United States. To maintain the secrecy necessary to purchase, ship and smuggle into a country sufficient arms to supply a revolution is very difficult. An understanding of American sources and possible means of transportation is indispensable. Then there is the fighting and, if the insurrection moves toward success, the matter of obtaining the necessary recognition from other governments. This last matter requires the most delicate diplomatic handling.

The Game in Mexico.

The most striking example of a scientifically conducted revolution is that which resulted in the overthrow of Diaz and the election of Madero as President of Mexico. It is well known that the most important battles in that country were battles of brains on the American side of the Rio Grande. In Mexico conditions were typical. A

never held office and was not generally known to the Mexican people. This imprisonment was important in that it got him to a certain extent before the public. Upon receiving his freedom Madero proceeded in a scientific way to develop a revolution.

How Madero Did It.

One of the first things Madero did was to establish a diplomatic agency in Washington. The larger moves on his chessboard were made from the eighth floor of the Hibbs building; indeed to a very large extent his success is due to the direction of these Americans. Their guiding hand reveals itself in half a dozen different ways. The first suggestion they made was to get the Madero wheel beyond the reach of Diaz. These lordly Mexican insurgents are the possessors of a wealth so prodigious as to be almost beyond conception. So vast was it that a number of foreign companies were organized to blanket it. When it was all finally covered in such a way that Diaz dared not touch it for fear of international troubles even if the insurrection failed, the Maderos could safely declare themselves in the meantime great quantities of

THE DOOR OF DEATH

A WHIMSICAL TALE OF LOVE AND THE OCCULT.

BY GEORGE SEIBEL.
THE first hint of the fearful truth came to me a week ago, on the morning after I had arrived at this hotel. I turned out of bed and stepped toward the window, to open the blinds and let the gold of the morning pour in, when I stumbled against a cupboard. And my foot, striking the porcelain, gave forth a metallic ring.

It startled me, but I thought no more of it just then. There was a dull pain in my head, and I raised the window, thinking the morning breeze might drive it away. They had told me that the fresh mountain air and the waters of the iron spring would make a new man of me. Ah, they had little thought, doctor and friends, of my rotten make-up!

I returned to my bedside, and knelt down to reach under it for my shoes. I always put my shoes under the bed, my watch in one shoe and my pocket-book in the other. No burglar would ever think of looking into a pair of shoes for valuables. As I stooped to reach under the bed, the water in the springs the other day had held in solution anything stronger than iron, I should have blamed it. On the four glasses I had drunk, I felt upon my mind—a head was drowsily aching without this new worry—so I brushed my hands over the shoes and smoothed them out. It would create gossip if the chambermaid saw that the impression left by my body in the bed was not that of a human body, but rather resembled the outlines of a huge door key.

Since then the fearful truth has slowly forced itself upon me, and I have been driven to every shift and expedient to keep the secret from becoming known. I have walked slowly and tiptoe in the corridors, lest the metallic impact of my feet upon the tiles should arouse suspicion. On the warmest days I have muffled myself to my greatcoat, to prevent spying eyes from wondering about the shape of my body. Despite these precautions the clerk and the porters look after me as I pass, and I am sure they suspect something. I dare not stay to talk to any of the other guests, not

even to her, for fear my awful secret will become known!

Ah, if they knew—if she knew! The thought appals me; I feel the perspiration break out upon my brow; and, as I lift my hand to wipe it away, I feel that my hair is turning gray.

It is the fault of the mineral spring water—that I feel certain. The four glasses I drank soon after my arrival slithered under the bed, and I know that I know nothing of mechanics, nor of the mysterious inter-connections of matter and mind and chemical reactions, I feel doubly certain that I slithered the new post, for I must not fall. It seems that, as I clatter down in the corridor, one of the bellboys will pick me up and tell the clerk, "Some guest has dropped this." And then the secret would be out.

I can understand the transmutation of my bodily tissue into metallic molecules is similar to the process of ossification by which a well-known museum freak was produced, analogous to the process of petrification by which whole forests have been turned into stone. But why should I be turned into stone? Why not retain my human semblance? What mad prank have the mysterious powers of mind played with my body? I remember, before lying down on the bed that night, the door-key was the last tangible object of my thoughts. I rose to see whether I had locked the door. Then, as I lay down again, the key, huge and luminous, seemed to hang over my head. As I fell asleep, its bow seemed to press coldly upon my forehead.

