

CABRERA, STAGE VILLAIN IN THE DRAMA OF NATIONS



Families Under the Day's Heat of the Capital



Astounding Record of Bloodshed and Crime Charged to Guatemala's President.

IF, AFTER some hundreds of years of loitering in ethereal realms, souls of departed mortals return to inhabit other bodies, then may one easily fancy in the person of President Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, of Guatemala, a Nero or Caligula returned to earth.

There, according to assertions of his fellow-countrymen, you have the cold, cruel spirit that could draw raucous notes from a fiddle while Rome's thousands fled from burning homes; that could order a general cutting-off of heads just to enjoy the sight of blood.

This is the man who, for years, was in momentary peril of assassination, because the country over which he has ruled so despotically has been surcharged with indignation at his tyrannical acts.

Surrounded by a bodyguard, every member of which has been compelled to prove his loyalty by some unusual act of sacrifice; eating no food other than that cooked by his mother, and sent to him under a padlock, to which only he and the carry keys, he has been experiencing some measure of the terror which he has delighted to see in others.

One attempt to blow Cabrera to pieces in a street has failed; for years he has lived in subject terror, striking blindly but fatally at friend and foe alike; exiling the best families of the land; shedding blood when he so pleased, like a barbarian. And for ten years this almost unparalleled reign of terror has gone on in Guatemala.

Could poetic justice apply in his case, the world might expect to hear of his being invited to an elaborate banquet, and there, after the wine and cigars, to be precipitated through a trapdoor into a horrible dungeon, reeking with poisonous fith or alive with death-dealing reptiles.

For this would be but a repetition of the death which he is charged with having inflicted on many of his countrymen in the "House of the President's Friends."

SEARCH the inquisitorial records of Spain, the chronicles of the Congo, tales of Turkish atrocities, histories of horrors in Russia—yes, and even the fictitious writings of Poe and Haggard—and you will not find surpassed the cruelties charged to this man, who made himself virtual dictator of a Central American republic.

Merchants from Guatemala on visits to the United States have recently told enough of the "House of the President's Friends" to stamp it as the prize torture and death house of all time. They said there were persistent rumors about a house that the death house had resumed its evil career.

House of the president's friends! The phrase suggests something pleasant, doesn't it? A place where the president might be expected to entertain in lordly style those who had the honor of being accounted his friends.

But, no; the expression is ironical. The irony is very bitter on the lips of a Guatemalan. The bitter with the gall of such atrocities as were never heard of elsewhere.

The president's friends! In the first place, there is none who could be called his friend, excepting, perhaps, that poor old woman who gave him birth, and now tries to her pitiable way to shield him from assassination.

Every one in a while one of them reaches a stage in the president's mind where he can no longer be trusted.

DIRE INVITATIONS

When he is invited to a dinner at "the House of the President's Friends" he dares not decline an invitation to dine there.

That would be rank discourtesy. It would be an acknowledgment of conspiracy. Besides, it would avail nothing, for a stiletto stab in the back would work almost as well.

Luxurious furnished, the palace would tempt any one from the cottages hang abandoned of cut glass, and the lights shining through these is deflected in a million fairy beams, making masses of scintillating gems.

Coely paintings hang on the walls; music surges from fountains and hidden places of beautiful polished furniture is all the furniture; into the upholstery of the chairs and couches one sinks with a feeling of heavenly ease; the velvet rugs are resilient to the foot.

But under the rugs are trap doors, it is said. And the popular story in Guatemala is that the marked man, after being permitted to enjoy for a while his after-dinner smokes in one of these apartments, would be precipitated into an underground cavern, never to be seen again.

What, then? These are different stories as to just what happened under that door. One is that there were female assassins and bones and putrefying stuff, which would have been found had the man been even before the door had time to die of starvation.

Another story is that the hellish one would be precipitated into a cavern where he was to be kept there; and one day a tiger was let loose on him, and he was killed.

man, or it may be that he was simply hacked to pieces by a sturdy swordman.

At any rate, there was no chance of escape. The House of the President's Friends gives up no secrets.

No man who goes there under the ban returns. Time and again has this frightful tragedy been enacted, according to assertions made by refugees from Guatemala.

Now it was a mayor of a city who was suspected of having instilled into his compatriots a spirit of disloyalty, not to the government, but to the single autocrat who had usurped the reins of government.

No warning was given him. He had no reason to believe that he was suspected. Upon going to the banquet he donned his evening dress, placed a rose in his buttonhole. He was at his guest.

