

WARLIKE SCENES IN COLORADO MINE DISTRICT



The determination of the strikers in the Colorado mine district not to give up their fight is seen in this group of armed miners shown in this photograph. Mine guards equipped with a machine gun are seen in the inset.

FIGHT AT VERA CRUZ

Chicago Woman Gives Vivid Picture of the Capture.

Marrator, While on Deck of Steamer in Harbor Watched Assault on Town by United States Guns—Mexican Women in Fray.

Chicago.—Vivid description of the capture of Vera Cruz was given by Mrs. Frederick J. Stevens, wife of a former Chicago automobile agent, shortly after her arrival here from Vera Cruz, Mexico.

"I was watching from the deck when there was a battle about the warships and the men on the decks that night. When I awoke the fatal Tuesday morning I shuddered to see the Mexican warships around and to hear the shells blowing.

fire on the city. At first it looked as if there was nothing to shoot at for we on the Esperanza could see no Mexicans, but later we were told this fire was to protect the marines who were landing.

"Then little puffs of white smoke began to shoot out from the housetops. We could see the Mexicans swarming up there like ants, and we knew they were firing on our men.

"With field glasses I got intimate glimpses of the enemy ashore. Many of them looked to be no more than boys, and there were also a great many women. The women would fire from windows, apparently without taking aim.

"Finally, when our boys got a base on shore and began their advance we could see the Mexicans fleeing in every direction. There was no order among them. We saw many of them shot down as they fled.

Gets \$15 Conscience Fund. Linden, N. J.—Webb Wallace, town treasurer, received \$15 conscience money by mail from Ithaca, N. Y., where he formerly conducted a store.

ROCKEFELLER, JR., MENACED

Woman Threatens Life of Oil Magnate's Son—I. W. W. Speaker Invades Millionaire's Office.

New York.—While the "mourning patrol" was walking in the rain in front of 36 Broadway and Upton Sinclair, Elizabeth Freeman and Donia Letner were starting a hunger strike in the Tombs, "Beautiful Marie" Ganz, I. W. W. orator, went up to the fourteenth floor and threatened to shoot John D. Rockefeller, Jr., if he did not end the Colorado strike war.

Miss Ganz, who was recently released from jail, made an impassioned address in Franklin square, in which she declared she would "shoot John D. Rockefeller down like a dog" if he refused to see her, and then started toward the Standard Oil offices at 36



John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Broadway, followed by a large crowd. At the entrance to the building a patrolman attempted to halt her. "Who are you to stop me?" she cried, as she brushed past, and entering the elevator, went to the fourteenth floor, where the private offices of the oil magnate are located.

A negro doorman told her that John D., Jr., was not in. The woman was insistent. "I'm going to see him!" she cried. "And if the \_\_\_\_\_ doesn't arbitrate and stop the murders in Colorado I'll shoot him down like a dog! Take my card in to him or to his secretary."

The frightened doorman took the pasteboard, and five minutes later returned with the message that Mr. Rockefeller wasn't in. "Well, you tell him exactly what I told you," she told the door man, and he promised to repeat the "shooting" message.

KNOWN BY WATCH CHARM

Four Boer War Survivors Meet Accidentally at Dinner in Birmingham, England.

London.—A remarkable coincidence that would be hard to beat is reported by the Manchester Guardian.

Just before the opening of the battle of Diamond Hill, in the Boer war, four soldiers, complete strangers, met around an overturned keg for a hasty meal. After the meal one produced a bad forin, which was neatly cut into quarters, and a compact was made that each man should wear the memento on his watch chain should he survive.

All knew the guest of the evening intimately, and one of them had sent an invitation to the others.

STUFFED WIFE'S MOUTH WITH CURRENTS

New York.—That her husband stuffed her mouth with currents and forced her to swallow them to silence her protests because he stayed out until 4 a. m., is one of the complaints of Alice Lindeman, who is suing for a separation.

PANTALON GOWN CAUSES ARRESTS

New York.—Vivian, Florence and Ida Ferry, sisters, were arrested for wearing pantalon gowns in the Brooklyn shopping district.

HIS OLD SWEETHEART

By FRANK FILON.

Uncle Eustace seemed to be as old as the hills. He was about forty-five, I suppose, but to a boy of twelve that is an immense age. He was very ruddy, very gray and very clean-looking, and slow and deliberate in all his movements.

"I don't know, my dear," answered very demurely. "He's getting along very nicely now as bookkeeper for the Stearns-Rabbit company."

