

WITH BEATEN TROOPS

CORRESPONDENT TELLS OF A
ROUT IN MEXICO.Just What It Means to Be Fleeing for
Life, With Savage Opponents
Pressing Their Victory
Closely.

I suddenly discovered that I had been hearing shooting for some time. John Reed writes in the Metropolitan. It sounded immensely far away—like nothing so much as a clicking type-writer. Even while it held our attention it grew. The barely noticeable pricking of rifles deepened and became serious. Out in front now it was practically continuous—almost the roll of a snare drum.

We could see them now, hundreds of little black figures, riding everywhere through the chaparral; the desert swarmed with them. Savage Indian yells reached us. A spent bullet droned overhead, then another; then one unspent, and then a whole flock singing fiercely. Thud! went the adobe walls as bits of clay flew. Peons and their women rushed from house to house, distracted with fear. A trooper his face black with powder and hateful with killing and terror, galloped past shouting that all was lost.

And then came the rout—a wild huddle of troopers all together, lashing their terrified horses. They passed us without stopping, without noticing, all blood and sweat and blackness. Don Thomas, Pablo Arriola, and after them little Gil Tomas, his horse staggering and falling dead right in front of us. Bullets whipped the wall on all sides of us.

"Come on, meester," said Juan. "let's go!" We began to run. As I panted up the steep opposite bank of the arroyo I looked back. Gil Tomas was right behind me with a red and black checked serape around his shoulders. Don Petronillo came in sight, shooting back over his shoulder, with Juan Santillanes at his side. In front raced Fernando Silvera, bending low over his horse's neck. All around the hacienda was a ring of galloping, shooting, yelling men; and as far as the eye could reach, on every rise of the desert, came more.

Juan Vallejo was already far ahead, running doggedly with his rifle in one hand. I shouted to him to turn off the high road and be obeyed, without looking back. I followed. It was a straight path through the desert toward the mountains. The desert was as bald as a billiard table here. We could be seen for miles. My camera got between my legs. I dropped it. My overcoat became a terrible weight. I shook it off. We could see the campers fleeing madly up the Santo Domingo road. Beyond them unexpectedly appeared a wave of galloping men—the flanking party from the south! The shooting broke out again—and then pursuers and pursued vanished around the corner of a little hill. Thank God the path was diverging from the road!

I ran on—ran and ran and ran, until I could run no more. Then I walked a few steps and ran again. I was sobbing instead of breathing. Awful cramps gripped my legs. Here there was more chaparral, more brush, and the foothills of the western mountains were near. But the entire length of the path was visible from behind. Juan Vallejo had reached the foothills, half a mile ahead. I saw him crawling up a little rise. Suddenly three armed horsemen swept in behind him and raised a shout. He looked around, threw his rifle far into the brush and fled for his life. They shot at him, but stopped to recover the rifle. He disappeared over the crest, and then they did, too.

Military Coup.

During the army maneuvers in Connecticut last summer, the Blues were doing their best to resist the advance of the Reds. To that end they "blew up" historic Washington bridge, which spans the Housatonic and connects the towns of Stratford and Milford. The disconcerting information that the structure had been "destroyed," and was therefore unavailable for crossing the river, was announced by the Reds by means of large placards conspicuously posted on the ends of the bridge.

Nevertheless, soon afterward, some Blue pickets surprised a squad of Reds in the act of crossing the bridge, and rushed upon them. "Hey, there, you idiots!" they shouted. "You can't come over that way! Don't you know there isn't any bridge there?"

The Reds, caught in a serious breach of the rules, were in a most embarrassing position, but the quick wit of one of them saved the day. "Go on—idiots yourselves!" he retorted, indignantly. "Can't you fellows see that we're swimming!"—Youth's Companion.

Acquits Nero of Incendiarism.
According to an archeologist who has been lecturing in Rome, Nero was in no way responsible for the burning of the Imperial city. Nor were the early Christians, who have at various times been accused of incendiarism. There was a full moon the night of the conflagration, and the learned professor deduces therefrom that the fire must have had an accidental origin, since incendiarism would have been too risky in the circumstances.

But the legend of Nero's fiddling while the city burned is likely to persist, even in spite of the fact that the tower from which he is alleged to have watched the flames was not built until after his death.

DIFFER AS TO IDEAL WOMAN

Should She Be Plump or Slender, Is a
Question Over Which There
Is Controversy.

One of the London papers has put the question to its readers, "Is the slender woman or the plump woman the ideal type?" It arose from a disagreement among the physiological and artistic authorities. The American doctors have declared that the plump woman is the standard, while the English artists say that the thin woman approaches more nearly to the normal type. "There is no question," writes one, "that the 'new figure,' long and willowy, the result of the modern athletic movement, is superior in quality and natural grace to the old short and stumpy figure. The tall, thin woman is freer and more healthy, and is a better comrade for her husband."

