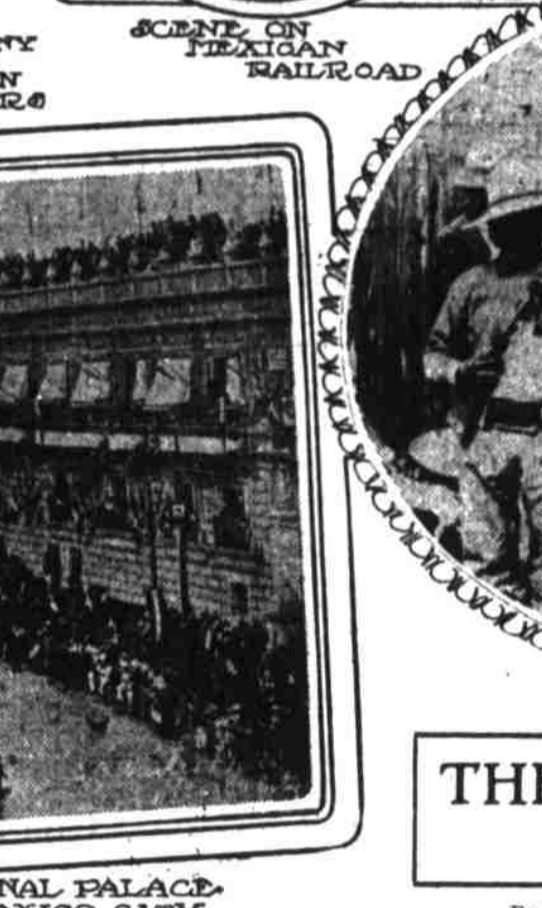
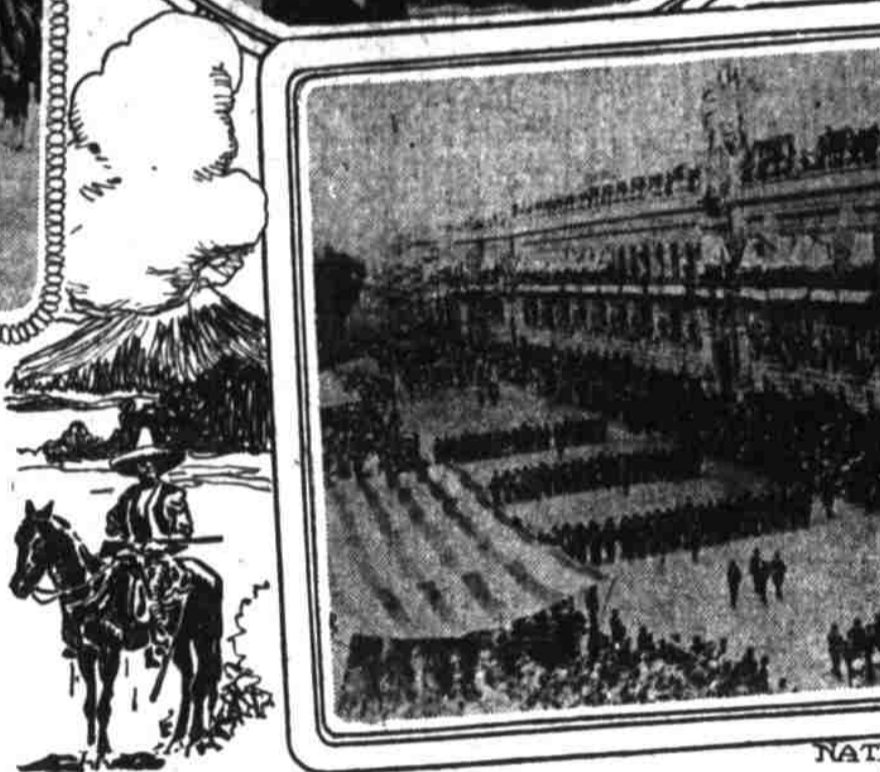
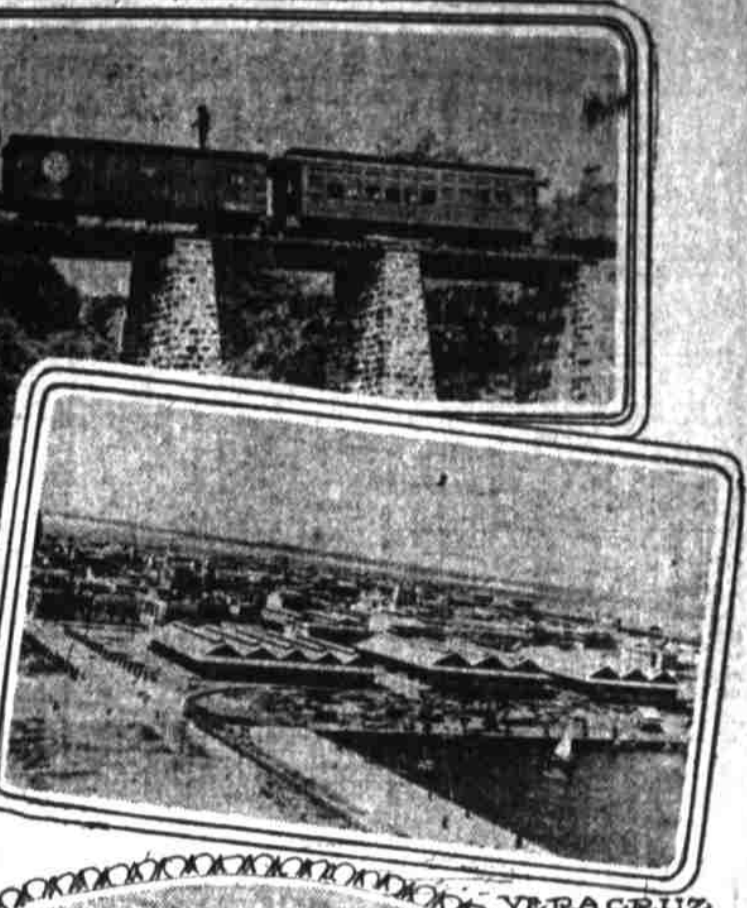


