THE REVOLUTION IN SÃO PAULO

As I saw it.
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AS I SAW IT

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July 5-28, 1924
São Paulo - - - - Brasil
It was a beautiful mid-winter morning, July 5, 1924, as we descended from the thriving city of São Paulo, Brasil, to Santos, the great coffee port. The trip from São Paulo to Santos is always an interesting one. The two cities are linked together by a model stretch of fifty miles of railway. We had left the "Estatuação da Luz" (Station of Light) at seven forty-five, had passed out through the great industrial section of Braz, passed through a beautiful stretch of rolling country, had descended the mountain, our train being let down by great cables over a stretch of some three or four miles, and had then travelled over a perfectly flat country until we reached Santos. The view from the top of the mountain overlooking Santos and the sea is one never to be forgotten.

But the object of this sketch is not to describe scenery. It is about revolution. When we reached Santos at ten o'clock there was an excited crowd at the station, for a telegram had been received from São Paulo stating that a revolution had broken
out in the city, and that there was fierce fighting in the streets, that the Luz Station had been occupied by the revolutionists at three o'clock in the morning and that it was partly destroyed. In Latin America people become accustomed to rumors of revolution, and as I had passed through the Luz Station at seven forty-five and saw no signs of trouble I paid little attention to the telegram, and went about my business. During the day other telegrams came confirming the former one. I finished attending to some matters in the Custom House and went to the station at four o'clock to take the train for São Paulo. But imagine my surprise when I was told that no trains were running that the train which I had come on in the early morning was the only train to leave from or for São Paulo.

The reports in the city were now becoming alarming. Great crowds were congregated in the public square. An automobile came in from São Paulo and the crowd immediately surrounded it in order to get information from the capital. An occupant of the automobile held up an ugly looking piece of shell— from one of the famous seventy-fives—and said that it had been shot at the governors palace by the revolutionists, but had fallen
Steel Posts Perforated by Bullets.
short and had struck a school nearby, killing a number of children. He said, further, that the revolutionists were bombarding the fifth battalion, and that that section of the city was in flames. The fifth battalion is located just a few blocks above the home of the writer, and on the same street, and I had left a happy home with a wife and six children there in the early morning, and we also had a great publishing house, and what is said to be the finest mission church in the world there. So when I saw the man holding the piece of bomb, and heard him tell of what he had seen with his own eyes, my unbelieving gave way, and the most frightful forebodings took possession of me. And there were hundreds of other men in Santos that evening in the same state of mind, for Santos is the seaport of São Paulo, and the business men of the latter city run down in the morning, attend to their business in the Custom House, and return on the evening train.

Some of us began to organize groups in order to return in automobiles. The garage men wanted exorbitant prices for carrying us, but we were desperate and finally agreed on prices. Then when we were about ready
with several machines another car came in from São Paulo and said that the mountain pass had been occupied by troops and that they had barely escaped with their lives. They also confirmed the report that the city was being fiercely bombarded. We determined to risk getting past the soldiers on the mountain, but not a chauffer would consent to go.

It was night and we saw the last hopes of our getting back to our homes that day fade away. The last car that had come in had brought e few copies of the "Estado de São Paulo", the leading journal of the capital. In the place of its usual bulky number it was printed on one side only of a single small sheet. It sold readily for the value of fifty cents. When it was printed the revolutionists had reached the center of the city, where they were being stubbornly opposed by the legal troops.

I remained in the public square until a late hour, but no further news came, so I hunted a bed for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning I hurried to the railway station hoping that the regular early morning train for São Paulo would run, but...
I found the station closed and guarded by soldiers, and a notice of the door to the effect that no trains would run until further notice. I inquired of the officer in charge if he thought that there would likely be a train later in the day. He said he felt sure there would not be.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The bells of an old Cathedral standing by the station with the date of 1640 carved in the stone above the door began to call the faithful to prayers. Men reverently raised their hats as they passed by, women made the signs of the cross over their hearts and upon their foreheads as they entered. I have been a praying man all my life, but strange to say on this particular Sabbath morning I did not feel like praying. I well remember the night of the Charleston earthquake some thirty-eight years ago. My old father was a very saintly man. We had a neighbor who was a large impulsive woman, very religious at times, but most of the time not so religious. When the earth was rocking to and fro she came rushing into our home and addressing my father said: "Uncle Caleb, let's have prayer, I believe that the end of the world has come". My father very
quietly remarked that if the Lord was coming he wanted to be up where he could see Him, not down upon his knees praying. He said that he had been praying all his life and that he was ready to meet His Lord if He should come. I believe in the efficacy of prayer, just as my father did, but on this Sunday morning I was bent on getting to my family, and I felt that the dusty road was the place for me; and the dusty road did I take.