Another says: "Surely there is a golden mean between the plump and the meager. Let a woman aim at keeping her mind active and her body fit, and she will find that she can have a good figure—which seems to me highly illogical. Who has not known women with the most active of minds and of bodies whose figures, according to the received standard, are absolutely 'dowdy'?" "A Woman of Forty" writes sensibly, "Why not recognize the fact that there may be several equally good physical types? The girl of twenty may properly be slim, while the woman in the thirties looks quite as normal, if she is plump."—Leslie's Weekly.

READY TO SUPPLY SPEECHES

London Man, for a Consideration, Will
Come to the Aid of the Poor
Speaker.

A little, quiet, book-lined office in the heart of the West end of London is occupied by a gentleman who is prepared to turn out speeches for all occasions. During a recent interview the speechmaker-in-chief remarked that, while speeches have often been written by others than those who deliver them, he thinks his is the first attempt to concentrate the supply and to establish the new profession of gentleman speechmaker.

"I am as ready with an after-dinner speech as any other," he said. "They can be bright or serious, as required, and I have already prepared a good many speeches, which have been delivered with success in different parts of the country. 'Impromptus' are a specialty."

"The method is simple enough. I ask clients to supply me with any local allusions they require, and an idea, if they have one, of the trend of the speech. The rest they can leave to me. I have made a practise of attending all the functions I could for years past, so I know exactly the speech that is popular at garden parties or foundation stone layings, at chapel extension meetings or after-dinner. I have a good store of anecdotes, and as I am not a recluse, but go about and know what is in the air, I am able to supply the most up-to-date allusions."

Unknown but Common Germs.

Measles and chickenpox are the commonplaces of every household; but their germs have eluded the most elaborate attempts at detection. Back in the eighteenth century Jenner conquered smallpox with vaccination; but the most industrious search for 30 years has disclosed no trace of the smallpox microbe. Medical men deal with an unknown agent today, just as Jenner did 100 years ago. Reed and Carroll showed us how to conquer yellow fever; no one, however, has succeeded in imprisoning any micro-organism of the disease. Scarlet fever, one of the most contagious diseases known, has also successfully hidden its secret. Pasteur, who discovered a way to control hydrophobia, searched patiently for its organism, but did not find it. Typhus fever, the scourge of American cities 50 years ago, still prevails in attenuated form; but no one has isolated its agent. Trachoma, a disease introduced chiefly by immigration, has also so far concealed its definite cause.—World's Work.

Anyway, They're Good.

Henry Cabot Lodge, in his "Early Memories," tells a number of good anecdotes. Perhaps the best of all is the legend which Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to have placed on his door when he began practicing as a physician: "The smallest fevers thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged." Another notice that was put on a door is mentioned by Mr. Lodge. It was on the door of Mr. Evans, when, as secretary of state, he was besieged by applicants for consulates and other minor diplomatic posts, and it read: "Come ye disconsolate!" That, one hastens to admit, is the anecdote, and nobody will pretend that an anecdote is necessarily true.

Speech Made to Dead Man.

Karl Gimpert, a concert agent, who died at Berlin a few days ago, left the whole of his estate to a priest, with the following reservation: "I consider that death is a private affair, and therefore I request that no one except the priest to whom I leave my property shall accompany my coffin to the cemetery, where he will deliver an address."

This clause of the will was observed, and the priest made a speech over the open grave. A public notary, who stood at a distance as a witness that the terms had been fulfilled, was the only other person present.

NO LACK OF NERVE THERE

According to Old Farmer, He Knew
One Man Who Could Almost
Supply a Country.

"What is going to bring back the good times?" asked the old farmer of the grocer to whom he had sold his early rose potatoes at less than last year's prices.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "nothing ails this country today but lack of nerve. We had a panic and people got scared. There might have been some reason for this scare at first, but that passed away long ago. If we'd all go it now and have nerve things would be all right."

"You think that would do it, eh?"

"I'm sure of it. Have you seen any signs of improvement down your way?"

"Yes, a slight sign. That is, I know a feller who's got his nerve with him."

"Yes?"

"He owed me \$3 when the panic set in, and, of course, I held off about asking for it. 'Tain't my way to drive nobody to the wall. I jest let him go until the other day, and then I met him and said:

"'Jim, what about them \$3?"

"'What \$3?"

"'Them three you owed me for wood when the panic set in."

"'Why, you darned old scoundrel, instead of me owing you \$3 for wood you owe me \$4 for work, and if you don't pay it inside of a week I'll begin a lawsuit agin ye!"