In Insurgent Mexico



HOPES AND DESIRES OF A MEXICAN INSURRECTO

"I AM A MEXICAN insurrecto. I am very proud of it. For it signifies a place among those who have awakened and who are lifting their eyes unto the dawn of a new era. Was the United States responsible for the Mexican insurrection? By cruelty? No. By interference and oppression? No. By the teaching of the new idea? Yes.

"Porfirio Diaz is said to be an old man, for whom the sands of life are running out, but if he could catch with one of his many tentacles and squeeze out the life, he would laugh and be happy like a puppy.

"Long this great land of Mexico was filled with the peace and lazy content of the eternal sun from the Rio Grande to Tehuantepec. To speak honestly, the women worked hardest. Peons, the overloads called us, and we lived in our villages, and feasted at the bull fights and the night time brought the sky of velvet black sewn with the glittering stars, bright as eyes that flashed where the music kept pace to the dancing feet and the soft gurgling laugh.

"Ah yes, those were happy days, because no responsibility was known. It is true the black snailpox would sweep in and take away our fathers. But then again the hot sun would rise and its rays would lift us into slumber and forgetfulness of the heart's sorrows, and great events that history records which show how the change was made. But little by little we learned of a great country to the north whose men had no siestas in the heat of the afternoon, ever working with infinite toil seeking more than food. It came to be said, too, that the gold and the silver and the precious things of the great country to the north were all owned and were becoming day by day more valuable. And so they came down among us, the people who were white and whose skin burned in the sun, whose eyes were very clear, but very cold and bright.

"And these men began to mine into the hills and the mountains and take therefrom the silver, the gold and the iron. And they lifted the burden of ore from the backs of the laborers and stamped it in great mills that dug faster than many men with picks. And now and again our peaceful country was shocked by the noise of their blasts as they ate with their hungry machines into our mountains.

"In the City of Mexico is the seat of Porfirio Diaz. In the days before the railroads, he sent out his messengers over all the land, and all that a man might do was told him speedily. And with the coming of the railroads his power increased and we were silent, save when we talked to ourselves. And we knew that Diaz, the president, was walking with his hands clasped in the money and the work power of the north.

