

Named Richardson, who is one of the biggest cotton growers in the country. Richardson was able to send out cotton when the rebels held Torreon, and it is presumed that he was acting in collusion with the insurgents to get the staple out of the place.

PLAN CHIHUAHUA ATTACK.

Federals Will Try to Recapture City While Villa Advances.

EL PASO, Feb. 6.—Seven Americans, railroad officials, engineers and conductors, are prisoners of Maximino Castillo's bandits in the mountains of west Chihuahua as a result of the bandit raid yesterday on the big Cumbre tunnel on the Northwestern Railroad. The tunnel itself is a mass of flames and falling timbers, two trains of passenger cars and two big locomotives of the same road are at the bottom of a 500-foot arroyo in northwestern Chihuahua.

The prisoners of the bandits include Superintendent H. Schofield, superintendent of Juarez terminals; Lee Williams, assistant commissary; Engineer E. G. McCutcheon, Conductor J. E. Wassner and H. F. Marsden, West Fargo, N. D. The railroad officials in El Paso have not the names of the other American prisoners.

Pancho Villa has hurried rebel troops to the scene from Casas Grandes and has informed his commanders that he means to hold them personally responsible in the future for the preservation of the section. In this view he turned into the vicinity of the railroad in the future, unless he can explain his presence satisfactorily. Today he also has the command of the execution of every man arrested in the execution of every member of the band as soon as caught.

Not a cartridge or a rifle was cleared through the El Paso Custom House for the rebel army to-day. Evidently, as local ammunition dealers said, there is none on hand here.

Yesterday augmented their big order of yesterday for rifles and cartridges by sending a message ordering 2,500 shrapnel shells. This order was also placed with an American dealer.

Federal agents here are making plans, according to United States secret service men, to send small commands of men over the border in this vicinity. Agents of the Mexican Central Railroad south of Juarez and otherwise harass Villa. They plan to try to take the port of Palomas, eighty miles west of here, and to export munitions through there to the United States.

It is said to be Huerta's plan to recapture Chihuahua while Villa is south after Torreon.

Daily skirmishing between Federal and rebel outfits is now occurring near Torreon, as the rebels move nearer to the goal and the Federal pickets extend their lines outward from the city. Most of the skirmishing has been between the Federal and rebel forces approaching from the south and west. The rebels claim that their advance guard is in Bermejillo, twenty-seven miles north of Torreon.

There is no subsistence for the rebels north from Bermejillo to Escalon, and most of the rebel forces are camped at Escalon and Jimenez ready to rush down on trains to Torreon when Villa gives the word. Escalon is 102 miles north of Torreon and Jimenez is 149.

REBELS TO HAVE GUNBOAT.

Naval Engagement May Take Place Near Matamoros.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—The first naval battle of the Mexican civil war is likely to be fought off the mouth of the Mississippi River within three or four days.

Rebel agents here commenced arrangements today to buy three gunboats with equipment for four three pounders and a number of machine guns as well as a load of ammunition and rifles. The gunboats are to be loaded at Matamoros, the Mexican port at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which is held by the Federals, where they will shell the earthworks.

The Mexican Federal gunboat Zaragoza, which left Vera Cruz yesterday, may give battle to this rebel steamer off the Mississippi Gulf coast.

The rebel steamer probably will leave here to-morrow before daybreak.

RECORD FOOD SHIPMENT MADE.

Big Consignment for U. S. Warships in Mexican Waters.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—The largest consignment of meats and provisions ever loaded on a ship in the Gulf of Mexico will be placed aboard the naval supply ship Coliga at the Norfolk Navy Yard, to be sent to Vera Cruz for distribution among the vessels of the fleet on duty in Mexican waters.

The cargo will consist of 250,000 pounds of beef valued at \$7,500, 60,000 pounds of mutton worth \$3,000, 40,000 pounds of mutton worth \$3,400, 40,000 pounds of frankfurters, 10,000; 20,000 pounds of bologna, \$2,200; 10,000 pounds of mutton, \$1,400; 20,000 pounds of mutton, \$2,800; 10,000 pounds of mutton, \$1,400; 20,000 pounds of mutton, \$2,800.