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It was almost midday when I reached the foot of the mountain. The "Serra do Mar" stood before me more than two thousand feet high. A lovely automobile road wound its way up this great natural barrier to the coffee fields of the world, but as the top of the mountain was reported to be occupied by troops, and that they fired on all persons who attempted to pass, I was afraid that my passage would be blocked. There were two courses open to me. One was to return to Santos and await developments, and the other was to enter into the jungle, climb the rough mountain steeps, and try to work my way around the pass at the top.

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The Buildings Seemed to Have Had a Kind of Architectural Small-Pox.
I well knew the dangers and difficulties of a tropical jungle. My own son had been lost in these very mountains some months before as he was hiking with some "Y" men. They were supposed to have followed a beaten path but lost their way and to live on palmetto and roots. I have seen hunters bring wild hogs, with great tusks, out of these woods, and I have seen leopards brought out dead that were larger than a man. An when a child I could never think of a Brazilian jungle without seeing snakes. But on this day I could see nothing but my wife and children in the midst of a burning city, with shot and shell flying, so I left the road and took to the jungle. I had no arms of any kind, so I got a knotty club of the Herculean style. I did not think until afterward that a club would be of little service to me in case of an attack as there is no room in a tropical jungle in which to sling a club. At best I could only have punched it at the enemy. However it gave me courage, and that was worth its carrying. I travelled mostly after the fashion of a bear, and soon my hands began to suffer from the rocks and the thorns, so I cut the sleeves from my shirt and made gloves of them in order to protect my hands.
In the middle of the afternoon I reached a great ledge of stone, and I saw that I was a little more than half way up the mountain. I sat down to rest when a little book fell from my pocket. I had put it there on the morning I had left home, thinking that perhaps I would find time to read it on my return. It was very appropriately entitled: "Thoughts About Good Cheer". But I was not even on speaking terms with the subject at that time, so I placed the book back into my pocket. I was tempted to throw it into the depths below, but my love for books restrained me.

Night comes in a hurry in the tropics. There is no twilight. It is day at five-thirty and it is night at six, especially in the jungle. Five-thirty had passed and six was hurrying on, and I had not yet reached the top. If I had not lost my direction I knew that I was somewhere near an old road which my son and I had discovered in one of our tramps. But if I did not find it soon my bed for the night would be the cold ground, and for a cover I would have the dense fogs that come up from the ocean. And for companions well, I hoped that I would not have any, neither creeping nor crawling things, not revolutionists or legalists. But
glory to goodness, I did not have to sleep in the jungle. I found the old road just as black darkness was falling, and I knew that it would lead me into the main highway far on the other side of the mountain pass, and once in the highway I felt that I would have no trouble in reaching home in another four or five hours.

I sat down upon a great stone that was jutting out over the depths below. In the distance I saw Santos brilliantly lighted. I could see a river winding its way like a great white serpent to the sea. Faintly I could hear the roar of the breakers along the great sweep of Praia Grande. I saw far out in the Atlantic a light house which guides great ship from Buenos Ayres and Rio to the marts of the world. The stars were shining overhead. Everything was so quiet and peaceful, everything except the wild beating of my heart, and my deeply troubled soul. Was it possible that Santos was so peaceful and quiet while her mighty sister beyond the Ypiranga was in the throws of civil war? I could hardly believe that revolution was possible in the great workshop of Brasil. The Paulistas are a hard-working people. Peace is their sister and Industry is their
elder brother. True, it was at Ypiranga that the sword of independence was drawn. And it was the Bandeirantes of São Paulo who conquered the great stretches of the interior. And this same spirit of adventure and of progress still exists in the land, but it has been used in the progress of industry and in the conquests of peace. And if it is now to be turned to war the results will be astounding.

