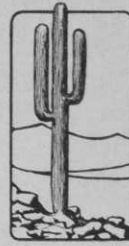


# THE BORDER

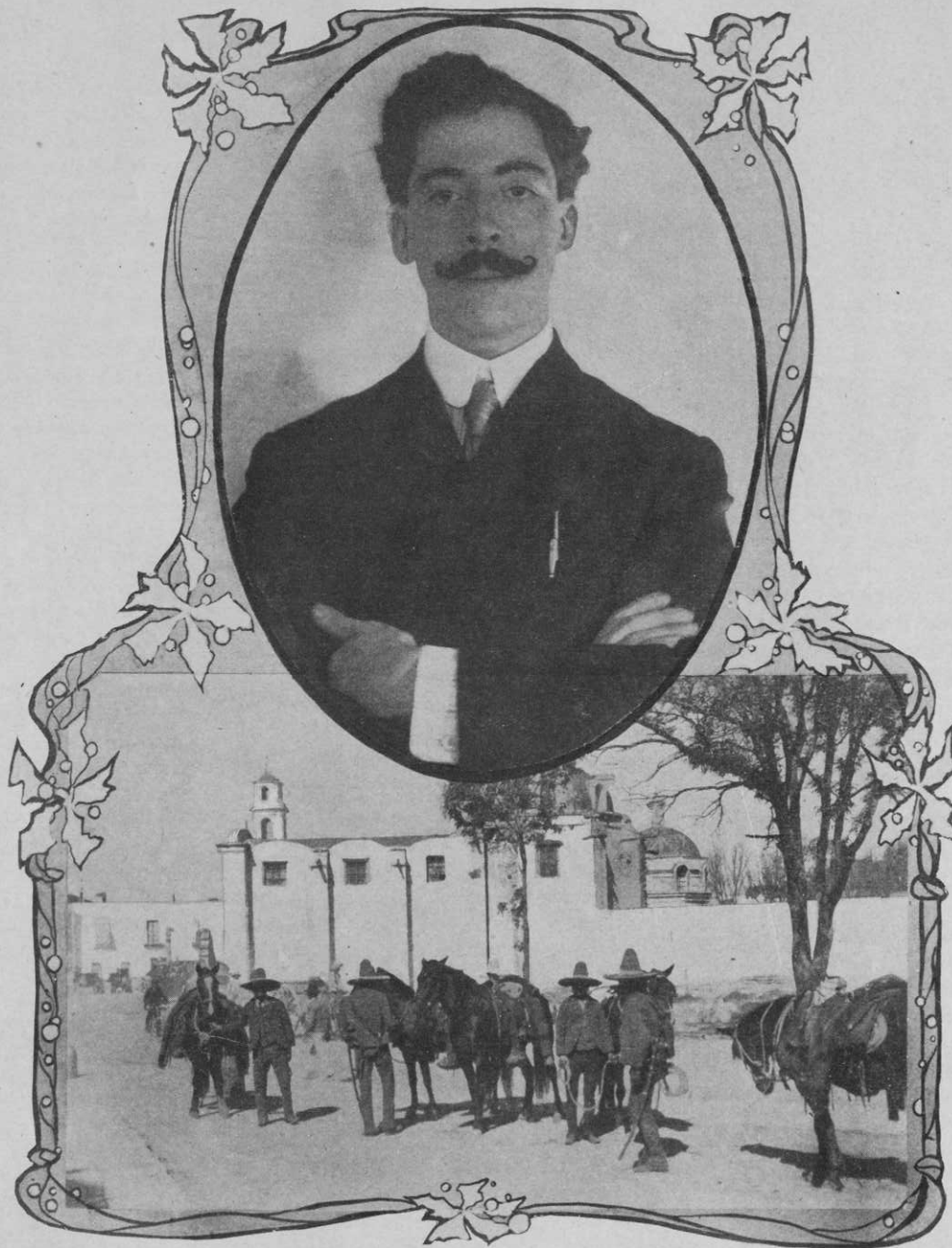
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RURALES—THE COSSACKS OF MEXICO

## How I Was Kidnaped

Story of My Escape from the Rurales and Hermosillo Penitentiary

Manuel Sarabia

The kidnaping of Manuel Sarabia from the jail at Douglas, Arizona, by the orders of the Mexican Consul, Antonio Maza, caused a furor of popular indignation in Southern Arizona. Public meetings were held, telegrams were sent to Washington, and finally the Mexican government was forced to release its prey. More than all else, has this kidnaping opened the eyes of Americans to the astonishing power of President Porfirio Diaz on this side of the line. Apparently, he can open and close the doors of United States jails at will, give orders to United States officials, and finally protect his secret service system now operating in this country from being punished for its misdeeds.

