

BROADWAY JONES FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN BY EDWARD MARSHALL WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville, Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a piece in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that \$250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway goes to the city and makes a fortune on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway succeeds in clearing his debt. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow, wealthy and very elderly. Wallace learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his sole heir, Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Cheating Gum company offering Broadway \$1,000,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell. Wallace takes the affair in hand and insists that Broadway hold off for a big fight. Broadway goes to Jonesville to consult Judge Spotswood. Broadway finds his boyhood playmate, Josie Richards, in charge of the plant and falls in love with her. Wallace is smitten with Judge Spotswood's daughter, Clara. Josie points out to Broadway that by selling the plant to the trust he will ruin the town built by his ancestors and throw 700 employes out of work. Broadway decides that he will not sell. Broadway visits the plant and Josie explains the business details to him. He decides to take hold of the work at once. Broadway makes a speech to his employes who, in their enthusiasm, carry him around the plant on their shoulders. Pembroke calls and Broadway turns down the latest offer of the trust and announces that he intends to fight. Wallace intimates that his father's advertising agency is backing Jones and plans a big advertising campaign.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Why, it's the biggest cinch in the world," said Wallace. "If this plant showed the profit they say it did, last year, I'll bet you that—"

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"I'll answer it," said he.

"You want to do everything, don't you?" said Broadway peevishly.

It was the long-distance call for which Wallace had some time before left orders. He gave a hurried, warning glance at all of them as soon as he had heard the voice which came to him along the wire.

"Hello, gov'nor," he replied. "Hello! Hello!"

Yes; I called you up. I'm up here in Connecticut. . . . Oh, no, strictly business. Say, gov'nor, I can get a big contract from the Jones' Pepsin people. They're going in heavy, I hear. I can close this deal right away. What do you think? . . . New owner takes possession today. They must be all right. I looked them up. . . . Well, will you let me use my own judgment about that? I think I'll make a splendid deal. . . . Say, gov'nor, will you send me a wire authorizing me to sign this contract? . . . Thanks. . . . I won't be back until tomorrow. . . . Good contract? . . . Thanks. . . . No; I won't be back until tomorrow. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and turned back to Jackson. That youth looked at him in somewhat helpless curiosity. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to show Pembroke we're not bluffing. I'm going back tomorrow, and as a starter, I'm going to bill New York till you can't see the city through the advertisements of Jones' Pepsin Gum."

"Where's all the money coming from?" said Jackson dubiously. "What are you going to do? Ruin me?"

"I'll draw the contract," Wallace answered. "I'll give you a year to pay for it. You'll be the best advertised article in America a month from now."

"But, grant Scott! I can't afford to take a chance like that! I don't know anything about this chewing-gum business."

"Say," said Wallace in derision, "will you give me all you make over a million in the next two years if I give you the advertising free?"

"Over a million? I should say I will!"

Wallace became serious and then broke into smiles. "Shake hands with your partner then. This will be the quickest, softest and first important money I ever made."

"Do you mean it?"

"You bet I mean it."

"Are you sure you mean it?"

"You bet I'm sure."

TOO LIBERAL WITH ADVICE

Bank Cashier Meant Well, But Sad Experience Taught Him a Great and Lasting Lesson.

The story started down from St. Paul the other day that "Jim" Hill engineered a shakeup in a bank there because he found an ink spot on his monthly statement, which recalled to a bank official of this town the reason why one cashier ceased to be a little ray of sunshine. Persons who can coax more than a conversational bit out of him nowadays are indeed skilled. "He was a conservative guy—and good," said the banker. "He was the sort of a man who would leave a light turned on in the hall at night so that burglars might think that some member of the family had not returned home. He was especially strong on temperance. Strong drink had never seared his pure lips. He cashieled in a savings bank in the edge of the town. One day a Hunky blew in with an active hang-over. If he'd had any more liquor in him he wouldn't have been legal within a

"Bob," said Broadway with real feeling, "this is the happiest moment of my life!"

At that instant Sam came in. "Miss Ger—rard—to—see—Miss—er—Jones!" he cried.

Thus Broadway's happiest moment came to a sudden, tragic end. In the mad whirl of recent hours he had forgotten Mrs. Gerard's little ray of sunshine, sweetheart, dearie!

