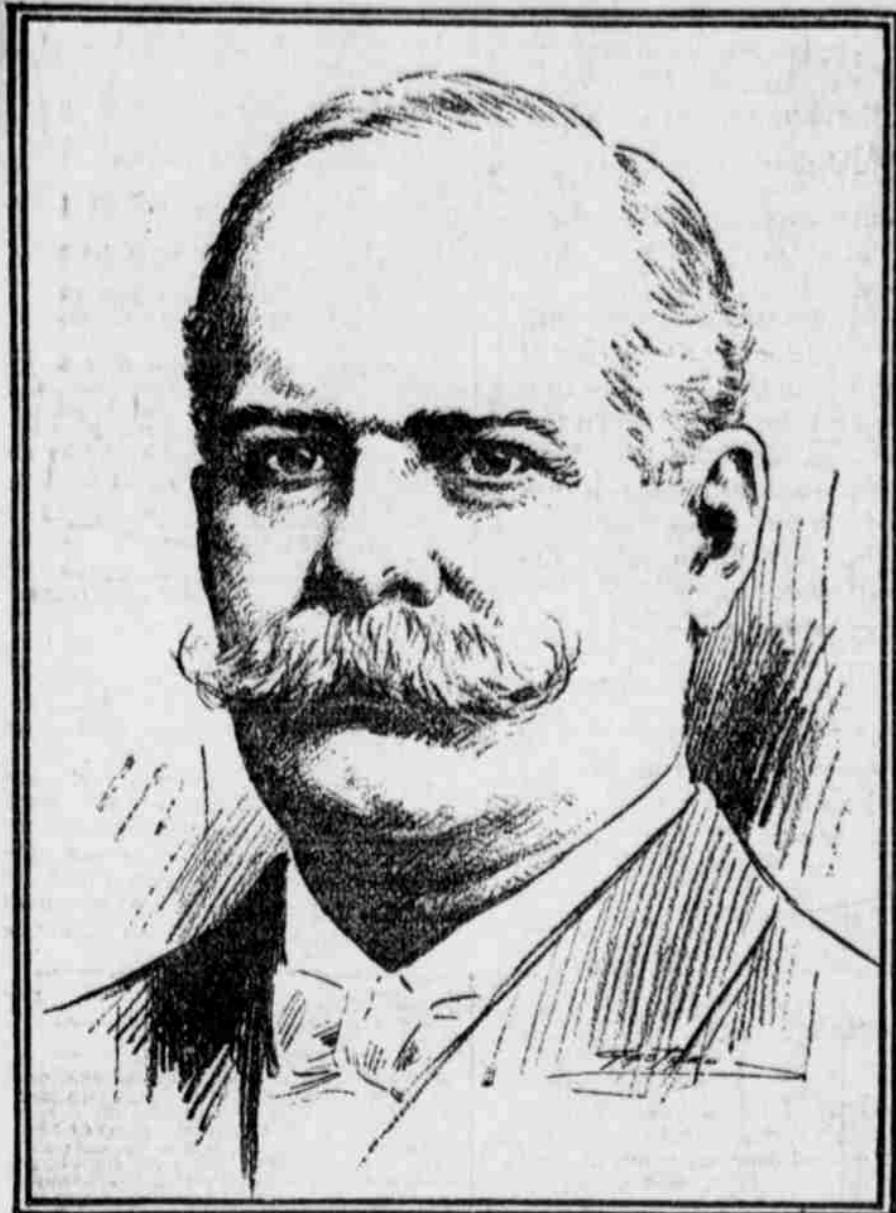


# ZELAYA

## The Despot and Dictator of Nicaragua.



Nicaragua was called by its Spanish conquerors Mohammed's Paradise, writes Thomas R. Dawley in the New York Times. It was a land where the native lived without toll—a land of eternal summer, producing much with little labor. Neither did the people go to war, but under the despotic rule of José Santos Zelaya all this was changed. The poor Indian had to hustle. And not only has the poor Indian had to hustle, but his ladino master, who always exploited him as well, for the despot José Santos Zelaya must have wealth, and he made his subjects, whether ladino or Indian, shopkeeper or merchant, hustle to get it, and if for no other reason, the people hated him.