**I**N Mexico, the rurales ride like the Cossacks of Russia, threatening, capturing and killing all who oppose the will of their master, the Dictator.

Mexico is accustomed to a military rule that strikes in the dark and gives no reason. To be taken from one's home suddenly and without warrant, imprisoned without having committed

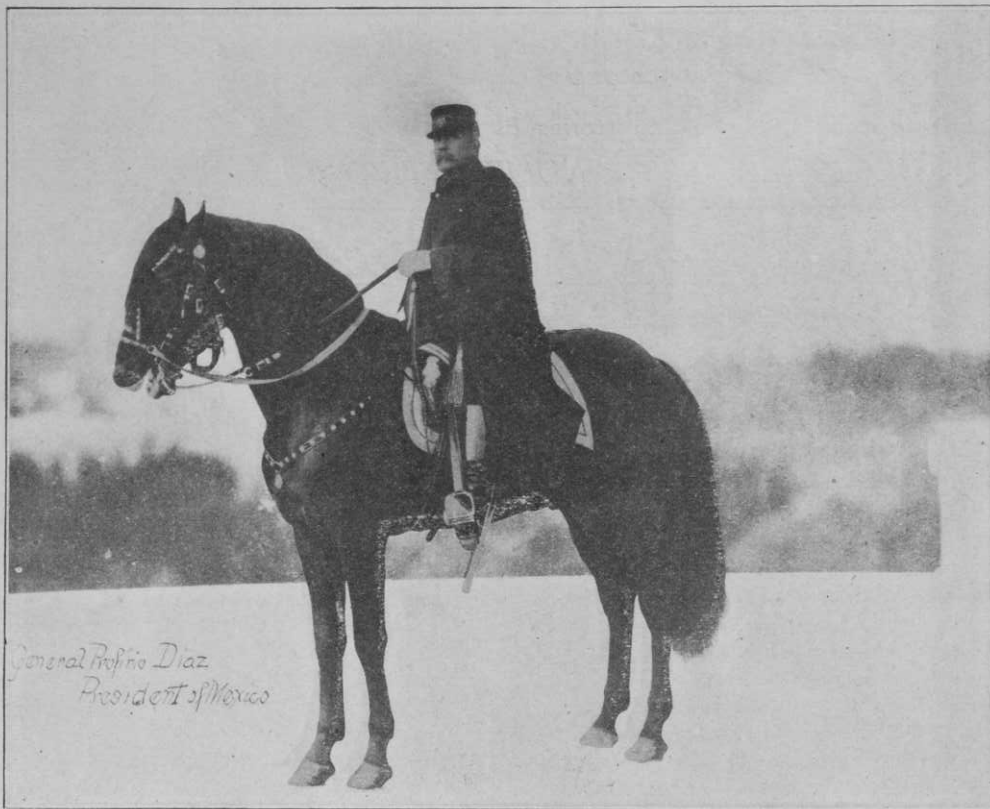
a crime, held "incommunicado" because your political opinions differ from those of the ruling power, all this Mexican citizens expect as part of their daily life.

But in the United States, everything is different, and so, when the long arm of President Porfirio Diaz stretches across the border line into this country and kidnaps those whom he fears

and hates, it is time for American citizens to be on guard. For this reason, I write the account of my kidnaping.

It began with the red-faced man, who had been watching me from the opposite side of the street, crossing and intercepting my efforts to catch the train leaving Douglas, Arizona, for El Paso. I had a letter to drop into the mailcar and the





THE MASTER OF THE RURALES—PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ

locomotive was just then making a noise which meant "hurry up," so I motioned to the man that he should wait and I would return. But my strange interceptor would have none of it, and striding in front of me, attempted to catch me by the shoulder.