With a quick glance at Josie he almost collapsed.

"Tell her to wait," said Wallace, the quick-witted.

"The gentleman—wants—to—see—you—first," said Sam.

"Gentleman? What gentleman?"

"Miss—er—Rankin—"

"Rankin!" cried Broadway with a ray of hope. "Send the gentleman right in, and tell the lady to wait."

Sam went away with these instructions.

"Mrs. Gerard! Where did she come from! How did she know I was here?" said the unhappy youth.

Rankin came in respectfully, cat-footed, gravely beaming, the ideal butler. "Mrs. Gerard's here, sir."

"I know," said Broadway hopefully. "Where did she come from?"

"She didn't say. Got to the hotel about five minutes ago, and demanded to be shown to you. I couldn't help it, sir."

"What am I going to do? We've got to get her away from here! We've got to get her out of town!"

"I'll get rid of her some way," Wallace offered comfortingly. "Go on; take it on the run."

"You bet I will!" said Jackson, and, without more ado, grasped his cane and hat and sprinted for the factory exit. He almost collided at the door with Josie, who was entering just then with papers from an outer file.

"Why, where are you going, Mr. Jones?"

"Any place. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to dinner."

He grabbed her arm, to her amazement. "Come on; I'll go with you. Let's go out this way. I love to walk—er—through the works."

"All right," said Wallace to the fat boy as soon as they were out of sight, "show the lady in."

"Shall I go, sir?" inquired Rankin.

"Stay where you are."

Mrs. Gerard came in most hurriedly. Indeed, her gait was almost that of an elderly lady wonderfully well preserved, who was very, very anxious about something which she valued highly and was willing to run hard to catch.

"Why, Mrs. Gerard," said Wallace heartily. "What are you doing here? Ah, I know! You're looking for Jackson. Too bad! He's started for the station. He's going to make that eleven-forty for New York. I think you can catch him if you hurry."

She had scarcely straightened from the stoop which had been imparted by her hurry as she entered. Now she much intensified it, and without a word dashed out.

"But you'll have to run all the way," cried Wallace after her.

Then he turned hurriedly to Rankin. "Listen! You follow her to the depot and get her on that train if you have to bind and gag her! Don't leave her until you see her safely landed in New York. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go on."

As he turned back from intent observation of the man-servant's departure, the noise of a new outburst of cheering reached him from the works, coming through the door the judge had opened as he entered.

"What, again? What are they cheering about now?"

"Broadway," said the judge, "is making another speech. He stopped in the works instead of going through."

"Making another speech?"

They opened the door wide and, waited on the gentle breeze, there came to them in Broadway's best and most effective tones:

"Why, think of what I'd be selling! The thing my grandfather worked for and handed down to my father; the thing my father worked for and handed down to me; the thing that I should work for and hand down to my children, and so on, and so on, and so on."

revenue stamp. He said he wanted the \$50 he had on deposit. The cashier stepped to the rear limits of his cage and refused to pay until he came around sober. "Your signature," said the cashier, "looks like a dog-bite when you're in this condition. I will not accept it." So the Hunky went hooting up and down town announcing that the savings bank had refused to pay his money. By alarm-clock time next morning the streets were full of yammering Hunkies, waving bank books. The reserves were called out and the depositors were chased away. Then the bank officials investigated and the cashier confessed. He's stopped giving good advice.—New York Globe.

The Human Machine.

Is there one of us who does not sometimes treat a person like a machine? Do we always think of a railroad conductor as more than a machine for taking tickets? Do we not often treat our fellow creatures like masks on flat cards without substance and personality? I have been striving for years to overcome in my

CHAPTER XIII.

It was not until the excitement was all over at the factory, until the cheering had died down and the whole place had begun to buzz with industry for the long afternoon of happier labor than it had known of late years, that Wallace thought of lunch. He was not usually one to forget eating. It rather startled him.

"Broadway," he remarked, astonished, "do you know we haven't fed?"

"Do business men?"

"That doesn't make good sense. Do business men? We've just done one business man. Pembroke has gone back to New York with his disposition in a sling. But what did you think you were expressing when you said: 'Do business men?'"

"I thought I was inquiring if business men took lunch. If they don't, I'll not. I am a business man."

"You bet they do."

"If it's a commercial practice I'll join you. I'm hungry enough to eat on Sixth avenue."