Some two hours later I heard an automobile approaching from the rear as I was wearily plodding my way along the great highway. I stepped to one side of the road behind a tree in order to let it go by without my being seen, but when I saw that it was a fliver, occupied only by the driver and a small boy, I hailed it. I explained to the man that I had walked all day and was dead tired and asked if he could give me a lift. He said he was going near São Paulo, and that I could ride if I liked. I gladly accepted his offer. The man was evidently excited and he sped along at a rapid rate. The boy sitting by his side was all done up in bandages, and I asked what the trouble was, and he told me that in the morning as he was
Twenty-four Hours Before This Happened we Rescued a Family of Twelve From this Room.
making the trip, his car had left the road and his boy and wife were badly hurt. The wife had been sent to the hospital, and he was taking the boy home. Some three months before this, I had been to the country and was returning home at night in a big new Dodge with seven other people, and when we reached the velocity of some thirty-five miles per hour, and a sharp curve in the road at the same time, I saw the chauffeur throw up his hands in horror, give a savage scream, turn the wheel loose, and we plunged down an embankment so steep and deep that it took four people to get me back to the road again. I had my head smashed, collar bone broken, and two or three ribs caved in. I had not been in an automobile since until I took my seat in this flivver, and when I saw the poor boy all smashed up, and thought of his mother in the hospital with both legs broken, and especially when I would see a curve in the road ahead of us, my nerve completely failed me, and I humbly asked the driver to let me get out and walk. The man looked at me perfectly dumbfounded. I told him I wanted to see my family. He said he was taking me there just as fast as he could. I told him I was in an awful hurry, but that I preferred to walk. So in disgust he put me out into the darkness and then
drove on.

After some two hours I was over-taken by two men. One was a Turk and the other was a friend of mine, an Adventist golporter. They, too, were going to São Paulo. They had heard of the revolution and were going to see about their families. We began to meet people coming from the city. They all told us that for two days the fighting had been fearful, and they warned us not to attempt to enter. When we reached the heights of Ypiranga we could hear for ourselves. The big guns at Sant'Anna, where the largest barracks of the city are located, were busy hurling their bombs into the city. We could distinctly hear the shells as they travelled in a curved line, and we could hear them explode when they struck. In the Cambucy district the rifle and machine-guns fire was terrific. The Turk lived in the Cambucy. My friend, the Adventist, lived in Sant'Anna. I lived in just the place where it seemed the bombs were falling. We now began to meet scores of people fleeing from the city. Some of them said we were crazy if we tried to enter. We stopped on the spot where Don Pedro I had drawn his sword and made the "Give me liberty or give me death" speech.
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hundred years previous, and held a council of war. The Turk said that he had seen many wars in Europe in his day but that he had never before heard such an infernal rifle-fire. The Adventist said something about: "And in that day there shall be wars and rumors of wars, and then..." "But", said I, "I do not see any falling stars, and the earth is not quaking, so the end of the world may not be at hand, but I must confess that it seems to be knocking at the door". I am with Adventists ASI I am with Brasilian jungles and big snakes, I never think of an Adventist without seeing the stars fall, or think of the end of the world.

From this point on our paths lay in different directions, so clasping hands we bid each other godspeed, and like the little boy who whistles in the dark to keep his courage up, I jokingly said: "When shall we three meet again, In sunshine, shadow, or in rain?"

In another hour I was in my own home. The kiddies were tucked away in bed, and the wife was at the door as soon as she heard my first footsteps. She said: "I just knew you would come." All was well but the family had been greatly frightened,
Shells had fallen near them and killed a number of people. But most of the fighting had been in other parts of the city. And as the fighting on this night was in about the same place as the night before we felt no immediate danger, so we spent a fairly restful night.

For several days and nights the fighting was limited to the lower section of the city, principally around the Luz station and the governor's palace, but one morning we awoke and found guns and soldiers' caps and uniforms scattered along Liberdade street, and soon revolutionary troops were taking up positions on the same, hurriedly throwing up breastworks and digging trenches. The few troops who had remained loyal to the government had been out-numbered and had been compelled to withdraw from the city, together with the governor of the state.

