

THE CAUSE OF THE POOR



A False Revolutionary

The cause that Pancho Villa fought for was the cause of the poor. He would never give in to people who were willing to give everything they had, including their daughters, in order to continue exploiting the poor.

Agascalientes became the headquarters of Francisco Villa, who was rapidly rising to his glory.

The train station was a congregation of caboccos full to the brim with ammunition, food, and stacks of paper money.

Hovering above the caboose "office" of the great leader of the Northern Division were the poorest of beggars, their faces fled down with hunger, their eyes punched in by the fists of their misery, and all dressed in scanty rags.

From the platform, Villa entertained himself by throwing money to them. It was not any-

prising that he had a large following among the poor.

In the midst of these preparations, Agascalientes seemed like a town bubbling with enthusiasm before a party; but it was not without its fights and disagreements among those men who were quick to arms.

It was during those days that a heavy, robust man came up to Villa's office-caboose. He was holding a card that showed he had been sent by General Felipe Angeles.

—And what is your name, my friend?

—Ernesto Montes, sir...

—Are you willing to risk your

life?

The man shrugged his shoulders and affected a smile.

—We'll try, sir.

At that moment, one of Villa's helpers stepped in and after giving the appropriate salute, he said: My General—I have just been informed that the President of San Juan refuses to accept your authority and he is planning to put up a resistance.

Villa gave him a sly smile. He patted General Angeles' officer on the back, gave him the title of Colonel, and said:

—Colonel Montes, I want you to get 50 men ready and we will go together to San Juan and see what this is all about.

A short time later Tomas Vidria saw the procession entering the jubilant and beautifully adorned town of San Juan.

—Viva Villa! people shouted from the crowd, as they parted to leave free way for the procession to pass.

Suddenly the Centaur stopped his horse and turned to Colonel Montes.

—Listen friend—they've made fools of us. This is one practical joke that I don't like at all. We'd better go back to the station.

The mayor of the town began immediately to pour out compliments.

—Forget it, my general, come in, this is your home...

Villa, with one hand on his pistol, leaned over the side of his horse.

—I was told that you were rebelling against my authority. Is this true, my friend? Maybe you'll kill me during the celebration, and I certainly didn't come all the way over here just to die!

The colonel turned white. He tried to force a smile. His eyes widened, he swallowed hard.

—Of course not, my general! What can I do to prove it to you—a woman, perhaps?

—That's your problem, my friend. I give you ten minutes to prove to me that you are a "Villista".

At that, the Centaur dismounted his horse and walked over to

the ice-cream shop. The mayor arrived, accompanied by three beautiful women.

—My general—this one is called Margarita, she's nineteen years old, the oldest of my daughters... just look at her!

The girl was dark and beautiful, well built and provocative. She lowered her head, but Villa caught her sad, weeping eyes.

—This one is two years younger; she's called Lolita, my General.

She was just as beautiful as her sister, not as dark. But her face showed scorn and a strange determination.

Villa fixed his eyes on the third girl— younger, more alive, beautiful, too. She smelt of soap and cheap perfume. She

caressed her hair that lay over her trembling breast. Her eyes met with Villa's and she smiled coyly.

—She is the youngest of my three, my general, Magdalena is her name—and she's only fifteen, and just look at her!

Villa nodded. The three were indeed very beautiful.

—Look, Colonel Montes—he said resolutely,—shoot this man for me. I became a bandit to avenge the dignity of my sister, and here this old man brings his daughters to me in order to save himself! What kind of a "Villista" is this?

The interference of the three girls was useless.

—What could you want this old man for? Don't you see that

just as he offered you to me he would very well offer you to any one else who WOULD take you?

—Colonel Montes, carry out my order! You are a Villista!

Villa mounted his horse and began his retreat back to the station. He was accompanied by the cheers of the people.

—Viva Villa!

And the night shook with the sound of the bullets.



"...AND THE NIGHT SHOOK WITH THE THUNDEROUS SOUND OF THE BULLETS, IT WAS THE DEATH OF A TRAITOR..."