"But for all of this we might have gone on uncomplaining and still dreaming of the solemn services of the church to tell us all would yet be well, and the legends of our mysterious wonderful past to point to a more wonderful and mysterious future.

"Then came the schools for the public. Out of the books we read the greater things about the freedom of life and purpose, the right a man has to think for himself. Perhaps hits our president, who has been more like our king, known what the books would have stirred up in our lives, how their thoughts would spread like the ripples of a current broader and broader. And we spoke our thoughts, and they are that if this country had belonged to our fathers, it belonged to us, and if it was theirs to give to us, it should be ours to give to our children. And it came to be that instead of dreaming of the past in the shady places out of the heat of the sun, we dreamed of the future—and liberty.

"Those of us who talked too loudly were taken, and we who were left were flamed into hotter wrath. And then we struck.

"Since that time we have been striking and retreating and striking again. We have little money, we have no help; we are misrepresented and laughed at. But it is told in the books that in the young days of the United States, little hands fought and were laughed at, and finally they won and were praised, because they fought for liberty and would not cease fighting as long as they drew breath and could strike.

"We do not know today whether we will win our battles, but we do know that we will win our fight. The money power of the north that has attempted to rule us, even as it is said it rules in

the high places of the United States, will not yet be so strong as this half blind impulse we are following toward independent self government, when we, who are worthy of the honor, shall have voice in the policy of our nation and when the laws shall be made to protect and not oppress.

"This is the real Mexican revolution—the revolution of ideas, the revolution of mind. We would rule ourselves and we would regulate the greed of the money power of the north, so that its appetite would be satisfied with what we gave, after we ourselves were supplied. Such the books have taught.

"And in the end we would see our great coal state of Coahuila and its mines supplying the fuel to run the mills of the north, and of the cane fields of Vera Cruz, and the soap factories of Tono— for we need soap in our country much more than we need some other things. And the gold and silver mines would be used not so much for ornaments or to fill the pockets of the white men from the north as to supply us with a new coinage system.

"And we would see our plains covered with the cattle of our own herds, and our beautiful cities places of safety, and the watchful spy, who is suspicious of all, and causes us to be suspicious of all, would vanish. And the great deeds of war in the past would be replaced by the great commercial feats of the future. The machinery of our progress would ring out as clear and loud as the machinery of the north's progress. For this is our revolution. In this our hope."

After years of effort a Berlin inventor has succeeded in building a model man that can walk, talk, sing, laugh and whistle.

City and Country Sketches

BY A. BATCA

I.—Discovering Portland.

HERE came to my little place in the country recently, with an eye to obtaining a patch of fertile soil, a man whom I had met a few times in past years in town, and whose parents I knew long ago. I hardly knew him at first, for the tall, dull-eyed, listless slave of a steady job that I had seen a few weeks before had a complexion indicating health, his eyes were clear, his motions vigorous, he was traveling on foot, and was not tired with a walk of several miles, whereas for years he would have thought it almost an impossibility to have walked to or from his work, a little over a mile. I asked him what had wrought the change, if he had been away on a sea-voyage, or to a sanatorium. "No," he said, "I have spent nearly a month in discovering Portland and vicinity," and this, boiled down is the story he told over our plain country dinner.

For 17 years he had been an accountant in a big mercantile establishment, without intermission except a week some summers and some Saturday afternoons and Sundays at the coast—trips from which he returned about as tired as when he started. It was always the same place to which he went, the same scenes, the same people, apparently, and there was no pleasure in them. For the rest, life was a monotonous round, a treadmill. Every day was just the same. At the same hours he arose, breakfasted—with slight appetite—kissed his wife and babies perfunctorily, went down to the corner and waited for the next car, rode along the same streets to the store, mounted his stool, at noon had a tasteless lunch, scanned and wrote figures till quitting time, made a little purchase in a street car. He and his wife were thrifty though not stingy, owned their home and had some money in bank; but he grew constantly thinner, paler, and more listless. He was but poor company for his wife, and the antics of his children annoyed him.

After much persuasion he consulted a doctor who told him that a prolonged vacation and travel were imperative, that otherwise he would not be able to work another year—nothing very specific the matter, except general loss of vitality; he must take a long rest and get away and interest himself in new scenes.

