

# The City of Numbered Days

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niouola irrigation dam, meets J. Wesley Cortwright and his daughter, Genevieve, and explains the reclamation work to them. Cortwright sees a big chance to make money, organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material. Steve Massingale threatens to start a gold rush if Brouillard does not influence President Ford to build a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the ore from the "Little Susan" mine. On a visit to Amy Massingale at her father's mine Brouillard tells her of his need for money to pay off his dead father's debts. She tells him to be true to himself. He decides for the extension. Mirapolis, the city of numbered days, booms. Cortwright persuades Brouillard to become consulting engineer of the land to become electric power company in return for \$100,000 stock. Stoppage of work on the railroad threatens a panic. Brouillard spreads the Massingale story of placer gold in the river bed and starts a gold rush. The gold rush promises to stop the reclamation project. Amy tells Brouillard that her father has incorporated the "Little Susan" and in Cortwright's name. He tells her he has made \$100,000 and declares his love. Amy loves him but shows him that he has become demoralized. Massingale's place of gold find was a fraud, but a real find is made.

Suppose, young man, that the brother of the girl you loved got himself into very serious trouble and that she could be saved much sorrow and he very severe punishment only if you gave up the best job you ever had and cleared out of the state. Would you make the sacrifice?

### CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"I didn't know you could be so convincing," was Miss Genevieve's comment. "It was splendid! Nobody will ever believe that you are going to go on building your dam and threatening to drown us, after this."

"What did I say?" queried Brouillard, having, at the moment, only the haziest possible idea of what he had said.

"As if you didn't know!" she laughed. "You congratulated everybody. And the funny thing about it is that you didn't say a single word about the Niouola dam."

"Didn't I?" That shows how completely your father has converted me, how helplessly I am carried along on the torrent of events."

"But you are not," she said accusingly. "Deep down in your inner consciousness you don't believe a little bit in Mirapolis. You are only playing the game with the rest of us, Mr. Brouillard."

Gorman, Mr. Cortwright's ablest trumpeter in the real-estate booming, was holding the plaza crowd spellbound with prophetic outlining of the Mirapolitan future.

In the middle distance and background the buildings on the opposite side of the plaza, rose the false work of the great dam—a standing forest of sawed timbers, whose afternoon shadows were already pointing like a many-fingered fate toward the city of the plain. But, though the face of the speaker was toward the shadowing forest, his words ignored it. "The snow-capped Timayonis," "the mighty Chiringo," and "the golden-veined slopes of Jack's mountain" all came in for eulogistic mention; but the massive wall of concrete, with its bristling parapet of timbers, had no part in the orator's flamboyant descriptive.

Brouillard loved Amy Massingale with a passion which, however blind it might be on the side of the higher moralities, was still keen-sighted enough to assure him that every plunge he made in the Mirapolitan whirlpool was sweeping him farther away from her.

He had transferred the power company's stock, minus a single share to cover his official standing on the power company's board, to Cortwright, and had opened an account at the Niouola National. The ninety-nine thousand nine hundred dollars had since grown by speculative accretions to the rounded eighth of a million which all financiers agree in calling the stepping stone to fortune.

He had regarded this money—was still regarding it—as a loan; his lever with which to pry out something which he could really call his own. But more and more possession and use were dulling the keen edge of accountability and there were moments of insight when the grim irony of taking the price of honor to pay an honor debt forced itself upon him. At such moments he plunged more recklessly, in one of them taking stock in a gold-treasure company which was to wash nuggets by the wholesale out of the Quadajen bend, in another buying yet other options in the newest suburb of Mirapolis.

With the waning of the day of celebrations the temper of the street throngs was changing. It is only the people of the Latinized cities who can take the carnival spirit lightly; in other blood liberty grows to license and the thin veneer of civilization restraints quickly disappears. From early dawn the saloons and dives had been adding fuel to the flames, and light-heartedness and good-natured horseplay were giving way to sardonic humor and brutality.

In the short faring through the crowded street from the plaza to the Metropole corner Brouillard saw and heard things to make his blood boil. Twice before he reached Bongras' cafe entrance the engineer shouldered his way to the rescue of some badgered nucleus of excursionists, and in each instance there were frightened women to be hurriedly spirited away to the nearest place of seclusion and safety. It was in front of Bongras' that Brouillard came upon Rev. Hugh Castner, the hot-hearted young zealot who had been fung into Mirapolis on the crest of the tidal wave of mining excitement. Though Honford—who had not been effaced, as Mr. Cortwright

had promised he should be—and the men of his clique called the young missionary a meddlesome visionary, he stood in the stature of a man, and lower Chiringo avenue loved him and swore by him now and then when some poor soul, hastily summoned, was to be eased off into eternity.