Then followed several days of comparatively quiet—the calm before the storm. The chief of the revolutionists, issued a statement, stating their object. They desired to take the government out of the hands of the professional politicians and put it into the hands of the people. They wished to make the government more democratic,
The "Braz" Burned Up Every Day. This was one of the Largest Factories in South America. It Burned for three Days and Three Nights.
and especially did they desire to remove
the president of the republic whom, they said, had insulted the army in
times past. Their platform seemed to
please the people, and as they were
complete masters of the city, many
people thought that the revolution
had won, and the revolutionists were
hailed as saviours of the country.
Flowers were stuck in their gun-bar-
rels as they marched by, women serv-
ed coffee to them in their trenches,
they were treated to cigars, cadies,
etc., and the populace received them
with open arms.

The federal government, however,
treated them differently. All trains
over the government road from Rio to
São Paulo were suppressed except
troop-trains. Picked men from the
state of Minas were hurried to the
scene. From Rio to Santos were hurried
war-ships loaded with troops. From
Rio Grande do Sul came the famous
Gauchos. So that in two or three
days after the legalists had withdrawn
from the city they were reinforced
from the north and the south. They
then began their fearful assaults
upon the city. The revolutionists,
estimated at four thousand strong,
had barricaded every street leading
to the suburbs. The federal forces
occupied the heights of Penha, Ypi-
ranga, and finally extended their lines through Mooca, Cambucy, Liberdade and Villa Marianna, a front of some nine or ten miles. During the day the fighting was mostly done by snipers, but at night the fire was terrific. The revolutionists planted cannon in different parts of the city, thus calling the fire of the federal guns to some of the most populous sections. For twenty-three days the fighting continued, growing more intense as each day passed. The revolutionists, as a rule stayed within their trenches, with the federalists attacking and playing for position. But neither side seemed to make progress. Hundreds of houses were destroyed by shell fire (a leading journal of the city gives the number as 1,800). Thousands of innocent people were killed by scrapnel and bullet. Commercial houses were sacked by mobs, and some of the largest factories and manufacturing plants in South America were burned. The commerce of the city was completely paralyzed, the street cars did not run, business houses were closed. The inhabitants fled in terror first from one part of the city to another, then finally to the interior. It was estimated that more than three hundred thousand people left the city.

Besides the many large hospitals
in the city the Red Cross opened up a large number of others. The Red Cross tendered it services to the federal forces early in the fight, but it was said that the commanding general replied that their hospital service was well organized and equipped and that they did not need the aid of the Red Cross. The chief of the revolutionists, therefore, issued orders prohibiting the Red Cross from crossing the lines, thus the dead and wounded cared for were revolutionists and civilians who had fallen within the city. And the sad fact was that perhaps nine out of every ten who were killed or wounded were innocent citizens, and perhaps half of them women and children.