I dread discovery. What will become of me? Perhaps, like the Ossified Man, I shall become the prey of some dime museum manager. I can see the flaring canvas painted with the accursed shape; I can hear the lecturer invite the gaping crowd to "come in and see the Human Door-key! Only a dime!"

It is in vain to think jestingly of the matter in this strain, as I have tried to do. I have said to myself: "Be grateful you are not turned into an umbrella, for then you would tremble continually in dread of being stolen. Be grateful you are not turned into a Venetian glass vase, for then you would shiver in perpetual apprehension of being broken. Be grateful you are not turned into a pump, for if you met a friend, and he shook your hand vigorously, a stream of clear, cold water gushing from your mouth would betray your secret at once."

Indeed, I am sincerely glad that it is no worse. And grateful, too, that she does not suspect. If she knew, she would no longer smile at me, even her mournful smile. What would she say?

And what would the hotel manager

could not blame the police for placing me under arrest if they discovered this strange power to be mine. But I do not fear them—prison doors would open to let me out as easily as any door in this hotel would open to let me in.

It seems that the same state of fluxion which prevents the metallic molecules of my body from solidifying in the form of the key, still keeps the people I meet from guessing my dread secret. I am hovering, as it were, between two shapes—like a disembodied spirit uncertain which form to assume. O God, He will that no one know! What would it be if she came up to look into my eyes, and looked instead through the bow of the key into space?

Can she suspect anything? Is she here by some collusion with the doctor who recommended me to come hither? Sometimes I think so—for she acts strangely. I have noticed her when I barely notices my presence, nods to me distantly, though pleasantly, seems to avoid me as I avoid her. Last evening, when I followed her up the hotel stairs, my feet clicking clearly upon the tiles, she walked faster until she fairly flew across the upper corridor; then she turned and looked into the door of her room. Ah, if she knew how little she avails the locking of doors against me! I need only press my head into the keyhole and give one wrench; the most complicated lock would fly open instantly. What would the Prisoner of Chillon not have given to possess this power? Or Urolino in the Tower of Famine? Or H. de Beaufort in Mazzarini's prison? Or Galileo in the career of the Inquisition? Or the thousands that have been cast helpless into the Bastilles and Chateaux d'if of the world? By them this inexhaustible transformation, this perplexing gift, would have been welcomed as a blessing, as a divine interposition like that of the sun, which, when it comes as a cruel curse, an affliction little short of death.

It were easier to bear if I could make the remotest use of it. But when use could I make of it? I am qualified only to become a traveling locksmith or a burglar's first assistant. I should prove a valuable helper to some midnight rauder, for I could tell him that hotel guests occasionally put their valuables into their shoes, which they stand just under the bed, at the foot.

Perhaps I might turn my gift to use in a small way even here. And by doing so I might discover whether the people of the hotel suspect anything. I have seen them look curiously at my shadow as I crossed the lawn. I must keep out of the sun, however.

Approaching the clerk, I said hurriedly in a casual manner: "If I suppose you sometimes do—if you should have occasion to break open

any door or to force the lock of a trunk—"

"Sir," said he, and looked at me in a way that told me he divined what I meant to say.

"If you should," I continued, trying to feign a careless smile, "don't burst them open until you've called me." Then I leaned over and whispered into his ear, "I'll open them for you."

He looked after me in a way that left little doubt in my mind. He more than suspects my secret. It will require all my cunning to keep it from him. If it were not for my shadow!

Going up into my room I thought over this, though my head ached and throbbled. Throwing open the curtains I looked at my shadow upon the wall. If any lingering doubt had remained in my mind as to the horrible truth, one glance now dispelled it. The shadow of my body was truly the shadow of a gigantic key. I cannot go out any more unless I am muffled up past recognition—at any rate not in the daytime, nor in an unequally lighted room. I remember the story of a certain Peter Schlemihl, who sold his shadow and then wandered over the wide world in despair over his loss—how glad I should be to give my shadow away before it gives me away!

As I watched it upon the wall, flickering and fading with the motion of the wind-stirred curtain, another strange phenomenon arrested my attention. The bow of the key was where my head should have been; the stem of it formed my body; the bridge represented my feet. Now and again a sort of undulation or tremor shook the shadow, and I noted that the bow and the bridge had changed places. It is evidently another result of the state of fluxion in which I realize all the molecules of my body to be, and I suppose

it will continue until the process of fermentation is completed. If I had drunk more of the iron water, doubtless by now I should be clinging on somebody's key ring. I am like the paramoecium, that elastic animalcule which projects limbs from its body whenever and wherever it requires them—hands to seize food or feet to kick foes. I am in a state of fluxion, unstable and undulating; I feel all through me the endosmosis and exosmosis of my dual elements, flesh and iron; this flexible, chat-rigged, one human-like, the other key-shaped.