"No such luck," said Wallace. "We've got to eat down at the Grand." Broadway almost paled. "Excuse me, but I've lost my appetite, come to think about it."

"I know; but we've simply got to eat."

They tried the first part of the luncheon, and it was just after they had tried it that Broadway, desperately worrying about the future, was smitten by a happy thought.

"Why live at the Grand?" he asked.

"You can't," said Wallace. "It's not living."

"Why anything at the Grand when I'm the owner of a house with 14 rooms, three baths, a root cellar and a phonograph?"

Wallace looked at him with an enthusiastic light kindling in his eyes. "Shall you take boarders?"

"I shall take a boarder."

"Me?"

"You."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"Would you be angry if I threw my arms around your neck and told you how extremely fond I am of you?"

"You may throw your arms around the room for all I care, if you'll keep quiet while I telephone."

It was Mrs. Spotswood whom he called upon the wire, and gladly, nay, delightedly, she promised to take charge of the engrossing task of getting the Jones homestead ready for its future master.

"When shall I be able to move in?" he asked.

"If Mrs. Robinson's as good a housekeeper as she has always been, you could move in today."

Within an hour she called him up and told him that Mrs. Robinson was just as good a housekeeper as ever, that the rooms had all been aired, that he had been expected hourly.

"Can we have dinner there tonight?"

"Why not?"

"You mean it?"

"Of course."

"Will you, the judge and Clara dine with me?"

"Well, I should say so."

"Tell Mrs. Robinson that I'll be early."

enough to tell her how extremely fond I am of her before we start to eat. And I'll bring Bob and—er—Miss Richards."

Mrs. Spotswood laughed. "And who?"

"Miss—er—Miss Richards."

"You mean Josie?"

"Yes."

"Well, say so, then. She'll be mad if you don't stop calling her 'Miss Richards.'"

Broadway turned from the telephone and faced the maiden of whom they had spoken. "Mrs. Spotswood says you'll come to dinner and that you will be angry if I don't stop calling you 'Miss Richards.' Is she right?"

"She's always right."

"Then, Josie, will you come to dinner? I'll have all the boys and girls, including Judge and Mrs. Spotswood."

"I'll be glad to come," said Josie. And she blushed.

That was not strange, but that Broadway felt himself confused and also blushing was a thing which had not happened of late years. Sammy



"By Gracious, I'm Awfully Glad to See You!"

came in at the moment with a telegram for Wallace. Broadway, who was very happy, as he looked at Josie's cheek (half view, from the back) promptly invited him.

"I'll—be—there," said the mighty child. "And—I—shall—bring—my—banjo."

Broadway did not notice how his sweet young office manager involuntarily shuddered.

It was a pretty evening. The sun was setting in the midst of an extremely gorgeous Turner sky, even if it was on Jonesville that the wondrous color fell in almost painful beauty.

Broadway, tired out, but rather happy when he came to think of it, went along the old, familiar street with a light heart. It might not be so very terrible to live in Jonesville. There were trains that ran to Broadway when the longing became irresistible, and very possibly this might be better as a steady diet. He was surprised to find himself admitting this.

Sammy was hard at it as the convert turned in between the two white gate posts, each eight feet tall and capped by a great wooden ball which he had used as target when the snow had been upon the ground and "pucky" in his boyhood days. Sammy did not even look up as he entered.

"Say, Sammy," he inquired, after a moment of attentive listening to the production, "I don't want to interrupt you, but did you write that yourself?"

"Yes—sir."

"Well," said the happy Broadway very gravely, "I don't think it's at all bad."

Wallace, who had strolled along behind him, arrived in time to hear this.

"No, indeed, it was very good."

"Very good!" exclaimed the modest Sam. "I—should—say—it—was—good!"

Mrs. Spotswood and the judge, having heard the voices, came out of the house, where they had been awaiting the arrival of the young men. The girls followed them.

"Now—I'll—play—you—another—tune—that—I—made—up—myself."

The judge looked at his son with that apologetic tolerance with which he usually regarded him. He was not ashamed of him; but he refused to take him seriously. He would not even punish him. "Keep on practicing, Sammy. You'll get there some day."

Sammy redoubled his slow and mournful efforts, knowing in his heart, undoubtedly, what it was meant to play, but communicating to no one, either by the spoken word or any sound he made upon the strings.