For 16 years this despot has ruled the country with a rod of iron. Those who would not submit to his rule, or even demurred, had to die or get out. It is said that 10,000 of his people have been driven into exile, but this is undoubtedly an exaggeration, as the total population of the entire country does not exceed half a million, and less than a third of this belonging to what is known as the ladino or creole element. The rest are Indians, pure and simple. They never leave the country.

While a great deal has been said against Zelaya as a man, there is one thing that cannot be said against him and which his enemies never have attempted to say against him, and that is that he is not a brave man. It usually takes a brave man to rule any one of the turbulent Latin American so-called republics.

Diaz of Mexico began his career as a soldier and a revolutionist, and so did his compeer, J. Rufino Barrios of Guatemala. Castro of Venezuela, while not a soldier, began his career as a fighter and a leader. With a band of poorly armed cow herders from his native mountains he raided a few bordering towns and fought his way on to Caracas, where he landed himself in the presidential chair.

But Zelaya differed from these in that he began his career as the gentlemanly son of a planter. He had little else to do than ride over the vast estate belonging to his father. He was sent to school at the capital and given all the education that his masters could supply. Extravagant in his tastes, he drew on the old man's purse strings, leaving the plantation frequently for the town, where he was the leader among a gathering of young men of about his own age and circumstances. For amusement they paraded the streets of the town at night, twanging the guitar strings and singing love songs to their sweethearts.

Had Zelaya been content with this amusement he might have succeeded to the ownership of his father's estate and have passed the remainder of his days in quiet comfort, for his country was quietly, yet strongly, ruled by the conservative President Chormora, his party having been in power since the final defeat of the American filibuster Walker, who had landed on the coast with his 56 immortals and fought his way to the presidency.

Zelaya told his young friends and compatriots that he did not approve of the conservative rule. His talks became speeches; he grew bolder, and denounced the government openly, with the result that he was thrown out. In other words, he was exiled. He sought refuge in Guatemala, then

ruled by J. Rufino Barrios, the first of the stern liberal rulers of the Porfirio Diaz type.

No country was ever more completely organized under a military rule than was the little republic of Guatemala at that time. Barrios had not only organized a very much dilapidated army, but he had virtually created a new one. He had stationed garrisons in all the little towns, strung his country with a network of telegraph wires, ordered his local commandants to report by wire to the national capital daily at sundown that all was well, and thus he had established peace in his country and put an end to revolution that was lasting.

In this army of Barrios, Zelaya, the exile from Nicaragua, sought and obtained service. Commissioned only a lieutenant, for Barrios was frugal with his commissions, he was soon given a place on the president's staff, where he took full advantage of the opportunities given him to study the "old man's" method of governing a would-be troublesome republic.

Barrios, the strong man of Central America, had his life's ambition ever before him, and that was the unification of the five Central American republics. It was this ambition that led to his undoing, for one bright morning in February, 1885, a proclamation appeared nailed upon the door of the capitol, and upon the doors of the cabildos, or town halls, throughout the republic announcing that he had united the five republics, and for fear that some of them or all of them might see fit to disunite he was at the head of an army of 30,000 well-disciplined troops marching to the first and strongest one of them, San Salvador.

It is said that a similar proclamation appeared on that same morning on the breakfast table of each of the presidents of each of the other four republics informing them that they had been united, or annexed, as they claimed.

However, marching with Barrios at the head of that army of 30,000, the grandest army Central America had ever seen, was the young lieutenant and exile, José Santos Zelaya. But Salvador did not propose to be either united or annexed, and Barrios, the greatest president undoubtedly whom any of those turbulent little republics have ever known, rode to his death. He fell upon the plains of Chalchuapa, mortally wounded, in the very act of leading his army to victory.