I stopped, suddenly, facing him, amazed at the affront. Then he questioned me in a menacing voice:

"Can you speak English?"

I replied curtly, "Certainly—but what business have you with me?"

"You're under arrest—that's all," was his harsh answer.

This made me indignant, for I was not then in Mexico, where people are caught up suddenly by the police and hurried away to jail because of their political opinions—this was the United States, and I demanded his warrant.

"Warrant! I need no warrant for you—look at this, hold up your hands!" And drawing a big, blue-barreled revolver from his hip pocket, he placed the muzzle against my breast.

All this violence on the part of a man who wore neither star nor uniform made me angry and suspicious. I refused to either hold up my hands or go with him until, finally, he caught me roughly by the shoulder and forced me along the sidewalk. I went, protesting, but what could one hundred and fifteen pounds do against two hundred? But my small frame against his great bulk still made him uneasy, and thinking that his revolver and himself needed help, my captor called to a workman in a neighboring lumber yard, to come to his assistance "in the name of the law," and between them, I was soon standing before the prison door.



A LIEUTENANT OF KOSTERLITSKY'S WITH GUARD OF RURALES

You can imagine how helpless I felt and how my indignation increased when the jailor, a big, black-browed fellow, said laughingly, as he turned the key of my cell door, "two millions of money couldn't get you out." And to further add to my trouble, he refused to allow me to communicate with friends, lawyer, or even tell what charges had caused my arrest. "You're to be held incommunicado, that's all," he said with a parting grin.

These two men I shall never forget. At that time, they were nameless and unknown to me but now I know them well—greetings to you, Sam Hayhurst, ranger, and Lee Thompson, jailor of the Douglas Bastile.

You, my reader, have never been man-handled. And therefore you cannot imagine how the quick blood rushes through one's veins when the officer's hands search your pockets, piling upon the jailor's desk private papers, letters, or possibly a photograph that should be kept from all but friendly eyes. All that day, I was in a fever of anger at the injustice of my arrest, and at night, I lay down upon the jail floor to rest. I could not sleep. In front of my jail door was an armed guard who peered in continuously as he paced back and forth in the white glare of the electric light.

It must have been about an hour before midnight that I heard the big key grate in the cell door. Raising my head from the floor I saw Shorpsire, the constable of Douglas, and a stranger (whom I afterwards learned was a Pinkerton detective) standing before the grating. The constable ordered me to get up and put on my coat—I had been using it for a pillow—adding "You're going with us."

I asked him where, but he refused to answer, and between the two men, I was marched through the jail and out into the night, the cool, sweet air being like a breath from heaven as compared with the foulness of my cell.

Standing close to the curb was an object that aroused my darkest suspicions. As the two yellow lights of the big-hooded automobile shot in parallel lines down the dark street, they seemed to go through and through me, and I shivered.

It was plain, I was to be kidnaped and hurried into Mexico by the means of this rubber-tired devil that stood puffing at the curb.

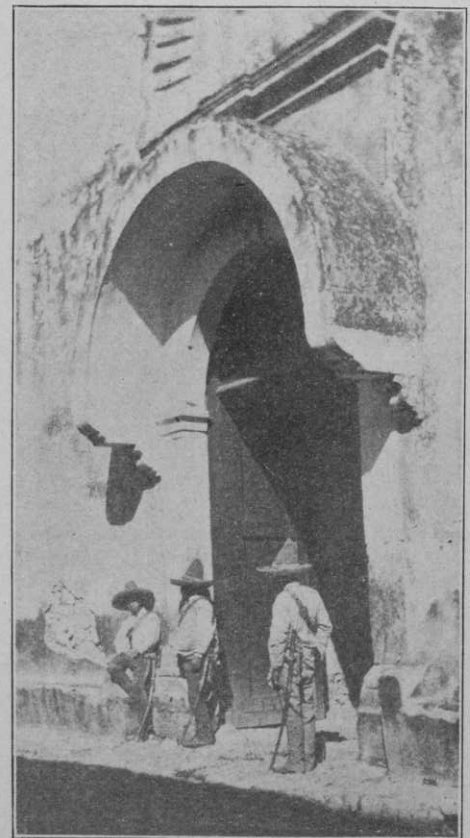
For fear that you may not yet understand why a man who is not a criminal should be handled as I was being handled, let me tell you that I am a member of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, a political party that has dared to demand constitutional liberty, the right of free speech, a free press, and a free ballot in the Republic of Mexico. Today all this is denied the citizens of my country—denied by the carbines of the Master of the Rurales—Porfirio Diaz.