"If you're doing that for me, Sammy," Broadway suggested kindly, "don't overtax yourself. I'm willing you should stop at any time."

"Well," said the good-natured youth, "I—got—to—practice—anyhow," and kept on plunking.

Mrs. Spotswood was annoyed. Sammy sometimes got upon her nerves. "Well, go home and practice. Don't strum at that thing here."

He looked up discontentedly as, with the others except Jackson, she went up the porch steps and into the house.

He sat fidgeting the strings half heartedly for a few seconds, while Broadway watched him earnestly. Then, from the interior, came the sound of a piano. This stirred the youngster's ire.

"Say—keep—that—piano—quiet—will—you? Gosh—shows—how—much—you—know—about—music! You—can—hear—a—piano—any—day. There—ain't—ten—good—banjo—players—in—Connecticut!"

"You're all right, Sammy," Broadway told him reassuringly. "I don't know how you stand with the rest of the folks; but you're all right with me."

But the piano was annoying Sam. "I—ain't—going—to—stay—and—listen—to—that—darned—old—thing. I'm—going—to—take—my—banjo—and—go—home!"

Broadway, with a smile, left him, and went to join his guests within. So did Sammy presently, in answer to the pangs of hunger, and they all had a most extraordinary dinner.

Sam was incensed after awhile. That piano once more began to rattle; no one wished to hear his banjo, the world was out of joint. He would not stay and sanction such mad judgment. He would take his banjo and go home.

"Gosh!" he muttered. "That's—all—the—thanks—I—get—for—going—to—to—all—the—trouble—of—bringin'—my—instrument—along—and—everything. Some—day—they'll—be—darned—glad—to—hear—me—play—when—I—get—it—down—good—and—perfect!"

Sammy was at the gate between the high balled posts when a great, lean and powerful touring car slid gently up before them and came to a standstill.

"Excuse me, young man," said the linen-coated gentleman, who, upon close inspection, proved to be an elderly, clean-cut New York business man accustomed to commanding.

"Well—what—do—you—want?" Sam was very peevish.

"This is the Jones house, isn't it?"

"Yes."

CAN MAKE HOME IN TROPICS

Official of Department of Agriculture Thinks Dominant Races Have a Duty There.

Preparing the white man for his coming occupation of the tropics by teaching him how to live there is the substance of a suggestion made to the Pan-American Union by Prof. Nathan A. Cobb of the department of agriculture. The establishment on the Panama canal zone of an international bureau of research is the recommendation he makes. He would have this bureau make a careful scientific study of how the white man will have to adapt himself to conditions, food, climate, etc., so that he may inhabit the tropics, and work there without injury to his health.

The present sporadic and scattered study being made along this line, Professor Cobb does not consider of much value. It should be on a broad scale, and comprehensive, he says, taking up the whole field. Because of the wonderful possibilities of production in the tropics, Professor Cobb

"That's Mr. Wallace playing the piano, isn't it?"

"Yes—he's—showin'—off. He—makes—me—tired."

"Will you kindly tell him there's a gentleman here who'd like to see him."

"Tell—him—yourself. I—ain't—goin'—in—there. They—made—a—fool—o'—me—once—tonight—already!"

His voice rose and his mother heard him through the open window. "Sammy, come here!"

He went reluctantly.

"Haven't you got any better manners than to go without saying good-night, even if you are too ill-tempered to remain all the evening?"

"My—feelin's—are—hurt."

"Just for this you won't get any money to go to the circus this year."

"Well—if—it—ain't—any—better—than—it—was—last—year—I—don't—care—a—darn. I'm—gettin'—tired—of—bein'—bossed—around. I—bet—Edison—the—inventor—didn't—let—people—boss—him—around—when—he—was—a—boy! I'm—goin'—to—take—my—banjo—and—live—in—New—Haven!"

"Sammy!"

The judge had heard and now joined



Bob and Clara.

his wife at the window. "What's the matter, mom?"

"Oh, you've spoiled that boy! What he needs is a good spanking."

The judge was not impressed. Sammy often got on his mother's nerves. He rarely did on his. He smiled. Smiling, he saw the waiting gentleman in motor car and goggles.

"Who's the stranger?"

"I don't know."

