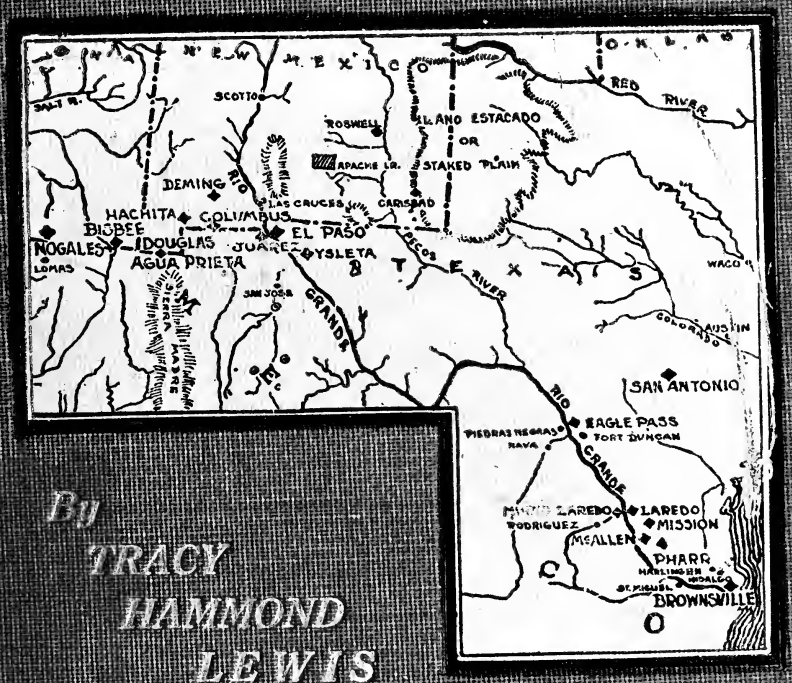
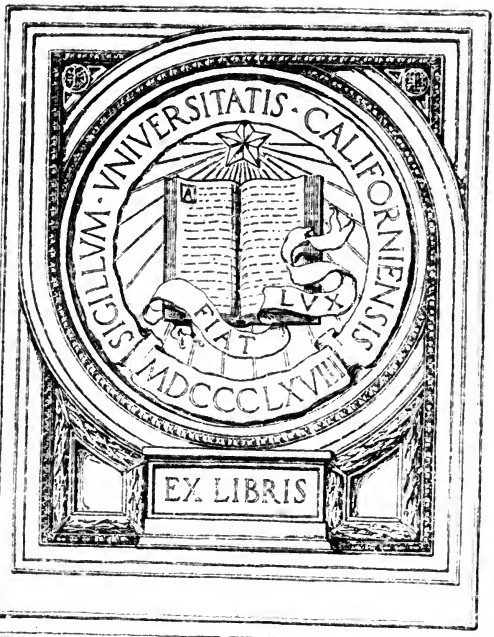
Along the Rio Grande



By

TRACY HAMMOND LEWIS



The senorita atones for a multitude of sins.

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

BY

TRACY HAMMOND LEWIS

Illustrations by

OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

NEW YORK
LEWIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1916

This Book
Is Dedicated to
WILLIAM EUGENE LEWIS
The Best Father
Have Ever Had
T. H. L.

PREFACE

To gather material for this book the author wandered in July and August, 1916, along the Rio Grande as a warless war correspondent. Disappointed in the absence of sanguinary battles, he turned his attention to the less bloodthirsty inhabitants and the country in which they lived, and felt it had been worth the journey.

What he has said concerning them was written hastily from day to day for the New York Morning Telegraph, to which he is indebted for the permission to reprint it.

He does not offer this book for literary merits, nor has he any "message" to convey. For this he apologizes. He has described conditions only as he found them and persons whom he has met, without coloring to suit a purpose.

If he conveys to the reader a small part of the interest and strangeness of the land by the Rio Grande his mission shall have been fulfilled—the "message" can be reserved for some distant date.

T. H. L.

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CHAPTER I.

On the Way to the Border and the Unexpectedness of El Paso.

It wasn't until I reached Texarkana—a town which being not completely in Texas nor Arkansas is not fish nor is it fowl—that I realized, perhaps in addition to reporting any news made by Messrs. Villa and Carranza, there might, after all, be a further and definite mission in my trip to the border.

I fix Texarkana as the place where I first saw light because it isn't until a long way from St. Louis that one finds a noticeable change in the country, and during the deep watches of the night I had slept as no one in a far country on a train hurdling countless switches has a right to sleep.

My mission, to make a long story longer, is to correct the misinterpretation under which the South has been suffering since the Civil War first brought it to the attention of its Northern brethren.

There are three things that make the South different from any other place—cotton, coons and caloric, and concerning them gross misrepresentations have been made to the people of such parts of the country where ice isn't jewelry.

It is astonishing how much one can learn of a race by observing it from a train window. I feel now as if I thoroughly understand the Southern colored people. With

the knowledge I have become convinced that they are not as I had been led to believe—lazy, shiftless and thoughtless.

Negroes are divided into two classes, those standing and those sitting down. In Texas latitude I do not believe the walking negro exists. But standing or sitting they show a perseverence, tirelessness and a tenderheartedness that their pale-faced brother (who isn't very pale down here) might do well to imitate.

No work is too absorbing for them to drop when a train rushes by. This is due partly to their desire to obtain the wholesome exercise of waving and partly because their kindheartedness forbids them to allow the traveller to speed onward toward God knows what without some little thing to lighten his way.

Naturally, with the number of trains that pass every day, this task of waving to all of them is no simple one and the Texas negro (no Texan would know him by that name) has reduced the operation to one of the greatest efficiency (another quality with which he has seldom been justly accredited). As the train approaches his arm is raised slowly in front. As the train roars past a slight quivering, like that of an aspen leaf, affects the hand. This continues until the train is well by. His arm again sinks back to its normal position and then, with the wonderful imagination which I find a characteristic of the colored workers, he stands motionless, watching the train out of sight, wondering what its destination may be, what awaits the innocent travellers within and whether God will ever be kind enough to allow it to return past the field in which he is working. With a sigh he turns back to his task, and if he seems to be less

industrious than he should it is not because of any laziness on his part.

Again it is due to his kindheartedness. He fears if he sets too hard a pace his comrades will follow his example. He fears also their strength is not equal to his and the thought makes him slow and cautious.

The other class, the sitting negro, is seen usually in his hut, which is perfectly oblong, unpainted, and has on it somewhere or other a porch. The sitting negro is the dreamer, the planner of his community. He gives scant consideration to himself, but sits there, sits there forever wondering how he can be of benefit to his fellowmen, wondering how he is going to obtain a college education for those six pickanninies you see sprawled out on the steps. At times it might seem that his black head, which is bowed forward on the white undershirt, that with a pair of blue overalls complete his attire, is lost in slumber, but those who really understand him know it is merely the intensity of his thought that gives this appearance.

My discoveries about the heat and cotton were made at almost the same time. On my way to the smoking room I noticed that the thermometer stood at 96 degrees. I thought no more about it until, after I had taken my seat, a leathery-faced individual attached to an enormous brown cigar bent a challenging look upon me and said:

"Rather warm, humh?"

I thought it best not to argue about a little matter like 96 degrees. But the heat is not oppressive. Unless one breathes it into his lungs, a process which is apt to scorch them, and thereby heat up his blood, he will not feel the effect of the increased temperature in the least.

I must admit, however, that it gives one a rather queer feeling to see some pond, which has reached the boiling point, steaming away out in the cool green fields.

The heat results in one being able to procure hot water in the trains from the tap labelled "hot," but the pleasure which one obtains from this source is somewhat moderated by the fact that hot water flows with equal celerity from the one with "cold" written thereon.

As I looked out of the smoker window I saw an endless rolling hill of young plants.

"Some potato field," I remarked to my hot weather friend, for I was impressed by the extent of the acreage.

"Them ain't potatoes, they's cotton," he answered more severely than I thought necessary.

Then I knew what a tremendous imposition is being practiced on the Northern States. That green potatoey looking stuff was no more the soft white material that we call cotton than an Alabama chipmunk is like a Pomeranian. For some mysterious reason the South has been deceiving us, and before I turn northward again I intend to learn the reason.

El Paso is quite as surprising a proposition as one would wish to find. One would expect after riding through hundreds of miles of sun-scorched cactus, mesquite and rocks, with small quantities of alkali dust scattered sparingly between, to come upon a city in which there lived only those who were blind, halt or without interest in life and what it offered.

The train window gives little hint of the productivity that the land contiguous to El Paso really contains. With little exception all in sight is the stretch of barren hills on the other side of the Rio Grande in Mexico with

the equally barren Davis range on the north. Occasionally one sees herds of cattle, with a few horses thrown in to keep them company, roaming along in a thin, aimless fashion. They seem to be continually searching for something, which something is doubtless water or a bite to eat, for in most of the places, it requires forty acres of land apiece to furnish them nourishment, and the water is few and far between.

A bridge is crossed and near it are the tents of the soldiers doing guard duty, and if the trains are going slowly enough, which is usually the case, they yell to have newspapers thrown off to them. For a few minutes the air is filled with fluttering white.

Farther away, among the green of the mesquite along the Rio Grande, which is a few miles distant from the tracks, brown tents can just be distinguished from time to time.

It doesn't take many miles of this sort of country to cause one to be startled when the factories, smelters and other buildings burst out from the plains just outside of El Paso. The shock is made somewhat greater when one actually finds himself in the middle of a city after leaving the train. Seven-story buildings are common enough, so an El Pasoan can almost look indifferent when he points them out.

Its population is 70,000. I had this astonishing bit of information thrown at my receptive head by a taxi driver, who, after surveying me with a critical air, charged me in payment for his information fifty cents for a ride which, I was later told should have been "two bits." I was advised that if I wished I could consider its numbers 80,000, for with its immediately adjacent suburbs, such

as Fort Bliss, it reaches this total. However, I didn't care to do so, for somehow or other I had a feeling that it would be expensive.