My political faith had forced me to flee for my life from Mexico and now it looked as if I was to be hurried back into that unhappy country where waiting hands were ready to clutch me the moment I should set one foot across the border line.

Although I was handcuffed, and between two professional man-handlers, I determined to struggle to the utmost before I would willingly enter that waiting automobile. Ducking suddenly from under their arms, I dashed down the street. Like two dogs after a cat, they pursued me, and before a dozen yards were passed, I felt one's hand upon my shoulder and with a jerk, I was lying upon the ground. I arose, panting and hatless, the two holding me firmly between them as I walked slowly back to the automobile. As my breath came back so did my determination to resist to the end this plain purpose of the kidnapers, and I began again to struggle, shouting out so that passersby might hear me, "Help, friends, I am being kidnaped—I have committed no crime. My name is Sarabia, Manuel Sarabia, help!"

With a few quick motions, the Pinkerton at my side pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, rolled it into a ball and, with a brutal thrust, pushed it into my mouth. I was gagged. My cries stopped. Between the two powerful men, I was lifted and pushed, struggling at every inch, into the open side of the big automobile.

"Pull down the curtains," said the Pinkerton to the constable, and then to the chauffeur, "turn her loose—you know where—quick."



RURALES IN THE DOORWAY TO THEIR BARRACKS





GENERAL KOSTERLITSKY  
The Chief of the Rurales

The wheels began to grip the gravel and in a moment we were flying down the street out of the town.

The Pinkerton whipped a second handkerchief out of his pocket and bandaged it across my eyes. Gagged and blindfolded, I lay back upon the cushions exhausted. To struggle more was useless.

It was a short, quick ride—not more than five minutes in time—when the breaks of the machine brought us to a stop. I was lifted from my seat and helped out upon the ground. A familiar jingle struck my ear. Yes, there they were—bridles and spurs—the rurales!

They pulled the handkerchief from my eyes, and my fate was before me. Armed with carbines whose barrels glinted in the moonlight, ten big-hatted rurales sat upon their ponies, in a half circle, facing me. Two of them were busy with a riderless mule. I quickly guessed what was to be his burden—my poor, unwilling body.

Quick orders passed to the men from their officer, and I was lifted to the mule's saddle. With a piece of rawhide they bound my feet together under the mule's belly, jerked it tight until the thongs cut into my flesh, and then mounting their horses waited the command to commence the night's ride.

### The Man in the Carriage

I had been delivered to the rurales at a small border town of a hundred adobe houses called Agua Prieta, governed by one Laguna, the jefe de policia. Standing a short distance down the street, close to the custom house, I noticed a carriage. As soon as the officer saw me securely tied on the mule, he loped his horse to the side of this vehicle and, after saluting those in the interior, received instructions which set our cavalcade in motion, the carriage leading the way.

My mule was a stubborn beast and could only be jerked into a racking trot with the aid of a stout riata which the rurale in front had bound to the pommel of his saddle. Tied as I was, not able to sit easily to the gait of the galling brute, I was soon worn to the point of agony. My pleadings with the rurales to either go at a lope or slow down to a walk, brought no response but curses, and I closed my mouth and gritted my teeth to deaden the pain.

All night, the carriage kept just a little in advance of our moving troop and in spite of my

suffering I was intensely curious to know the personality of those within. Evidently some high Mexican official had charge of my capture.

In the gray of the morning, just as we were approaching the little town of Naco, the carriage drew to one side of the road, allowing our troop to pass. The officer saluted as he came abreast of the vehicle and someone's head leaned from the window to observe us. I recognized him in an instant. It was Laguna the jefe de policia of Agua Prieta. Back of him was another figure that kept half hidden. I turned painfully in the saddle and stared towards the carriage as we passed but the man behind Laguna still kept carefully out of sight. Who was it? Could it be?—I turned to the rurale at my side and spoke to him suddenly: "The General, Kosterlitsky, did you know he was inside?"