WILSON'S "POLICY" IN MEXICO.

Ambassador Page Says It's a Principle—To Stand and Watch.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador, who was a guest at a dinner of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chamber of Commerce to-night, made a speech in which referring to the meeting of the cabinet of the United States, he fairly homogeneously. He continued: "Throw Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irish, Germans and Scandinavians into the United States and in the second generation one cannot be distinguished from the other. Italians, Slavs and Ruthenians could be thrown in in reasonable numbers with the same result."

Mr. Page talked chiefly on the Monroe Doctrine, which, he said, was not based on hostility to Europe, but on the fact that America is determined to be content to the principle of self-government by its inhabitants. The United States, the Ambassador said, did not want any increase of territory. If any persons thought that the United States should acquire Mexico or any Central American state, they missed the key of the whole development of republican institutions. The one fundamental and unchangeable fact was that the people must govern themselves.

All President Wilson had done in regard to Mexico, said Mr. Page, was to stand off and watch. It was a principle rather than a policy, and other things being equal, a principle is better than a policy. In conclusion, Mr. Page said: "If the Mexicans fight long enough among themselves and get tired they should not see some day have peace and order? I see no other way for it to come. The United States, of course, could send an army and establish a protectorate over the country, but that is not self-government for Mexico."

HUERTA TO GET ARMS IN U. S.

Gunboat Zaragoza Now on Way to New Orleans.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

Vera Cruz, Feb. 6.—Aurelio Melgarejo, lawyer, accompanied by prominent teachers from Mexico city, in a passenger car on the Gulf coast, were seen today, when called for New Orleans to-day.

Despatches from New Orleans last night stated that a deal had been closed there for a quantity of arms and ammunition for the Huerta Government. The Zaragoza is probably going to New Orleans to get the munitions and take them to Mexico.

CUBIST ART BREAKS OUT IN THREE PLACES.

It's Epidemic at the Montross Gallery, the MacDowell and the National Arts Club.

LOCAL FUTURISTS BUSY.

Ever Since the 69th Regiment Armory Show They've Been Spilling Gobs of Paint.

When one seeks to recall a single New York happening in the memory of the present generation that for calm repression and aesthetic cohesiveness compares with any one of three cubist-futurist-post-impressionist picture exhibitions now on view about the only happenings that may be mentioned in the same breath are the blowing up of Hell Gate by the late Major John Newton or the unity of that primary day about a dozen years ago in the Second Assembly district when Big Tom Pyle licked the tar out of the Paddy Dwyer contingent.

If John Ruskin himself hadn't said long ago in "Modern Painters" that all this here, now, high brow criticism of well art should be done with the thought always in the critic's mind that he is wearing white kid gloves and pink silk stockings and should write his criticism accordingly. The SUN reporter would have cried, "Officer, he's in again!" the minute the reporter looked into the countenance of the young man in the future picture called "Cony Island, Battle of Lights, Mardi Gras," for instance, at the modernists' exhibition at the Montross gallery.

Or take those three nude lady bricklayers bathing on their way home from work over at the MacDowell Club's show at the National Arts Club in the Montross gallery, where Jack Alger and confederates are giving vent to their feelings all over the walls every week and Sunday.

They hurry down to the galleries of the National Arts Club in the Montross gallery, where they find a crowd of people. They see your fire badge and walk right up to face to face with either of Andy Dabur's exquisite little futurist impressionist pictures. One is called "Absence of Mabel Dodge." The reporter who swam from exhibition to exhibition all afternoon yesterday, looking for a picture to write about, found a regular art critic, but only a volunteer, and therefore could only gasp emotionally and impressively before each cubist picture. "I don't know what to write about," he knew what I like.

Local Modernists Busy.