When Brouillard caught sight of him Castner was looking out over the seething street cauldron from his commanding height of six feet of athletic man stature, his strong face a mask of bitter humiliation and concern.

"Brouillard, this is simply hideous!" he exclaimed. "If this devil's carnival goes on until tonight we shall have a revival of the old Roman Saturnalia at its worst!" Then, with a swift blow at the heart of the matter: "You're the man I've been wanting to see; you are pretty close in with the Cortwright junta—is it true that free whisky has been dealt out to the crowd over the bar in the Niouola building?"

Brouillard said that he did not know, which was true, and that he could not believe it possible, which was not true. "The Cortwright people are as anxious to have the celebration pass off peacefully as even you can be," he assured the young missionary, trying to buttress the thing which was not true. "When riot comes in at the door, business flies out at the window; and, after all, this feast of hurrahs is merely another bid for business."

But Castner was shaking his head. "I can't answer for Mr. Cortwright personally. He and Handley and Schermerhorn and a few of the others seem to stand for respectability of a sort. But, Mr. Brouillard, I want to tell you this: somebody in authority is grafting upon the vice of this community, not only today but all the time."

"The community is certainly vicious enough to warrant any charge you can make," admitted Brouillard. Then he changed the topic abruptly. "Have you seen Miss Massingale since noon?"

"Yes; I saw her with Smith, the cattleman, at the other end of the avenue about an hour ago."

"Heavens!" cried the engineer. "Didn't Smith know better than to

you saw them, Castner?"

"They were in front of Pegleg John's in the next block. Miss Massingale was waiting for Smith, who was just coming out of Pegleg's den shaking his head. I put two and two together and guessed they were looking for Stephen."

"If they went there Miss Amy had her reasons. Let's try it," said Brouillard, and he was half-way across the street when Castner overtook him. There was a dance hall next door to Pegleg John's bar house and gambling rooms, and, though the daylight was still strong enough to make the electric garishly unnecessary, the orgy was in full swing, the raucous clanging of a piano and the shuffle and stamp of many feet drowning the monotonous cries of the sidewalk "barker," who was inviting all and sundry to enter and join the dancers. Castner would have stopped to question the "barker"—was, in fact, trying to make himself heard—when the sharp crash of a pistol shot dominated the clamor of the piano and the stamping feet. Brouillard made a quick dash for the open door of the neighboring barrel house, and Castner was so good a second that they burst in as one man.

The dingy interior of Pegleg John's, which was merely a barrel-lined vestibule leading to the gambling rooms beyond, staged a tragedy. A handsome young giant, out of whose face sudden agony had driven the brooding passion of intoxication, lay, loose-lunged, on the sawdust-covered floor, with Amy Massingale kneeling in stricken, tearful misery beside him. Almost within arm's reach Van Bruce Cortwright, the slayer, was wrestling stubbornly with Tig Smith and the fat armed barkeeper, who were trying to disarm him, his heavy face a mask of irresponsible rage and his lips bubbling imprecations.

"Turn me loose," he gritted. "I'll fix him so he won't give the governor's snap away! He'll pipe the story of the Coronida grant off to the papers!—not if I kill him till he's too dead to bury, I guess."

Castner ignored the wrestling three and dropped quickly on his knees beside Stephen Massingale, bracing the misery-stricken girl with the needed word of hope and directing her in low tones how to help him search for the wound.

But Brouillard hurled himself with an oath upon young Cortwright, and it was he, and neither the cattleman nor the fat-armed barkeeper, who wrenched the weapon out of Cortwright's grasp and with it menaced the babbling murderer into silence.

"It is exactly the size of it. I do want the 'Little Susan' and I've got a good friend or two in the Red Butte smelters who will help me get it."

Brouillard's black eyes were snapping, but his voice was quite steady when he said: "Thank you. That brings us down to the mention of the Coronida grant and Stephen Massingale's threat—which your son can't remember."

"Right-o," said Mr. Cortwright, still with predetermined geniality. "What was the threat?"

"I don't know, but the guessing list is open to everybody. There was once a grant of many square miles of mountain and desert somewhere in this region made to one Don Estacio de Montarriva Coronida. Like those of most of the great Spanish land grants, the boundaries of this one were loosely described and—"

Mr. Cortwright held up a fat hand. "I know what you're going to say. But we went into all that at Washington before we ever invested a single dollar in this valley. As you may or may not know, the reclamation service bureau tried to choke us off. But when it came down to brass tacks, they lacked a witness. We may be in the bed of your proposed lake, but we're safely on Coronida land."

