

Conditions In Mexico as an American Finds Them



Photos by American Press Association.
1.—Mexican revolutionists. 2.—General Villa. 3.—General Angeles. 4.—In front row, Governor Maytorena of Sonora, General Carranza and General Obregon. 5.—Consul John R. Silliman.

Business Man Living Near Mexico City Tells of Pillage and Killings as the Rival Factions Lose and Gain—Prices Are High, One Cup of Coffee Costing 30 Cents—People Tired of Revolutions—Anxious For Peace.

[An American business man in Mexico, who lives close to the capital and visits that city almost every day, has written describing the turbulent conditions which prevail there. His letter refers particularly to the stormy times when the capital was changing hands so often. His letter follows.]

IT beats anything you can imagine—one day in and the next day out, just a little matter of political three card monte—you see them and now you don't. That describes the City of Mexico.

"You can't imagine conditions as they really are down here. It is impossible to convey something of everything. It can only be touched on in spots. Nobody apparently cares who is president, but all want peace, from the highest to the lowest, and are almost begging for it.

"The postoffice was closed for a couple of weeks. Just think of it! The first time within the knowledge of the living. All trains were out of commission for everything save the transportation of troops—first to allow Carranza's army to evacuate and then to allow Villa's army to get in and then Carranza's bunch again, led by General Obregon.

"I'm glad I've been here through all this, but it has been a time that has tried men's souls and patience and strained one's nerves almost to the breaking point. Foreigners seem to be better off here now than at any time in my experience—that is, as far as their safety is concerned.

Zapatistas Agreeable.

"The Zapatistas proved quite agreeable soldiers and have inspired the public with confidence. When Villa's vanguard, with General Angeles, got into Tacuba one Saturday night in February it further clenched the confidence of the public as to order, etc. The Sunday after was the first day that the usual afternoon parade had a semblance of its old time splendor, as many of the 'cientificos' who had been in hiding came out of their shells and made their appearance on the streets, feeling safe for the first time since Huerta left.

An Anti-gringo Poster.

"Mexico City is a regular 'rumor factory,' and one can hear almost anything he chooses. There was a poster on the walls recently which was of an inciting nature calling the 'Mexicans to arms' to put the gringos out of Vera Cruz. Mr. Silliman and I are very friendly, and we were just in the act of leaving the house and to get into his auto when several shots were fired from the corner of the street where the 'cuartel' (barracks) is, which is Don Sebastian Comacho's residence. Mr. Silliman was in the auto and I was just crossing the pavement to enter the car when the shooting began. I jumped back into the doorway. The chauffeur became so frightened he didn't want to stay any longer, so I said to him, 'Get out quick and go

while the going's good!" It is unnecessary to state he needed no further admonition.

"I put in a most strenuous day when the city was abandoned by Carranza. The water supply had been cut off for a couple of days and great anxiety was felt by the whole populace as to what would happen. So many rumors were afloat that I thought I would try and verify some of them, so we took a car and went to Colonia Roma, but the car stopped no nearer than Calzada de Chapultepec, refusing to go further, so we got out and started to walk and found that the real fighting was at Tacubaya. I had taken my camera expressly to take some pictures of what I thought I might see, and, rest assured, we saw the deal all right. We got in the lines, but out of the line of fire.

"As twilight came on we concluded to return, only to find out we had to have a pass. After quite a bit of maneuvering we secured it from a Zapatista colonel, who was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. We then trudged all those miles back, and, believe me, I was all in when I reached home, footsore and weary, but glad of the experience.

Coachmen Making Money.

"There isn't an ounce of gasoline in the city and there isn't an automobile on the streets, either public or private. The taxicab company retired from the streets several days ago, but a few owners of private machines still had small quantities and continued to run, but they gradually dropped out one by one. Of course we still have our old time friends, the 'cocheros' (coachmen), who are doing a land office business—that is, as far as business goes these days. When one puts back hire into gold it makes his fare (one peso, 50 cents gold) under normal conditions cost just 12½ cents an hour, and our usual street carfare of 6 cents, reduced to gold, permits us to ride for less than 1 cent. Rents, electric lights and water remain the same.

"On the other hand, a ten cent cake of soap costs \$1.25; a pound of American cheese, \$3.50 to \$4; a pound of bacon, \$3.50; native butter, \$1.50 to \$2 a pound. There hasn't been any American butter here for months. A ten cent package of oatmeal costs \$1.50; oranges, 25 cents apiece. A pair of shoes of a good make are worth 40 pesos (\$20), and the cheapest shoe one can purchase is \$12 to \$15, and you can imagine what they are like. A suit of clothes is worth \$150; collars are worth \$1 each, and hats like the one I bought for \$2 in the United States are \$20 to \$25. My laundry bill is quite reasonable—4 cents for collars, 20 cents for shirts, and other things in proportion. Chinamen doing nearly all the laundry.