The man grinned and answered glibly, "Surely, it was the General, you are much honored by his company."

A little before six in the morning, the troop drew up in front of the Naco jail and I was lifted from my mule by two rurales. The night ride had left me so sore and weak that I could not stand, and I was bundled in onto the jail floor where I lay propped up against the wall. A little later some food was sent in to me and I ate it, as best I could, with my hands still coupled together with the steel manacles.

The friend who sent me this food has my sincerest thanks. I may never know his name, but it was a friend, that I am sure, for it is not the custom to supply prisoners with the quality of food I got that morning.

In the jail was a Yaqui Indian, and we soon began to talk. Like all the people of his persecuted race, this poor native of Sonora expected neither trial nor mercy from the Mexican government. He had witnessed the exportation of tens of thousands of his people to the slave camps of Southern Mexico and he expected to follow them. But my case was different—I was an educated Mexican—and he felt sure that my crime must be great indeed, to cause the severe treatment which he witnessed. I told him that I was a Liberal and he replied: "That must be a very great offense. I have seen some crim-

inals but none have been treated like you."

On the same morning about eleven o'clock, I was taken from the Naco jail, under a guard of twenty rurales and hurried by train to the Cananea jail, where I stayed two nights.

On the second day of my imprisonment in Cananea, one of the jailors gave me a most unpleasant piece of information. "Sarabia," he said, "tonight the rurales are to take you to Hermosillo. It is a long, hard ride of sixty miles, through the mountains, but you will never reach that city alive as I am told that it is their intention to shoot you on the road."

This depressed me, for such secret killing of prisoners is a common practice with the rurales. In the evening they placed me, handcuffed, on a horse, and I rode through the streets of Cananea. Was it to be my last ride? I did not know, but with the determination to make one more effort for my life I shouted out to attract as much attention as possible:

"Long live liberty—death to tyranny," and other things which would let the passersby know that I was a political prisoner in danger of assassination by the rurales.

I believe these shouts helped to save my life, for people in the streets stopped and listened, and the fact that I was carried away in the midst of the rurales became well known. After twenty hours of the most terrible ride through the mountains—handcuffed, and with my feet tied underneath my horse—I arrived in Hermosillo, alive certainly, but as near dead from exhaustion as I have ever been.

Many times, on this most awful portion of my trip, did I plead with the rurales to allow me to rest, and to take off the handcuffs, but they had but one answer: "Tonight we are ordered to deliver you to the keeper of the Hermosillo penitentiary and tonight you must arrive—go on."

The superintendent of the Hermosillo penitentiary had known me in the City of Mexico and would have liked to have been my friend had he dared. After three days' imprisonment without a single charge being placed against me, I spoke to the superintendent: "How is it," I asked, "that you break the law of the land in my case? Do you not know that the Mexican Constitution states that prisoners must be released



JAIL DOOR AND CIRCULAR GARITO AT CANANEA



if after seventy-two hours of confinement no charge is placed against them? What is my crime? Or, if I am an innocent man, why do you not release me?"

To this, the superintendent answered, ashamed, and with eyes avoiding mine, "It is the truth that you say, but if I were to release you I would merely put myself in your place. Listen, Manuel, I did send a report to Governor Torres, asking what to do with you, but he does not answer."

On the eighth day of my confinement in Hermosillo a great surprise happened to me. Captain Wheeler of the United States rangers walked into the prison. I could hardly believe it; I was free, and the Captain had come to take me back to American soil.

"Do you know what this affair has cost me, Sarabia?" asked the captain of the rangers as we sat together in the train on the way north. I shook my head.

"Two hundred dollars out of my own pocket," he continued feelingly, as if the money lost to him was the most important part of the whole affair.

I replied that I would rather pay two hundred dollars many times over than go through such a terrible trip again. I then showed him my wrists bruised and swollen with the handcuffs.