The Central Methodist church, the Methodist Publishing House, and four residences stand on the same property on Liberdade street, and in the midst of these buildings is a large open space. This was a place of much activity during these trying days. An emergency hospital was opened up in the church. The basements of all six buildings were filled with refugees, and we served an average of more than six hundred meals to hungry people daily. Many of the members of the families living here, the pastor of the church, and employees of the Publish-
ing House did heroic service during the struggle, often risking their lives in caring for these refugees. One of the young men in the Publishing House and myself volunteered our services to the Red Cross, were ac-
cepted, and with our mail-truck hauled hundreds of families out of the danger zone. We took one family of twelve from a small house adjoining the Publishing House and sent them out of the city. When we went for them they discussed the matter of leaving and almost decided to remain. The next day a large shell fell upon it and completely demolished it. A shell fell upon a double house which was occupied by two families. Every member of the two families was wounded, one killed outright, and five legs and a number of arms were severed from the bodies of the other members. A shell struck one of the large hotels in the center of the city as our truck was passing with a load of women and children. It did not penetrate the heavy wall, but exploded on the outside, leaving eight dead in the street. Another fell in the street immediately in the front of our truck and killed four. A family of sixteen persons who lived near us, so I was informed by a reliable person, became afraid to remain in their house, in which a number of bullets
War is Just What Sherman Called it.
had entered, and moved into their back garden, which was surrounded by high walls. They cowered there for several days and nights, but one fatal day a shell fell in the midst of them and killed the entire family. One day while we were serving dinner to hundreds of refugees, and the church was full of wounded and dying, shells began to fall around us. Three fell in the street in front of the church. One fell short a few hundred feet. One fell on either side of us, and two passed through our garage. There were eight in all, one right after the other, and the hissing noise as they came was frightful and with each explosion it seemed that we were lifted from the ground. It was dangerous to remain in the open, and we were afraid to get in the buildings, for fears they would be blown down upon us. The shells were coming from the Cambucy district, below us, so we huddled together in front of the big Publishing House building until the storm had passed. Fortunately for us after the eighth shot the direction was changed a little, and we heard more than thirty shots with clock-like regularity falling a few blocks from us, and we later learned that twenty-two of them had struck a big theatre near, where the revolutionists had established
headquarters for this section. The two shells which passed through our garage did not explode but fell dead in the yard immediately in front of the large opening to our basement where my wife and children had congregated. After a few minutes my wife picked them up, still hot, and put them in a tub of water. With the exception of the holes in the garage, and one of our typesetting machines in the Publishing House damaged, our property suffered little. But it will be many a day before we will look with favor upon a hissing noise, or will not jump at the slam of a door. Soon after this tempest of shells there was brought to us a man with his face blown off, a little girl with one foot gone, her brother with only one leg, a woman fearfully mangled, and an old priest who was wounded in the head, in the back, and with a foot hanging to him only by a tendon. Others were killed and wounded, but they were taken to other hospitals. The head carpenter who worked for us for more than two years, building our residences and the Publishing House, was standing in his door talking to his wife, when a bullet entered his heart and he fell dead without uttering a word. The next day a shell passed through his house and severely wounded his little
child. Just such cases as these could be multiplied indefinitely. And just such work as was carried on here by our group of loyal Christians was also carried on in almost every school and church building in the city.

An interesting story was afterwards told me, about the shelling of our compound here, by a member of our church who is also a soldier. He said he was on the firing line when he heard an officer give orders to a gun-crew to range their gun on the big building with the square tower. The gunners immediately got busy and began to fire one of the big guns at us. When he saw how close the shells were falling to us this humble soldier went to the officer and explained to him that this was a church and a printing plant, and that he could guarantee that it had been used in no way to help the revolutionists, and he beged that it be spared. The officer replied that they had information that even the women were helping dig trenches in front of the church. And the fact was that there was a trench in front of the church, and another just a few hundred feet away, but so far as I know they were not dug by women, though women had served coffee to the trenches. But the officer re-
pected the appeal of this soldier, who is a fervent Christian, and had the gun turned a few inches and began to rain shot and shell into the big theatre a few blocks from us, which, in reality was full of revolutionists.

It will be wondered why people remained in a city so shell-torn. Well, hundreds of thousands of them did not remain, but all could not leave. During the first day of the fighting my wife was in the window when she saw a Marine pass by. In a little while she saw the man run behind a post, and the next instant a bullet entered the adjoining window and went through a solid brick wall into another room. The Marine had been shot at by a revolutionist. This frightened us a little so we packed the whole family into the truck and left the city. We passed through the little town of Santo Amaro and found its population swollen to about ten times normal, so we camped out on a beautiful hill-side in the country. That night we heard the roar of cannon, and the sky toward the city became lurid with burning buildings. And the effect was that we were conscience stricken. We thought of our friends back in the city, many of them who could not leave for lack of
A Shell Hole in the Hard Paved Street.
transportation. We thought of the church and Publishing House, and the hundreds of refugees in them. We thought a thousand things that night as we stood on the hill-side and in the distance could see the red and lurid light leap up into the sky, as though the world was burning up. And we were sorry we had fled. We felt like cowards. So the next morning we packed up and returned to the city. I must confess, also, that there is a tinge of curiosity in our make-up, and that played its part in causing us to return. Who can stand off in the distance and hear big guns shoot, imagine he hears the rattle of musketry, see the smoke of a burning city, and not want to know just what is happening? Man is a strange creature, and many of his doings cannot be explained.