By judicious inquiry I ascertained that the people who have settled in this place are for the most part, in spite of my previous fears, in full possession of their senses and could go to other places if they cared to do so. I did not glean this from any of the hackmen. El Paso is the commercial, mining and agricultural center of this part of Texas. Long years ago, before even the extremely ancient men who are one of the features of hotel life here, were attacking the slats on their cradles, the Apache Indians, with their excellent method of regulating their household affairs, set their wives to cultivating land, then rich and fertile.

Along about 1840, unless some one has been lying to me, white men began to outnumber the Indians and suggest that they move elsewhere.

Several years after this lumbermen, by clearing off the timber along the Rio Grande in New Mexico and Arizona, caused El Paso to suffer from droughts and floods, according to season, with a resultant damage to farming conditions. This has all been remedied by a tremendous dam, the Elephant Butte, recently built. Through the irrigation this makes possible 188,000 acres of land have been reclaimed, 48,000 of which lie in Texas.

Near El Paso are raised large quantities of cattle, alfalfa, grain and other crops.

Just at present—July, 1916—the streets are filled with soldiers and "greasers," the native white population sinking into insignificance beside the striking appearance

of the former. When the rest of the National Guard, now on its way, reaches El Paso there will be 75,000 troops encamped in its vicinity, and, without including the large numbers of Mexicans who have taken refuge there to escape the enthusiasms of their kind, there are 20,000 "greasers" infesting the streets at one time or another.

There is the fear constantly stored away in the back of the El Pasoan mind that these Mexicans will take it into their heads to have a specially-appointed uprising at the expense of the Americans who happen to be in the city at the time. To guard against this there are squads of soldiers constantly doing guard duty, and, although such an uprising might result in the loss of a great many lives, it would not require much time to suppress it. Not long ago, when a large fire broke out there, 300 men came from Camp Cotton on their military motorcycles in seven minutes. It is a distance of about three miles. The armed presence of so many "los grin-gos" has got the Mexicans pretty well subdued, and it is not very probable, unless they get a lot of bad whisky packed away beneath their belts or some of their brethren from across the river sally forth in a raid, that they will attempt any uprising.

There are many American refugees in town, most of them being in the mining business, but, aside from this, there is very little of what the hotel man calls "transient trade," and business is not as good as it usually is at this time of year, and all possible attempts are being made by the citizenry to make the honest soldier recompense them for the misfortune which near war has brought upon El Paso. Families of the militia in particular will doubtless soon be hearing loud cries for additional funds.

CHAPTER II.

In Old Juarez.

Like a trip to Chinatown to the round-eyed visitor who wishes to "see New York," a journey across the Rio Grande into the Mexican border town of Juarez affords the greatest amount of excitement to him who seeks thrills in the town of El Paso.

Since the recently strained relations with Mexico all Americans have been requested to leave the city. All that one now sees over there are the sullen brown faces of the Mexicans, the large majority of whom are peons. American Consular Agent Edwards himself has departed and is making his headquarters at El Paso.

I went over upon my arrival in El Paso with J. Y. Baskin, a commission merchant who has large interests in Mexico and makes the trip across the river daily. He is rather skeptical of the amount of danger involved.

"If a person keeps sober and minds his own business there is no reason at all why he should have any trouble with the Mexicans. Farther in it might be different, but in Juarez a drunken native and possible arrest are the chief things to avoid."

We drove out in a machine along South Santa Fe street, which rapidly changes in character from the low business buildings near El Paso to the adobe houses of the peons, almost the only persons to be found in that part of town, which is known as the Chihuahua District. The bridge leading over the Rio Grande to the Mexican town

is reached and on the American side are groups of militia, part of whom are acting as a patrol and the rest there merely from a desire to look across at the "greasers" on the other side and dream of a battle with them, which is far too slow, in their eyes, in coming.

Our car was stopped and the guards searched under the seats to make sure that nothing illegal was taken to the other side. At the farther end of the bridge we halted again to obtain permission from the Mexican patrol to proceed into the city.

It is hard to adjust oneself at first to the sudden jump from the busy, noisy, prosperous El Paso to the sleepy, penniless city of starving peons. It has changed from the riotous town of gambling and vice that it was a few years ago. All that one now sees in the streets are the lowest class of Mexicans and hundreds of idling Carranza soldiers who are glad of the opportunity to fight and take their chance of being killed in return for food and Carranza money, even though the latter is practically worthless, except in payment for express, railroad fare and telegraph tolls.

The Silver King, the Cafe Negro, the Big Kid, the Tivoli, the Mexican Monte Carlo and the Black Cat Dance Hall, which Jack London described as the most depraved in the country, are no longer the scenes of activity that they were when Villa tucked away in his jeans $80,000 monthly from the vice concessions. In those good old days that ingenious bandit added to his income by slapping on a revenue tax on all liquor except that which he had freighted over the river at night.

A murder was a small matter in the Black Cat. An El Pasoan recalls one night there when two stabbings took

place. The victims were carried out to the street and the dancing never stopped.

Even when times were less troubled than at present Juarez frequently proved a trifle too exciting for American citizens. A party of newspaper men from this city were once sitting in the Cafe Negro peacefully sipping their drinks. At a table across the room was a big, swarthy Mexican with two senoritas. A note was handed to one of the women and instantly the Mexican snatched it away and demanded who sent it. She nodded toward the door, which happened to be in the direction of the journalists, though all had easy consciences. The Mexican singled out one of the group as the guilty party and the first inkling the latter had of the excitement created was the blurred vision of a vase hurtling by his head propelled by the senorita's champion. Happily his aim was as bad as his intentions. The Mexican quickly followed the vase and in a couple of seconds was standing over the American with a gun pressed tightly against his victim's stomach, demanding an explanation.

"It was the longest three minutes I ever had," said the newspaper man in speaking about it to me. "I had my doubts whether I would be able to convince him that my actions had been perfectly innocent.

"On another occasion we stepped into the entrance to one of the places and stumbled over a sleeping guard.

" 'Carajo! Quien vive!' he cried and sank on one knee, raising his rifle. My friend gasped. 'My God,' he cried with the clearness of vision that frequently comes to one who has had as much to drink as he had, 'when they drop on one knee like that they mean to shoot.' He was probably right, but at that moment an officer fortunately

All one now sees are the lowest class of Mexicans and idling Carranza soldiers.

came running up and gave the order to cease firing. We hurried back to El Paso where we belonged."

The inside of the custom house is decorated with pictures of Mexican notables. Each new faction in power tears down those of the persons of whom they do not approve and substitutes for them their own pet idols.

The old bull ring has been burned, although fights can still be held in it. It was fired when the Maderistas took the town in 1911 and the industrious Mexicans in the intervening five years have been unable to assemble either enough energy or money to rebuild it. The ruins are still standing of Kettleson & Degetau's wholesale hardware house, the railroad station, the custom house and the post office building which were fired in the same year. Most of the other places have been patched up or completely torn down.

Throughout all the trouble that the place has seen, the impressive white cement Mission Guadalupe, which is flanked by squatty Mexican places of business, and the big Juarez racetrack have remained untouched, the former probably because of superstition, and the latter through a healthy respect of the Mexican for the $100,000 a year paid for the racing concession and the resultant crowds which it has brought in the past.

Although I was unable to go inside of it I am told that the interior of the cathedral is unique. The primitive mind of the Mexican being unable to conceive of Christ in any but a material way have a score or more realistic wax figures of Him that are revolting in their vividness. Some depict Him in a coffin, others with blood dripping from wounds—all of them offensive to those accustomed to milder methods of representation.

Several long-necked chickens, lean from nervousness caused by thieving neighbors, scurried away from in front of us, complaining at the hardness of fate. Some optimistic Mexican had planted a small patch of corn on one of the streets. How much his hungry friends will leave for him when it is ready for picking is problematical.

House after house of adobe and a few of brick we passed. Peeking out at the Gringos from the doors, or running around barefooted or naked in front of them were swarms of muchachos—the Mexican family has much in common with the rabbit.

In one yard we saw a rare sight, a woman with the inevitable black shawl over her head, giving her little brown nino a bath. The sad part of it was the baby was too young ever to recall the event. A little further along, on the banks of the irrigation canal, a few hardy youths of twelve were stripped for a swim. Bathing suits are not a civic requirement.

A few hopeful street vendors, whom none seemed to favor with a great deal of attention, strolled up the street. One with a basket of cakes was telling those who cared to listen: "Oh, que bueno, lo que traigo ahora." ("Get next to the good stuff I've got with me to-day.") An old man with a black beard on one half of his chin, a few teeth, a red shirt and wearing sandals, hovered anxiously over a haphazard goat. In a voice that once might have been musical he cried: "Fresco leche." If you or I had been doing it we would have said: "Fresh milk," and meant about the same thing. The worthy Juarez citizen has the goat milked before his eyes and is sure that he is getting it new.

Juarez is conveniently located for the residents of

El Paso who wish to watch the battles which are not as uncommon as they should be over there. A. F. Haynes, a railroad man of this city, described to me the fight when Maedro's forces took Juarez from those of Diaz in 1911.

"I was up in the tower of the El Paso station when they began to fire," he said. "I could see the puffs of smoke and hear the faint cracks from the rifles of Madero's men, led by Generals Orosco and Blanco. At the time Madero himself was stopping at the Sheldon Hotel, in this city, when word was brought to him of the engagement. He jumped into a big red automobile and dashed up Santa Fe street far up the river, where he crossed over. He wished his men to surrender, and he sent a bearer with a flag of truce on a snow-white horse.

"He rode toward the line of Maderistas. Through the glasses I saw one of the men rise up. There was a spurt of smoke and the rider dropped from his horse. His assassin didn't wish the forces he was with to surrender at this time. The rest of the troops, thinking the flag bearer had been shot by some one on the other side, were furious and went on with the attack more frenziedly than ever. The city was taken later.