But he was never seen again. A plebeian, passing the palace, heard a fearful yell somewhat before midnight. "It will sound in my ears till death," he declared, in telling of the incident.

Again, it was one of the president's official family—a cabinet member who had not shown proper willingness to "go along" with the administration's policies.

Not even a wall reached the outer world to tell of his adieu to the scene of Guatemalan politics.

Other cabinet members, it is asserted and believed, went in the same way. It became a common expression in Guatemala whenever a man in any official capacity became outspoken on any subject: "He'll be invited to the House of the President's Friends soon."

For the last several years the house has not been used to any great extent. It hasn't been needed. The grip of the president on all affairs of the country has been remarkably firm until quite recently. But now it is feared that the old style of invitation will come into vogue again.

Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera was, up to a dozen years ago, a lawyer, practicing in a rather humble way in his native country.

In time, by what seemed to his townspeople to be nothing more than decent service, he became a judge of the court in Quetzaltenango.

The president of Guatemala then was Reina Barrios. He appointed Cabrera to a position in his cabinet. So efficient was he that he was soon appointed first designate, which is the next highest position to that of president.

Shortly afterward the president was assassinated by a Guatemalan street by a man believed to be crazy. At the time no suspicion was attached to any one "higher up." The assassin disappeared.

USURPED THE PRESIDENCY

The people prepared to elect a president. But they reckoned without the designate. Cabrera stepped into the limelight and claimed the office. Such a thing had never been heard of before, although other presidents had been killed or died in office.

But the legal mind of Cabrera convinced every one that since in the United States the vice president succeeds the president, if the chief dies in office, the same should be done in Guatemala. So he became president.

slaughtered the President's Friends



Marks of a Revolution



President Estrada Cabrera

because of the jealousy of Cabrera. His uprising last summer, which almost implicated Honduras and Salvador, was unsuccessful, and his property, which could not be confiscated, was, nevertheless, pillaged and ruined by Cabrera's troops.

Not as this enough. Barillas was assassinated, and the act has been openly laid at the door of the president. The crime took place in the streets of the City of Mexico.

It was found that Morales, who stabbed Barillas, was formerly employed in the office of the chief of police of Guatemala City, while the assassin, Mora, was a member of the police force in the same city.

Knowing how completely the police force of Guatemala is in the hands of the president, the Mexican authorities had their own ideas concerning the investigation of the crime, but, of course, nothing definite could be done about it.

It was not long after this that the Mexican minister to Guatemala, Jose Gamba, withdrew, believing his life to be in danger. He had taken a prominent part in trying to place the blame for the assassination where it belonged.

Daily Cabrera has been levying tribute on wealthy citizens, and they must pay, under fear of assassination on the streets or being asked to a banquet in the House of the President's Friends.

In one instance, where a wealthy man refused to be led by the president, he was openly murdered.

Against nineteen others who opposed the president's policy of raising money there was brought a charge of conspiring against Cabrera's life, and they were sentenced to be killed.

So notoriously ferocious was the trial accorded these men that the secretary of the United States Legation, Philip Brown, called the State Department at Washington, asking permission to use his personal influence with the Guatemalan government for the lives of the men.

Not long since a dispatch from the City of Mexico stated: "A complete list of the persons who have been condemned to death or sentenced to terms of imprisonment in Guatemala for alleged complicity in the recent attempt upon the life of President Cabrera has been received here."

Nearly all the persons are wealthy, their fortunes, in the aggregate, amounting to more than \$50,000,000. It is said that President Cabrera is now attempting to have this wealth confiscated by the government."

The opinion prevails in Central America that unless the United States or Mexico shall soon take Guatemala under their protection, President Cabrera may be asked to a banquet in a sort of palace of the people's friends, and that it will be his last meal.

Personal Paragraphs of Well-Known People

THE king of Greece is a keen cyclist, and up to a few years ago he was a very speedy runner. On several occasions he took part in athletic sports in Athens unknown to his subjects, and he generally won. His repeated successes led to considerable unpleasantness one day. Having reached the winning post a long way ahead of all his competitors, an angry crowd collected round him, shouting that he was a professional sprinter masquerading as an amateur. Though not in the open air, walking or driving in an open carriage, and with the assistance of the police that he was able to beat a retreat.

Madame Patti recently remarked to a friend: "If there is the tiniest speck of blue in the sky, and there nearly always is, I look for it, and that makes the whole heaven blue for me. I spend three hours daily in the open air, walking or driving in an open carriage, and I am accustomed to bear the extremes of summer and winter."