It seems that since Matisse, Van Gogh, Gauguin and the rest of those lads who have been called the modernists, the National Exhibition of Modern Art at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory broke out with that cubist nude lady sliding down the wall show, that art army, which with her sisters, our own greatest modernists have been working themselves all out to a ferment. Deputy Battalion Chief Smith, who is in charge of the show, has been called to the aesthetic neighborhood of Macdougall alley of late only to learn that some nearsighted passerby had mistaken art for another bomb outrage and had turned in four alarm calls.

As the reporter was entering one gallery yesterday he was almost knocked down at a flight of stairs. The man who was in wholesale dikes in the leather district of Spruce street. The gentleman said he had got into the gallery by mistake. "I don't know what to write about," he knew what I like.

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ONE GAVE NUDITY A TALK AT ST. PAUL.

Jack is beginning to show more and more each year the early Union Square influence of Hay Brown, John Almon (Willie) Williams and the other boys who draw and paint for regular money and therefore are barred from all cubist-futurist shows. And if Old Jack Alger doesn't stop right now in his youth this habit he has of turning out landscapes that people actually want to buy the Futurist Union will refuse longer to exhibit side by side with him.

But No. 28, over in the real futurist corner of the MacDowell galleries (the three lady bricklayers bathing referred to earlier) is a catalog of the Sixty-ninth Regiment school. Jimmy Greag would give it. The catalogue doesn't say the three ladies are bricklayers, because the catalogue doesn't have to. A glance at the three pictures, however, will show you that they could have got that color from head to foot only by working all day in an evanescent atmosphere of brick dust.

One lady has got a foot caught in deep blue mud and can't get out. The red lady next to her is rubbing her head thoughtfully where she has just been scratched by a flying flag-bearer, her beautiful face. The third red lady stands prettily on a very large fried egg and is trying to pick up a full portion of broiled chicken without breaking the yolk of the egg.

Cubist View of Kelly Pool. That sterling craftsman Rudolph Dicks is represented at this show by many pictures, the supreme effort being undoubtedly the "Kelly Pool" picture. By getting out into the room and half closing the eyes it is seen that Mr. Dicks wishes to delineate here an eight hundred game of Kelly Pool in the "Kelly Pool" picture. The time being the "Kelly Pool" picture. The time being the "Kelly Pool" picture.

Up to then matters had been puring along sweetly and soothingly to the soft tinkling of astral bells. Even May Pepper, the brilliant artist and control, Little Brighteyes, who is a pranksy spirit, and every one knows, had been behaving herself admirably while she played with the general public. The Major-General had been in and out of the room, the little kid had hung a pink rose to the True Believers and had winked away from cosmic consciousness. Louise and Tony, the two girls, had been smiling and bowed sweetly out. Then this fellow, Phillip, rudely and without the ghost of an excuse, made himself disagreeable.

Enter Involuntary Ghost. "I see a spirit approaching me," breathed Zaida Brown Kates. "He says he wants to see me," she said. "What? Ah, here he is. What? You would touch me? Don't you dare to touch me!"

She started back, staggered backward toward the chairman of the meeting, shaking a reproving finger at Phillip. In the stillness one heard the whistling of the bellows, the breath of the medium and the clatter of the piano. The orchestra in Rosenwebers, and through the open windows you could see the electric lights of the city and the clatter of the automobiles honked and thrashed down in the Circle. Newboys cried shrilly, "What that final cadence?"

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SPOOK GIVES BAD FRIGHT TO MEDIUM.

Zaida in Terror When Philip Drops In at Big Meeting.

STAY WAS LUCKILY BRIEF.

Equanimity Restored and Gallstone Remedy Recommended.

Now, when a spirit gets leave of absence from the land of the dead for attending the convention of the State Association of Spiritualists, and there is an understanding, direct or implied, that he or it shall do what he or it can to be entertaining and helpful and edifying, is it right, is it fair, is it even polite for that spirit to come slithering in with an old earth life grouch and try to take it out on the medium when that lady is doing only her simple duty?