Wheeler did everything in his power to be affable to me, told me that the whole affair was a "big blunder," that a Mexican army officer by the name of Banderas had charged me with having killed three men in Mexico, upon which he had felt compelled to order my arrest. Finally, he gave me a hint of the excitement caused in Douglas by my kidnaping. Mass meetings had been held and telegrams sent to Washington demanding that the authorities take immediate action to obtain my release. I now began to understand why the Captain had been so willing to spend the two hundred dollars out of his own pocket to hasten my release. Wheeler also recounted his interview with Governor Torres, who acknowledged, upon the Captain putting the question directly to him, that I was not a murderer, but "only a revolutionist that was giving a great deal of trouble to the Mexican government." The Governor, said Wheeler, expressed surprise and sorrow that I had been kidnaped and immediately wrote an order for my release.

All this only confirmed my belief in the hypocrisy of this Mexican official, for the Governor was well aware of all that had happened long before Wheeler appeared in Hermosillo.

Wheeler had been quick and willing to agree to my arrest but his slowness in returning me



*Belen Prison in the City of Mexico, where Manuel Sarabia was imprisoned for eight months for addressing a street meeting of the Liberal Party*

to Douglas was remarkable. I could have easily arrived there on the 13th—as my friends expected—but no, the Captain insisted that I stop over night at his home in Naco, thereby disappointing the people who had arranged a public reception for me in Douglas. It was Wheeler's policy, no doubt, to allow this "international episode" to be forgotten as soon as possible.

As soon as the train bearing Wheeler and myself arrived at Nogales, the first station on American soil, two American police officers entered the car and began conversation with me. One of them I had seen in Bisbee, and the other came from El Paso, Texas. Both of them told me how glad they were to see me return to the United States, but both advised against my taking any legal action to convict the men who had helped to kidnap me.

On my arrival in Douglas, I was surprised and pleased to see a large crowd gathered at the depot to greet me, some of them carrying banners on which was written, "Welcome, Justice, Liberty." When I alighted from the train, my friends fairly carried me to a platform arranged in the street, where I was asked to say a few words to the gathering.

But the most surprising thing of all was the

behavior of two men, employees of the Copper Queen Company, who offered me three hundred dollars and a ticket to any place where I might wish to go, if I would only leave Douglas immediately.

One of them, Gallardo by name, said that all I need do was to go to the Copper Queen store and the money and ticket would be immediately given to me. These offers I declined, judging rightly the source from which they came and the reason for this sudden desire to "assist" me out of town.

Antonio Maza, the Mexican consul, had his agents continuously following me, urging that I take the money at the Copper Queen store and leave town. Finally, I told them flatly that I would not, but on the contrary, I would assist the legal authorities in bringing the kidnapers to justice—but this, unfortunately, has never yet been done.

The grand jury met in Tombstone; I went there and testified to all that had happened—but nothing was done.

Many police officers were present, from Bisbee, Naco, Douglas and other places, and also the Mexican consul, Maza—and yet nothing was done.

## Evidence of Mexico's Power in United States Territory

### The Transcript's Testimony

In the transcript of testimony taken before the Justice Court at Tombstone, Arizona, in which Sam Hayhurst (United States ranger), A. S. J. Shorpsire (constable), Lee Thompson (jailer), J. F. Dowdell (guard) and Antonio Maza (Mexican consul), appeared as defendants, the following astonishing and significant facts were brought to light:

T. H. Taylor (a guard) testified upon examination as follows:

Q. "Was there any arrangement as to who was to pay you for this work?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Who?"

A. "The Mexican consul."

Henry Elvey (the automobile driver hired to run Sarabia over the line into Mexico) testified as follows:

Q. "Do you know what was done with this man (meaning Sarabia) when he crossed the line?"

A. "Took him over to one of those Mexican garitos over there, and turned him over to some Mexican officers."

Further on in the examination, Elvey was questioned as to who footed the bill:

Q. "Did you have any arrangement for pay?"

A. "Well, they said they would see me next day and the next day they said the Mexican consul would pay me."

Q. "Who told you this?"

A. "Mr. Shorpsire (the constable)."

Frank Kellogg, who saw the officers struggling with Sarabia to get him into the automobile, testified as follows:

Q. "What did they do after they entered the automobile?"

A. "Well, the man (Sarabia) hollered and they kind of chocked him over, as near as I could tell."

Not only did the long arm of President Porfirio Diaz move American constables and jailors

like so many pawns in the game, but he moved bigger pieces as well. There was the head of all the Kelly papers, George H. Kelly, whose syndicate of daily publications spreads over Arizona and voices the desires of the Copper Queen corporation. His testimony shows how abject are the Kelly editors in the service of Diaz.