"The next year Villa captured the town with a single cannon shot, after which the white flag was run up at Juarez and the place surrendered. It was following this that Villa held the executions which shocked the United States so much. Ammunition was scarce. To save it he lined his prisoners up seven deep in front of the wall and turned the machine guns on them."

Everywhere we went we saw evidences of the constant state of war in which the country of Mexico exists. Cavalrymen, all Carranzistas, some with new suits and

some with nothing but their usual flannel shirts, chaps and sombreros, rode up the street on horses that had doubtless been stolen. We passed places of business, with armed Mexicans sitting on the steps outside, and through numerous doors piles of guns could be seen within.

It is quite doubtful, unless the situation clears greatly the coming months, whether Juarez will be restored to its usual gay activity. The track will probably remain closed. Tourists will not dare nor be permitted to visit there unless some sort of order is brought about in Mexico, which at present seems extremely doubtful. Without racing and the tourists the other places will remain closed and Juarez will remain the same sleepy, famine-ridden, oppressed city it now is.

CHAPTER III.

El Paso Loves the Military—Refugees From Sonora.

Men in number sufficiently great to wipe out the entire Mexican army, should the gentlemen decide to advance on this city in a body, are stationed at or near El Paso. In July there were more than 28,000 soldiers from the States of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Michigan, with enough more expected to raise the number to 50,000. In no matter what direction one travels from the city, whether it is to Camps Pershing, Stewart, Cotton and Fort Bliss or along the border, their yellow khaki tents are bunched in all parts of the landscape.

El Paso rejoices, for a soldier's money—when he has it—is noted for its inability to stay in his pocket. The town for many years has been prosperous, but it has now reached the ultra-wealthy stage. It is catching the shekels as they fall. There is every evidence that it will be many months before the troops are recalled, since the chances for any conflict with Mexico seem extremely remote, though the danger constantly threatens.

The only thing that up to the time I visited there in July had thrown a hint of shadow into the situation was the fact that many of the militia had run out of funds. El Paso is a city of extremely high prices—one that would make New York blush for its amateurishness. Many of the State militia had not yet received their pay. The First Pennsylvania Brigade, for instance,

did not draw any recompense until July 19, which was for the latter part of June only.

However, in spite of this, El Paso is doing very well and a large number of the visitors in town are those who have heard of the good news and have come to take advantage of their opportunities.

Camps Cotton, Pershing and Fort Bliss are situated near the lines which run into town. The cars are jammed at all hours of the day with soldiers coming to the city. Those at Camp Stewart—the Fourth, Eighth and Sixth Pennsylvania Infantry and the First Pennsylvania Cavalry—are not so fortunate, as their location is eight miles from El Paso, with no trolley at hand. It means a long, hot hike for them through the alkali dust or an occasional lift from one of their trucks, for which no bodies have yet been received.

At every corner a fakir of some sort awaits their arrival. "Impromptu" auction sales are held on the street. Some "rancher" who has suddenly discovered a pressing need for funds is willing to sacrifice several precious rings which he happens to have with him, for whatever they will bring. The unfortunate man sells them, too, but before he puts up the next ring with the little white stone in it, which volunteer experts pronounce a flawless diamond, he thoroughly impresses it upon the purchaser he has practically committed a robbery by not having paid more.

If gold at panic rates fails to lure the militiaman he can go a little further down Mills street to purchase from a "first cousin of Villa" a handsomely burnished set of horns which, when lung power is applied to one extremity, will emit a low, moaning noise calculated to

conjure before the eyes of the people back home a vivid picture of the bold, bad West in which their son has been camping.

The seven motion picture shows are "turning them away," both in the daytime and at night, for, in spite of the heat, the picture proprietors manage to keep their theatres cool.

In their wildest dreams the saloons foresaw no such days as these, although it is seldom that one finds a drunken soldier on the streets. El Paso is not dry—far from it—except after 9.30 at night and on Sunday. If an overpowering desire for demon rum still attacks one at these times it does not require an unusual degree of ingenuity to obtain it. It is possible, for a nominal sum, to join any one of several drinking clubs such as "The Cactus" or "The Wigwam" and quench your thirst as thoroughly as your bankroll will permit.

The hotels and restaurants are filled at every meal with Uncle Sam's boys in khaki. Most of them are either officers or militiamen, for the regular, as a general rule, has no outside allowance upon which to draw. The army pay without artificial aid will not permit of a too excessively pampered life, a fact which does not entirely abolish the rivalry existing between the two branches of the service.

El Paso, as it is about 4,000 feet up in the air and has a dry climate, is an excellent place for consumptives. As a result one does not meet the type of New York panhandler who tells you he only needs ten cents more to have enough carfare to leave the city. Instead he appeals to one's sympathies by saying that he is a lunger and unable to work.

At some stands more than 2,000 postal cards depicting all the gruesomeness of the Mexican atrocities (few others are popular) are sold a day, and one of the local dealers was recently seen pricing automobiles in a salesroom. The photograph which has proved the favorite is one showing a Villa victim just dropping after having been riddled by the bullets of the firing squad. Doubtless half of the squad missed their man, but if one looks closely (the picture is very clear) one can plainly see the bloody effect of several of the missiles. Another equalling it is one of the Santa Ysabel victims. Many Eastern families who have heretofore been in doubt about the safety of their boys at the border will be greatly cheered by the receipt of the photographs.

"Dan," the proprietor of a shooting gallery, has been taking in $30 a day, as opposed to $15 when his place was on a peace footing. He has lived in El Paso, he told me, for eleven years, but has never been beyond San Antonio street, about five blocks from his establishment.

I laid down the rifle at his range after six shots that would have convinced any one that the Mexican bandits had nothing to fear from me. He evidently was under the impression that after the exhibition I had made I would be wishing to leave hurriedly, and it did not suit his purpose. He had news of great importance. It was necessary that he confide in some one.

"Say," he said, "I have been working in this —— —— —— * * place for eleven years. After I get through working some more in a photograph studio—sixteen hours a day all told, I go to bed. I've been makin' pretty good money these last six weeks and in

a few more months I take a vacation. I'm going to leave this city and stay a year."

He then went into details of what he would do on his vacation. The neighboring towns will shortly receive an object lesson in how a spender and his money are separated, and Dan will no longer be able to boast of San Antonio street as the boundary line of his circulation.

Several Mexicans have been making $10 a day or more selling puppies, which are bought for company mascots. A slight idea of the magnitude of these transactions can be obtained when one reflects that in the native currency of these gentlemen, this means about $50,000 a day. Then, too, there are Mexican fleas (they have an unlimited supply on which to work), completely clothed by Mexican convicts unable to clothe themselves; likewise the Indian blankets, trinkets and silverware manufactured in Boston, which can be had for the equivalent of a song (sung by Caruso or some other high priced artist).

All these things considered, it were better that the remittances come in a little faster.

Nine American refugees who had been stopping in El Paso until it was feasible for them to return to their work in Cananea received word on July 16 from the companies by which they are employed to report back in that city. They started for Naco the following night, from which point they were to cross the border about thirty miles into the State of Sonora, in which Cananea is located. Those who returned were A. C. Henry, J. K. Griffith, E. Jackson, A. Thomas Nearing, J. A. Ramsey, R. L. Thompson, Charles Townsend and Jim Newton, all in the mining business.

It was only three weeks before that hundreds from Bliss, Douglas and neighboring towns were crowded about the Naco railroad station awaiting the arrival of these persons, half of whom were believed to have been massacred by the Mexicans. The train bearing them from Cananea was four hours late, and the fear that they had been murdered en route grew in the minds of those who were expecting them.

Nearly a thousand men had pledged themselves to go in armed and get them if they failed to come. Those who could not be carried by the hundred autos provided for the expedition intended to go on foot, but they would only have returned with the dead bodies if there had been any treachery on the part of the Mexicans.

I spoke with one of the men who had been on this train, but he did not wish his name used in connection with the story, as the Mexicans maintain a bureau in Washington which sends to all parts of their country clippings of any comments made. If an American criticizes Mexico or its people he is "thirty-threed"—that is, he is told that his presence is no longer desired by that nation, and he will never be allowed to return. This is provided for by Article 33 in the Mexican Constitution, which says any undesirable foreigner may be exiled. For those who have built up their business there, it is a serious matter.

"Three weeks ago," said the refugee with whom I was speaking, "everything was comparatively quiet, if Mexico can ever be called quiet, until word was received by the Jefe Politico, the Mayor of Cananea, of Wilson's note to Carranza. A telegram to the Jefe followed in which it was said: 'It is your duty as true Mexican citizens

to arm and repel this invasion.' Immediately the town was like a beehive.

"The dispatch was read in a motion picture theatre, in which I happened to be at the time, and the dance hall. All Americans were told to go to their homes and the Mexicans were commanded to go to the Municipal Palace, where they would receive rifles. In an hour, in addition to the regular garrison, 3,000 men were in arms.

"On the streets the men could be heard crying, 'Mueran los gringoes'—'kill the Americans'—and it needed but a spark to set off the powder.

"That night twelve men, unable to obtain conveyances of any sort, and leaving all of their baggage behind, hiked for the border and fortunately got there in safety. One of the men carried an 8-year-old boy all the way. On the other side it was said that the youngster had been killed.

"One auto containing women tried to leave. It was fired on by the guards. The motor was turned back and the fugitives forced to return to their homes.

"The next day the excitement died. Several obtained machines and left in safety, but on the following day the agitation was renewed. Americans there were under the impression war had been declared, that Pershing and Trevino had been in a big engagement and El Paso had been fired on by Juarez and the capture of the latter had followed.

"All the Americans were told by the American consular agent to leave immediately. General Plutarco Calles announced that an armed train had been provided for the transportation of all of the Americans the next day at 2 o'clock and that they must go. He also sent word to the

Jefe Politico of Cananea that the people must be allowed to depart unharmed.

"The actions of the natives were fierce and sullen. Relations were strained almost to the breaking point. You can imagine our feelings when an Englishman at the hotel there 'sicked' his dog on a Mexican cur out in the street and the two began to fight. An armed guard in a rage raised his gun to shoot, but fortunately the dogs stopped and the gun was again lowered. A smaller thing than this might have meant the death of all of us, however, and the language in which we addressed the pompous Britisher was colored accordingly.