"So you say," said Brouillard quietly, "and on the strength of that you have been guaranteeing titles. Just there is where Massingale comes in, I imagine. He has spent twenty years or more in this region, and he knows every landmark in it. What if he should be able to put a lighted match to your pile of kindling, Mr. Cortwright?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER XV

#### Quicksands

A short week after the reclamation service headquarters had been moved from the log-built offices on the government reservation to the commodious and airy suite on the sixth floor of the Niouola building Brouillard received the summons which he had been expecting ever since the night of rioting and lawlessness which had marked the close of the railroad celebration.

"Mr. Cortwright would like to see you in his rooms at the Metropole," was the message the office boy brought, and Brouillard closed his desk with a snap and followed the boy to Bongras'.

The shrewd-eyed tyrant of Mirapolis was in his shirt sleeves, busily dictating to two stenographers alternately, when the engineer entered the third room of the series; but the work was suspended and the stenographers were sent away as soon as Brouillard was announced.

"Well," was the millionaire's greeting, "you waited to be sent for, didn't you?"

"Why not?" said Brouillard shortly. "I have my work to do and you have yours."

"And the two jobs are at opposite ends of the string, you'd say. Never mind; we can't afford to throw each other down, and just now you can tell me a few things that I want to know. How is young Massingale getting along?"

"As well as could be expected. Caruthers—the doctor—says he is out of danger."

"H'm. It has been handed in to me two or three times lately that the old man is out gunning for Van Bruce or for me. Any truth in that?"

"I think not, Massingale is a Kentuckian, and I fancy he is quite capable of potting either one or both of you for the attack on his son. But so far he has done nothing—has hardly left Steve's bedside."

Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright fung him-

self back in his luxurious swing chair and clasped his pudgy hands over the top of his head where the reddish-gray hair was thinning reluctantly.

"I've been putting it off to see which way the cat was going to jump," he admitted. "If young Massingale is out of danger, it is time to get action. What was the quarrel about, between him and Van Bruce?"

"It occurs to me that your son would be a better source of information," said Brouillard, evading.

"Van Bruce has told me all he remembers—which isn't much, owing to his own beastly condition at the time. He says young Massingale was threatening something—something, in connection with the Coronida grant—and that he got the insane idea into his head that the only way to stop the threat was by killing Massingale."

The sandy-gray eyes of the millionaire promoter were shifting while he spoke, but Brouillard fixed and held them before he said: "Why should Massingale threaten your son, Mr. Cortwright?"

"I don't know," denied the promoter, and he said it without finching a hair's breadth.

"Then I can tell you," was the equally steady rejoinder. "Some time ago you lent David Massingale, through the



Brouillard Hurled Himself With an Oath Upon Young Cortwright.

bank, a pretty large sum of money for development expenses on the 'Little Susan,' taking a mortgage on everything in sight to cover the loan. But when the railroad was an assured fact he learned that the Red Butte smelters wouldn't take his ore, giving some technical reason which he knew to be a mere excuse."

Mr. Cortwright nodded. "So far you might be reading it out of a book."

"In consequence, David Massingale finds himself in a fair way to become a broken man by the simplest of commercial processes. The bank holds his notes, which will presently have to be paid. If he can't pay, the bank comes back on you as his indorser, and you fall back on your mortgage and take the mine. Isn't that about the size of it?"

"It is exactly the size of it. I do want the 'Little Susan' and I've got a good friend or two in the Red Butte smelters who will help me get it."

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## STUBBORNNESS HAS A VALUE

Quality Not Usually Considered Praiseworthy is All Right in the Army Mule.

The fact that a mule is stubborn may lessen his value to the average user—but the soldier is inclined to value this trait. The mule is being rated above the horse for actual use under fire on battlefields, and is much used by the artillery. An untrained horse, being nervous and high strung, is likely to dash about madly under fire, but the mule stubbornly holds his place regardless of the din. The British are now planning to mount a pair of their cavalry on the British artillery. A favorite story of the British artillery is told of the artillerymen who tried to retreat with their guns under a warm attack. The gun team of mules stubbornly refused to budge, so in desperation the gunners returned to the gun and succeeded in beating back the attack. They were warmly commended for their valor—but admitted that the praise was properly due the mules.—American Boy.

### Won His Bet.

Bill—A flea bet a kangaroo that it would go as far on a jump as the kangaroo.

Jill—Of course the flea lost the bet. "No; when the kangaroo jumped Mr. Flea hopped onto Mr. Kangaroo and went the same distance."

### Lines to Be Remembered.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

## MUCH AMERICAN MONEY IN MEXICO

Vast Wealth Invested in Mines, Oil Fields and Rubber Plantations.