"Twenty dollars a week as bookkeeper," answered papa, in contempt. "But, my dear, many respectable people only earn twenty dollars a week. You mustn't think everybody can be like you, entering a broker's office as an office boy and rising to a salary of fifteen thousand a year."

"I must admit the old man hasn't treated Eustace any too well," said papa.

I told Miss Penton that Uncle Eustace was coming to visit us for Easter. Miss Penton seemed almost as old as Uncle Eustace. She was a sort of fixture in our town, too. She had taught school since she was a girl, and she had known Uncle Eustace and papa since they were boys.

"Here are your glasses, Uncle Eustace," I said. "Oh, darn!" said Uncle Eustace. "Say, Tommy, you run back with them and tell your mother I'm going to bring Miss Penton home for dinner."

I went out without saying anything. Because, you see, I had known all the time that Uncle Eustace and Miss Penton had been sweethearts twenty years before.

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SALT WATER MORE BUOYANT

Considerable Difference Between the Fresh Liquid of the Rivers and That of the Oceans.

A Chinese lad dropped his ball in a narrow hole and could not get it out, according to a writer in the Illustrated Sunday Magazine. So he poured water in the hole, thinking that he would float the ball to the surface.

This particular fact is demonstrated at the mouths of rivers. Objects rolling along the bottom of a fresh river, too heavy to come to the top, will rise when they enter the ocean.

In building a dam the fact that salt water is heavier than fresh must be taken into consideration, and the dam for the same head must be a good deal stronger; this too without taking into consideration the beating of waves, etc.

PECULIAR POLITICAL ECONOMY

Public attitude on the liquor question has shown a decided change even during the present generation, remarks a writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean. It no longer seems to be the fashion to be bibulous.

"I told Miss Penton about that, too, and she was so pleased that I almost thought she was crying instead of laughing.

"What does your Uncle Eustace look like now?" she asked. "Has he the same black, curly hair that he had when he was a boy?"

"Why—haven't you seen him since, Miss Penton?" I asked her. Miss Penton shook her head, and something seemed to whisper to me to leave her. So I did.

At Easter Uncle Eustace came to see us. He looked just the same as ever, except that he was wearing a new suit of clothes and a brand-new overcoat. His hair was grayer than it had been the last time, and he was beginning to grow fat.

"I tell you, Jim," he said to father, "it's a mighty fine thing for me to have that money. I was beginning to get played out. I'm an old fellow now—it's time I took life easy."

"What are you going to do with it, Eustace?" asked father. "Why don't you invest it in a good mortgage or two? I'll take care of it, if you like. You know you never had much business sense."

"I've been thinking," said Uncle Eustace, "about a nice little farm, such as I've always longed for—say twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of land, and the rest—"

"Eustace, why don't you get married?" asked mother, looking at uncle in a queer sort of way.

"Why, who would have an old fellow like me?" he asked.

"You are not old, Eustace; you are just in your prime," said mother angrily. "If you think of yourself as an old man you will really be old."

out what they taught us nowadays. He said there had been a great change in the educational system since he was a boy, and he was interested in school work. He also wanted to see the buildings and the way they were ventilated.

"Why, Uncle Eustace, you won't have to wait till school opens," I told him. "Miss Penton is always glad to show visitors round. I'll ask her."

"No! Here, Tom! Wait a minute!" Uncle Eustace shouted, but I was already running down the street ahead of him. You see, I had always wanted Miss Penton to meet Uncle Eustace, about whom I had told her so much, and this seemed like a heaven-sent opportunity.

When I reached Miss Penton's house they told me she was in the school, looking over some holiday work, so I went back and explained to Uncle Eustace. "I guess we can go straight there," I said to him.

"All right, Tom," he answered. But when we got near the school house Uncle Eustace began to walk slower and slower, until he fairly lagged.

"Tom," he said in a hoarse sort of whisper, "I don't feel well. I think I'll go home."

"Oh, Uncle Eustace!" I exclaimed. "I did want you to meet Miss Penton."

"I tell you what, my boy," said Uncle Eustace. "You run home and get me my glasses. I've got a nervous headache from not wearing them. That's a good chap. I'll wait for you outside."

I ran home as fast as I could and got the glasses, but when I reached the school house Uncle Eustace wasn't in sight. So I went in to find Miss Penton and tell her he was coming.

I had barely stepped inside the hall when I heard voices in the little room where Miss Penton used to sit to prepare the lessons, and when I got to the door I heard the strangest noise. I hadn't opened the door before I saw Uncle Eustace and Miss Penton standing next to each other, each looking at the opposite wall, and Miss Penton's face was redder than I had ever seen it before.