"A cup of coffee costs 30 cents, a dish of hot cakes 45 cents, two fried eggs and bacon 90 cents. Fancy a glass of milk costing 30 cents! Four friends went to a restaurant the other night for dinner, and it cost \$65. Champagne costs from 30 to 50 pesos per bottle, according to kind, place and

style, etc., that you buy it in. And apples! They are worth \$1 to \$1.50 each, although I saw the native ones the other day at 30 cents each, but you know what the native apple is like. So you see prices of everything are soaring skyward. New York newspapers cost 30 cents each, magazines \$1.10, Scribner's \$2.25.

"The city is short of everything and getting scarcer every day. We are cut off from receiving any supplies from the south and east, as the trains were all used for the transportation of troops. So here we are high and dry. There is a lull that is oppressive with its silence to the extent of racking one's nerves. Personally I don't like the situation, and I suppose ere long there will be 'another Richmond in the field.'

"Since I sailed six months ago the country has constantly been in turmoil. Today everything is closed tighter than a drum. The people are tired and disgusted of revolution, and 90 per cent want the United States to intervene and straighten out the tangle. Through all the trouble I feel that no American who attends to his own affairs need fear.

"Everybody wants intervention and wants the United States to do it, and if the policy of our government advocated such a step they would be received with open arms. The masses in reality want democracy; the minority in reality want what they have always been used to—despotic power. The latter element thought that when Madero was out of the way they would be able to regain their former hold on the country by their intrigues with Huerta and made their most desperate efforts to do so by adhering to him until the very last, but they reckoned without their host, showing their teeth in a most ferocious manner by vilifying and blaming President Wilson for all their troubles.

France and Mexico.

"It has been just 100 years since Napoleon lost at the battle of Waterloo that relieved France of despotism, and she has advanced ever since. This Mexican revolution is going to do for this country what the fall of Bonaparte did for France—permit the people to rule and become an entity in the policy of the government, no matter which faction succeeds. This country has been just 100 years behind France, and, while the fall of the Bastille was the beginning of the lifting of the yoke off the people of France, the defeat of Napoleon was the climax necessary for their modern civilization and progress of their country. The fall of Diaz and the manner in which it was accomplished is likened to the battering of the Bastille, and this factional fighting will culminate to the good of the people. Who will be the instrument through whom this downtrodden populace will be led from darkness into light and a real modern Mexico be born anew I cannot say. Then will come an El Dorado such as the Spanish explorers dreamed of."

Baseball Gossip

By "SCORE KEEPER"

Doolin's New Lingo.

The stage has surely had its effect on Charlie Doolin, catcher of the Cincinnati Reds. He has contracted the true Thesplan language and can't seem to shake it loose.

When Leon Ames asked him how the Cincinnati club impressed him he responded: "It'll be a scream. Believe me, when we put on our act we'll hold the curtain and take six bows. Betcha some jitneys right now that we'll be the show, and there won't be anybody walk out on us either.

"All new stuff; clean comedy; good dressers on and off. Say, bo, it'll be a knockout! I know the act didn't go good last year. It oughta been played over the small time for a chaser. But we've got some good workers this time. They won't want to close us anywhere after the opening matinee, and any place where it isn't a cold house we'll be a riot!"

Wagner Will Never Be a Minor.

Honus Wagner's years of service in baseball will not be unrewarded. "The grand old man" of the diamond will not spend his last days with the minors.

Barney Dreyfus, owner of the Pirates, says Wagner is still good for two or three years of active service, and after that he will continue to draw salary from the Pittsburgh club as long as he lives.

"He will never be released to go to any minor club," said Dreyfus. "He will remain on the pay roll of my team, and when his active days are over I will use him as a scout or as a coach for the younger players on the team."

George Gibson's Humble Start.

George Gibson, now in his tenth year as a Pittsburgh Pirate, has taken Bobby Schang under his tutelage, and the speedy backstop should benefit greatly from the teachings of the veteran Canadian. During a fanning bee Clarke recently grew reminiscent and recalled the day in 1905 when Gibby joined the Buccaneers. Pittsburgh was in a bad way for a backstop, and there were flashier performers than Gibby under the eyes of Dreyfuss's scouts. But Scout Billy Murray figured that "Hack" had the more lasting qualities and instructed Dreyfuss to get him from Montreal.

"Do you remember your first game in Cincinnati?" asked Clarke.

"Indeed I do!" laughed Gibson. "How did I look?"

"Well," pondered Clarke, "you could

throw the ball in the dirt at second base better than any man I ever saw. It traveled like a sharp pointed projectile every time you pegged, and it dug up about as much ground."