"I had been warned privately by the nephew of Governor Calles not to take the train. He feared that those in it would never reach the border alive. There was no other way out, and so with the rest I piled in it the following day at 2. My fears were increased when I saw that all the women had been placed in a separate car, in which the men were not allowed to enter. In Mexico that is apt to mean only one thing, but it was too late for any of us to adopt other plans.

"It seemed years before we reached Naco. When we did the people all stared at us as if we had come from the tomb. Most of us had been reported killed.

"In about three months," he said, with a sort of gloomy fatalism, "we'll all be chased out again. Each time we are treated with more contempt and it is a more ticklish proposition. I should not be in the least surprised if a good many of us would be killed this trip."

He said it with such conviction that I asked him why it was he went back if he believed conditions were still so dangerous and unsettled.

He turned to me with a face from which the bitterness departs only when he smiles, and said: "I hate it worse than I can tell you. I value my life as much as any one else, and the one who tells you he doesn't know what fear means, is a liar. But I've got to earn a living and this is the only way I am able to do so, even though the Washington Administration is unwilling to give protection to its citizens across the border."

CHAPTER IV.

Miners and Bandits and Weather Phenomena.

El Paso possesses no village grocery store where stories are swapped over the cracker boxes, but its assay and real estate offices serve the same purpose. There, at almost any time of the day, one may drop in and find men exchanging yarns of their experiences in Mexico and along the border. The strange part of it is their tales are usually true, for in this part of the United States fate plays such strange tricks on its victims it is entirely unnecessary for him to embroider them upon relation. As a rule, too, the men possess an unconscious modesty that leads them to minimize their adventures instead of exaggerating. They are merely recounted as one would in the East tell of a visit to the theatre.

I dropped into the offices of W. H. Austin, who came to this city in 1882, when it was nothing but a group of adobe houses and a few ranches. Since that time he has been accumulating and disposing of real estate until he controls nearly one-sixth of all the ground in and adjacent to this city. There I found a group listening to the story of Norton Hand, who two weeks ago came out of Mexico under a military escort, the only survivor of three white men and four Mexican bandits who fired away at each other at a range of fifty feet until Hand alone remained.

Norton Hand is a specimen typical of the country where a man is not judged by his clothes. His face is the color of a leather bag grown old in service. His eyes

are a keen, light blue. He had a rolling straw hat, such as we are accustomed to see on farmers in caricatures. His shirt, light brown, with no tie, had evidently been his one best friend for many years. A pair of old gray trousers, for which neither belt nor suspenders were deemed a necessity, and a pair of old boots completed an attire that at no time could have weighed heavily upon his mind. Last year he dug out from his mine in Sonora $85,000 in gold, and a short time ago purchased a ranch for which he paid $55,000.

Two months before my conversation with him, Mr. Hand had started out for his mine near Magdalena, a small town in the State of Sonora, about eighty miles from the border.

"He was in here the morning he left," said Mr. Austin, "and I told him he would be lucky if he came back alive, because I knew that if a Mexican gets a chance to shoot a man when he is at a disadvantage and there are no witnesses around, he will do it."

"Well," drawled Hand, and the memory of his escape seemed mildly to amuse him, "you was pretty near right, but there I was and here I am. But I have made up my mind to one thing—that all the gold in the world isn't any good to a dead man, and there is a perfectly good mine down in Sonora belonging to me that any one can have that wants."

After Hand had been down there about a month he was coming along the trail from his mine to Magdalena with his two partners, Parks and Dickson. At a particularly desolate point in the trail four bandits rode suddenly from behind the mesquite bushes in front and told them to hold up their hands.

"We all knew what that meant," said Hand. "If we dismounted quietly and did as we were told, one of the greasers would come over and place all our guns in a neat pile. The rest would stand us up in a row and shoot us one by one. Perhaps they would not even bother about the row, but they would kill us anyway.

"None of us cared for the program. We preferred to take a more active part in the party. We got off our horses on the far side of the Mexicans, and as we jumped we dragged our carbines out of their holsters. Poor old Greene got his the first crack out of the box. A bullet caught him in the jaw and went through the back of his head. He doubled forward with a gasp and only two of us were left.

"Dickson was a little bit rattled, I think. He wasn't shooting good—he was pumpin' too quick and wild. In a couple of seconds he was drilled in three places," he pointed to a spot in the center of his chest, one in the abdomen and another below the heart. "I saw his gun wobblin' after that and he sank down to his knees. His last shot was his best. He made it from the hip and got his man square through the heart. The Mex screamed and ran about ten feet before he fell on his face dead.

"It was all over in a jiffy, but while it lasted the bullets came so close to my head I could feel their heat."

After a hasty mental calculation I figured that there were two Mexicans as yet unaccounted for and asked:

"How about the other two?"

"They died," he said briefly. I later learned from Mr. Austin that during all the years he had known Hand he could never be induced to say how many Mexicans he had killed. Whether it was because he considered it boasting

or because he disliked to recall the tragedies I do not know, although I am much inclined to believe it was the former.

"After I got into Magdalena, I had to walk, for all of the horses had been either shot or had run away," he continued. "I was arrested and chucked into jail. They took my clothes and money and kept me there for three days. I wasn't treated badly, but they made me pay for everything they handed me at prices which did credit to their imagination. At the end of that time they give me back $115—I had $520 to start with. Why they did it I don't know, because it's contrary to all Mexican precedent.

"A military guard took me to the border. We weren't allowed to pass through any of the towns. The peons all swore at us and threatened to murder me. They made us walk around every one of the villages—I was too low a thing to be allowed the privilege of the streets.

"I got out all right and I don't want to go back again."

The Sunday night before I had said good-by to a young chemist named A. C. Henry, who was returning to work in the mines at Cananea with some other Americans. He had told me that in the event of trouble he was coming back on foot—avoid the trails and hike to the border.

I told Mr. Hand about it and asked him what he thought the chances were of his getting out alive.

"Well," he replied, "any American that goes down into Mexico now is gamblin' with his life, and it's just a toss up whether he survives or not. If your friend knows the country pretty well, and does as you say, he stands as good a chance as any one of escaping when the next

uprising comes along, but it's an even money proposition. I was lucky, and the conditions are becoming worse. Each time it becomes harder for Americans to leave Mexico. The greasers hate us worse than tarantulas, and think that we are about two degrees lower in the scale of life. No one can tell what will happen when trouble again starts. And it's going to start.

Soldiers at Camps Pershing, Stewart and Cotton were introduced on July 17 to their first dust storm, something which they had begun to believe was a fiction of the East. Several of the tents were torn loose from their moorings and many others were only prevented from flying away by the caution of the men within, who sat determinedly on the sides of the walls.

After the dust came the rain, and the tents were treated to an undesired irrigation. Many of the men toiled industriously while the shower was at its height, digging ditches around their tents to carry away the young rivers pouring over the ground everywhere. It has been so long since there has been any real wetting in this part of the country—this was the second in eight months—that many of the men had decided it would never come. It found them unprepared.

At the time the storm started I was riding with H. A. Macrae, manager of the Austin Realty Company, to a little place fourteen miles from El Paso called Ysleta. Never in the East have I seen a storm that equaled this in splendor nor in discomfort.

Ysleta is a land of ranches and farms. One sees more green in a square foot of it than El Paso possesses in a square mile.

Along by the side of the road were numerous box-

shaped adobe houses inhabited by Mexicans. From time to time the dark-colored people would pass us in carts, to which were hitched animals of any description; sometimes a couple of burros, a mule and a horse, while once we saw a mule and an ox side by side, dragging the vehicle along at a gait that signified that manana would do as well as any other time for the date of their arrival.

Off to the right, rising abruptly from the green of the plains, rose a blue range of mountains over in Mexico. Soon the few clouds in the east, which had been drifting lazily about in a brilliant sky, began to thicken and became a mass of lead in the distance.

Shortly it changed to a golden glow. Far from us the wind had sprung up, carrying tons of sand in its grasp. A little in front we could see two twisting columns of white, miniature cyclones preceding as advance guards. These broke up and gave place to others.

Then came with them the wind which screeched by at sixty miles an hour. It tore the hat from a worried peon near by us and took it sailing like a small balloon high up into the air. The sand, which feels more like gravel when it beats against your face, blinded us and it was almost impossible to see more than a few feet ahead.

With the unquenchable ardor of a Texan when honor of his native State is concerned, my companion shouted to me from behind his handkerchief:

"Say, this isn't anything compared to some of the storms we have here. I've seen it so you could hardly breathe and it took the skin right off your face."

I was too busy to mention to him that it was with great difficulty that I did breathe, and that the skin was being taken off my face. We tied handkerchiefs over our

faces and managed to reach Ysleta, where we hurried to the shelter of the Valley Inn, a little place which is the center of activities of Ysleta.

Just then the stopper was pulled out of the sky and there followed a more enthusiastic, thorough-going rain than it has ever before been my pleasure of experiencing. Each of the drops contained at least a quart. They fell on the tin roof above the porch with a thud that sounded as if some one were deluging it with baseballs. Holes were dug in the ground where they struck.

The main street—it is the only one in Ysleta that can be called a street at all—was soon flowing from curb to curb with a river of mud reaching nearly to the feet of the rangers, cattlemen and Mexicans who watched it from the shelter of the store entrances, with undisguised satisfaction.

The downpour soon ceased, but every little while after that, as if to show it still had a kick left in its system, it broke out anew.

It traveled off up the valley in a strip not greater than a half mile, with the sun shining down on either side with a brilliance doubly increased by the contrast. Fifty feet on either side of the lane one would have found it as dry as it has been for the last month or so without a drop to dampen it.

The people of Ysleta began to emerge from their places of retreat.

Every one began talking to every one else of the shower, and business (with a small b) was resumed in Ysleta as usual.

CHAPTER V.

Private Perry and the Scars Which Are His Memoranda. Concerning T'rant'las and Sichlike.