The thought is maddening. I would blow out my brains, but for two considerations. One is that a bullet fired at my head would pass harmlessly through the bow of the key, if the bow happened to be head at the time; if the bridge end chanced to be head, the bullet would fall flattened to the floor. The shot would attract attention, arouse suspicion, and suspicion is already rife. Of course, I might go and leap into the lake, being sure of sinking to the bottom, and no one would ever know what had become of me. But there I should lie under water, and rust, rust, rust. The idea is unbearable, for if I cannot help being a door-key, I at least do not wish to be rusty one.

Besides, if I made an end of myself, what would she say? She loved me once—I believe she still loves me—we were affianced. Sometimes I think the doctor has sent her here to watch over me, and that she knows, for I have caught her eyes red as if with weeping. Does she know? I must sound her—yet I must be careful lest she sound me, and discover that I sound like iron.

It must be done with tact. I hear her coming up the stairs now. I will call to her off the scent.

"Ah, Eleanor, you may have noticed that—that as I walk along this corridor my footfall clicks like—like metal."

"Well," she asked, and looked at me in a startled way.

"It's just because I have had my shoes retanned and heeled with iron. I was afraid the dampness of the ground here, soaking through leather soles, might bring on rheumatism. It's very damp here—that is also the reason you see me always muffled up in my overcoat."

"Oh," she said, and began to edge away toward her door.

"Don't be afraid of me—stay—I wouldn't harm you if I could. Of course, the past is past—you believed the slanders of those who would make out that I wasn't quite right in my head—you believed them, and it's all over between us. But I love you still."

"Do not remind me of it," she said, shading her eyes with her hands, and retreating more rapidly toward her room.

"It is true—I love you still, love you madly. If there is anything I can do to show my love, call upon me to do

it. Alas, it is little that lies in my power, but if—if, for instance, you should lose the key of your pocket-casket, bring the casket to me, I'll open it for you—understand?"

"By this time she had reached the door of her room, and stood upon the threshold.

"Good night!" she said, in a tone almost tearful, and shut the door in my face. I stood in consternation for a moment; I had not dreamed of such an affront, after I had been at great pains to express my devotion. I rapped on the door and cried:

"Open and hear what I have to say. There was a time when you listened gladly to what I said. Open!"

"Go away—go to your room—sleep—compose yourself—that will be best for you."

"You must listen to me, you must open the door, or I will," I said with terrible emphasis, so that she could not help but understand my meaning.

"If, as you say, you love me still, go to your room," she said.

"I love you still," I repeated vehemently, "and love laughs at locksmiths! Open the door, or I will. I have a power to open doors more potent than the shoulder of Porthos."

"Go away—go to your room," she almost screamed.

"You suspect, but you do not know the extent of this power," I answered. "If I were Harpagon, no treasure would be secure from me. If I were Paul Pry, no secret could be locked up too tightly. If I were Don Juan, no haughty beauty's chamber door would bar my passion out."

"Go away," she shrieked. "I have rung for the porter. Go away!"

"You shall hear all I have to say," I cried in rage. "Before he comes I'll be at your side, and you must send him off again."

I stooped forward and pressed my head against the keyhole. It passed into the lock instantaneously, and I knew that I need give one twist for the door to fly open. At the instant the porter came rushing up, in response to her ringing and her frantic cries, and seized me from behind. As I twisted my head in the lock he tugged—tugged like a demon. I felt my senses leaving me—strangulation, darkness, horror succeeded. He tugged and I wrenched—I twisted and gasped. It is over—for suddenly I felt all human senses quitting my body, and I fell to the floor with a clang, just a common iron door-key.

I am dead. I, Martin Farrington, am dead—I died at her door. The body that was mine is iron and shapen like a door-key. They have carried it to the room where I was, and laid it upon the bed. When day comes they will see that I am dead. And what is left of me will perhaps be hung upon a nail above the chimney-piece.

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"I Locked Myself With None Like the Outline of a Huge Door Key."



"As I Did So, My Head Instantaneously Perished into the Keyhole."