

# THE MEN ON HORSEBACK IN MEXICO.

## Picturesque Bandit-Warriors Who Are The Leading Force of Stricken Republic.



Typical Horseback Group of the Men of the Bands.

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER.  
TORREON, Mexico, June 16.—  
(Special Correspondence.)—He who goes afoot holds too slow a pace in Mexico. The man on horseback is the one to know.

Anarchic war, such as this one has been, gives a chance to those who have gone afoot to mount and ride, while some who have always ridden ride faster.

Villa is an easy rider, but Carranza on horseback makes a more imposing figure. It is too early yet to prophesy whether after peace they will continue to ride abreast.

Besides these two men, few of the leading figures in the constitutionalist army are known in the United States. This is not surprising, for little is known of most of them by the Mexicans themselves. To seek to obtain biographical details of some of the more prominent commanding officers is a baffling task.

About all that can be learned of General Blank, for instance, is that he came from some corner of Chihuahua or Durango or Coahuila, and that he took a number of his people with him into the field to fight Huerta and the científicos.

Occasionally this is a polite way of saying that the General in question was a bandit, who incorporated his band into irregular troops, and later merged them into the constitutionalist army, which itself was a good deal of an irregular army.

But often it simply means that some local leader got the peons of his neighborhood together, formed them into the nucleus of troops, and, as their leader, developed into their commanding officer, with other groups added.

These peon Generals have been the backbone of Villa's army. They knew both by instinct and training the secret of the guerrilla, bushwhacking warfare which in the beginning gave the revolution its only chance of success. As the struggle developed and some approach to war as conducted after civilized methods and with the arms and ammunition of regular troops was observed some of them have met their new responsibilities and have shown marked military capacity.

They are ignorant, but they could fight and win, else they would not have been given promotion by Villa. Few of them, doubtless, would prove successful as division or corps commanders, but they know how to handle

brigades, and are, therefore, Brigadier-Generals. "Half my Generals can't read," said Villa recently.

While these ignorant Generals who developed their own tactics have been an essential part of Villa's section of the constitutionalist army, they have not been its sole reliance. Some of the men who represent the intellectual side of the revolution have been part of the army, and have demonstrated a certain degree of military capacity.

There also have been highly educated men with military training and experience. These for the most part are officers of the Mexican army as it existed under Diaz. Some made cause with Madero, but more remained loyal to what they called the army as distinct from either Madero or Diaz, till Huerta seized the government. Then they joined the revolt.

Many of this class had been subordinates of Huerta, and knew his methods and the methods which would be followed by the federal commanders whom he left in charge of the government troops in the north. This knowledge has been of great service to Villa.

The leading figure among the trained military commanders in Villa's army at the present time by common consent is General Felipe Angeles. He is so because he is high in Villa's favor. It is the common understanding that Villa's wish if he should be killed in battle is that General Angeles shall succeed him in command.

General Angeles got his military training during the Diaz rule, and was an officer of the regular army. He was an instructor at the Chapultepec Military Academy—the West Point of Mexico—and enjoyed great popularity among the students. He is in some degree typical of young military Mexico. He refused to accept Huerta and became very active in the field. He took part in the Sonora campaign under General Carranza.

Artillery has been General Angeles' special branch of army training, and it is in this capacity that he has been of greatest service to Villa. His work was most effective at Torreon, and he was chief of the artillery section in the Saitillo campaign.

Administration duties also have been part of General Angeles' functions. He was sub-secretary of war in the Carranza cabinet, and has had much to do with the civil side of the military organization of the constitutionalists. He is said to have marked executive capacity.

When the American troops landed at

Typical Peon Soldier Ready for the Field.

Veracruz and General Carranza, as the first chief of the constitutionalist army, sued his invitation to President Wilson to withdraw them from Mexican soil. General Angeles was understood to be in sympathy with this declaration, as were all the other officers. He did not, however, favor coalition with the Huertistas. Some federal officers, old comrades and associates, sent him a telegram asking him to make common cause in repelling the invasion.