There is one man in the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry to whose blase soul the skirmish with a Mexican band of snipers across the Rio Grande on July 18, in which two of the latter were seen to fall, brought little thrill. His name is Charles T. Perry, private, who has killed so many of our dark neighbors in his former capacity as a ranger in Arizona that the only purpose they now serve him is a means by which to remember dates.

If you are trying to recall the time of the Lusitania disaster he can be of assistance. He will pause in thought but in a moment he will have it.

"Oh, yes," he will say, "that was in April, 1915, the year I got Toddwin. He had murdered a prospector and thrown him down a well. He hopped over to the Indian reservation. I went after him."

In the engagement with the Mexicans a short distance east of El Paso, near Camp Cotton, Private Perry was credited with hitting one of the two killed. Companies L, A, C and D were on outpost duty at the time. Early in the morning a couple of their members came down to the river to obtain water for their horses. A few hours later, at 11.45, the United States men were fired on from ambush. A couple of Mexicans, one of them because of his sabre believed to be an officer, dashed out from cover. Shots were fired at the American troopers, which were promptly returned. The officer and

the man with him dropped. Two others came out and carried them back into the bushes. The exchange of shots soon ceased and the bandits retired in the direction of Juarez.

All of this was in the day's work for Perry.

The thing about the whole affair that seemed to interest him most was that Private Shields had just arisen from a cracker box the instant before a bullet struck it.

He pulled off his shirt as he was telling me about it and began to wash up, for, in spite of disturbing interviews, army life must continue just the same, and if mess call finds them in the class of the great unwashed at 6.30 the condition must remain unchanged until their meal is finished.

I noticed that his body was covered with a number of scars—so many that if one walked over to him with one's eyes closed and touched him one could scarcely miss a spot that served to keep his memory clear about a certain incident.

From then on our conversation much resembled a game of tit-tat-toe. I would indicate a scar and he would tell me its history with a naive matter-of-factness that at once indicated a surprise at the presence of that particular adornment and reminiscence of the manner in which it had been acquired. His brown eyes gazed out of his bronzed face with a roundness as he talked that made his tale all the stranger. His anecdotes were mere skeletons of events—figurative skeletons born from real ones. They needed no elaboration.

His shoulder was drawn in a red pucker with a number of near-dimples.

"Buckshot," he answered from the midst of his pan

of water in answer to my query. "Got that in the I. W. W. riots of 1914. They didn't riot long, though. When they got through we made them eat all of their red books—everything except the wire binders."

He drew his dripping head out of the pan, rubbed it dry and pointed to a white shriveled lane on the right side of the top of his head.

"The man who killed Joe Mink at the Arro mine give me this," he said. "He escaped to Magdalena, over in Sonora, after the shooting. Jim Powers, George Sears and I went over there after him. We found him in an adobe dance hall. When I came through the door I got that."

"Did you capture him?" I asked in what I fear must have been a breathless tenderfoot manner. The proper word to have used was "get."

"He came back with us," was the response.

The mention of George Sears and Jim Powers recalled to his mind others of his old friends that rode range with him in Arizona before he enlisted with the militia.

"There was Sam Hadwick, Perry Sears, brother of George; Billy Wilson, George Collins, Billy Wolf, Jeff Adams, Jim McGee and a bunch of others, all of them princes," he said.

"Billy Wolf used to be under sheriff at Maricopa City several years ago. He was standing on the station platform with his sister once and a Mexican threw a brick at him. (Border Mexicans never seem to learn to stop doing foolish things.) The brick went right between them. Billy shot him.

"Jim McGee, who used to be our captain," he continued, "nearly got his from the Sontag-Nevins gang he

was after near Phoenix once. He was hit square in the front of the forehead and back in town he was reported as dead. Later while all the fellows were talking about it in walks Jim as large as life. You can't kill him.

"George and Perry Sears started on a cattle ranch in the Palo Verde ranch. Some Mexicans took some land near them and went into the sheep business. Pretty soon their cattle began to disappear and the Mexicans branched out into cows. George and Perry tied the Greasers on their burros and chased them across the border to where they belonged."

Some may think ranger methods of dealing with Greasers strenuous, but none can deny they are effective, for the only thing that a Mexican properly appreciates is force.

I saw that we were getting off our subject and I tried to get him back by asking where the wound in his neck came from.

"That was a present I received in Phoenix in 1913 when the Mexicans went off on a rampage. I stopped some lead in the leg at the same time."

Altogether Perry has taken an active part in 800 arrests and a number of hangings.

"I pulled the traps for a couple of guys in Florence," he informed me.

I assured him that my knowledge of a trap was that of a new born babe. He proceeded to elucidate. I learned that in Florence, a small Arizona town, a steel platform had been built, in the center of which were two doors which swung downward when the "trap was pulled." This allowed the victim to drop into a chamber beneath after it was quite certain that his neck had been

broken. The walls of the dungeon underneath were lined with pictures of criminals, with nooses around their necks, who had met similar fates. Of course he who has just departed into the life beyond is unable, however, to appreciate their artistic merit.

"Some complaint used to be made by the prisoners," Perry told me, "because, after the man about to be hanged walked up the path leading to the platform, they could see him from their cells."

A prison, I was told, was no place for sensitive feelings.

He pulled on his shirt and the guide-book of the scars was hidden from my sight. I just had time before he hurried off to mess to learn that he had joined the Ninth Massachusetts up in Nactic, Mass. He had gone there after making a trip to New Orleans with some Federal prisoners. If we have no war with Mexico and the troops are sent home he will again return to his old-time haunts.

Up to the present moment more than 200,000 descriptions of the flora and fauna of the border have been mailed by the soldiers of our country from El Paso alone and I see no legitimate reason why I shouldn't have just as much right to describe them as they. It seems better not to defer the task any longer, for letters are leaving that city at the daily rate of 50,000, and every moment takes the edge off the knowledge which is about to be laid before those in the North.

It is strange to one who has not made a business of traveling with the troops to discover how much larger in numbers and size all of the insects and reptiles of this country are than they are described in the encyclopedia.

Of the tarantula in particular, all of my preconceived ideas have undergone revision.

I have learned (from conversations with the militiamen) that the troops are in constant danger of annihilation by these creatures, and were it not for the unceasing vigilance of the men the danger threatened by the Mexicans would be a small matter in comparison.

To truly understand this one must have a fuller acquaintance with the nature of the beast. It is innately vicious, a viciousness that no care and kindness is able to eradicate. Gratitude it knows not the meaning of. For days a tarantula has been known to live and be nourished in the tent of a trooper and in the end turn to bite his benefactor. Aesop's proverbial snake was a Good Samaritan by contrast. The only explanation of their complete lack of success up to date in increasing mortality is the low order of their intelligence as opposed to that of the soldier.

Camps Pershing, Cotton and Stewart, I am told, swarm with them. With all their faults the tarantulas cannot be accused of inhospitality, for upon learning of the arrival of the troops they journeyed thither in droves. Each morning the man assigned to tarantula duty clears off the paths in front of the tents in order that the men may walk unmolested to their shower baths.

Even with this precaution there is great danger, for Old Tarant can jump from five to thirty-five feet, according to the distance required. One might be wandering along in a place utterly devoid of life, feeling perfectly safe, yet the next moment some dark object would come hurtling through the air and one would be in a death struggle with one of the tigers of the desert. When that

moment arrives one must abandon all his preconceived ideas of fighting like a gentleman. Biting, strangle holds, toe holds and gouging are all quite within the rules of tarantula warfare. If you ever come to that part of the country don't hesitate to strike a tarantula when he is down, and even though he be a few pounds lighter don't feel that you are fighting out of your class.

The tales I had heard made me somewhat curious. I knew not what they looked like nor yet had I seen one. I went down the row of tents in Battery B of the Massachusetts Artillery asking if they "had any tarantulas today." None could be produced, although if I had only come a few minutes earlier I could have seen scores of them. Only that morning one had been discovered nesting slyly above the head of one of the drivers' cots. Help had been summoned by a bugler who in his excitement blew fire call, police call, reveille and first call to mess one after the other, and the enemy was put to rout with no loss of life.

"What do they look like?" I asked, for I was determined to get some definite information. A private was discovered who had seen one.

"They're like a big spider," he said, and then added impressively, "with nippers." There was a world of expression in that "nippers," and I knew that if I could once behold a pair of those terrible instruments I could thereafter be threatened by a crazed man with ice-tongs in his hand without it in the least disturbing my equanimity.

"Go on," I pleaded. "Tell me more."

It was with reluctance at first that he did so. One who has been in intimate contact with a tarantula is apt to be silent ever after on the subject. He reminded me

of the hero in a story published in a magazine some months ago. The man was considered a great conversationalist. He had just returned from the front after having been wounded, and was awaited at a London club by some friends who expected vivid tales of the war. He came. His friends hinted, but not a word of the war did he utter. The horrors of that awful conflict had completely silenced the man who had never been silent before.

However, after much persuasion, I induced my tarantula man to continue.

"They're hairy," he said, "and have got lots of legs." I had a mental picture of a cross between Lionel the dog-face boy and a centipede. His face as he lay on his cot was drawn with the strain of what he was telling me and I felt a brute for forcing him to do it.

"I'll tell you what you do," he said, after another spasm. "Go over to the top sergeant's tent over in Battery C, the next row. He's got one in a glass and you can see for yourself what they look like." His face relaxed and I could see that a load was lifted from his mind. He stepped to the entrance to his tent and pointed to a khaki dwelling at the end of a long line, which contained the object of my search. I mopped my brow and hurried, although the temperature was 106 over there.

I found the sergeant in the act of depositing a small striped snake in a glass holding a spider about the size of one of the cartwheels which they give you in El Paso as a substitute for dollar bills.

"What's that?" I asked, indicating the spider.

"Tarantula," he said, without removing his fixed gaze from the snake.

"Why, I was told that they were about five feet around the waist line," I protested.

"So they are—the parents," he informed me, "but this here is a young one." With that he let go the wriggling tail of the snake and said breathlessly, "Now watch!"