"That's one of the slight signs down our way of folks getting their nerve back," continued the farmer, "and if it spreads all over the country I hain't going to say whether it will bring back good times or bring on such a pinch that paper collars will go up to \$5 a box, and we'll have to use dried catnip for smoking tobacco."—Exchange.

How to Be 100 Years Old.

Celebrating her one hundred and second birthday down in Philadelphia a few days ago, Aunt Mary Bender, with hair not yet wholly gray, and with strength enough to do her share of the work, told how to keep young in spite of time.

"Just take care of yourself and nature will do the rest. Early to bed and early to rise. Be careful what you eat. Look on the bright side of things and—keep busy."

Aunt Mary ought to know. Her granddad lived to be one hundred and four, and both of her parents crowded the century mark.

"Keep busy!" There you have the big end of the recipe. Of course, you must also try to keep healthy—that is, you mustn't wilfully abuse the body God gave you.

But to keep busy, to keep interested in congenial and useful service, is the main thing. Idleness kills. Fretting kills. Grinding on sand in the machinery kills. But wholesome, interesting, well-varied work—that never kills.

Beresford's Dilemma.

Lord Charles Beresford, the English naval officer, once landed at New York, and was immediately asked to dinner by a deputation of prominent men, who would take no denial. He appeared at the banquet in morning dress, his hosts all being correctly attired, and he began his speech by apologizing for his apparent lack of good manners.

He had confided his difficulty, he said, in being at the eleventh hour without evening clothes, to the hotel manager, who told him that the matter was quite easy, and that he had only to start a trifle early and call in at Messrs. So-and-so, 963 Something avenue, off Forty-nine hundred and Fifty-second street, where he would be accommodated in no time.

To his dismay, however, the shopkeeper expressed his regret and inability to comply with his request, and said, "The fact is, sir, I have generally some 25 suits of evening clothes on hire, but there's a big dinner in the city tonight to Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and they have all been loaned out!"—Youth's Companion.

No Hesitation.

During a municipal campaign in Chicago a politician dropped in one morning to see a certain grocer. During the conversation that took place, the politician asked, "And I may count upon your support, may I not?"

"Why, no, I am sorry to say," replied the grocer. "The fact is, I have promised my support to the other candidate."

The politician laughed. "Ah," said he, "in politics, promising and performing are two different things."

"In that case," said the grocer cordially, "I shall be glad to give you my promise, sir."—Lippincott's.

Rocking Chair Her Coffin.

The body of Mrs. Louise Cunningham was placed on a rocking chair instead of in a casket at her funeral at Philadelphia. This was done in accordance with a wish of the dead woman, who was formerly a vaudeville dancer and the wife of Jerry Cunningham, the minstrel.

Mrs. Cunningham's body lay in a rocking chair among the mourners. The hands were peacefully folded and the head reclined a little to one side, as though in slumber. Following the ceremony the body was cremated, as Mrs. Cunningham had desired.

As on the Map.

Old Lady—So you've been to Italy, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—Yes, madam; all over it.

Old Lady—Well, tell me truly, does it look so much like a boot?

SCANLON SANG FOR PARTY

And Even After That, He Used to
Claim, Chinamen Attended Theater
to Hear Him Again.

When W. J. Scanlon was in the show business, he invaded Washington on one occasion with a brand new comic opera. In order to give the piece a fine send-off, he formulated the plan of sending free tickets for boxes to the president, the cabinet members and other men high in social life.

"That won't do," one of his newspaper friends told him. "Too common. Do something picturesque. Why don't you go after Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister? If you get him, he will bring down a lot of other diplomatic people."

Scanlon fell for the proposition, and called at the Chinese legation.

"What sort of a show is this?" asked Wu.

"It's a comic opera," replied Scanlon.

"Any good jokes in it?"

Scanlon said it was full of good jokes.

"Tell me some of them," commanded Wu.

Scanlon did so, and Wu got such a series of laughs out of them that he sent for his whole establishment, numbering 32 people, and made the embarrassed Scanlon tell them all over again.

"Now," continued Wu, "are there any good songs in this show?"

"The show had so many good songs," declared Scanlon, "that we had to throw some of them away."

"All right," said Wu. "Sing me some of the best."

"I sang them," said Scanlon, telling the story afterward. "But that wasn't so remarkable. I had to sing 'em. There were 32 Chinamen to make me sing 'em. The amazing part of the thing was that all 32 of them came to see the show that night."—Popular Magazine.

NATURE LAVISH IN HER GIFTS

Scientific Experiments Have Shown
How Prolific in Plant Life Six
Ounces of Mud Can Be.

Gardeners and other botanical experts may like to know of the two following experiments which illustrate very graphically the lavish way that nature goes about her work.

One year, in the month of February, Darwin removed from three different parts of a small pond three table-spoonfuls of mud, weighing in all six and three-quarters ounces.

