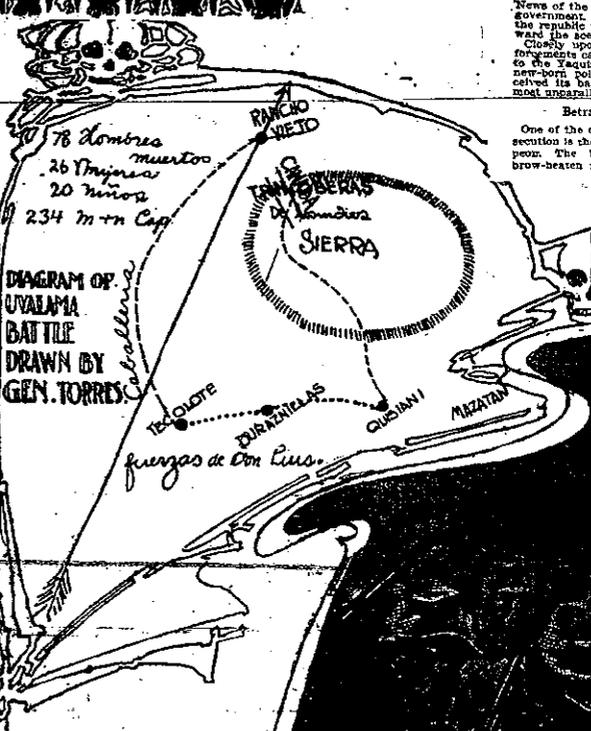


LAST RALLY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE MONTEZUMA

UPRISING OF YAQUI INDIANS WHICH MEXICO IS TURNING INTO A BLOODY AND BENEVOLENT WAR OF EXTERMINATION



News of the massacre was sent to the government and from every corner of the republic fresh troops hastened to ward the scene of war.

Closely upon the heels of the reinforcements came the first terrible blow to the Yaquis, where the Mexican's new-born policy of extermination resolved its battles in a massacre almost unparalleled for pitiless ferocity.

Betrayed by a Scout.

One of the causes of the Yaqui persecution is the jealousy of the Mexican peon. The hatred of these sullen, brow-beaten men, for the active, in-

dustrious Indian, is intense. It was one of these, an ex-scout, named Jose Simbre, that betrayed the Yaquis, and led the Mexican soldiers to the slaughter-pen in the Mazatan mountains.

For a time the Yaquis seemed to have thrown aside their characteristic caution. Simbre had brought news to them of battles at Camou mill and El Paque, in which the Indians had suffered, but the troops had retreated. Cheered by the victory at Agua Zate, they felt themselves superior to the nondescript soldiers of the Mexican army, and lay dangerously near the foothills.

Here the Mazatan mountains were a waterless waste, saving now and then

a spring or small stream between the mountains. In a box canyon 500 of them had gathered about a pool of water—300 men and 200 women and children. Here, once more in their fancied security, free from the slavery of their masters, they revelled in the freedom of the wilderness.

More than once they had petitioned the Mexican government to give them a strip of the wildest and most uninhabitable crags of the mountains, where they would peacefully live, if

freed from the oppression of the ranchers.

When old Jose informed Gen. Torres, who was at Tecolote, of the position of the Indians, the advance into the mountains began. Gen. Hermosa, with 300 cavalry, was sent to the mouth of the canyon to intercept the Indians at that point, and Gen. Hernandez with 500 regulars guided by the old Mexican, followed a steep trail through the mountains. A steep descent began at midnight, and oftentimes the soldiers had to go in single file. At daybreak they found themselves at the head of the Uvalama canyon, with the Indian camp below them. The sun had come up hot over the mountains before they had crept within firing distance.

A Horrible Slaughter.

Below the bit of primitive Arcady was a scene of frolic and happiness. From the jagged sides of the canyon the soldiers looked down upon strong, happy men playing with laughing children, and mothers romping with babies. On all sides of them were the black, frowning walls of rock.

Then came the order of attack. With the first volley a scream of mortal terror came up from the canyon. If there is anything on earth a Yaqui loves better than his life it is his wife or child, and if there is anything on earth truer to man than his dog it is a Yaqui woman. And in that first volley wives fell beside their husbands, and little children sputtered their life out in blood.

With long, straggling hair and fish-tailing skirts, the women flew along the wet walls of the canyon toward the opening, only to be mowed down by the cavalry. There were shrieks of women, wailing of frightened children, and the hoarse shouts of soldiers. Then a great silence came. The only sound echoing up and down the canyon walls were those made by the stones and the spluttering of bullets against the rock. Then movement in the canyon ceased. One after another the guns above were silenced and cavalry moved up the canyon.

Dead Piled in Hoops.