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Bear-Shooting in Kashmir



SOME OF THE BEATERS

IT was in August that my friend, the maharajah of T— sent me a delightful invitation to join him in a bear-shooting expedition to Kashmir. He also included in his invitation my wife, who already could boast some experience in Indian sport, though she had never as yet had the luck to include a bear among her trophies.

It is needless to say we both accepted this tempting offer, and set to work at once to prepare our outfit. My kit consisted of khaki shorts, shooting shirts with short sleeves, and special canvas boots with thick, pliable soles—these latter had broad welts with eyelet holes, to enable the shikari to lace on the grass soles which, though only lasting a day, were very useful when damped to prevent slipping—and also took chuppies, a sandal worn on a kind of white kid leather sock.

I armed myself with my 600 express and 12-bore shotgun, also my 460, with which I had shot tigers in Bengal, writes "L. J." in Country Life.

My wife took with her a small, powerful express rifle, both given her by the rajah. She was quite at home with both weapons. The rajah also kindly presented me with a fine 577 express, as he did not seem to put much faith in the guns I already possessed.

The party consisted of the rajah and his two secretaries, Chunda Babu and Chindamon, who proved something of a character; there were also his mechanic, Lee, and a large assortment of shikaris and retainers; also, of course, myself and D., my wife. The rajah was a real good sportsman, and we all started in the greatest spirits from Rawal Pindi, our destination being Shinar, 300 miles from Pindi.

The servants and luggage were dispatched in tongas by road, while we and the rajah followed by motor to Murree. The rest of the way we did by tongas.

His First Blank Bear. The valley we had chosen for our central camp was called Chudrapool, off the Sind Valley, and we arrived there in due time. After establishing the camp we took, to the mountains, where the beaters soon had a bear up. It was decided that the most likely place for the bear to break was the center nullah, so D. and I were stationed there, Lee and the rajah going to the left and right in case the animal broke across the next nullah.

Where my wife and I were sitting the jungle was very thick, and we should be unable to see the bear till he was right on us if he came from where the shikaris expected. Under these circumstances I thought it advisable to put D. a little way up a tree. Having fixed her up comfortably, I sat just below, and the beat began. D. was to have first shot. Presently, about fifty yards away, I caught sight of a piece of black moving up towards us slowly. It was a bear, right enough, and a big one, too. On he came, and then disappeared in the thick jungle, to appear again not ten yards away from us. I signalled to D. to shoot, expecting to see him roll over, but there came no shot from D. Then I waited till he was seven yards from me, and he did look a monster. I could not understand why D. did not shoot, and thought seven yards was close enough to be pleasant. As I raised my rifle he saw me, but too late; he had got my 577 bullet behind his ear, and over he went. As he rolled over I fired again, and hit him within an inch of the first bullet. Then, for the first time, it seemed, D. saw him as he was rolling down to the bottom of the nullah, and gave him a bullet for luck. So I got my first bear, and he was a big one, measuring six feet five inches. We skinned him and sent off his skin to Srinagar. We then moved across to the next nullah, and while the beat was getting ready, had time. This was an awkward nullah to beat satisfactorily with the number of beaters we had that day, two hundred odd. It was finally arranged that the men

should divide, one lot beating up toward us, but at right angles, i. e., along the side of the nullah. Not a good arrangement, as it turned out. We stationed ourselves, Lee on the left, D. and the rajah together, as the jungle was too thick for her to be alone; then myself, about a hundred yards to the right. Fifty yards beyond me we stationed a shikari with a shotgun to act as "stop," i. e., if he saw the bear coming towards him it meant the bear was outside our line and would get through on our right, so he had instructions to fire, but on no consideration to hit the bear, but to scare him back into the beat again.

"Stop" Makes Blunder. Very soon the beat began, and about of "Wharlu" filled the air. It was silence for a space, and then a shot was fired on my right, following the "woof-woof" of a bear as he dashed down towards the beaters. The fool of a "stop" had fired at the animal and hit him with the shotgun. There was sure to be trouble, so I got up and ran down through the jungle in the direction the bear had gone. But quick as I was, I was too late. The wounded bear had met a beater on his way down and had mauled him badly, taking most of his face away and clawing him severely about the body. The poor fellow looked done for; there was no time to stop, and I rushed on, to find the bear mauling another man. On seeing me he left the man and charged full at me. I have never seen such a sight as he looked as he came toward me, covered with blood, his eyes glaring and red, and a terrible wound in his side. I let him get close up to me, and then gave him the 577 between the eyes.