Young Zelaya was not only a staunch admirer of old Barrios, as he is affectionately remembered, but he believed in him and his methods of government. As he rode by the side of him to that fatal battlefield of Chalchuapa he expected to continue with him across Salvador and Honduras into his own country, where he would see the principle for which he had stood and for which he had been exiled, thoroughly established. But with the fall of Barrios the army which he was leading fled. Zelaya returned to Guatemala, where he received a promotion for bravery on the field, and there he continued in the army of Guatemala until the opportune moment arrived, when he threw up his commission and disappeared.

It was in the early '90s that he reappeared in his own country leading a band of insurgents against the government. He met with success from the very commencement of his campaign, and it was not long before he landed in that ultimate goal of all

successful revolutionary leaders, the presidential chair.

There is an old saying in Central America to the effect that in dealing with your inferiors you must hold out a piece of bread to them in one hand while you grasp a club in the other. This is very much the principle upon which Zelaya has maintained his rule in Nicaragua. He offers his people bread with one hand, and when they are not satisfied they get the club.

When one sees the tattered and maimed soldiers of these Central American armies for the first time not only is he inclined to laugh, but he entertains grave doubts of their efficiency as soldiers, yet it is only with such soldiers as these that the satrap maintains his despotism. Strange to say that the men who make up the rank and file of these armies are not warlike.

They are usually harmless, peaceable fellows, if let alone, and their greatest desire is to be let alone. But they are not let alone. They are simply picked up, corralled or captured as the case may be, and given to understand that they have got to obey, and it is this understanding that makes them good soldiers.

They are not supposed to know, and do not know, anything about politics, or if called upon to fight, what they are to fight for. They know who their chiefs or officers are—who the president is, and as long as this president is alive, and the officers who command them stay with them, they will fight to the end, and it is this military strength that keeps the despot in power in face of all the hatred and opposition which may be brought against him.

Zelaya learned the power of this stupid military force as an officer in the army of Guatemala under Barrios, and he has made good use of it, although he has not succeeded in perfecting its use so thoroughly as old man Barrios did, for he has had many revolutions to contend with and put down during his 16 years of power.

Some say that this is because Zelaya is neither as strong a man or as clever a man as Barrios. Barrios began his rule by having a dozen disturbers of the public peace and security taken out in the public plaza and shot. That ended the matter. There were no more disturbers of the public peace and security, and there were no more public executions. But Zelaya, it seems, has had to keep up the execution of his fellow-citizens all along throughout his 16 years of occupation of the presidential chair.

As to his having converted the Mohammed's Paradise into a country of comparative activity there can be no doubt. In this respect he has done precisely what Barrios did in Guatemala.

He has shaken the Indian out of his lethargic state and made him work or go into the army, or both. With his labor he has strung telegraph lines all over the country, herded cattle and planted coffee, and whenever his army needed strengthening or there was a revolution on hand he has had him brought in as a volunteer soldier or recruit and put in the army.

On the other hand, the merchants, planters and business men of the country have had to increase their earnings as best they could and pay him oftentimes arbitrary tribute or taxation.

As an example of his methods in this respect, during an invasion of the country by a large force of revolutionists from Costa Rica, he kept a careful account of all expenditures in putting down the revolution, at the same

time they were going to be allowed to vote sure enough and put up a candidate in opposition to the government program, the unfortunate candidate would be surely taken out and shot.

Zelaya's predominating characteristic is his courage. He is absolutely fearless, and that is one reason why he is more thoroughly hated than any one of the other Central American satraps. The other reason is, like that of his preceptor, old Barrios of Guatemala, his one ambition has been to unite the five republics under one government, with himself, of course, at its head. Various have been his schemes and projects to accomplish this end. At one time fomenting a revolution in Salvador, he has failed in that direction. At another time he succeeded in placing Davila in the presidential chair of Honduras with the understanding that Davila would unite Honduras to Nicaragua, only to have Davila tell him to go to the devil after his seat was safely secured, and Costa Rica has always been a thorn in his side because he couldn't get up any revolution there, in which something might accrue to his benefit or to his pet scheme. For these reasons Zelaya has come to be known as the mischief-maker of Central America.