There is also danger in fleeing from one place to another. It was often the case where families fled from places of comparatively safety to find themselves in the midst of greater dangers. One early morning I had taken a load of twenty-one women, and children to the Luz Station where they hoped to take the only train in operation from the city to the interior. In front of the station there was a crowd which I estimated at considerably more than one thou-
sand persons also wanting to embark. Four shells fell in the immediate neighborhood, and the confusion of these people was indiscernible. The women and children screamed, the men lost their heads, and many families were separated. A friend who embarked on the train told me that there were many cases where children had boarded the train without their parents, and parents without their children. In some of the interior towns were found small children without their parents, and the only information some of them could give was that their father was called João or Pedro, and their mother Maria or Dorcas, etc. They did not know their own surname, nor the place of their residence.

When people went out on the streets they did not know if they would get back sound, or if they would get back at all. One poor mother came to us one day and wanted us to get her children out of the danger-zone. She said she had left her five small children in the house while she went a few blocks away to buy some bread, and when she attempted to return a few minutes later she found that a trench in front of her home had been assaulted, and the Revolutionists driven out, and that it was impos-
The possible to reach her home. We went with her and tried to enter in several different directions, but everywhere we found both rifle and machine guns in fearful activity. We gave her a place to sleep in the Publishing House, and for five days she was with us. One day she disappeared and we have never heard what became of her or of her children.

During the twenty-three days of fighting it was estimated that more than five million shots were fired into the city. There was a perfect orgy of rifle, machine gun and cannon fire. Men who had passed through the great World War told me that in all the four years of service there they had never witnessed anything to equal this. People who lived at a great distance called it popping corn. Those nearer called it hell, and it was. Large trees that happened to stand between the lines of battle were cut down with rifle fire as though they had been sawn with a giant saw. There was hardly a block in which some damage was not done. Telephone and power wires were demolished, and the iron posts carrying them were sometimes literally perforated with bullets. I counted sixty-eight holes in one iron post.
of the principal streets of the city. Some of the large hotels and entire blocks were so peppered with balls that they appeared to have had some kind of architectural small-pox. The Theatro de São Paulo, which stands only a few blocks from us, was struck by twenty-two shells. The beautiful Cambucy church, which stands on a hill below us, was almost completely destroyed. The hill on which it stands passed from the possession of one to the other of the contending forces time and again, and from our home we could see men die in its defense, and others die in their assaults upon it. In hundreds of blocks hardly a window glass was left unbroken. Had it not been for the fact that nearly all persons who remained in the city slept in basements, and thousands of houses had been completely abandoned, the death toll would have been appalling.

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One beautiful Monday morning – July 28 – the people who still occupied the city awoke – those who slept – and found perfect silence along the battle front. Not a shot was heard and not a cannon was active. The noise of battle is awful to hear but this silence was oppressive. The
A Church With the Door Enlarged. After this Picture was Taken the Church Was Destroyed.
firing had ceased about midnight, and everybody felt that something had happened. It was soon discovered that the Revolutionists had abandoned their trenches and that they had withdrawn from the city during the darkness of the night. They had loaded their entire equipment on six or eight great trains and had gone far into the interior. The Federal troops had not yet entered the city, apparently not knowing that the enemy had retired. Finally about nine o'clock the Federals advanced. First the vanguard, then the main army.

It was an impressive sight as they marched through the streets of the city. I had seen the army on parade in Rio on a number of occasions, but I was never impressed with it as on this occasion. They were said to be sixteen thousand strong. They were coming in from the fields of battle where they had fought almost a continual fight for twenty-three days and nights. Their beards had grown out, they were battle scarred, many of them were bandaged and covered with blood, but they marched with a steady step, and on their tired faces glowed the light of victory and the satisfaction of having fought their battles and won. Their forces were complete, infantry, cavalry,
artillery, with their big guns drawn
d by ten large horses each, machine-gun
crews, hospital corps, commissary
department, and most impressive of
e all eleven monster tanks, those de-
mons that respect mot rifle or ma-
chine-gun fire, that go over breast-
works and cross over trenches, and
are capable of making a beaten path-
way through the midst of a city block
if they so desire.

Like an horrible night-mare had
the revolution come suddenly upon us,
and for twenty-three days had held
our fair city in its awful embrace,
desolating our busy streets, des-
troying our great factories, shooting
holes in our schools and churches
and palaces, blowing down the homes
of peaceful families upon their heads,
and killing and maiming thousands and
thousands of innocent men, women and
children. And then, in the dark sha-
dows of the night which are chased
away by the rising sun, the revolu-
tionists had fled.