I watched, but at first the snake was inclined to be friendly, although his friendliness was tinged with impassivity.

"Stir 'em up a bit," he remarked, cautiously inserting a pencil underneath the cover of the glass. The tarantula made vain efforts to spring out, and the snake struggled up the sides only to fall back again. But the pencil had done its work and an animosity was aroused that meant "to the death."

The spider, suddenly impressed with the idea that the snake really had no business in his glass, after all, took a vicious snap at him with his twin claws. Snakes may be sluggish, but no one could have accused this one of being a moral coward. Although his opponent was fully his size, albeit assembled differently, he forced him to the ropes and grabbed him by the middle of the back. The tarantula's feet twitched up and down, and at last he broke the hold and countered with a right and left to the snake's neck (if one doesn't call his whole body his neck). A black juice exuded from him. The sergeant immediately became concerned.

"Got to drink out of that," he said, and, hastily clearing a path through the ring-side spectators, he carried the glass and its contents outside of the tent and deposited them on the ground.

Both of the principals had by this time attained a healthy respect for each other's prowess, and they made off in opposite directions. No one attempted to detain the tarantula, but the snake was once more seized and brought back to captivity. He may still, according to present advices, be found in the tent of the top sergeant by all who care to view him, ready to meet all comers.

There are also in this country horned toads, scorpions, centipedes, gila monsters, rattlesnakes and flies, the luxuriant cactus and mesquite bushes, each with a history as long as that of the tarantula, but the ribbon on my machine has run out and their description must be deferred.

CHAPTER VI.

The Hermit of El Paso.

Troops may come and troops may go. The militia may mobilize and the United States may go to war with Mexico, but to Bill Dickinson, who is hailed as El Paso's only hermit, it matters little. Technically he is not an El Pasoan, as he lives far out in a blistering desert of sand and cactus a few miles across the line in New Mexico. But no other town claims him and he claims no other town. About once in three weeks he comes to El Paso, driving a skeleton of a horse kept alive by little else than an unkind fate, to purchase provisions enough to last until his next visit.

Concerning him there are the usual conflicting rumors. Some say he has a fortune in gold hidden away in his ranch of sand; others, that he occasionally receives a pittance from the County Poor House sufficient for him to sustain life.

One of the theories must be correct, for it is impossible to conceive of any manner in which he could extract a living solely from the barren land which surrounds his strange dwelling.

One reaches it after traveling miles through lonely hills of reluctant sands and nothingness. Everything seems to have retired to leave him in his seclusion. Even the mountains, which the clearness of the atmosphere in most parts of this country brings almost within a stone's

throw of one, are dim and blue in the distance. Once, when Dickinson first came here in 1883, the Rio Grande flowed near his place, but since then it has changed its course and is more than a hot mile away. His only neighbors are a foreman and his gang of Mexicans, the sole inhabitants of the desolate town of Anapra.

When I arrived there with some friends Mr. Dickinson was not at home. We had picked the one day in a long three weeks on which he had gone to El Paso. We decided, however, to pay him a call, nevertheless.

If a man's dwelling is indicative of his character, the character of Mr. Dickinson is unusual indeed.

I had never seen anything like it before, and if I ever nappen on another one I will certainly consult an alienist. It seemed as if Bill Dickinson had made a mental bet to build a dwelling with a minimum amount of expense and a maximum amount of other people's property. It is constructed entirely of railroad ties split in all sizes and shapes, wire, nails and ice molds, which in their original form are oblong boxes of iron, but had been hammered into flat strips of metal wherever needed. Aside from a few boards these were the only materials used.

The roof, a wide V, was a silent testimonial to what can be accomplished with patience and molds. Beneath it stretched a row of other ice molds calculated to catch the water shed by the roof during the rainy season. When filled these would be removed and others substituted. Presumably this water was used for cooking and other purposes. It was the rainy season along the border, but up to that time it had amounted to a name only, and Mr. Dickinson's water-catching devices had not been

a huge success. I gazed into several of them. A few contained an oily scum of rust and dirt; others were completely dry. In one reposed the corpses of two lizards fallen there in happier days.

On each side the hut contained a porch, one of its greatest luxuries. Two dogs of indeterminate breed reposed on some burlap bags on the front one. About them was a pile of bones. Thirty-three years ago Dickinson must have owned other pets and the bones gnawed by each and every one was there.

The animals started a furious barking when we entered. The sight of unknown humans was strange for them, but as soon as they discovered what we were their threats turned to a frenzy of joy. The two windows in front were boarded up and the door padlocked.

In order to gaze into the gloomy interior of the house we had to go around to the side which boasted one muddy pane of glass.

There were two rooms, one a combination bed and sitting room containing a large adobe fireplace, a cot covered by a Navajo blanket, and a rocking chair incongruous among the rest of the surroundings because it was intact. There were a few books on a primitive shelf, also built of railroad ties. I was told that the hermit was a great reader and interested in subjects of every variety.

Over the roof was an arrangement resembling a wireless outfit that supported a flagpole flying his private signal, a gray rag. One could almost reach the top of the pole by a pyramidal ladder which he had erected. What purpose it served I cannot imagine, unless it was to afford him a closer view of his banner.

Over in the back of his home was a barn, an imposing affair of two stories. The topmost was reached by a substantial stairway of ties which led into the loft where his hay and other supplies were stored.

Once chickens were kept on the place, but they were unable to survive the intense heat. Now all of the feathered kind which remain are a few pigeons, the last of a flock upon whom hunger has made a constant inroad.

Below the barn roof, which resembled that of the house, was the same water catching devices described before.

Nothing was growing on the property save the usual weeds of the desert. It is much to be doubted if any attempt had ever been made to raise anything else.

In spite of this Bill Dickinson recently sold some of his land to a man with imagination for $50 an acre. El Paso is in the throes of a real estate boom which has its foundation in its remarkable growth, and people are now willing to pay any prices for even desert land in the expectation that the city will continue to spread.

We waited some time for Mr. Dickinson to appear, but at last decided to start for home. We had only gone a few miles when we met him driving an old freckled white horse, the father of his kind.

We stopped to talk with him, and his horse enthusiastically anticipated his wishes by halting before his master had voiced any desire in the matter.

Dickinson is more than 85,—no one knows just how much,—and he does not enlighten them. He looks as if he might be any age up to 115. His hair is snow white and reaches to his shoulders. His beard extends from a wrinkled, browned face to his waist.

It was some time before I could divert my attention from his remarkable whiskers. The verse telling of the man in whose beard a lark and a wren, two owls and a hen had nested kept running through my head. He would have had room for all of these inhabitants, a kitchen stove and a pound or two of cactus plants. I am not quite sure, even yet, that he didn't. He might have posed for George Borrow's description of Brute Karl:

> "A wild swine on his shoulders he kept
> And upon his bosom a black bear slept.
> And about his fingers with hair o'erhung,
> The squirrels sported and weasel clung."

His sombrero, overalls and shirt had all of them at one time been treasured possessions of previous Dickinsons.

"Don't you ever get lonely out there?" I asked.

"No, suh, Ah like it," he answered. It appeared that he had come there from Arizona because that State had been too thickly populated to suit his tastes. He didn't like people nor their ways. A long time ago he had been a college student, but it had failed to strengthen his religious views. On coming to his present abode he would frequently drive into El Paso and, standing in his rickety wagon, preach on socialism to the crowds gathered about him. Of this he soon became tired and the town saw less and less of him as the years went on.

Now he sometimes goes in to attend church.

"Ah'm getting old," he told me, "and although Ah don't believe in God, Ah wish to heah what the preachers have to say about religion before Ah die."

He had spoken far longer than usual and he suddenly realized it with a start. He gazed uneasily in back at the alkali-covered bundles which lay in the cart and chirruped to his steed.

There was a commotion within the animal's skin. He kicked up a cloud of sand and stumbled forward.

"So long," said Bill Dickinson.

CHAPTER VII.

Hopping Up to Cloudcroft.

One of the hardest things to accustom oneself to in Texas is the attitude of the Texan to distance. When a person can travel for 1,200 miles without leaving his own State he is not very apt to regard a trip of one or two hundred miles as anything more than a jaunt to be taken as an appetizer before breakfast.

It would not be surprising to learn that the waitresses commuted to El Paso from Brownsville.

So many people had asked me why I didn't take a "hop" up to Cloudcroft, a health resort 9,000 feet up in the air in New Mexico, that I began to wonder why I didn't myself.

I asked how far it was. There and back—200 miles; if you started at 7.30 in the morning you would get back at 7.20 in the evening. It seemed like quite a "hop" to me.

In the East, unless a person were a traveling salesman, he would get a headache packing the night before and the family would all be down in the station in the morning to bid him good-by before he started on a journey of similar length. He would expect to stay not less than a week.

However, I hid this information from my questioners and told them I had been planning right along to go to Cloudcroft, and I went.

There had been some talk then of establishing a military hospital there, and the soldiers were awaiting anxiously the decision. In Cloudcroft are found the fairest of the El Pasoans, who know not how to while away the Summer hours; there is a golf course the highest in the world; hunting, horseback riding and dancing.

Several of the militiamen had already visited the place on sick leave and, although their health apparently soon returns, it is usually some time before they feel fit enough to return. It was here that Captain Morey, the hero of Carrizal, spent a few days recuperating.

From El Paso we took the train to Alamagordo. It is best to carry the name on a printed card, easily accessible, for if one says it in a hurry, complications are liable to ensue that will result in the station being passed in the interim.

Up to Alamagordo the scenery is like most of that found on this part of the border—oceans of all kinds of cactus and alkali that stretch away into the distance until one wonders where so much of it comes from. More than thirty miles away it ends abruptly against a chain of mountains.

The cars are equipped with what are called reclining chairs, which resemble those found in barber shops. The greatest surprise of the trip is when the conductor fails to ask you whether you will have a shave, shine or haircut.