The dead were piled in heaps. Trussbands and wives had died together. Sometimes a child was clasped between them. Seven little infants lay upon the cragged floors of rock, their tender bodies torn by the Mexican bullets. Eleven small children rested dead in the burning sun. About them, here, there, everywhere, were the mothers, and mothers that would have been fifty of them, some with their children still clasped in their arms, their white faces staring to the black vault through the roof of the canyon, others with their children buried on the bodies of men, all smeared in blood. About them were the dead warriors.

But there still lived those who had seen the murder, and who hope someday to avenge them. In a bend in the canyon was a sloping wall that many of the warriors had scaled, dragging what they could of their women and children after them. And in this same bend were found nearly 300 old men and women, unarmed. These were taken with the troops over the trail to Hermosillo, and by the time this story is read will be living a life of slavery in the jungles of Yucatan.

Such is the first chapter in the story of the extermination of the last of the Yaqui. The others are still to come. J. OLIVER CURWOOD.

The recent massacre by Mexican troops of 160 men, women and children of the Yaqui tribe marks the beginning of a war of extermination which is designed to wipe out the last descendants of the Montezumas and to complete the work of slaughter and destruction which was begun by the Spanish invaders four centuries ago, and has been kept up with more or less determination ever since.

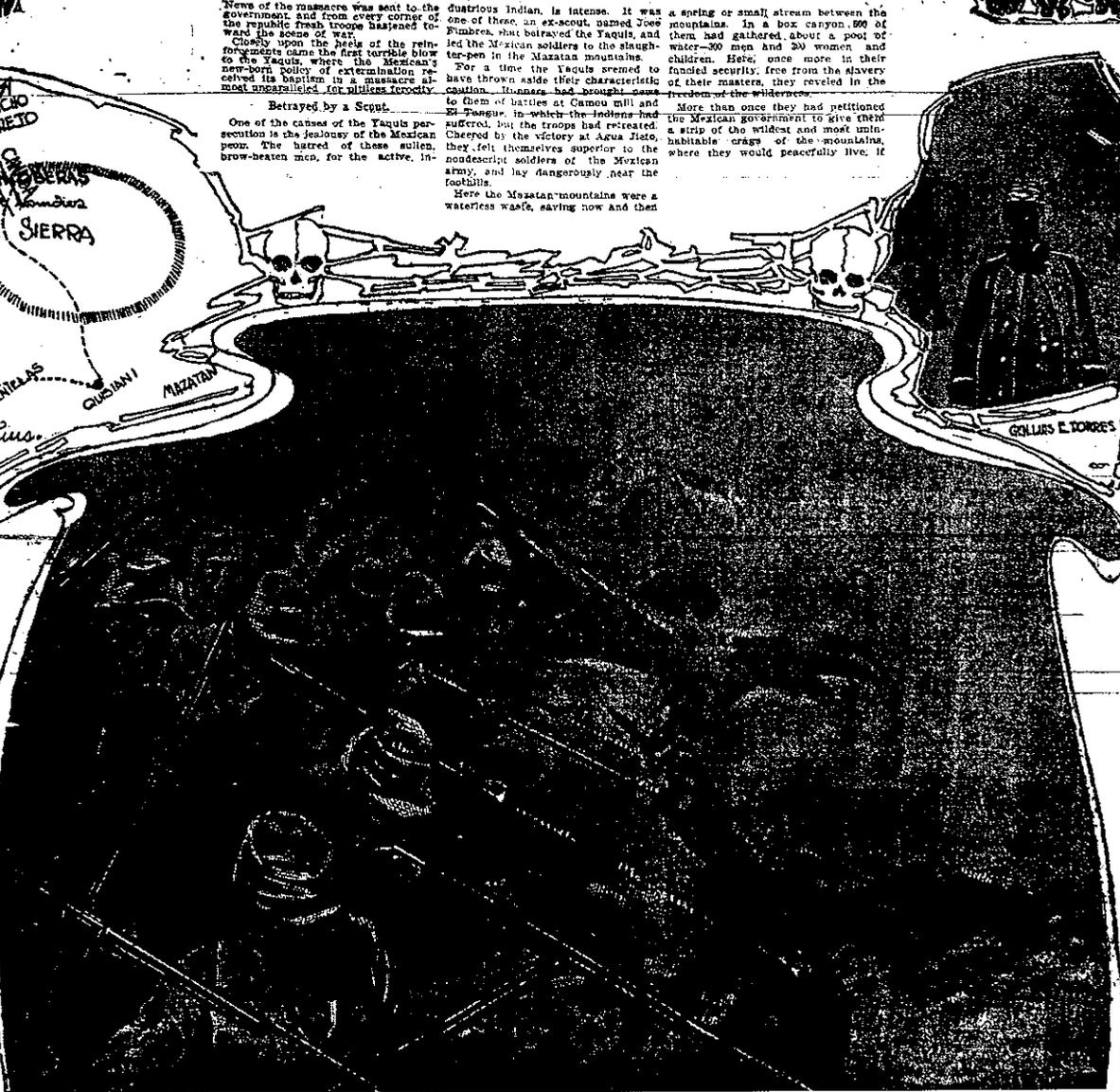
The officers in command of the Mexican forces have orders to spare neither age nor sex and the bloody massacre in Uvalama canyon is only the first of others which must follow in order to carry out this policy.