He replied, in substance, that Huerta, the traitor, was responsible for the landing of the American troops and that the officers who signed the telegram to him should know better than to expect him to condone treason to Mexico. This answer made him very popular among the constitutionalist military chiefs.

Another element which makes General Angeles one of the leading figures among the military chiefs and adds interest to his personality is the possibility of his becoming provisional President of Mexico in the event that the Villalistas win a complete triumph and are able to dictate who shall sit in the seat of authority. The quiet rumor has gone about that Villa, if circumstances should compel him to forego the place for himself, would favor General Angeles, especially since he possesses some knowledge of civilian administration.

Villa's mind is subject to change, but there is little question that his present mental attitude is friendly to Angeles as provisional president.

Foremost among the men on horseback is General Eugenio Aguirre Benavides. He has made his mark in the brief past, and he is universally agreed to have a future.

The Aguirres are one of the leading families in northern Mexico. The Spanish practice of adding the mother's name confuses the American reader who does not understand that when a

Mexican speaks of the Aguirres he means the Aguirres Benavides. However, in this case, the family itself has adopted the final name, so that it is proper to speak of General Benavides. Several members of the family went into the Madero revolution and have been identified with the military movements since then. Their activities are cited as disproof of the assumption that Villa's army at the start was composed solely of peons and bandits.

Eugenio Benavides commended himself to Villa as a capable commander and was rapidly advanced. In the Torreon campaign he was in command of the heavy fighting, both in assault and in defense. It was General Benavides and his brigade who saved the day for Villa at Saurez Palacio in the critical moment when the federals were on the point of winning.

After the campaign General Benavides was made "jefe de armas," or head of the military administration of the district, and Raoul Madero, a younger brother of the murdered President, was given command of the Zargosa Brigade. Whether this was entirely agreeable to General Benavides no one seems to know, though his knowledge of the district gave him special fitness for the position.

He is said to lean to the Carranza element in the army without losing Villa's confidence. Whatever his ultimate alignment, he will be a factor in Mexican military affairs.

Among the men on horseback, and who expect to continue on horseback under any new regime that may get himself established, are a group of so-called independent Generals. Sometimes they are called the mutinous Generals. These are the men who have brought a considerable fighting force to Villa's standard, but have kept their hold on their own men after the man-

ner of Indian tribal chiefs or feudal military chiefs.

Some of them Villa has been able to discipline and to render obedient, as soldiers always are supposed to be. But all have not been brought within this category.

Several control their brigades almost as absolutely as if they were allies instead of subordinate commanders. They have not hesitated to make known their views as to general military policy and specific military operations, even when those views were contrary to the opinions known to be held by Villa.

When it became apparent that dissatisfaction was spreading in the ranks, Villa exerted himself to give an outlet to the dissatisfied feeling by providing active military operations, moving the uncertain brigades to the front, so that they would be sure to have part in the fighting.

The Generals Herrera—Monclavio and Luis—are usually in mind when any one speaks of the independent Generals. They are, I believe, from the mining district of Parral, but biographical material is very meager. They have made their reputations as fighters and the machine guns under their direction at Torreon are claimed to have been especially effective.

Monclavio Herrera is said to be the more aggressive of the two brothers, at least more so in his intentions after the war is over, but he is not distinctly defined, but it is commonly accepted that he intends to hold a prominent command, either in a military organization of any government that may be evolved or on his own account.

The future status of General Manuel Chao, the deposed Governor of Chihuahua, is in doubt, but he has been one of the men on horseback from the beginning, was one of Villa's most aggressive commanders in the early stages of the campaign and it is somewhat significantly pointed out that he always has had a large personal following. Whether he will become one of the leading figures in the disaffected element or will entirely lose his influence cannot be foretold.

There are other commanders—men on horseback—who have not been Villa's subordinates, but have exercised independent commands in their own districts and who are likely to insist on maintaining their positions. One



Gen. Villa and Some of His Staff.

of these is General Obregon, of Sonora.