But with the country woman's good-natured curiosity she left her place by the open window and went out to the porch.

"I beg pardon," said the traveler, "I should like to speak to Mr. Wallace, if you don't mind telling him."

"Thank you; I'll wait here."

"Shall I give any name, sir?"

"Just say to him that his father is here."

The judge and his good wife were taken much aback. So this was the great Wallace, the richest and most powerful advertising man in New York city, perhaps in the United States!

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Mrs. Spotswood and vanished within doors while the judge advanced genially. "Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Grover Wallace?"

"I am Grover Wallace."

"I'm mighty pleased to meet you, sir. My name is Spotswood—Judge Spotswood."

"Pleased, I'm sure."

"Your son has told me all about you. You have a very fine boy, Mr. Wallace—smart as a steel trap. I've taken a great liking to him. Mr. Jones has just opened up the old house tonight, and we all came over to supper—or dinner, as he calls it. The judge smiled tolerantly. "Perhaps you'd better come inside."

"No; I'll wait out here."

"Hello, gov'nor!" Bob cried heartily—or tried to exclaim heartily; he was more than a little worried as he sprang through the door, across the porch and down the steps. "Well, you have handed me a surprise!"

His father answered coldly. "You've handed me a surprise, also."

"Why, what's the matter?" Bob knew perfectly; but it is always best to let your adversary state his grievance before you try to answer him. He may forget a point or two in his excitement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Blue Eyed Men and Women.

Blue eyed beauties are known for their self-control, coldness, austerity and precision. They are severe and suspicious, and demand the continuous homage of those about them. Moreover, they are domineering and masterful, and wherever possible will be found to rule the roost.

Blue eyed men are highly intellectual, morally firm and mathematically correct in thought, word and all. They are the rulers of their families, and the powerful figures in the moral, intellectual and industrial world. When a blue eyed maid meets a blue eyed man Greek meets Greek; then comes the tug of war.

WHAT MEXICANS HAVE FOUGHT FOR

Agrarian Democracy Has Been the Aim of the Peon Class for Past Century.

STRUGGLE STILL GOING ON

Position of Revolutionists and Constitution of 1857 for Which They Stand, Set Forth in Book by Senor de Lara.

In the confusion and lack of exact knowledge that attend the embroglio with Mexico the big issue that has moved the Mexican people to revolt against Huerta has been lost sight of or is not known to most Americans. What the people of Mexico have fought for from the first war of independence, and what they are fighting for now under Carranza and Villa is the right to buy and till farms. For a hundred years the peon class has waged a continuous struggle to achieve agrarian democracy. Time after time the revolution has been carried to the verge of success, and time after time the Mexican ruling class has invoked foreign intervention in order to prolong its power.

All this and a great deal more is made clear in a book just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., "The Mexican People; Their Struggle for Freedom," by L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgemoor Pinchon. It is frankly a statement of the position of the revolutionists, and shows why they believe American intervention in Mexico at the present time would only bring about more loss of life and worse conditions in the long run.

Senor de Lara has much to say about the constitution of 1857, that has been ruthlessly set aside by successive governments, and he gives a digest of that instrument, the heads of which follow:

Article I. The Mexican people recognize that the rights of men are the foundation and the purpose of social institutions. In consequence they proclaim that all the laws and authorities of the country must respect and sustain the warranties stipulated by this constitution.

Article II. In the republic every one is born free. The slaves who step into the national territory recover their freedom by this mere fact, and have the right of the protection of the law.

Article III. All education is free. The law will determine which profession needs a diploma for its exercise, and what requisites are to be fulfilled.

This fundamental principle was later amplified to make education universal, free, non-sectarian and compulsory.

Article IV. Every man is free to adopt the profession, trade, or work that suits him, it being useful and honest; and to enjoy the product thereof.

Article V. No man shall be compelled to work without his plain consent and without just compensation. The state will not permit to become effective any contract, pact or agreement with the purpose of the curtailment, the loss or the irrevocable sacrifice of the liberty of any man, may the cause be for personal labor, education, or religious vows. The law in consequence does not recognize monastic orders, and will not permit their establishment, no matter what may be the denomination or purpose for which they pretend to be established. Neither will be permitted a contract or agreement by which a man makes a pact for his proscription or exile.