By means of them one is enabled to lean away back and gaze interestedly in the face of the person in the seat behind. If the face happens to be that of a war-like madre a return to the original position can be negotiated, though with difficulty. It was this type of seat, I believe,

that first started Texans on the path to the sociability for which they are so famous.

It isn't until one changes at Alamagordo and gets into the flat cars equipped with wooden seats like the top of a Fifth avenue bus that the trip really begins.

The engine has scarcely begun to complain about its climb before every one in the car knows where every one else has come from and how long they are going to stay. The conductor sits down on the seat opposite you to ask which way your State will vote during the coming election. His name is Jim, he has ridden on the road ever since it was built, eighteen years ago, and can tell you exactly at what elevation you are without removing his eye from your watch charm, which arouses in his heart the sincerest admiration. Just why, it is hard to say, for it does not compare with the human tooth gold-mounted, which your new acquaintance across the road, Austin Miller, wears in his coat lapel. I believe it was the first that graced his childhood; he will still have it when all others are gone.

Seated with me was a refugee from Mexico, who left Monterey in Jose Madero's private car when things became too hot. All night, he told me, he had kept sticking his head out of the upper berth to listen to the sound of machine guns in the distance, only withdrawing it when he saw the head of the equally alarmed Madero issuing forth from the berth below. Early in the morning he discovered that the noise of the machine guns was caused by the ticking of an automatic lamp. He then sank into a troubled sleep, but neglected to impart his information to the restless Madero.

There was a disturbance in back of us. An East-

erner had nearly sat on a paper bag to the shrieked dismay of a young girl, later ascertained to be the daughter of M. B. Hutchins, the proprietor of the lodge toward which we were journeying.

"O-oh, look out for my tortillas and enchilados," she screamed.

His face expressed a grave fear that a tortilla was related to the tarantula about which we had heard so much. He shrank away.

"Will they bite?" he asked.

The girl told him they were harmless.

"What is the difference between a tortilla and an enchilado?" he inquired.

"You simple thing," she responded, "an enchilado is bigger and more in it."

The man from the East became interested at once.

"A tortilla then, I take it," he said, "is the young and if allowed to grow will develop into the enchilado."

My attention was distracted from the conversation at this point by the beauties of the scenery, and it was not until I reached El Paso again that I learned from an omniscient bellboy what they really were. A tortilla, he said, was a form of Mexican bread, flat and unrisen, like a pancake. An enchilado, on the other hand, was a little bit of everything—cheese, chopped meat and spice; with a tortilla on the outside, all of which is wrapped in a corn-husk. Neither could be sat upon.

The railroad is a remarkable piece of engineering. It winds up the mountain on a grade that varies from 3-4 of 1 per cent. at the lowest to 6 per cent. at its steepest —which, the conductor confided to me, was the biggest grade any road in the world attains, with the exception

of the one up Pike's Peak, Colorado, which is a cog railroad. I have not verified his statements.

Far below one in the valley you can see the roadbed twisting along the sides of the mountain. Sometimes a bit of track a short distance below will have been left a half an hour ago.

Through the gap in the hills far off in the distance could be seen a stretch of pure white sand, the only one of its kind outside of Egypt. With the sun shining on it it looks like a great field of snow.

From the scrubby growth of mesquite in the lower part one travels into the midst of the healthiest bunch of pines and spruces near the summit to be found near El Paso.

Occasionally one passes a native on the farms on the banks of the mountain stream. The natives can be distinguished from those who have recently moved in from the fact that constant walking on the sides of the Sacramento has shortened the left leg.

Their lot is a hard one, for with the train passing them only once in the morning and again in the afternoon they can spend little time in waving and must attend strictly to business.

I have read of the engineer stopping the train to chase a cow off the track, but it was not until we neared the summit that I knew such things ever occurred. How long the beast had been ahead of us I do not know, for after my attention was first called to it we gained on her but slowly.

The passengers were cheering the cow—the fireman and the conductor were the driver's sole support.

In time the cow became winded and balked. The

engine stopped. The engineer, flushed with triumph, did his duty. We continued to the end without interruption.

The climb from Alamagordo to Cloudcroft takes two hours and twenty minutes. If one is lucky, and the brakes hold, the descent takes about the same length of time.

Our brakes held and we arrived back in El Paso after witnessing a mountain sunset about which the newspaper writers there have raved so often.

I, too, can now, as nonchalantly as any Texan, advise a stranger to "hop" up to Cloudcroft.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our "Starving" Army and Baking on the Border.

After a talk with Major William Elliott, the Depot Quartermaster, U. S. A., who has charge of supplying food and clothing to approximately 75,000 soldiers stationed from the Pecos Highbridge at Dryden, Texas, to Yuma, Arizona, as well as all of General Pershing's men in Mexico, it is rather difficult to consider very seriously the stories which have been written about our "starving" militiamen on the border.

"I don't know what the men had in the way of a bill of fare at home," Major Elliott had said to me in his offices at El Paso on a Sunday—he works just as hard on the Sabbath as he does on any other day of the week. "I don't know what they expected, nor I don't know what they want, but I do know what they are getting. I know there is enough of it, and that it is of the highest quality. If the food of the men is unsatisfactory it is due to either one or two things; their supply captain is drawing his rations unwisely and not availing himself of the variety which he is able to obtain, or their cooks are incompetent and wasteful.

"The most common fault is the latter. Many of the militia organizations when they have gone into camp for the Summer have hired expensive civilian cooks who have helped them to live in luxury. When they come to the border here they are required to assign men out of their own ranks to cook duty. These are apt to be inexperi-

enced and wasteful. They are unable to prepare their food properly and effect a saving in order that they might turn in their unused rations and receive a cash credit with which to get other things.

"In the regular army are trained cooks. After having been in the service for three years they are required to take a three-year course in an army cook school. As a result the regulars, as a rule, draw about two-thirds of the food allowed them and are able to obtain variety with the money they save in this fashion or turn it into the treasury of their organization. For instance, I issued to one regiment $6,000 worth of food one month, and of this amount only $2,700 was drawn. The rest was taken in cash. Many of the regiments lay aside in their treasury from $1,600 to $1,900 every month.

"Most of the kicking comes from men who have not been getting in their own homes as good food or food in as great quantities as they now are. Very little is heard from the man who has been accustomed to the best. Some of it originates with those who have arrived here and have found very little in the way of real hardship, but feel that they must write home and tell of the trials they have been enduring in order that they may appear in the light of heroes when they return.

"I am sure that 75 per cent. of the people in our country at the present time are not living as well as the United States soldier right here. The present system of issuing rations to the men has been the result of a hundred years of study on the part of the Chemistry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture in determining just what amount and what kinds of food are needed to maintain the men in the state of the greatest efficiency.

A "starving" militiaman on the border.

"A large part of the public labors under the impression that contracts are issued to the lowest bidder, but this is far from being the case. Thirty dealers may be bidding on a certain article, and the process of elimination will begin with the lowest and work up to the highest. The award is determined by the price, the quality and the general efficiency of the dealer in delivering his product, but it is very frequently the case that the man who has put in his bid at the highest price receives the contract because his quality is better than that furnished by the others."

The Major pointed to a jar of blackberry jam on his desk.

"There's another example," he said, tapping it with his pencil. "The price fixed by the firm bidding on that was 25 cents a can, and others offered to supply it as low as 14 cents, but the quality of the others was not as good and as a result they were rejected.

"There have been the usual cries of 'embalmed beef' in connection with the mobilization. They're ridiculous, for under the conditions which prevail in army purchases it is impossible. All of the meat canned for the army undergoes three inspections; the first by the Department of Agriculture of the living animals; the second by Government men after the meat has been dressed, and after this it is prepared under Government supervision and according to their specifications. Only steers are used, and the hind and fore quarters must be of a certain weight. I have seen meat canned for Government and commercial use side by side. Gristle and fat that would not be allowed in the food prepared for the army was used with the meat intended for public consumption. It would be

impossible for any of the men who think they are not receiving good enough food to purchase meat in the open market of as high a grade as ours, because it isn't sold.

"Meat packed in this fashion will keep in perfectly good condition for five years, but long before there is any danger of its spoiling we have what is known as a forced issue—that is, the regiments are given material they must take and a fresh supply is then ordered to take the place of that distributed.

"Just before this mobilization went into effect I made a forced issue of canned beef and salmon in order that I might have everything fresh for an emergency.

"Under ordinary conditions the men draw their rations in two forms, known as 'travel' and 'garrison.' There isn't a great deal of variety, of course, to the travel rations, as they have to be in a compact form that will keep for a long period of time. They consist of hardtack, canned beef, beans, tomatoes, jam, coffee, sugar and milk. The others are made up of mutton, bacon, canned meat, hash, dried, pickled and canned fish, turkey at Thanksgiving and Christmas times, flour, baking powder, beans, potatoes, onions and other fresh vegetables, prunes, coffee, sugar, evaporated milk, vinegar, salt, pepper, cinnamon, lard, butter, syrup, flavoring extracts and bread.

"It has been figured out that at the average price charged the Government for its supplies it takes 27 cents a day to keep a man in the healthiest and most efficient condition possible. If the different regiments wish they needn't take all of their rations. The regiments are allowed to turn in all they do not use and obtain either cash for them and buy outside or from the sales issue list. This

list contains a great many items supplied to the men at cost price with the overhead expenses added, which amount to about 5 per cent. of the total.

"A lot of the trouble has been caused by the States themselves. Two hundred men came in from one of the Pennsylvania regiments to exchange some shoes and trousers that had been issued to them by the State in times of peace. There were 100 shoes sized 8-EE and seventy-five No. 14 trousers that had been handed out to the men regardless of the size they needed, in spite of the fact that any sizes could have been furnished to the State bodies if application had been made to the proper governmental department.

"I don't believe," he said after a pause, "that there are many men in the army not receiving the best treatment in the matter of clothing, and if there are they will find that the remedy lies in their own unit.

"You will see that the few who are complaining now, as well as those who are not, will return back home in better condition than they have ever been before—harder, stronger and finer. And some day they will probably admit it."