General Obregon is a wealthy planter of middle age, who never had much military experience until he took his stand against Huerta. He showed marked talent for military organization and also in the field. As success followed success his troops grew.

Their numbers were augmented by accessions from the defeated federals, until in the states of Sonora and Sinaloa he had a goodly sized army at his back with which to move on Mexico City as the Pacific division of the constitutionalist army, of which General Carranza, and not General Villa, is recognized as chief.

Yaqui Indians formed part of General Obregon's fighting force. The Yaquis always were against the Diaz government. Huerta made some of his reputation in the unsuccessful campaign to exterminate them.

Whether the Yaquis would submit to the authority of any government at Mexico City is doubtful, but they always can be relied on to fight. After the naval demonstration by the American warships in the Gulf of California several hundred of them wanted to enroll under the American flag.

General Obregon is said to have great influence with the Yaquis, and if he manages to maintain it he will have added prestige in the capital.

General Pablo Gonzalez, the commander of the constitutionalist armies of the northeast, who took Tampico, is another member of the group of commanding officers who have not been aligned with Villa. He is a wealthy manufacturer. He went into the field against Huerta and in his earlier military operations gave ample proof of the axiom that war is destruction.

The capture of Tampico gave the constitutionalists their needed seaport and in its way was as important as the taking of Torreon by Villa. It was understood that General Gonzalez preferred to take Tampico without having to depend on help from Villa, and he accomplished his purpose. He owes allegiance to General Carranza as first chief.

While the constitutionalist army is liberally supplied with brigadiers, not all those who have shown military capacity could expect to achieve that rank. But there has been given opportunity to mount and ride a horse in lesser rank. If one-half Villa's Generals cannot read, it is likely that three-fourths of his Colonels come within the same category.

afoot, although they are enrolled as soldiers. He only sees Juan, or Jesus or Jose, his old companions in miserable existence, on horseback, and on good horses at that. In a rather dull way he may think that whatever happens they will still have their horses.

If the army is placed on a peace footing and there is peace in it only for Juan, while Jesus or Jose ride off to the hills and lead the free roaming life of the bandit, that will seem quite the natural thing to do. And if other soldiers who did not rise to the rank which gave them horses, when peace comes, begin to take the animals on their own account that, too, will appear quite natural.

It must be frankly recognized by those who wish well to the successful revolutionists that the disbanding of the reorganizing of the irregular forces which have composed the "armies" of Northern Mexico is going to be a serious problem. Moreover, the absorption of the defeated Federal troops must be considered.

Some form of army organization and military discipline would be a good thing for the Mexican masses. The so-called reserves of which Huerta boasted are mythical. In the palmy days of the Diaz regime, when General Bernardo Reyes was Secretary of War, he reinforced the regular army by what were called the "reservistas," a rather shadowy militia organization somewhat like the National Guard in the United States.

It was suspected that these "reservistas" were to be a personal army to support Reyes in his Presidential ambition. Diaz became alarmed at Reyes' rivalry and compelled him to give up the war portfolio and return to Nuevo Leon as Governor, so that he could be watched, later exiling him to Europe under the pretense of a military commission. The "reservistas" were at once disbanded, and after that there was nothing in Mexico which resembled popular military organization.

A reorganized rural mounted police will be one of the first measures of whatever government is established at Mexico City. It will take time before these rurales can become as effective as they were during the Diaz rule. Their control is likely to become a bone of contention.

What is most feared is the control of armed forces by leaders who will acknowledge only a loose allegiance to the central authority, as some of Villa's generals are threatening to do. Moreover, some of the constitutionalist chiefs, who are not concerned with positions of power under the Federal government, mean to be Governors of states, and they expect to exercise pretty complete authority, including the command of the troops.

So in a nutshell one of the most vital problems of the Mexican situation may be stated. It is not what will be done with the men on horseback, but what the men on horseback will do with Mexico. The Indian does not reflect that most of his fellow peons are still going

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# The Woman Who Tells White Lies, Pink Fibs and Pale Blue Exaggerations.