Article VI. The expression of ideas shall not be subjected to any judicial or governmental prosecution except in cases of attack upon the public morality, the rights of a third party, or the prevention of a crime or a disturbance of public order.

Article VII. The liberty of writing and publishing writings upon any matter is inviolable. No previous censorship nor imposition of bonds upon the writers nor the publishers for the purpose of curtailing the freedom of the press can be established by any law or authority, such freedom being restricted to respect of private life, morals and public business.

Article VIII. This deals with the right of petition to the government.

Article IX. This gives the right of assembly.

Article X. This establishes the right of every man to possess and carry arms for his safety and legitimate defense.

Article XI. This deals with immigration to the country and other traveling both from the country and into the same.

Article XII. This establishes the invalidity of all titles of nobility, prerogatives and hereditary honors.

Article XIII. In the Mexican Republic no one shall be subjected to private laws nor special courts. No man or corporation shall enjoy fueros or receive emoluments unless they be a compensation for public services and already fixed by law.

Article XIV. This establishes the principle that no one shall be tried by retroactive laws.

Article XV. No treaties can be made for the extradition of political offenders; neither for those criminals whose crime was committed in a country where they had been slaves; neither can a treaty or agreement be made by which the warranties or rights that

FORCED TO BUY PROTECTION

Refugees Arriving at Vera Cruz Tell of Paying Money to Huerta's Soldiers.

Vera Cruz.—Sixty-three members of the Medina colony in the state of Oaxaca are among the refugees who have arrived here. They were held two days in Cordoba and report they were well treated, except that they were obliged to sleep on the floors of the barracks. They were relieved of guns, but not of the scanty belongings which they were able to bring with them.

J. W. Elliott, a locomotive engineer, was in Tierra Blanca when news of the occupation of Vera Cruz reached him. With his wife and children he started for Cordoba under guard of Mexican soldiers. At Cordoba the guards said they were hungry and demanded 50 pesos on the threat to surrender Elliott and his family to a howling mob which surrounded the station and filled the streets.

The money was paid and Elliott and his family were marched more than a mile through the streets to the barracks, hounded all the way by the mobs. They were kept in the barracks six days, during the first two of which crowds surrounded the place demanding their lives. On two occasions members of the mob forced their way into the barracks and except for the efforts of the colonel and two other officers Elliott and his family would undoubtedly have been killed. Toward the end of their stay the demonstrations ceased to a large extent.

Manager Boyd of the Motzorongo Hacienda, when he arrived at Cordoba, was forced by the federal guards to pay 1,050 pesos for protection through the streets to the jail.

Circulars containing the words "Kill the Gringos" and urging the people to rise and massacre the prisoners were posted about Cordoba.

One of the refugees who have arrived here from the interior is F. W. Lehmer, a ranch manager from Tuxtepec, whose home is in Omaha and who was on his way to Vera Cruz for a visit, not knowing of the developments here. He was picked up at Tierra Blanca by federal soldiers.

"I was placed with ten others in a train which was standing overnight, surrounded by a mob which continually threatened to attack us," he said. "The guards ate up everything available on the train, compelling us to go hungry. At every station up to Cordoba, on the following day, similar crowds looted the train and threatened us."

"While being taken through the streets of Cordoba a squad of young volunteers who had just been presented with a flag swept down upon us and tried to run us down. This happened at the corner where the municipal palace is located or otherwise we would not have escaped as well as we did. As it was, I was hit on the head with a flagstaff and a man walking beside me was struck on the head with a rock. His scalp was badly cut."

"It was due to the fine conduct of the Mexican colonel that we ever reached the palace. He rushed from the door with a squad of police and soldiers and plunged into the crowd, scattering them and surrounding us."

"Later we were put in the penitentiary, and for six days we slept on the stone flagging. There were two women in the party, one with a little baby. We were allowed to send out and buy blankets, and managed to get enough to eat, such as it was."

"Monday we were placed on a train and brought down to Soledad. We spent that night on the tracks. There was one passenger coach left for us and in this the women and children slept, the rest of us sleeping on the ground."

FACTS ABOUT MEXICO CITY.

Mexico City is 7,415 feet above sea level, and by rail 264 miles west by north from Vera Cruz.