This he placed in a breakfast cup and kept it, covered up in his study, for six months. By the end of that time he had removed in all 537 plants.

Another interesting experiment was carried out by a Scotch gentleman a few years ago. In a patch of soil, taken from a hedge roof of about 28 inches long by 11 inches wide and 28 deep, he planted a dozen acorns and took note of the number of plants which grew from seed naturally contained in the soil.

At the end of the year he had taken out, as they came up, 155 plants! The following year 56 more plants were removed, and in the two succeeding years 211!

Blind Watchmakers.

Blind people—those who have been born blind—are, as is well known, exceedingly clever with their fingers, but it is not often that we hear of a watchmaker who was born blind. And yet there have been instances of the kind.

A famous blind watchmaker lived at Holbeck, in Lincolnshire, England. His name was Rippin, and, although completely blind, he could take to pieces and put together again watches of most delicate construction with the greatest ease, and in quicker time than most watchmakers who have the advantage of good eyesight. On one occasion some of the tiny wheels and screws used in his trade were stolen from him, but the thief was captured with the property on his person, and Rippin identified them by his delicate sense of touch.

A Barnstable watch and clockmaker brought up his blind son to his trade, and the young man proved so skillful that on more than one occasion he detected faults in timepieces which other tradesmen had failed to discover.

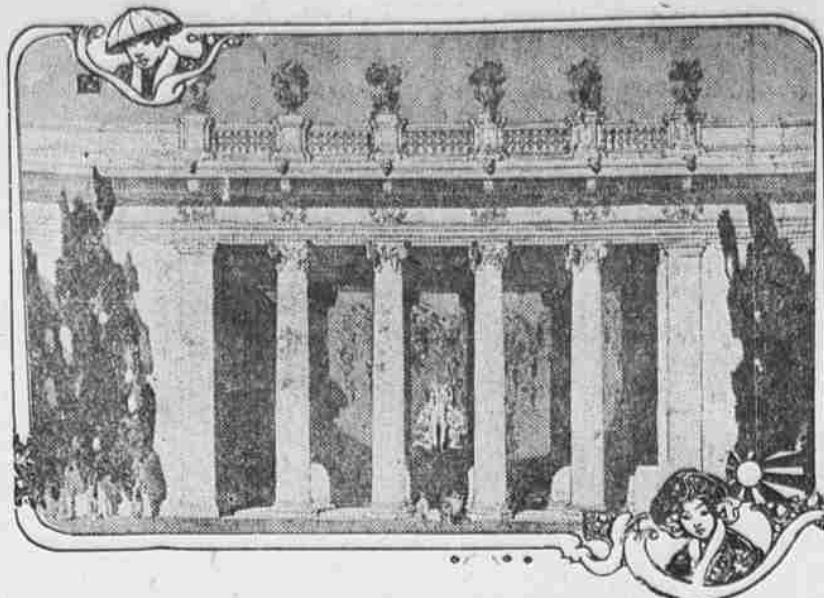
Read to Typesetters.

Reading aloud was once an occupation in London—and among the most unlikely persons you can imagine—compositors, says the London Chronicle. There may possibly be members of this "chapel" who can recollect the time when one of their number was told off to read the newspaper or the latest book while their busy fingers set up the type. This is probably the best instance of the ability to do two things at once, for the reading of manuscript and composing and listening to and comprehending spoken words are both of them intellectual tasks, while cigarmaking, such as in Cuba, is purely mechanical, leaving the mind completely free to follow the reader.

Manners.

A young woman, her arms filled with packages, slowly entered a car, followed closely by a gruff-looking man who, in his rush to get the only vacant seat, trod on the young woman's dress, and nearly toppled her over. He received a cold stare, but it brought forth only a grunt. Flopping into the seat and leaving the heavily burdened woman standing, the man growled:

"Why don't you hold up yer skirts?"



STUDY OF THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

TO the west of the great Court of Honor at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will come the Court of Four Seasons, one of the most elaborate and beautiful of the great interior courts that will lie between the huge exhibit palaces of the main group. The walls of the court will be partly formed by the palaces of Liberal Arts and of Education and by the two great wings of the Palace of Agriculture and partly by the classic colonnades and peristyles that will connect these buildings. The Court of Four Seasons, in classic Italian architecture, is designed by Mr. Henry Bacon of New York, designer of the Lincoln Memorial. In harmony with the title of the court there will, in each of its four corners, be set groups of statuary symbolical of the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The sculpture will be set in niches screened by colonnades. Mural paintings, also suggestive of the seasons, will form the background for the setting. Mr. Jules Guerin, the noted artist, has charge of the color plan. The Court of Four Seasons will be 340 feet square.



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