BY RITA REESE.  
TRUTH may or may not be stranger than fiction, but certainly it is safer than fiction, if the fiction takes the form of pink fibs, white lies, or even pale blue exaggerations to one's husband.

The boy who cried "Wolf!" the third day after twice fooling his friends was left to his fate when a real wolf did come with devouring intent. So also it is often better home to us that a woman who uses petty subterfuges and direct evasions in dealing with her husband will sooner or later have to pay the piper in the loss of confidence of the one whose confidence and respect she most wishes to retain.

There's a most delightful and sparkling revival of Clyde Fitch's play, "The Truth," at the Little Theater. Grace George plays the part of the Fibbing Becky, the beautiful young wife who doesn't tell the truth even when it will serve her purpose.

"I don't believe Becky can keep from telling lies," says one of her friends. "Why, if she even crossed the ferry to Jersey she tells every one she's been abroad."

"It's Just Her Way." You know women like that. I do. We knew them at school when we were frank enough to discredit everything they said to their faces! We knew them afterward, when convention and the dignity of being "grown up" interfered with such surface frankness, but when we felt that they were no more reliable than in the old days. We know such women as wives, and when they are young and captivatingly charming as Becky it is easy to condone the fault and pass it over with "she really doesn't mean to exaggerate or to misrepresent."

"It's just her way." The same fault matured reveals to us an acquaintance grown old and gray and grizzled stamped as an "inveterate liar"—a hideous brand on any woman's character. "The Truth" as a play is intensely

absorbing to me, because it follows so close to life—and leads so swiftly to the day of reckoning—the day when the woman who has told fibs must face the music; confess her faults and be forgiven, or stick to her lies—and lose her paradise.

In real life, as in the play, the gravest feature of such trouble is that a husband who has been lied to for so long, who has been deceived so consistently about not only the big things, but the little things, has no faith left to credit anything his wife may say, however sincerely he may wish to condone her shortcomings.

We realize the menace of drugs and of drink. These are habits that once fastened on a person are well-nigh impossible to abandon. But we pass over a graver fault, for which there is "no cure" or medical relief. When a woman falls into the habit of taking drugs there are certain methods known to science whereby she may be reclaimed. An habitual drunkard has been known to reform and to stick to temperance, but which of us has known an inveterate woman liar to be reclaimed and to ever get back her original ability to tell the truth.

"Lies Is Lies." "It can't be done," many declare. I am not inclined to take so pessimistic a view of the situation. It can be done, but, oh, the struggle!

It is such a hard fight—a fight that involves one's pride and which confesses so humbly one's weakness. One can understand now a woman who is in the habit of lying would fight to try to conceal her disgrace. It is this fight, this trying to bolster one lie with a thousand lies that forms the net of falsehoods against which so many find themselves beating their spirits out and going down in defeat.

Some poet has said that happiness was born a twin. This is true. Even truer is it that a liar is born a centipede, or hatched with a brood of sinister brothers and sisters as fearful as himself. One lie never stands alone. The weak always have to be supported. Did you ever see a coward who went out alone, day or night? Did you ever see a woman liar who wasn't surrounded by as many people as her orig-

inal lie is flanked by attendant falsehoods? Well, I never have.

A Vital Organ. There is a queer organ called Conscience that talks to men and women when they are alone. This funny mental talking machine is especially hard on lies. It is to the advantage of a liar that he surround himself or herself with such companions as "fill" the deaden the voice of the inner monitor.

A woman liar makes her own net of falsehoods and of friends. The very safeguards she thinks she is establishing sooner or later trap her and hold her to the death. A fly caught in a spider's web is not such a poor commodity. The poor victim held by its hind legs kicks aloof from that gossamer prison, only to find itself caught ten times more securely in a noose that covers its head and shoulders. "All ye that enter here leave hope behind."