Compared with some of the other rulers who are or who have been in the limelight, he is undoubtedly the boldest and bravest of them all, with the single exception, perhaps, of Castro of Venezuela. But he is a different type of man from Castro, who was of low origin and as vicious as he was low. Zelaya is educated, and he is very much of a gentleman in his manner and personal appearance, while Castro was not only ignorant, but he was a personification of the brute in human form.

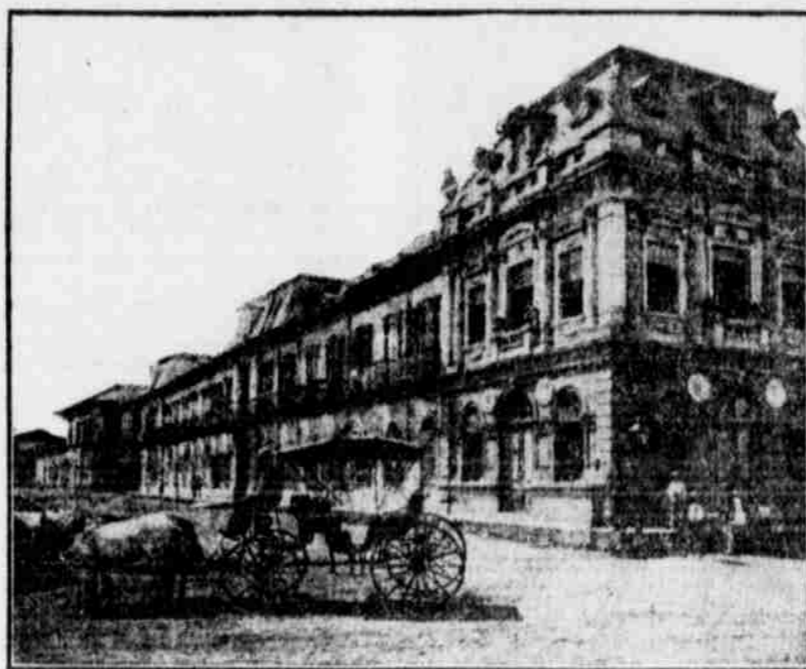
On the other hand, there is the present ruler of Guatemala, Cabrera, who is a rare exception to them all, for he is a despicable coward maintained in power by a host of satellites, who cajole him and flatter him, making him believe that he is the greatest man on earth, while they, as a matter of fact, hold the reins of a despotism as arbitrary, cruel, and corrupt as that of Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning.

### AVOIDS DANGER FROM GERMS

Theater Doorkeeper Careful to Cleanse Fingers While Handling Tickets.

"I use a wet sponge at all times when taking tickets," said a certain theater doorkeeper of St. Louis, "because of all men in the world the ticket taker is most exposed to contagious disease. When you stop to figure on the thousands of tickets I handle every year—perhaps one for every person in St. Louis—you can readily see what a great chance there is of germs coming to me with the tickets. The idea of using a sponge after every ticket was brought to my attention by a very prominent physician of St. Louis some time ago. He stopped on his way into the show one night and said: 'Come up to my office to-morrow, I want to show you something that you will not regret.'"

"Wondering what in the world it was he had to show me, I called on him, and he then took me a bunch of tickets from his desk and under the microscope showed me that I receive hundreds of little germs with every piece of carboard, and that any of them are apt to contain germs of a type to cause consumption, skin trouble or a half hundred other things.



GOVERNMENT PALACE, MANAGUA, THE CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA.

time keeping tab on all the merchants, capitalists and planters who were in sympathy with or aided and abetted the revolution in any way. He then, after having put down the revolution, drew upon each one of these sympathizers for a specific amount, according to his capital, to defray the expense of putting down the revolution.