Magee a Stern Taskmaster.

Artie Hofman was the first member of the Brookfed team to feel the force of Lee Magee's discipline, and the example set in his case will probably cause any other member of the club who considers setting the manager's rule at naught to stop and think a while.

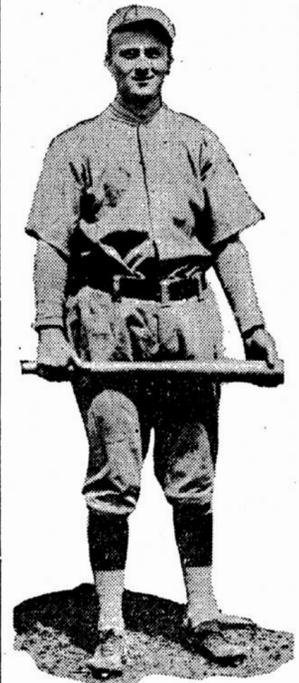


Photo by American Press Association.
Lee Magee, Manager of the Brooklyn Feds, is a Strict Disciplinarian.

He smoked a cigarette in direct disobedience of the manager's wishes and was laid off for a period for the offense recently.

Magee predicts a great season for the Tiptops, and he is supremely confident that they will carry off the pennant with little or no opposition.

BAFFLED THE OFFICIALS.

A French Paper That Printed All the Government Secrets.

Some years before the great French Revolution a printed newspaper used to be distributed in Paris disclosing the most secret events and doings of the authorities.

Nobody knew who the editor of the paper was or where it was printed, but men highest in rank or office were constantly afraid they might read in the sheet accounts of conversations had with members of their households in the private rooms of their own houses the day before. The police were incessant in employing all their facilities for the discovery of the whereabouts of the plant.

After many efforts they did succeed in unearthing the fact that the paper was being printed by night on board a ship in the Seine, but it was not always the same ship.

This discovery was made about 8 o'clock in the evening. In a secret and highly guarded conference held at once the authorities decided to raid all vessels in the river during the night at the same time and in this way to capture the mysterious printers. Time was lacking to make the necessary arrangements for carrying the decision into effect that same night. Action was therefore postponed for a day.

The next morning the paper came out as usual. But it contained as its last lines the following announcement: "As the secret service resolved last night to raid our little printing office tonight, this paper will not be published tomorrow."—New York Post.

WHERE BLUE BLOOD RULES.

Mere Money Cuts a Very Poor Figure in the German Empire.

Miss Wylie says in her "Eight Years in Germany" that contempt for mere money is a striking characteristic of the German people. Wealth alone does not entitle its possessor to any special deference or consideration.

"The German's indifference to money," she declares, "amounts very nearly to contempt. I am not speaking only of the aristocracy. The very shopkeepers themselves have the same feeling, and it has often amused me during the Christmas shopping to watch how poverty stricken Baroness von X. is surrounded by courteous, deferential attendants, eager to sell her the six-penny knickknack she has come to buy, where the wealthy Frau Rosenkrantz, making her expensive purchases, receives no particular attention.

"In Germany you can be poor and live poorly without reproach. You can live in a garret and dress as your means allow, but you will not be judged by your garret and your shabbiness, but by yourself. If you have an honored name or a spark of genius the doors of the most exclusive circles are opened to you. Talent and birth are the only passwords that German society understands, and wealth, unless its owner is very tactful or is himself indifferent to it, is not welcomed. Contention of any sort is an unpardonable offense."

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN.

Golden Text.—Jehovah is my strength and my shield; my heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped (Ps. xxviii, 7).

The Lesson Explained. Chapter ii, 1-4a.—The new king.

After David had demonstrated to Saul that he was not guilty of the charges that were directed against him he still remained in foreign parts. For sixteen months he served Achish, the king of Gath. During this time he was often in the dilemma of trying to be loyal to the interest of Achish and not do harm to his own people. At an opportune time he was released by this king, for when he returned to Ziklag, his city, he found that the Amalekites had attacked it during his absence. Everything was in ruins, but he and his warriors lost no time in pursuing after these marauders and recovering their own families and property. He also distributed a portion of the spoil among the elders in the cities of southern Judah, "where David himself and his men were wont to haunt" (chapter xxx, 31). The Philistines defeated the Israelites at the battle of Gibeon with great slaughter. Saul also perished there. David's opportunity had at last come, but notice how discreet he showed himself. He knew that God was at the helm of affairs, and he took no step without divine guidance. He therefore "inquired of the Lord" at this crisis by means of the Urim and Thummim which were in charge of the high priest Abiathar. These oracles gave answer by a "Yes" or a "No." "Go up," the answer was interpreted favorably, and on further inquiry he was directed to go "unto Hebron." This city was twenty miles to the south of Jerusalem. Its central position in the land of Judah, its mountainous location and the fact that David was well known in this region were among the reasons why this ancient city with sacred associations was an appropriate place for him to be crowned king.