The worst of all lies is the first lie, harmless though it may seem to be. It is the tiny key that opens the gate to that false paradise where one eats the alluring fruits—and finds too late that they turn to Dead Sea ashes on the lips. "But," cries one, "would you have me to be one of those candid people who are so unpleasant that all the friends they see coming toward them are going the other way?"

Brutal Truth Unnecessary. No, I wouldn't have you or anyone go out of your way to tell the unpleasant truth. Neither would I advise anyone to ever hurt another's feelings by something that were better left unsaid.

These arguments have been brought forward since the father of lies justified the first one. But away down in your heart, and in mine, you know, as I know, that we can usually evade an issue that calls for a brutal truth that might wound a friend. You are not called upon to be an executor at a friend's happiness very often. The lies we tell and love to tell—and keep on telling—are of an altogether different nature. It is ourselves we injure most. And which of us has the right to go this? Certainly no woman married to a man

who believes in her has the right to deceive and lie to him about his friends—and to be absolutely afoolish about finances!

Again it isn't the lie itself that hurts—it is the principle back of it. What husband would care if his wife had paid \$35 for a hat instead of \$50, if she were honest enough to tell him she needed the \$15 change for other things? But the wife who wheedles a \$50 hat out of her husband, and who only pays \$35 for it, secretly keeping the \$15 change, is corrupting her own morals and undermining her own chance for happiness. Every lie is a step deeper into the quagmire that will finally suck her in.

I know a woman who boasted for years that she deceived her husband about bills by having things charged as other than what they were. "I don't wear hats on my head," she used to boast, "but sheets and table cloths and house linen generally!" Then would follow her explanation that she bought hats and expensive gowns and had them charged as household necessities.

There was no need for her doing this. Her husband was not a rich man, but he was certainly very generous to her. She followed this subterfuge simply because it gave her, as she said, a sense of adventure to outwit and deceive him.

The rest of her story is not pleasant reading. The thirst grew in her for adventure and excitement. Having things charged as other than what they were did not satisfy her in time. She began to cultivate people of whom her husband did not approve. In this lot were several men whose reputations were well known. "I don't really like them," again she confided to her friends, "but they are a certain interest in life—a spice. I love my husband and respect him more than any man in the world. But I must have a little fun."

Clyde Fitch's play has many parallels in life. "Silly, lovely Becky in 'The Truth' who met a man she didn't care a rap about in such places as the Eden Musee, at skating rinks and out of the way tea shops, is very representative of the woman whose senses



of adventure is plagued by the fact that the meetings are clandestine. The woman in real life that I knew was even more unfortunate. She went to dancing places that were questionable, at least. There was no reason why she should not have gone to places where her husband had no objection to her dancing. But it was a dancing restaurant known to be slightly "off color" was to her as a more piquant adventure than a dance in a place where she met all her husband's friends. She was innocent enough in reality, for she was dabbling in the adventures only as a novice, but on a certain day not long ago the restaurant where she was dancing caught on fire. The dancers were trapped. She was burned. Not badly, but it led to her downfall. She lied and lied and lied, but to no avail. Even then the truth would have saved her, but she didn't tell it. Her husband's suspicions once aroused, sifted things to the bottom. A divorce followed. She is a most unhappy woman today. The new friends she had cultivated as a pastime meant nothing in reality to her. But she was not able to convince the man she deceived that this was so. Too late she means that any woman who deviates from the truth makes the most awful mistake a woman can make!

The Pink Fib Grows. It is so easy when one has told a tiny lie to add to it and to add to it! Once I was at a ball where a girl took a long, white glove somewhere in the supper room, she thought. The truth

was she had dropped it in the conservatory. After the search for it had progressed about five minutes it was announced that she had lost both gloves. She described them as being 24 buttons, and declared it was just her luck to lose the prettiest pair of gloves she had. They were imported, she said. They were a present. Oh! if it had been any other gloves! Finally someone found one very much soiled 15-button glove in the conservatory. It was a glove that had

(Continued on Page 4.)