It is frequently stated, and with a good deal of truth, that there is never more than one political party in Central America, and that is the party in power. But as a matter of fact, there is and always has been two well defined political parties. There are the conservatives on one side and the liberals on the other. The reason for its being stated that there is only one political party is the fact that whichever party is in power maintains its despotic sway to such an extent that no opposition does show itself in any form whatsoever. Sometimes there is a pretense of having an election, but such an election is more than a farce for, should any misguided element of the population or section of the country be beguiled into believing that

This fixed me. I thanked him, bought a sponge and have used it faithfully ever since. Each time that I touch a ticket I wash off my finger by rubbing it across the wet sponge. It isn't much bother and it has undoubtedly lessened my chances of disease."

"The average person is in too much of a hurry to take the time to secure protection against these apparent dangers," said a well-known bacteriologist of St. Louis, "but it pays in every sense of the word. The cashier should keep a small sponge on hand at all times over which she could draw her fingers every time they come in contact with the ticket or coin from a patron. It finally comes mechanically."

### The Mean Man.

Wife (crossly)—"Well, have your own way, and then you'll be satisfied." Husband—"I'm not so certain about that. I had my own way when I married you, but I'm not satisfied."—Judge.

## A Split Infinitive

By MARY F. LEONARD

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"I must deplore—" began Prof. Wentworth, removing his glasses.

"You have no idea how funny you look without them," interpolated his companion; whereupon he hastily replaced them, for nothing could have been farther from his wish at the moment than to appear funny. However, as he looked them over his ears he reflected that Miss Sherman probably meant odd. He had noted with disapproval her careless manner of speech.

"You began to say something, professor; I did not intend to interrupt," Miss Sherman added after a considerable pause, as she shifted her fluffy white parasol from one shoulder to the other.

"I beg your pardon, I am very absent-minded—I do not recall—" he hesitated, wondering how long it had been since he last spoke.

"I'll excuse you upon one condition. You must tell me what you were thinking about; you looked as solemn as an owl."

The professor blushed like a girl under the scrutiny of those mischievous blue eyes, in whose sight he felt sure he must appear a sort of lightning-change artist. "It was your use of the word funny. I was reflecting that you perhaps meant odd," he replied.

"I have noticed that you reflect too much," said Miss Sherman severely. "It makes me feel as if I were being dissected."

This was so like his own sensation the professor was surprised. "I am far from presuming to criticize," he said; "you remember you insisted."

Miss Sherman again shifted her becoming background and gazed out upon the lake. "How did you like 'Across the Storm'?" she asked. "I believe that is what we were discussing."

"I have to confess that a story of that kind is not in my line, yet I do not deny its merits,—a certain spright-



ness, and some not unworthy characterization—but as regards style one must deplore the colloquialisms, and among other things, the frequent use of the split infinitive."

"It may be true, but for all that it is a delightful love story. It is quite clear to me, Professor, that you have never been in love," she looked at him archly over her shoulder.

"I must beg to know upon what you found that conclusion," he answered, moving nearer.

"On this same habit of reflection. Now all you find in this story is split infinitives. At most it is to you an ungrammatical romance."

"And you—? I am to draw the inference—"

She laughed. "No, it is not necessary you should draw any."

It would be unjust to Miss Sherman's penetration to suppose she did not know what was coming when some minutes later Prof. Wentworth, in language as clear and concise as he was master of, made her an offer of marriage, but she was surprised at herself that she did not find it more amusing. She upon whose word a multi-millionaire and a novelist of wide fame, not to mention certain lesser lights, were at this moment hanging in eager suspense.

The professor might be stilted, but he was earnest and manly, and she felt a strange reluctance to wound him. "It wouldn't do at all," she told him. "We have been very good friends this summer, and you have perhaps found me entertaining; but after a while that would wear off. You would begin to—to see nothing but the split infinitives. I should shock you in various ways, and you would bore me, and we'd both be miserable. I am dreadfully sorry, but—"

He accepted her decision quietly, but she remembered long afterwards how white he looked.

Professor Wentworth was delivering a course of lectures on Philology at the summer school across the lake from the home of his college friend Arthur Sherman. Mr. Sherman's pretty wife and no less attractive sister made their cottage the center of social life on the lakeside, and in ac-

cepting their cordial invitations the professor had found himself in an unwanted atmosphere of careless gaiety.

