

destruction of American property.

"The claims of the revolutionists that Madero catered to great foreign corporations may or may not be true. The same charge is made against every Mexican ruler. But this I do know:

"It needs only a spark to set off a civil war between the rulers and the ruled in Mexico—the dons and the peons—between capital and labor, as we say at home."

"Mrs. Edwards," I said, "you are known as the most beloved woman in Juarez. Will you tell me why?"

Mrs. Edwards' clever, sensitive face flushed to the line of her pretty gray hair as her hands made a quick, deprecating gesture.

"Our neighbors make too much of what happened in the battle," she explained. "Well, if you must know—but please don't print it—I went around the neighborhood gathering in endangered women.

"We had forty refugees here, panic stricken, starving, their lips cracked with thirst. Three times revolutionists charged down the street in front of our house. Col. Tromboreal, the federal commander, was killed near the garden gate.

"Our Chinese boys cooked all the time. My pet poultry was the first to go into the pot. Husband and I had filled everything that would hold water before the battle began, but at the end of the second day I was doling out

water in egg cups from the bathtub.

"But the first American motor to cross the border brought me a sack of flour and a toothbrush. Sakes alive! How I cherished that toothbrush!" And the woman who has lived through two battles of Juarez, and calmly expects another, laughed like a child at memory of that homely gift.

"She is so stubborn, she would not give out," testified the consul, frowning officially at his wife.

"Listen to the man! One would think I was a suffragette," jeered Mrs. Edwards.

She has seen that quaint calle in front of her home choked with fighting men. She will, in all probability, see it again a scene of battle. But neither memory nor anticipation will swerve her from doing her duty as a consul's wife.



District attorney at Los Angeles has refused to issue a libel warrant against a Pasadena editor for commenting satirically on Dr. Cook, explorer. The doctor will find that hunting editors who are satirical about him is a lot colder job than nosing around for a north pole.



"That young lady is very angry with me because of a mistake I made at a reception. I couldn't see her face under her big hat." "And you mistook her for another young lady, eh? Nothing in that to get wild about." "No, I mistook her for a standard lamp."