Legality had triumphed. The Fede-
ral government had acted quickly and
with splendid energy. The beautiful
flag with the inscription: "Order and
Progress", was hoisted to the breeze,
and Brasil the beautiful, the hospi-
table, the great, was saved from a cruel and bloody civil war.

Long live Brasil, and may Peace ever be her twin sister, and Order and Progress her big brothers.
"Revolution! Pretty Revolution!"

She was perfectly mysterious. The Revolution had been in progress for eighteen days. The Legalists had been driven from the city the first few days and the Revolutionists had barricaded every street. The Federal government had sent heavy reinforcements from Rio and Minas, and they were making dreadful assaults upon the outposts of the Revolutionists in order to retake the city. It seemed that the whole Federal army was now concentrating its forces on what are known as the Liberty and Marianna sections of São Paulo. Five days and nights the battle raged; the rifle, machine-gun and cannon fire was terrific.

The beautiful new Methodist Church on Liberty Street had been turned into a hospital and three Red Cross cars were kept busy bringing in the wounded. The mail truck of the Methodist Press had carried more than fifteen hundred refugees from the danger zone to places of safety. Every thing was in feverish activity around the Church and the Publishing House when a woman came dashing down the street and rushing up to the truck that was just starting out on an errand of mercy...

"In the name of the Virgin Mary, save
A Water Tank Perforated by a Cannon Ball.
my family!" she cried.

The poor woman could not tell us the name of the street on which she lived, nor the number of her house, not even her own name. Amid her sobs she could only say, "The soldiers are coming, oh please save my family". Just then a man came rushing up and gave us the name of her street and the number of her home. We quickly helped her into the car and then we rushed up Liberty Street. Many shells had been bursting in that section, and two of the Red Cross cars were just ahead of us. With all speed the three cars were dashing along; unexpectedly, and from a cross street, just in front of us, the firing began anew. The first car stopped suddenly and reversed its direction so that the other cars almost collided with it. Eight bullets had passed through the first car, but fortunately only one slight wound was received by one of its occupants. A bullet had struck the iron support of the top and was deflected so that it made a slight wound on the man's lip, whereas, had it not struck the iron first, it would have gone straight through his head. Immediately we all wheeled our cars around and sped down the street faster than we had gone up it. Taking the first cross street on the other side we were out of
The two Red Cross cars returned to the Church while Jacob and I, with the woman, worked our way around the danger point in order to get to the Marianna section where the woman's family was. We had no further adventure until we found our way impeded by a strongly fortified trench across the street in front of the Anglo-Brasilian School. This was the last trench of the Revolutionists, and it was in almost constant communication (by rifle-fire) with the Federal troops just around a bend in the street some hundred yards ahead. The soldiers would not allow us to proceed further with the truck and told us that it was very dangerous to go afoot. We explained that the poor family was right between the firing lines and in imminent danger of being killed. Therefore, they allowed us to go, provided that we would keep very close to the walls and would return immediately.

We went crouching along until we came to a very high wall which the woman said enclosed her yard. Jacob and I decided it would be safer to climb over the wall than to go around the corner to the gate. When we had perched ourselves upon said wall, however, bedlam broke loose. There were eight big dogs within the yard and they all seemed to be on the
warpath. Jacob looked at me, and I looked at him. We were "between the devil and the deep blue sea". We had no idea of lowering ourselves on the inside of that wall, and to stay perched on a high wall between two firing squads was not at all to be desired. We had rescued more than a thousand souls since the fight began and we did not want to back down now. What should we do? We were in a position where halting between two opinions becomes very oppressive. Finally, we reached down, picked the little woman up by her arms and, at her request, let her down in the midst of the yelling pack. By that impelling force, which all women have, the dogs were quieted and we were allowed to descend in peace. We rushed into the house and found an old woman prostrated on a bed. Upon our appearance she revived a bit and we explained to her that haste was the watchword. The two women brought out four big dog-baskets and began stuffing dogs into them. One little fellow had a blanket or a coat tied around him and a red ribbon on his neck. We chased him all over the place before he could be caught. Then we put him into the basket with another dog and they began a revolution of their own. So fierce was it that they had to be
separated and the younger woman gathered the baby dog up into her arms and said that they were ready to go.

"Ready", said I, "Where is the family?"