### TOTAL OVER BILLION DOLLARS

Investors in Railroad Securities Hard Hit by Conditions in Recent Years —Millions in Bonds Floated in New York.

New York.—The question as to the total amount of American and foreign investments in Mexico has been much discussed in Wall street since the situation on the border reached a critical stage. Estimates run from \$1,000,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000, and most banking houses with Mexican connections are agreed that the lower figure was altogether too conservative.

For many years, in fact since the Mexican war, American capital has poured into northern Mexico because of the enormous mineral resources of the states of Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Nuevo Leon.

Many millions also have gone into the sections around Tampico, where the great oil wells are situated, and great sums have been invested in the rubber plantations of Tampico and Yucatan.

### Public Utilities Investments.

American capital has also gone into public utilities in large amounts, and American bankers and their clients have very large investments in the Mexican National railways and their subsidiaries.

The national railways of Mexico alone have stock issue of \$230,000,000 and bonds aggregating \$495,000,000. The Mexican government owns 52 per cent of the outstanding capital stock and a substantial amount of the bonds, and the remainder is owned in the United States, Great Britain and France. The preponderant interest, however, in the minority stock is held abroad. It is said that about 20 per cent also true of the bonds.

French investors have been the hardest hit by the financial difficulties of the Mexican railways resulting from the series of revolutions that has taken place in the last four years. Cash dividends and interest have been suspended for several years altogether, although some of the obligations have been paid in scrip.

It is impossible to enumerate all the mining properties in the northern part of Mexico which represent American investments. The Greene-Cannanea is one of the largest of these. It has a total capitalization of \$60,000,000, practically all of which is owned in the United States.

The American Smelting and Refining company has enormous investments in mining and refining plants throughout Mexico. It has principal refineries at Monterey, Aguascalientes and Chihuahua. These three refineries alone have an annual metal capacity of over 1,000,000 tons. The investments of the company south of the Rio Grande probably represent a total of no less than \$25,000,000.

### Mexican Petroleum Investments.

Phelps, Dodge & Co. also have very large investments, although a majority of their properties are north of the border. The Mexican Petroleum company, whose plants are entirely south of the Rio Grande and principally in the Tampico district, has a total capitalization of \$72,000,000, which consists of \$48,000,000 in preferred stock, \$12,000,000 in common stock and \$12,000,000 in bonds. The company is controlled in the United States, although a large interest is held in Great Britain.

The Southern Pacific railway owns the Southern Pacific railway of Mexi-

### SEEN ON FIFTH AVENUE



The latest craze of the summer woman of fashion is the nose ring. The picture was taken on Fifth avenue, New York, and not in the wilds of Africa. The nose ring is a dainty jeweled circle that clasps itself into the nose of any young lady who wishes to be considered chic, recherche and all that. It fits in just like an earring and is worn with the same abandon, except that the jewels, be they diamonds, sapphires or some other opportunity to bask and glisten in the sunlight. The nose ring is well known for its association with the dress of the savages. There are tribes in Africa who still ornament their noses with nose rings, but they are not the dainty little rings that milady is wearing this summer.

co, which represents an investment of \$75,000,000. Since the revolution it has suffered enormous losses in income from this property.

Lord Cowdray and the Pearson-Farquhar syndicate have placed most of the English investment in Mexico and they consist almost wholly of oil properties and public utilities.

Shortly after the Huerta regime was inaugurated there was floated in New York by a group of Wall street bankers \$25,000,000 of Mexican bonds, which are said to have been sold at an enormous discount.

The statement has been made in financial circles, on what is believed to be good authority, that Huerta subsequently issued \$75,000,000 more of the bonds, which he later sold here through his agents at 15 per cent on the face value. The proceeds, it is said, were distributed for political uses in Mexico.

### STONE IMPLEMENT IS FOUND

Strange Relic of Past Ages Discovered —Looks Like Pharmacy Pistle.

Whitish, Mont.—Chief of Police Holter found a strange relic of past ages, about eight feet below the surface, near the rifle range, west of town. It has the appearance of a pistle, an instrument used by pharmacists in the compounding of chemicals. It evidently was heaved from stone. The implement may have been used to grind corn or grain.

## ARMY IN MEXICO IS SWATTING FLY

Every Precaution Is Being Taken to Prevent Spread of Disease.

### SICK SOLDIER OF NO VALUE

Lessons of Cuban and Philippine Campaigns Not Lost—Superstitious Mexicans Expect Fulfillment Woman's Prophecy.