Several days after the episode by the lake, Mr. Sherman one afternoon came upon his sister ensconced in a large wicker chair on the porch, some salts in her hand, and a disconsolate expression of countenance.

"By the way, Carolyn, Wentworth asked me to say good-by for him. His lectures are over and he leaves to-night. He had intended to call this afternoon, but I told him Helen and I were going to Jamestown, and that you were not well."

"That was very tiresome of you when I wanted particularly to see him," was the pettish reply.

"I fear Carolyn is in for nervous prostration," her brother remarked to his wife as they drove away.

Something did seem to go wrong. The millionaire who appeared at this inopportune moment was dismissed with scant courtesy, and then, left to herself, Carolyn began to cry silently. It was thus the professor found her.

"My dear Miss Sherman," he exclaimed. "I hope nothing is the matter."

"Oh, nothing; I was only feeling tired and bored," she replied, hastily drying her eyes. "I have a tiresome headache."

"Then I fear I shall not help matters, but there is something I'd really like to say to you if it would not bore you too much."

"It is only myself that bores me," Carolyn replied, encouragingly.

"Well, I have just discovered that I must be something of a bore," the professor spoke, cheerfully; "I have been thinking over what you said to me, and I see I have grown into the habit of laying too much emphasis on corrections of form. As you expressed it, where others found a charming story I found only some of the sin of the specialist, but I want to thank you for opening my eyes. I hope you will believe how I value your friendship—"

"Oh, don't!" cried Carolyn, putting her handkerchief to her eyes again.

"Is anything wrong? I don't want to distress you—" the professor felt greatly embarrassed. "It is impossible for me to—to—adequately express my—"

Carolyn sat suddenly erect. "Do you know what you have done?" she cried. "You have split an infinitive!"

He looked at her in astonishment, then said, recklessly, "Well, I don't care!"

"But I care, for it alters the case!" For a second Prof. Wentworth's grammatical mind was bewildered, but he was not dull, and in the flushed, tearful, smiling face he read that which thrilled him as no masterpiece of language had power to do. He bent over her. "My darling, I came back because I couldn't stay away, and now I begin to believe you wanted me," he said.

"I should never have acknowledged it if you had not split that infinitive," was her mischievous reply. "That showed me you really cared."

### Grandpas of To-Day.

"There are no more old people," said the man who studies types. "At least not in Chicago. Of course women took the lead in abandoning age. It has been generally recognized for a long time that women were refusing to be relegated to chimney corners or steam radiator corners, and now I look in vain for old men. I mean men who are willing to accept age and infirmity and even to make capital of them. The modern man does not consider it a desirable thing to flaunt long white whiskers, rheumatic joints, a benign smile and the title of 'grampa.' The modern grandfather would much rather be called 'Dad' or 'Foxy' than 'Revered Sir.' The up-to-date man of mature years is slim, thoroughly groomed, prefers to wear his face smooth, because thereby less grayness shows, knows how to run an automobile, challenges his grandson at golf, sails his own boat, is useful at society affairs—where his polished deference is a pleasing contrast to the sometimes careless attentions of youth—gives sound advice on the stock market and enjoys life to the fullest."

### The Glazed Age.

"Why not a white enamel gas range?" asked a stove manufacturer of himself some time ago. This is an age of white enamel, he reflected. Enameled cooking utensils are common and clean and save labor; enameled refrigerators are clean and sweet and appeal to the eye; sinks and bathtubs are practically all enameled. Zinc and galvanized iron are excellent materials—so, the old gas range is a fine thing for overworked cooks. Good products and processes, however, give way to better. This stove-maker began to experiment with white enameled iron and invited housewives to inspect results. In its advertising pamphlet the company emphasizes the fact that 12 parts of the range are enameled. These include oven racks, guides, plates, and door, and broiler-pan. Bath-tub and stove-maker have followed the tendency of the glazed age. The woman who first covered her pine kitchen table with oilcloth showed the way.—Scientific American.