As far as the military power of the Mexican republic goes, the days of the Yaquis are numbered. The official decree enjoins the army to kill and maim, but to take no male prisoners. What women and children are spared will be deported to the wildernesses of Yucatan, where, forever separated from their families, they will be subjected to servitude amounting to slavery.

But recent events show that the numbers of those deported will be small, for in the shallow trenches that mark the slaughter in Uvalama canyon lie as many women and children as men. This is the tragic ending of a story written from beginning to end by

debt to his master he must stay with him and work off the debt. The ranchers dealt in the common necessities of life, and these were disposed of at such outrageous prices that the workers were kept in a state of servitude, no matter how industrious they were. The Mexican officials had also made an arbitrary order requiring all ranchers to register their Yaqui laborers, and those who were reported as troublesome were deported to Yucatan.

So it came at the El Carmen ranch that by superior wit and cunning, his property degraded the 100 Yaquis employed upon it beyond all bounds. A quarrel followed. The overseer and a number of his assistants were killed, and the Indians, with their wives and children, marched suddenly out into the hills. This was a signal for the Indians elsewhere, and that same night the chiefs appeared in the Yaqui settlement outside of Hermosillo and hurried the men, women and children to the spot which they had selected.





The recent massacre by Mexican troops of 100 men, women and children of the Yaqui tribe marks the beginning of a war of extermination which is designed to wipe out the last descendants of the Montezumas and to complete the work of slaughter and destruction which was begun by the Spanish invaders four centuries ago, and has been kept up with more or less determination ever since.

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This is the tragic ending of a story written from beginning to end by Spaniards, or men of Spanish blood.

When the Spanish ships first sighted the jungle-ridden shores of Yucatan that story was begun. When Montezuma acknowledged the sovereignty of the white gods from across the sea it was destined that no race should feel the blow as the Yaquis felt it.

When the last of the Aztec blood had mixed itself with the Spanish, and while the amalgamated bloods slowly gave birth to the Mexican nation, the Yaquis lived on, uncorrupted, still the proud, gentle descendants of the noble blood that gave them birth.

Prepared to Rebel

For months the Yaquis had been preparing for the present uprising, and ever since the order of revolt had been passed among them they had been collecting arms and ammunition. Down in Hermosillo the government of Sonora considers it has an Indian question. So it has in a manner, one that it has raised itself, and for which it is entirely responsible.

Years ago, the Sonora government contacted the lands along the course of the Yaqui river, which had from time immemorial been owned by the Yaqui tribe. At the time a part of the tribe went on the warpath. For over 30 years the struggle was maintained. Then, in 1858, the irreconcilable took to the mountains, from which they have never since been dislodged.

Meanwhile 30,000 of the tribe were trying to forget their wrongs and find peaceful homes in the valleys and plains of Sonora. Most of them were employed as laborers on the ranches. They were willing to work for a mere existence. But the oppression of their white masters constantly increased. Nominally free they saw that freedom began and ended with the name.

Everywhere in Mexico it was a common law that when a laborer was indebted to his master he must stay with him and work off the debt. The ranchers dealt in the common necessities of life, and these were disposed of at such outrageous prices that the workers were kept in a state of servitude, no matter how industrious they were. The Mexican omnia had also made an arbitrary order requiring all ranchers to register their Yaqui laborers, and those who were reported as troublesome were deported to Yucatan.

So it came that the El Carmen ranch, that by superior wit and cunning, its proprietor degraded the 100 Yaquis employed upon it beyond all bounds. A quarrel followed. The overseer and a number of his assistants were killed, and the Indians, with their wives and children, marched suddenly out into the hills. This was a signal for the Indians elsewhere, and that same night the chiefs appeared in the Yaqui settlement outside of Hermosillo and hurried the men, women and children to the spot which they had selected as a rendezvous.

It was not the first time that Yaqui Indians had been driven to the warpath. Many times before had the troops been sent against them, and so repeatedly had they beaten the soldiers that they rather enjoyed it than otherwise, for it gave them an opportunity of getting possession of the commodities which their tents and the hides and ammunition of the troops. Then they returned to their work as if nothing had happened.

But the mutiny of the Indians at El Carmen ranch marked the beginning of the last exodus of the Yaquis from the plains of Sonora. Hardly had they taken refuge in the mountains, when Mexican troops under Gen. Torres issued his instructions of extermination.