A bomb-shell burst across the street and took off the roof of the neighbor's house, so neither of the women waited to answer my question. They scaled the wall and down the street they went. Jacob and I followed as quickly as possible after getting our dogs over the wall. Fortunately, we reached the trench and our truck in safety. We piled the dogs in and got the two trembling women seated. I took the wheel while Jacob went to the front to crank the machine.

Suddenly one of the women gave a dreadful scream and said: "Oh Polly, we forgot Polly!" and with that she swooned away in the arms of her companion.

I tried to comfort them saying that of course Miss Polly would get out, that perhaps she had gone around by the gate. They would not be comforted and said that Polly was in the kitchen and could not get out. "But, my lady, it is extremely dangerous to
Rua 15 de Novembro Barricaded

Bullets and Unexploded Shells Found on our Premises.
make that run again", said I. "Perhaps she will get out the back way or remain until the danger is past, then she will escape. She answered me with and indescribable look upon her face and, with her hands in an imploring attitude, said, "Oh please! Oh, p-l-e-a-s-e!"

Well, what can a mere man do when an imploring woman is before him? That impelling force was at work again. It had saved us from the yelping pack... perhaps it would protect us from the flying bullets. What could we do but volunteer to go and bring Miss Polly? I jumped out of the car and started to go, but Jacob said, "No, you have a wife and six children let me go." Before I could protest, he was on his way skulking like a wild Indian after his prey. He did not heed when I said, "Come back Jacob, you are my mainstay in the shop and your young wife will be heartbroken". He turned the curve in the road, and, as we heard no shot from the trenches, we felt sure that he had reached the house in safety.

While waiting for his return, I became interested in one of the machine-guns in the trench. It was much larger than any I had seen in the other trenches. The gunner had
it trained up the street and kept his eye on the slat and finger on the trigger in order to silence any of the enemy who dared to show themselves. He told me that all the morning the enemy had been running, one at a time, across that road and he was determined to stop them. There were fifty rifleman also in the trench and all of them were ready with their guns. Suddenly the big machine gun let a stream of bullets fly! The poor women trembled with terror. The dogs let up a howl. Every man in the trench jumped to his place and gazed up the road. The machine gunner yelled: "Did you see him? Did you see him fall?" Sure enough there, in the distant bend of the road, was a form stretched upon the ground.

"Oh horrors! " said I, "You have killed my companion!"

"Your companion"! said the gunner, "Did he not come back with you?"

"Yes", said I, "He came back with me, but went again to bring a poor crippled woman who can't walk, and now you have killed them both." One of the women standing by me screamed, "Poor Polly", and swooned away again.

A look of horror covered the face
of the man, for even a soldier, who
is trained to kill, has a heart.
While he had rejoiced at the thought
of killing an enemy, he was horrified
at the thought of having killed a non-
combatant. I started to go to bring
the man in, but the officer stopped
me saying that I would surely be
shot down by the enemy if I ventured
that far. "But, he is my friend," said
I, "and perhaps he is only wounded,
and perhaps the poor woman is only
wounded also. I must try to save
their lives." He positively forbade
my passing his trench. Then he began
to lecture the gunner who had fired
the fatal shot. He said that it was
the duty of a soldier to kill the
enemy without mercy, but that it was
better to let ten guilty men escape
than to murder one innocent man. My
heart sank within me. This young man
was one of the most faithful men I
have ever known. He was my right-hand
man at the Publishing House. He was
cool, he was quiet, he never got
excited, and as a rule he accomplish-
ed what he set out to do.

I turned away from the horrible
scene and got into the truck. I was
trying to think how best to break the
news to his little wife at home. Sud-
denly I heard a scream behind me:
"Revolution! Pretty Revolution!" I
looked around like a frightened deer, and what did I see? Who was that coming around the opposite corner but Jacob? He was triumphantly bringing a cage with a big green parrot in it. Disgusted! Yes indeed, I was thoroughly disgusted. We had risked our very lives to save these women and their "family" of dogs, and they had sent this man back into the very jaws of death in order to save a sqawking parrot. Apparently it could squawk only the hated words:

"Revolution! Pretty Revolution!"
Some of the Refugees at the Imprensa
The Police Gathering up Goods that had Been 'Sacked'.
Book Mr. More
His Friends