George H. Kelly testified as follows:

Q. "Where do you reside, Mr. Kelly?"

A. "Douglas, Arizona."

Q. "What is your business?"

A. "Publishing a newspaper."

Q. "Do you know Antonio Maza?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Do you know of a reported incident of a man being kidnaped across the line?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Did you have any conversation with Antonio Maza in regard to that?"

A. "Well, not in regard to any kidnaping, because I didn't know anything about the crime, but—"



Q. "Well, what was said about it?"

A. "Monday morning, July first, I was called up to the office of Richardson and Doan. Judge Richardson said he wanted to see me on important business. When I got up there, Mr. Maza was there with Judge Richardson, and they commenced talking about the arrest of the Mexican—Mr. Maza—and I don't know all that was said, but the gist of it was that they didn't want anything printed in the paper. Mr. Maza said that he was a bad, desperate man, and that there were bad, desperate men in the community that they wanted to get rid of, and if it was published it might interfere with the arrangement."

Q. "Mr. Maza asked you not to publish this affair, did he?"

A. "Well, of course there was nothing said about this kidnaping affair."

### Story of an Eye-Witness

I was in the crowd listening to Mother Jones addressing the miners and townspeople of Douglas, Arizona,—it was Sunday night, June 30th, 1907,—when a miner tapped me on the shoulder and motioned me to one side.

"Crough," said he, "there's dirty work doing at the city jail; come and see for yourself."

Hurrying down to the jail, we arrived just in time to see an automobile starting towards the Mexican line. Inside the machine were several men, one of them struggling to escape, but the others held him fast. Before any of us could find out what was really happening, the automobile had disappeared down the dark street, leaving us listening to the chug, chug, of the machine that grew fainter and fainter as the kidnaped man inside was whirled towards Mexico.

You can't move a city full of people on the instant, and it was not until the next day that

Douglas was fairly aroused. In company with three Mexican friends of Sarabia's, I went to the Western Union Telegraph office and drew up a telegram to President Roosevelt stating the facts of the kidnaping, and asking that the President interfere and have Sarabia brought back before a possible murder was committed by Mexican officials. Immediately afterwards, another telegram of like import was sent to the President by D. W. Semple, editor of the Douglas Examiner. Governor Kibbey and Sheriff White were also notified of what had occurred.

That evening, an extra edition of the Douglas Examiner gave the details of Sarabia's kidnaping, and a mass meeting was held in front of the City Hall. Excitement was at fever heat and the meeting passed resolutions calling upon the Governor to demand of Mexico the immediate return of Manuel Sarabia to Douglas, and also that the acts of those parties implicated in the kidnaping be rigidly investigated and punished.

On the following day, the people were even more excited and aroused over the affair. A second mass meeting was held, and extra editions of the Examiner printed, all of which finally set the wheels of the United States government in motion and the life of Sarabia was saved.

### Zwicky's Affidavit

In Mr. Zwicky's affidavit, produced before the court in the hearing of Magon, Villarreal and Rivera in Los Angeles, appears the following remarkable statement as to the intentions of the Diaz Pinkerton service, which is maintained in the United States to track down and carry across the border the Mexican president's political enemies:

"The said Furlong stated to the affiant that he was a detective, and resided in St. Louis,

Mo., and was then and for more than a year past had been employed as a detective for the Mexican government, and had been endeavoring to secure the arrest of the above named defendants and others at the instigation of the government of Mexico and its officers," and, "that the said Furlong among other things, stated to the affiant that he was not so much interested in this case and the charges for which the defendants were being tried as he was in getting them over into Arizona; that all we (meaning, as the affiant understood by 'we' himself, and the Mexican authorities) want, is to get the defendants down into Arizona and then we will see that they get across the line."