No! you say instantly. You realize that such conduct is wholly improper. Therefore you must sympathize with the medium lady, Zaida Brown Kates, who had to run backward and throw up her hands to protect herself from a totally undeserved attack by a ghost named Phillip last night in the convention hall on the fourth floor of the Grand Circle Club, Fifty-ninth street.

Up to then matters had been puring along sweetly and soothingly to the soft tinkling of astral bells. Even May Pepper, the brilliant artist and control, Little Brighteyes, who is a pranksy spirit, and every one knows, had been behaving herself admirably while she played with the general public. The Major-General had been in and out of the room, the little kid had hung a pink rose to the True Believers and had winked away from cosmic consciousness. Louise and Tony, the two girls, had been smiling and bowed sweetly out. Then this fellow, Phillip, rudely and without the ghost of an excuse, made himself disagreeable.

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FEDERAL JURYMEN CON 'HAGAR REVELLY'.

Court Has Air of a School Room as They Follow Passages Read by Lawyers.

LOVE SCENES IN EVIDENCE.

Government's Attorney Matches Those Read by Defence—Case Ends Monday.

UNEMPLOYED SEE MAYOR.

Want City to Spend \$50,000,000 to Keep Idle Men Busy.

A committee of 150 unemployed men visited Mayor Mitchell yesterday to ask that the city should employ them. The Mayor heard their suggestions and gravely said that none of them was practical, whereas the 150 applauded him and thanked him for his attention.

They were clean looking men, led by the Rev. J. G. Hallmond, superintendent of the Hovey Mission, and C. A. Stoddell, of the Public Forum of the Church of the Ascension. Stoddell is the man who asked President Taft in Cooper Union two years ago how men were to live if they couldn't get work, which dress from the President the reply, "God knows."

"I hope you will not refer us to the Deity, but will give us some practical help," Stoddell said to Mayor Mitchell yesterday.

The principal suggestions were that the city appropriate \$50,000,000 for public works to give men work, that it draw money from the city treasury to meet the emergency, that it order the Municipal Court Justices to permit nobody to be dispossessed from his home until the hard times are ended. The Mayor replied that some of these things were illegal and the others otherwise impossible.

Mr. Hallmond suggested using unemployed city real estate as truck farms. The Mayor said that he was most anxious to solve the puzzle of unemployment, but that the welcome suggestion would be as to what the city could do, not what it could not do.

"What I would like to hear about," he said, "is an immediate remedy. All the agencies of the city government may be asked to cooperate in the measure of relief. Those of you who have suggestions along this line please send them to me at once."

RODMAN LAW LANDS IN POLICE STATION CELL.

Somewhat Hurt and Accused of Attempted Felonious Assault.

Rodman Law, who on Thursday jumped from the Williamsburg Bridge with Miss G. Clarkson, a member of the 62 East Seventy-ninth street, was arrested last night in the Candler Building, at 220 West Forty-second street, on a charge of attempted felonious assault on a detective. The detective, James Macdonald, of the West Thirty-seventh street station, says that Law made a lunge at him with a heavy knife.

Law appeared at the office of the Dragon Film Company and asked to see Mr. Clarkson, a member of the 62 East Seventy-ninth street, who was the leader of the concern. Law had a disagreement with Byttenberg over the pay for his drop from an airplane at Midland Beach last October. He had called several times recently, and Mr. Byttenberg says, had threatened to kill him.

Mr. Byttenberg had given orders that Law should not be admitted. Members of the office force told Law last night that he could not see Byttenberg. Law stormed about the outer office, shouting, according to those in the office, that he would kill Byttenberg.

Byttenberg and Miss Belmont, who happened to be in the office at the time, went to separate telephones and called Police Headquarters.

When Detective Mahoney reached the office he asked what had happened. He saw that Law was in a bad way, so much noise about it. Law asked him what business it was of his and Mahoney showed his shield. Thereupon, Mahoney and those in the office say, Law made a lunge at him and a heavy case knife with a four inch blade, opened, clattered to the floor from his right hand. Mahoney says the knife came from Law's