By GEORGE H. CLEMENTS. Correspondent of the New York Sun. Temporary Headquarters, U. S. Army, near Colonia Dublan, Mexico.—"Swat the fly" is an order which is being obeyed with alacrity along the entire line of communications from Columbus to San Antonio, Mexico, ever since the setting in of warm weather.

Up to this time no flies of the common or garden variety have appeared at Namiquipa or at other camps located on the high plateaus to the southward, but at this camp and at the camps between here and the border the house fly would be an insufferable pest were he permitted to breed and flourish without protest.

From the first it has been an invariable rule that at every camp, no matter how temporary its nature, all refuse which might furnish a nesting or breeding ground for flies must be buried before camp is abandoned. As the season advanced the rules became more rigid until now all latrines are covered and provided with fly traps of the most approved pattern to catch the vagrant flies which come in from outside the camp.

### Few Flies in Camp.

As a result of all this there are few flies to be found in any army camp, large or small, in all that portion of Mexico occupied by American troops.

All water for culinary or drinking purposes must be procured from wells or pumps which have been provided or from carefully guarded flowing springs, the origin of which has been carefully inspected. All water from shallow wells or pumps must be chemically treated or boiled. The men have been so schooled in the matter of health conservation that they make no protest against the extra work involved in the pumping of water as against dipping it from a nearby stream or in chemically treating or boiling it.

The result of this care regarding flies and water may be found in the comparatively empty hospital tents and in the few calls made upon members of the medical corps for treatment for even the most minor forms of sickness.

A sick soldier is of no value to the army in time of war and a detriment in time of peace. For that reason every effort is made to keep him healthy at all times, but particularly when his services may be needed on the firing line at a moment's notice. The lessons learned during the Cuban campaign and the later campaign in the Philippines have not been lost.

The Mexicans are nothing if not a superstitious people, at least so far as the uneducated among them are concerned, and they have a stock of folklore stories in which they place most implicit confidence. The consternation caused by the discovery of the face of the late Francisco I. Madero on the western slope of the Santa Clara mountains opposite Namiquipa a few days ago may be cited as a sample of the child-like faith of the average native in "signs."

### Old Woman's Prediction.

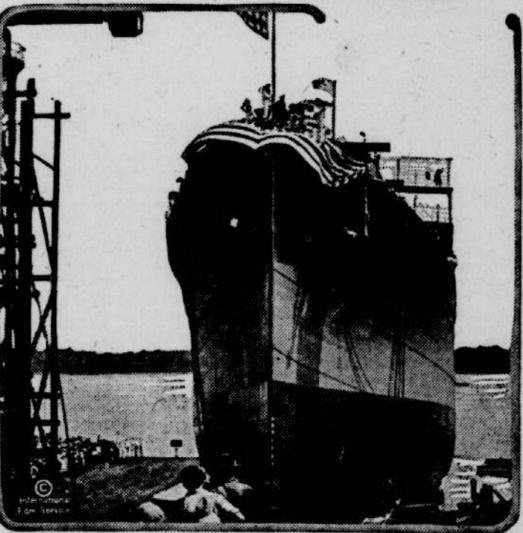
Out of the talk among them which followed the discovery of the face in the mountain has come a story new to most if not all Americans—connected with this expedition, to the effect that many years ago "an old woman" made a prediction that Mexico would at some future time pass through a period of great national stress, during which time there would be three presidents bearing the name Francisco and a fourth who should be remarkable for the great beard which he would insist upon wearing.

The story went on to say that the three "Franciscos" would occupy the presidential chair for but brief periods each, and that the bearded one would suffer death in a frightful war with a foreign power, after which a lasting though dearly bought peace would come to the country.

It is pointed out that since the coming into power of Francisco I. Madero in 1911 Mexico has had two other presidents bearing the name Francisco, Francisco de la Barra and Francisco Carvajal. To carry out the prediction of the "old woman" still further, it is pointed out by the superstitious ones who believe in "signs," that the country now has a ruler, though not called president, who insists on wearing a great beard.

Inasmuch as those who place reliance upon "signs" and the words of "old women" are for the most part fatalists, there has been a growing disposition on the part of those who have heard the prediction of the Mexican "Mother Shipton" to believe that her prophecy is about to be fulfilled and that there is little use in trying to forestall a war with a foreign nation which has been destined and want it to begin as soon as possible in order that the promised lasting peace may be ushered in.

## TRANSPORT HENDERSON LAUNCHED



The transport Henderson sliding down the ways in the League Island navy yard. The Henderson is 483 feet long, 61 feet wide, draft 19 feet. She is of 10,000 tons capacity, with 14 knots speed.

### IS TIRED OF FLAG DAYS

Protests Are Sounded in London Against