In his younger years Mr. James Bryce, English ambassador at Washington, was an enthusiastic mountaineer. One of the climbs that interested him most was to the summit of Mount Ararat.

When the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the czar, was a week old \$5,000,000 was invested for her. When she is grown she will be one of the wealthiest women of the world.

The sultan of Turkey has seventy-one titles, among them being "Abdul Hamid, the Eternally Victorious," "The Eternally Smiling," "The Eternally Invincible," "The Distributor of Crowns to the Heroes Seated on the Thrones," and "The Shadow of God on Earth."

Mr. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, premier of Great Britain, has a special pet of his own in a parrot which he bought when a young bird in the streets of London, shortly after he entered Parliament. Polly, who is close upon 40 years of age, is a small gray bird with a red tail. She talks a little, but Sir Henry has a great opinion of her discretion.

The king of Denmark evinces such an interest in politics that he makes a point of attending every sitting of the Danish Parliament that he possibly can.

Mr. Hall Caine tried several vocations before he found his true sphere in life. When very young he was a file of Man schoolmaster, then he entered an architect's office, and finally became a journalist and author.

The king of Italy possesses some of the most valuable animals in the world. In the royal stables are 200 animals, and the double row of stalls is in one long line. Over each stall is painted, in large white letters, the name of the occupant.

Joseph Hoffman, the celebrated chemist, has developed a test for detecting arsenic. He has a magnificent laboratory at Berlin, and devotes many hours a day to chemistry and electricity.

The mink of France is found in outdoor sports, and is particularly fond of the production of football in Japan. He is a cunning and determined of no mean ability, and is a good exponent of his own tactics.

Water Drops Worked

DO YOU believe that you could be driven crazy by pain from water dripping on your head? In China it is customary to place hardened criminals in a sort of straitjacket and let water drip on their foreheads. Finally they become distracted with anguish and die for mercy.

How Some Famous Political Phrases Were Coined



POLITICAL orators in America are fond—as, perhaps, those in other lands are—of making use of "ostentatious" phrases in appealing to voters.

Not one in a score, doubtless, has the slightest idea of the source from which such expressions came.

No stickler for the newness of a phrase is the average spell-binder. When a word or sentence gets into history or common use it is good enough for him.

For many of the striking sayings that are frequently repeated upon the stump, Americans are indebted to the people whom they would for independence; British orators from time immemorial have been striking phrase-coiners.

THE greatest happiness to the greatest number." First appeared in a pamphlet written by Dr. Joseph Priestley in reply to Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution."

"Every man has his price." A line in the story of the blind men and an elephant, as well as its rights, sounds like a present-day slogan. It first appeared in a public letter addressed by Thomas Drummond, under secretary for Ireland, to the Tipperary landlords in 1833, when they demanded soldiers to collect their rents.

Much in line with the arguments of the recent peace congress is the famous expression, "The schoolmaster is abroad," which we owe to Lord Brougham, who sought to deny first place to the soldier by declaring, in a speech on education delivered in 1833: "The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his pen, against the soldier in full military array!"

Gladiators enriched political colloquialisms with such useful phrases as, "Greater freedom and less responsibility" and "It advances by leaps and bounds."

At Liverpool in 1840 he delivered himself of the famous watchword, "The masses against the classes."

"Home rule" was invented by George Brodick. Out of the Irish controversy also came Daniel O'Connell's famous boast that he would "drive a coach and six through any act of Parliament."

He also is "Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong," and the famous phrase, "No political reform is worth a drop of human blood."

For the evolution of the word "Jingoism" we are indebted to a couplet sung in English music halls in 1870 when trouble seemed imminent with Russia over her war with Turkey:

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, We have the men, we have the ships, we have the money, too!

On this side the sea we have quite equaled Sir James Mackintosh's "masterly inactivity." "Platform," again, as a description of a party or of a candidate, is often thought to be American; in reality it is of very ancient and highly respectable origin, being a revival of the old verb "platformed," meaning "to lay down principles."

"Peace with honor" was coined to emphasize the concessions to England by the Berlin Congress of 1878, where he and Lord Salisbury covered themselves with glory.

An amusing story is told in connection with the national joy created by the incident. In the course of a political lecture, illustrated with stereoscopic views, in a country village, portraits of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, with the words "Peace with honor," were thrown upon the screen. An old lady among the audience innocently inquired, "Which is Peace?"

A misquoting of a saying which has persisted for almost two centuries is the one ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole: "Every man has his price." What he really said, in stormy denunciation of the Opposition in the House of Commons, was, "All these men have their price." The wider application has been the heritage of all political animosity since.

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