With a wet, undrained subsoil, and many thousands of Indians and half-breeds living in crowded quarters, the death rate has been notoriously high—46 to 56 per 1,000, though drainage works, underground sewers, and sanitation have tended to improve these conditions.

The name of a street changes with

this constitution gives to man or citizen be altered.

Article XVI. This article establishes the principle that the family and domicile are inviolable, except for the purposes of arrest under a warrant from a proper court expressing the charge.

Article XVII. No one shall be arrested or imprisoned for debts of a purely civil character. No one shall exercise violence to claim his rights. The courts will always be ready for the administration of justice. This will be free, the costs being abolished.

Article XXVII. Private property shall not be taken without the consent of the owner, except in case of public utility, and by just payment therefor. Religious corporations or institutions, no matter of what denomination, character, durability or purpose, and civil corporations when under the patronage, direction or superintendency of religious institutions, or ministers of any cult, shall not have the legal capacity to acquire or manage any real estate except the buildings which are used immediately and directly for the services of the said institutions; neither will the law recognize any mortgage on any property held by these institutions.

Article XXVIII. State and church are independent. Congress cannot make any law establishing or forbidding any religion.

The practical abrogation of the constitution under Diaz and Huerta has resulted in the building up of a privileged class and the cruel exploitation of the people. Vast territories have passed into private ownership. The disinherited peon has become the virtual slave of the land owners, and freedom has been a privilege purchased from the government by those who had the means.

These are the conditions that De Lara pictures, and it is to end them the present fight of the constitutionals is waging.

FORCED TO BUY PROTECTION

Refugees Arriving at Vera Cruz Tell of Paying Money to Huerta's Soldiers.

Vera Cruz.—Sixty-three members of the Medina colony in the state of Oaxaca are among the refugees who have arrived here. They were held two days in Cordoba and report they were well treated, except that they were obliged to sleep on the floors of the barracks. They were relieved of guns, but not of the scanty belongings which they were able to bring with them.

J. W. Elliott, a locomotive engineer, was in Tierra Blanca when news of the occupation of Vera Cruz reached him. With his wife and children he started for Cordoba under guard of Mexican soldiers. At Cordoba the guards said they were hungry and demanded 50 pesos on the threat to surrender Elliott and his family to a howling mob which surrounded the station and filled the streets.

The money was paid and Elliott and his family were marched more than a mile through the streets to the barracks, hounded all the way by the mobs. They were kept in the barracks six days, during the first two of which crowds surrounded the place demanding their lives. On two occasions members of the mob forced their way into the barracks and except for the efforts of the colonel and two other officers Elliott and his family would undoubtedly have been killed. Toward the end of their stay the demonstrations ceased to a large extent.

Manager Boyd of the Motzorongo Hacienda, when he arrived at Cordoba, was forced by the federal guards to pay 1,050 pesos for protection through the streets to the jail.

Circulars containing the words "Kill the Gringos" and urging the people to rise and massacre the prisoners were posted about Cordoba.

One of the refugees who have arrived here from the interior is F. W. Lehmer, a ranch manager from Tuxtepec, whose home is in Omaha and who was on his way to Vera Cruz for a visit, not knowing of the developments here. He was picked up at Tierra Blanca by federal soldiers.

"I was placed with ten others in a train which was standing overnight, surrounded by a mob which continually threatened to attack us," he said. "The guards ate up everything available on the train, compelling us to go hungry. At every station up to Cordoba, on the following day, similar crowds looted the train and threatened us."

"While being taken through the streets of Cordoba a squad of young volunteers who had just been presented with a flag swept down upon us and tried to run us down. This happened at the corner where the municipal palace is located or otherwise we would not have escaped as well as we did. As it was, I was hit on the head with a flagstaff and a man walking beside me was struck on the head with a rock. His scalp was badly cut."

"It was due to the fine conduct of the Mexican colonel that we ever reached the palace. He rushed from the door with a squad of police and soldiers and plunged into the crowd, scattering them and surrounding us."

"Later we were put in the penitentiary, and for six days we slept on the stone flagging. There were two women in the party, one with a little baby. We were allowed to send out and buy blankets, and managed to get enough to eat, such as it was."

"Monday we were placed on a train and brought down to Soledad. We spent that night on the tracks. There was one passenger coach left for us and in this the women and children slept, the rest of us sleeping on the ground."