But he hesitated; the habits of years gripped him; he could not afford the cost; and so he continued the old rou-

THE MADERO FAMILY IN MEXICAN HISTORY

By Marin B. Fenwick.

NO NAME is better known in Mexico from the Rio Grande to the "hot lands" than that of Madero.

For six generations the Maderos have taken an active part in shaping the course of the republic, not so much as politicians and warriors, as by founding successful industries and by the use of their vast wealth for the cause of education and the elevation of the masses.

The Maderos are of Portuguese ancestry. The present head of the family is Ex-Governor Evaristo Madero, who has reached the advanced age of 83 years. His great grandfather was the first of the name to land in the New World.

That they were a people of more than ordinary ability and industry is shown by the fact that even in those early days they acquired much property, but a large part of it was in Texas, and when that state gained its independence all of this wealth was swept away, leaving the family with nothing.

Evaristo Madero's childhood was spent in poverty and amid many privations. He ascribes his success in after years to the rigid discipline of his mother, who was so impressed with the value of habits of industry that when she could find no other work for her little son to do set him to killing ants, a hopeless task, as they literally swarmed over the cacti covered plains.

While Evaristo was climbing the rugged mountain passes and wandering through the tropical lowlands he imbibed the spirit of patriotism, and was filled with a love of country, and he may have dreamed dreams of the important part he was to play in its making. He fought side by side with the other Mexican patriots when they were called upon to repel the common enemy, Maximilian.

Today Evaristo Madero, full of years, weary and ill, sits in his beautiful home in Monterey and breathes a prayer for "My Mexico."

It is one of the proudest boasts of the Madero family that their fortune was acquired by hard work, and that all of the members of this large family, numbering 130, are trained to habits of industry; there is not a drunkard among them, and no member has committed an act that would bring dishonor upon the name. In short, it is their character and not their wealth that they consider their crowning glory.

Having acquired vast possessions in the state of Coahuila through successful ventures in cotton, Evaristo Madero turned his attention to the establishing of mills, flour, woolen, cotton, and to grape culture, the Parras wines being famed throughout the country. While wealth was accumulated for the family, the older Madero did not neglect the welfare of his dependent people. A school was established, an orphan asylum and a hospital.

Notable Service as Governor.

From 1880 to 1884 he was governor of Coahuila and during that period the state advanced along educational lines until it ranked second only to the City of Mexico in the number of its schools, and these are mostly public schools—for while the Maderos are Catholics they think the time for the union of church and state has long passed. During his entire term of office the government accepted not one cent of salary, but gave it back to the state for school purposes. He did not have the advantages of a liberal education himself, but he fully appreciates its value, and all of his children and grandchildren have been educated in the United States or Europe and are of the broad and progressive people. Evaristo Madero has been twice married and is the father of 14 children. His eldest son, Francisco I. Madero, father of the leader of the Mexican revolution, has 13 children. Francisco I. Madero Jr., his eldest, is now 36 years of age. He is married, but has no children. The members of this family have all married among their own people with the exception of one daughter, who is the wife of an English gentleman.

No highland clan is more loyal to its own than are the Maderos of Mexico. Every summer they gather at Parras, the ancestral home which they all love, and where the whole year around some of the family is to be found. The winter homes are mostly in Monterey, although Francisco I. Madero Sr. has a palatial residence in the City of Mexico. It is at Parras where the most lavish hospitality is extended to even the transient guest. The most ideal life is led at this beautiful hacienda. Not a Sunday passes but there is a riding party ending with a picnic in some most wonderful mountain gorge, or a coach and four will carry the beautiful dark-eyed señoritas and the young señores off to Monterey or Saltillo to attend a dance or festa.

MEXICAN REVOLUTIONARY LEADER, MEMBERS OF HIS DISTINGUISHED FAMILY AND HIS HOME.



1—Mercedes Madero, sister of Francisco Madero. 2—Senora Madero, wife of revolutionary leader. 3—Francisco I. Madero. 4—Angela Madero, sister of Francisco Madero. 5—Mother of Francisco Madero with her youngest son. 6—The Madero home in Mexico City. 7—Ex-Governor Evaristo Madero, surrounded by his children and grandchildren.