"So David went up thither" with all his family and his followers, altogether a goodly company. "Dwelt in the cities of Hebron." They settled in and around this city, while David waited anxiously for the initiative to be taken by "the men of Judah," his fellow tribesmen. David was about fifteen years old when Samuel anointed him to the high office of king, and now, about fifteen years later, representatives of the tribe of Judah held a public inauguration and made him "king over the house of Judah." This was only a small part of the nation, but it meant a great deal for him to

have the cordial support of his own kindred.

Chapter ii, 4b-7.—A message of encouragement.

David, however, was improving his opportunities and gradually extending his influence and increasing his popularity. "Men of Jabesh-gilead." The people of this town had been delivered by Saul from the desolation that was threatened them by the plundering Ammonites (I Sam xi). They had not forgotten this deed of kindness, and they showed their gratitude when some of their valiant men made a brave dash across the Jordan and in defiance of the Philistines rescued the dead bodies of King Saul and his sons from humiliating exposure on the wall of Bethshan and buried them in their own town with due reverence. "Blessed be ye of the Lord." This honorable treatment was highly commended by David through "messengers" whom he dispatched to these people who "shewed this kindness."

Chapter v, 1-5.—The enlarged territory.

For seven years David held his own in Hebron and took no aggressive measures to put down the rebellion that was inaugurated by Abner. This active captain, however, who was of a domineering spirit, fell out with Ishbosheth and then came over to David. A civil war waged for two years, during which time Ishbosheth reigned over the northern tribes. He was then assassinated by two of his officers, Rechab and Baanah, who brought his head to David, expecting to be richly rewarded for their services. Here they made a sad blunder, for David had them executed as murderers and made it evident that he was not in sympathy with methods of force in achieving any advance. It was now evident to all parties concerned that there was only one man who was entitled to rule over all Israel in succession to Saul. It was David, who already had received the loyal support of Judah. "Then came all the tribes." This was a unanimous movement in his favor. "We are thy bone, and thy flesh." They acknowledged a close blood relationship to him. "Thou wast he that leddest out." They next declared the fact of his successful military leadership from the day that he slew Goliath. "Thou shalt feed my people Israel." They finally confessed that he had been divinely appointed to be the protector and ruler of the people. "Made a league with them." He made a solemn contract binding himself to rule according to the established laws, and they in turn pledged their loyal support. After mutually obligating themselves in this way "they anointed David king over Israel."

FIRING A TORPEDO.

How a Submarine Flings Forth the Deadly Projectile.

When a submarine sights a hostile vessel a group of sailors quickly cluster round the torpedo tube. This is loaded with its instrument of destruction, and behind it a powder charge is inserted in a receptacle and the trigger controlling the firing mechanism cocked ready.

A gunner proceeds to estimate the speed of the target and its course through glasses. He then adjusts a device known as the "director," which by means of dials tells him when the tube is pointing in the right direction to launch the torpedo true to its mark. At a distance of about 3,000 yards the gunner presses a button, the powder charge explodes and a pressure of fifty pounds per square inch is put upon the rear end of the torpedo.

The well greased projectile is forced through the open end of the tube at a rate of thirty-five feet per second, and as it takes the water in a long flat dive the twin propellers in the rear set to work. They are driven by an air pressure of 2,250 pounds, which sets the driving machinery in motion as the torpedo leaps from its tube.

A gyroscope steering gear prevents the torpedo from deviating from a straight path, and unless it is carelessly fired or its target quickly maneuvers out of the way the £500 projectile seldom misses its mark.—London Answers.

Why You Sneezes.

There is more than one cause for sneezing, and persons may differ in their susceptibility to them. A bright light will cause some persons to sneeze, the pollen of certain plants will affect others, and most people are likely to sneeze in the presence of dust. Such sneezing is due to superficial irritation.

The sneeze caused by the effect of cold is different. It is an attempt of nature to cure you. She makes you sneeze for the same reason that she makes you shiver—to generate heat for warming the blood and preventing you from taking more cold—to help relieve the cold you have.

The sneezing from cold is not an act of the nose alone, this being merely the part of the body where it explodes. It is an act of the entire body during which every muscle gives a jump. The body is affected by a spasmodic effort to warm the entire system and throw off the cold.—Boston Herald.

Quite Logical.

Teacher—Freddie, why do you spell bank with such a large "B"?
Freddie—'Cause pa said that a bank was no good unless it had a large capital!