Over he went, and did not move again. Then the head shikari, with great presence of mind and pluck, came from behind a bush, stalked the dead bear carefully, and at two yards fired, but unfortunately missed, even at that range. He would not believe it was really dead, and kept saying, "Kube dhar, sahib," and was not convinced till I sat on his head. Just then the rajah came puffing through the jungle, thinking I was still in my place, yelling to me to bring him more cartridges. The bear measured six feet seven inches.

The next thing was to attend to the unfortunate beater. The worst case we sent off at once to the hospital at Srinagar, where the other followed next day, after being doctored by us in camp.

Later we had many good bear hunts, though without any particular incidents, and managed to bag a fair number of animals. D. accounting for a creditable share. We also incidentally managed to get a considerable amount of other game, such as musk-deer, scrow and pig, besides any amount of duck and snipe shooting. Our host had been most kind and hospitable, given us the time of our lives, and we were most sorry to part company in November, when we returned to Calcutta.

War as a Home-Maker. "I can't blame the young women for falling in love with the members of the National Guard," said the neighbor. "They look so fine and manly in their uniforms and so capable of deeds of heroism!"

"Neither do I," answered the other woman, who was considerably older. "My husband is a Spanish war veteran, and I made a hero of him when the boys went away in 1898. And I have never regretted it."

"Ah! So there is a lasting quality behind all the glitter and uniforms!" "Yes, indeed. A few months of government rations were enough to keep him from complaining about home cooking for the rest of his natural life. Let the girls fall in love with the boys who go to the front—but let them insist that they really go to the front."

Fight a Bloodless Duel

M. Callieux and M. d'Allieres Meet on Field of Honor—One Shoots into Sky, One into Ground.

Paris.—A bloodless duel was fought at the Parc des Princesses, between Joseph Callieux, former French minister of finances, and his political rival, M. d'Allieres. Following the decision of their seconds that they must meet on the field of honor the men faced each



Joseph Callieux.

other with pistols at 35 paces. Callieux, who fired first, pointed the muzzle of his pistol to the sky; d'Allieres fired into the ground. Then General Dubouché, formerly military governor of Paris, who acted as master of ceremonies, declared honor satisfied.

THEIR TO MILLIONS WORKS ON

Professor Declares He Will Stay With School Until Old Age Retires Him.

Pittsburgh.—Prof. E. M. Wollack of the chair of languages at the Pittsburgh Normal, who may be the richest school teacher in the United States, will stay in the schoolroom and work the rest of his wealth.

Professor Wollack and his son will own a \$25,000,000 estate in Berlin.

CAT AND HEN FIRM QUITS

Owner of Queer Combination Dissolves It to Save Litter of Kittens.

San Jose, Cal.—Without the formality of going to court, Will M. Beggs, San Jose attorney, has dissolved a partnership which has had even the nature fakers guessing of late. A house cat and a pet hen at the Beggs home started housekeeping on the partnership plan. When the cat wished to go out and make a call on the back fence the hen would spread her wings over the litter of kittens.

When Mrs. Hen had a date it was the accepted thing to see the cat mothering a brood of young chickens. The rough feet of the hen, however, threatened to do serious damage to the tender fur of the young kittens, and Beggs decided to separate them. He established two households in separate inclosures.

BISHOP CRUCIFIED BY REBELS

Catholic Clergyman Nailed to Cross by Zapata's Men, Who Demanded Church Funds.

San Francisco.—Among the tales of revolution atrocities told by refugees from the west coast of Mexico is that of the crucifixion of the Catholic bishop of Chalapa. A band of Zapata's soldiers called on the bishop to surrender the funds of his church. He refused, whereupon the soldiers are said to have nailed him to an upright cross and left him to die.

HUSBAND PAINTED WIFE'S FACE

New York.—In her suit for divorce, Mrs. Joseph Hyams charged that her husband painted her face while she was sleeping and then called her son to see the "Indian." Hyams replied that she made up to win the affections of other men.

STUFFED WIFE'S MOUTH WITH CURRENTS

New York.—That her husband stuffed her mouth with currents and forced her to swallow them to silence her protests because he stayed out until 4 a. m., is one of the complaints of Alice Lindeman, who is suing for a separation.

Pantalon Gown Causes Arrests. New York.—Vivian, Florence and Ida Ferry, sisters, were arrested for wearing pantalon gowns in the Brooklyn shopping district.