The Mexicans Arrived

He hurried to Hermosillo, towns and camps formed volunteer corps. The wires from Sonora to every part of the Mexican domain were kept hot with the messages of Torres. Troops were ordered from far and near. All the strength of the Mexican government was put at the general's disposal.

Meanwhile the war fires of the Yaquis flared at a hundred mountain peaks, and from the plains and valleys of Sonora they hurried into the American aborigines hurried into the wilderness. Among them were servants from towns, farmers, miners—the backbone of the Sonora working class.

Then with the men Torres began his work of extermination. To the north and the east of Hermosillo he sent small detachments. Among them was Capt. Udo Gomez, with 100 men, who struck into the foothills. In a few hours later 16 survivors of the party came straggling into the city of Hermosillo, carrying Capt. Gomez, who was placed under martial law.

Letters on Ping-Pong Balls, the Latest Social Freak

The use of ping-pong balls as post cards is the latest freak of society for novelty.

It started in Liverpool quite recently, and despite its obvious disadvantages, like you.

After Colman there was found grasped in the stiffened hands of a dead soldier a piece of leather with a dying message scrawled upon it with a stump of a pencil. It was a layer of the sole of the dead man's boot, which had probably been covered with mud marching, and when he had contrived to slip off it, it only reached the poor fellow a family in England.

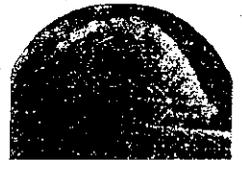
From the *Illustrated*

MEXICAN TROOPS AT THEIR WORK OF DEATH IN UVALAMA CANYON

New Arctic Voyage for Mrs. Peary

In the *Windward*, a staunch whaler of the '60s which has been remodeled into a steam yacht, has been taken out for the fifth annual expedition to search for the undaunted Arctic explorer, Lieut. Peary, with his devoted wife at its head.

Mrs. Peary has been the moving spirit in all the expeditions that have preceded this one, but now, undisturbed by the terrors of an arctic trip with its attendant dangers, she has taken her little daughter, who has



attracted considerable attention before it sailed, and these were the cats that were running around on the deck. They are the mascot and are expected to thrive well in the cold climate for which they are bound.

Intrepid Mrs. Peary, than whom there are few women who have shown more loyal devotion, is fully confident that she will erect her husband about the first of August on Cape Sabine, where the lieutenant made his headquarters, and where she says he will

terror came up from the canyon. If there is anything on earth a Yaqui loves better than his life it is his wife or child, and if there is anything on earth truer to him than his dog, it is a Yaqui woman. And in that fact woe-wives fell beside their husbands, and little children spat out their life out in blood.

With long streaming hair and full, rolling brows, the women followed the hot walls of the canyon down the opening, only to be mowed down by the cavalry. There were shrieks of women, wailing of frightened children, and the hoarse shouts of men, and a great silence came upon the scene as the sputtering of bullets against the rock. Then movement in the canyon ceased. One after another the guns above were silenced and cavalry moved up the canyon.

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The Prince and "Buttons"

Now that King Edward of England is getting better, pleasant stories of the good old times when he was prince of Wales are in order. Here is one of them:

One day, to borrow the classical phrase, the prince, tired of some associations, strolled into the street, one of the London streets, of course, and, unnoticed, reached the house of his friend, the marquis of Waterford, if we are not mistaken. He rang the bell. "Buttons" appeared at the door, and, with the impudence of the ordinary "Buttons," scanned the prince rudely. His royal highness was in a very plain suit of clothes and his hair was not plumb. "Tell your master," said his royal highness, refusing the invitation of "Buttons" to "walk in," "that the prince of Wales wishes to see him."

"Yes, yes," said "Buttons." "I dare say! But just now he is engaged with the emperor of China. Call again, please." And he slammed the door in the face of royalty.

The prince, standing outside, burst into a fit of laughter. Holding his stick he entered down the steps, returned to the club and told his adventure to the "lads" gathered among them, was the marquis, who had just come in. Through the racial within an inch of his life, he roared Waterford. "Don't do anything of the kind," said the prince, "I have just sent him a check for \$50 as a souvenir of his interview with the prince of Wales."

"Punishment enough," rejoined Waterford, "let it go at that," and they all had a big drink, or things to that effect. — N. Y. Sun.

Women Admitted to Guild

After 50 years of obstinate resistance to woman labor, the Watchmakers' Guild of Vienna, has at last granted a certificate of competence to a girl, Gisela Elbuschitz, who is the first woman watchmaker to be recognized in Vienna. This innovation is warmly resented by a large body of the trade. — N. Y. World.

Hotels on Desert Islands For Shipwrecked Sailors

In the Indian ocean, nearly mid-wrecked mariners are instructed to way between the Cape of Good Hope and the Cape of Storms.