### Robert on Kosterlitsky

In the Overland Monthly for August, 1908, Walter Adolf Robert writes as follows about the notorious commander of the rurales, General Kosterlitsky:

"The penalty for being a Yaqui is deportation to Yucatan, and the Indians and their families are rounded up systematically by Kosterlitsky and his rurales. They are granted no semblance of trial, but are shipped once a month from Guaymas. In Yucatan they are put to work in the mines and on the plantations, where the unhealthy climate usually kills them in short order.

"I had an opportunity of meeting Kosterlitsky, who is in command of the state troops and who must be blamed for three-fourths of the barbarities committed.

"Of his reason for coming to Sonora as a fugitive from justice many years ago he keeps a discreet silence, but it is well known that he is an ex-soldier of the United States army, and deserted for some now forgotten reason."

## The Last Word—Bail Denied by the United States Supreme Court

As an attorney in the defense of the Mexican patriots jailed in the United States, Mr. Job Harriman was asked by The Border to give the latest legal information in regard to their case. The refusal of the United States Supreme Court to admit these political prisoners to bail has no precedent in the history of American jurisprudence, being contrary to acts of Congress and provisions of our national Constitution, all of which fundamental law affirms and reaffirms the right of prisoners to be admitted to bail. Following Mr. Harriman's letter will be found an extract from the pleadings of the Solicitor-General, Henry M. Hoyt, before the Supreme Court, in which he states that the prisoners should be denied bail because of "the character of the offense with which the appellants are charged, its importance to this government and to the government of a friendly nation, and the fact that no reasons have been submitted to the court showing any hardship upon the appellants." This last most extraordinary argument of the Solicitor-General's, which in effect holds that to be in jail is no hardship, is worthy of careful thought by American citizens. If the views of the Solicitor-General's are to be adopted by the Supreme Court—and apparently they have been—it would be well for the people of this country to look to their safety, each and every one, individually. This case of Magon, Villarreal and Rivera promises to be one of terrible importance to every citizen of the United States.

### Attorney Harriman's Letter

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 23, 1908.

Mr. John Murray, Editor The Border,  
Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Sir: In answer to your request will say that on July 15, 1908, application was made to the District and Circuit Courts of the United States, Olin Wellborn acting as judge, for admission to bail of Magon, Villarreal and Rivera. After a long argument the court denied the application, stating as his reason that the custody of the prisoners would be changed from the marshal to the bondsmen, contrary to Rule 34 of the United States Supreme Court. The defense claimed that the rule was intended merely to prevent the transfer of prisoners to another jurisdiction, and not to prevent a release on bail, and that if the rule was so intended it would be void, because in violation of Sections 1014 and 1015 of the Federal Statutes, which provide for bail

in all cases, and make no exceptions for removal, in habeas corpus or any case whatsoever.

Shortly after this the motion was denied, and application to admit to bail was made to Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court, the Supreme Court at that time not being in session. This application was denied. Later, on or about the 13th of November, the motion to advance the case of Magon et al on the calendar was made by the United States Attorney General, and resisted by the defense, on the ground that the defendants had been held incommunicado for many months, and thereby cut off from all their resources, and were unable to raise the money to pay the necessary expenses on appeal. Notwithstanding these facts the court granted the motion to advance on the calendar, and set the case for January 4, 1909. A motion was then made to the Supreme Court to admit the defendants to bail. This motion was denied; no opinion was given.

Yours very truly,

JOB HARRIMAN.

### The Solicitor-General Against Bail

(Extract from Pleading of Solicitor-General Henry M. Hoyt)

No "good cause" has been shown, nor any cause whatever, why the defendants should be admitted to bail pending the determination of this appeal; and for cause why they should be detained it is submitted that, in view of the situation of the case, the character of the offense with which the appellants are charged, its importance to this government and to the government of a friendly nation, and the fact that no reasons have been submitted to the court showing any hardship upon the appellants, the application should be denied. If granted, it should be granted only upon an amount of bail for each of the appellants sufficient to insure his attendance when required. It is suggested that the amount might properly be fixed at \$25,000, and at all events should not be less than \$10,000.