After visiting the different military groups along the border, my respect for that household necessity, the Staff of Life, had risen tremendously. A lover of statistics, seeing the army bakeries, would have a perfect orgy. It would not make much difference whether he went to merely the one at Nogales, Ariz., managed by Lieut. Francis W. Pinches of the First Connecticut Infantry, which works away for the benefit of 11,000 stomachs in the Nogales district, or that in charge of Capt. C. A. Bach at El Paso, Tex., which doesn't consider it any trouble at

all to feed those in the El Paso district, or that in McAllen, which bakes for the 19,000 of the New York division. At any one, or all, he would probably become so full of facts that he would never after be able to eat a loaf without a shiver of awe running up and down his spine.

Captain Bach is quite proud of his outfit in El Paso. I found him watching the men removing the steaming brown loaves from the three field ovens near Camp Connecticut, at which the Connecticut troops are tented.

"These are a lot better than the garrison bakery," he told me, "because the heat isn't so intense, and they can be allowed to cook slower and more evenly. The field bread is more compact and has a thicker crust, which enables it to be kept much longer, as the moisture is held better. Garrison bread will become dry after a short time."

"How much do you turn out a day?" I asked. The question was simple, but Captain Bach is an enthusiast. Statistics poured forth in an avalanche.

"We make 216 pounds at a baking in each of the three ovens," he answered; "that means 108 loaves apiece. The field and garrison bakeries together use from 15,000 to 16,000 pounds of flour a day. In all of the ovens there are three chambers, each one of which will hold seventy loaves. I've got sixty-one men working for me now—a full unit—but when more troops arrive we will probably have to enlarge our equipment.

"Everything is designed with a view to moving at an instant's notice, and if we were ordered into Mexico this minute we could take the ovens apart and pack the whole shooting match in a truck and be on our way. At

the first stop it would not take us more than an hour to have things set up again and the baking begun. While one detail was at work fixing up the stoves, the others would have the mixing tent up and prepare the dough. I'll show you what the tents are like," he added, with pardonable pride. We turned from the sweating bakers and entered the tents of khaki and wire screen.

The first was filled with pans scrupulously clean, moulding tables and dough troughs. In each of the latter, he said, 150 pounds of flour could be mixed. We went into the storage tents where the bread was piled high in racks and where, unlike many places about the camps, not a single fly could be found decorating the landscape.

We went out into the open once more and watched the men toiling away at their tasks.

Neither the work of the bakers themselves nor of the man in charge is easy. If my opinion were asked as to one of the most uncomfortable employments in the land of khaki, I would be quite prompt in electing that of breadmaker. Many are assigned to the work. The field bakeries at McAllen, Pharr and Mission, which provide for the New York division at these places, have nineteen ovens. Forty men are at work in the first place, sixteen in the second, while Pharr has seventeen. Those who have been following the trials of their absent boys on the border are partially convinced, I should judge, that it is a place where heat is somewhat extreme.

At Camp Stewart, about seven miles from the heart of El Paso, I have seen it 135 degrees in the sun. It is a waste of energy to speak of its being a certain temperature in the shade, for a person would get heat pros-

tration in his anxious attempts to find such a thing. But even under the partial shelter of a tent occupied by Capt. De Forest Chandler of the Signal Corps at Columbus, the officers one day were seen interestedly viewing the remains of a former thermometer. It was an unsophisticated Northern affair brought down by the captain himself, and it only provided for the registration of 120 degrees. It struggled nobly when the heat became higher, but to no avail. It burst. When one adds the warmth of the ovens to the normal—or, rather, abnormal—heat of the land which we once, for some unaccountable reason, took away from the Mexicans, it can be seen why the position is one not cherished by all. The men as a rule take a certain pride in their work, which is the one thing that enables them to keep at it with the spirit with which they do.

Their hours, too, are long. Baking at McAllen for the first shift begins at 2 in the morning and continues twelve hours for each squad. Other bakeries have largely the same regulations and conditions which prevail there, with the exception that the hours in some cases are only eight hours a day. I should suggest as an excellent cure for strikers who feel that their hours are too long that they be given occupation for a time among the breadmen of the army, and after the experience there will be a deep and lasting content in their midst.

It is rather natural, when time hangs heavy on the hands of a soldier who wishes he were at home, that he grumble. He really isn't serious about it, and, in fact, derives a certain portion of his entertainment from this source, just as weepy females hie them to a tragedy where they can enjoy a splendid and gratifying sobfest. It is

one of the highest compliments that can be paid to the work of the big army of bakers, then, that, concerning the most important item in their bill of fare, one never hears a complaint—but on occasions, instead, will hear arising from the clatter of knives and forks a muffled, "Say, that's blame good bread."

CHAPTER IX.

The Lost Mine of Tayopa.

One day late in July was bad, but in that it proved no exception to a great many other days through which El Paso had sweltered. I had spent the morning visiting Battery A of the First Massachusetts Artillery, which had not been of the slightest aid in becoming cooler, as the officially announced temperature of 95 degrees did not apply to Camp Pershing. There was no shade in which to find such frigidity.

Two o'clock found me at the corner of Santa Fe and San Francisco streets. I turned up the latter partly because I had never done so before and partly because there was shade in which I could walk. I passed a rickety little old place with "Cantina" printed above the door. In the gloomy interior I could see a few tables and chairs, with some persons idling over their glasses.

I stopped and stepped in, for I had discovered a spot into which sunshine never intruded—and sunshine had been pursuing me all the morning. I reflected that the shack must contain within something of a nature that atoned for its shabbiness without.

The floor of the room was of unpainted wood, though it had long lost its original lightness of color. The plaster walls boasted the only paint on the inside of the establishment. In the far corner sat two Mexicans

hunched over their glasses of beer. They gazed sullenly at me when I entered. A few feet from them was what I took to be a rancher perched in lonely gloom on the edge of an insecure bench.

I began to regret having yielded to my fatal curiosity.

The proprietor was nowhere visible. I assumed that he was in ambush. Being as yet not thoroughly conversant with the ways of the West, I deemed it advisable to purchase something before I left.

I sat down at a table, still holding with admirable zeal a trickle of stale wine left by some previous customer. It was the nearest the door, which, according to my viewpoint, was much in its favor.

Presently, through a door leading to another room from which came a jabber of Spanish, stepped a buxom Irish woman with rolled-up sleeves—strangely out of the picture, but a welcome link to the civilization with which I was more familiar.

"What'll yuh have?" she asked. I told her.

While I was waiting I heard the bench at the other end of the room scrape. The rancher arose and came toward me.

"Howdy, pardner? My name's Ellis," he said, sitting down. I mustered up a false enthusiasm, indicating my pleasure at meeting him.

We exchanged the usual persiflage of new acquaintances. I awaited for the real object of his visit, for I suspected that the signs of the tenderfoot on me still remained, to the casual observer, about as conspicuously as a fireman's parade. My wait was not long. It ended with the arrival of the drink.

"I used to work on a farm in Kansas," he began.

"I'd never been in Mexico and knew nothing about it. Near twelve years ago, when I was weeding potatoes, I had a vision."

I smiled. He scowled, and I stopped smiling.

"I had a vision, I say," he continued, "of a bunch of mountains, a canyon and a river. At the end of the canyon was a well. I didn't know what to make of it at the time, and I thought nothing more about it. Twelve years later I was in Madero, in the State of Chihuahua.

"The same vision returned to me, and I made a map on a small piece of paper. I showed it to a native and asked him what it could be.

"He looked at me with a queer excitement. 'The Lost Mine of Tayopa,' he gasped. I learned that there were hundreds of millions of dollars in the mine in almost pure gold, but long ago its location had been lost.

"I intended to go there to stake out my claim, but trouble started, and all of us Americans had to leave.

"Here I am busted. In Chihuahua there's millions in gold waiting to be taken out."

He handed me a dirty paper on which was drawn a rude sort of map.

"There it is, right there," he said, stretching across the table and pointing with a grimy forefinger to a circle.

"I don't want any money. I want to be grubstaked, pardner. Give me enough to git a mule, some grub and tools and you'll have a half interest in whatever I find. It sounds like a touch, but I swear to God I'm telling you the truth."

"I'm sorry," I said, excusing myself somewhat hastily, "but when I was a child my parents made me take a vow never to grubstake any one."

As I hurried out I heard him muttering something about a damn fool. I didn't stop to listen.

Later that afternoon I called on a friend who is the manager of a mining company in this city.

"Is there any such place as Tayopa?" I asked, after a while.

"Sure," he responded. "It's a little town down in the western part of Chihuahua."

"Ever hear of the Lost Mine of Tayopa?" To which he made reply:

"People have been looking for it a great many years. A long time ago it is reported that it was worked by Franciscan monks. The wealth they obtained from it was enormous.

"The records of the neighboring town of Guaynopa show a great number of births, deaths and marriages that took place while the mine was active.

"About 150 years ago the monks had trouble with the natives and they were forced to depart for Spain after burying all of the gold and silver bullion and the sacred ornaments and vessels which they had acquired. They also made out a complete report of the location and extent of the Tayopa mine for their headquarters in Spain, but in some way it was lost.

"Years afterward there was a tribe of Indians in the town of Moris, near there, that seemed to have no visible means of support. The Mexicans tell how every once in a while when their funds became low one of their number would disappear for four or five days, and when he returned would bring a chunk of almost pure gold that looked as if it had been cut right out of the rock. All believed the tribe had found the lost mine.

"Three years ago a woman came to my offices. She said she had the records lost by the Franciscan monks. They had been obtained from a local Franciscan superior. She would sell them to me for $5,000.

"I asked her why some of her family didn't undertake the enterprise.

" 'They tried it,' she replied. 'One day my grandfather started up the canyon with a pack of burros. Half way up he was stopped by a mysterious band. They warned him never to return or he would be killed. A few years later he tried it again. He never came back.

" 'After that my father made a trial. He, too, was turned back with the same mysterious warning, and, when he later disregarded it, was never found again. If any one else wishes to attempt it they can—for $5.000.'

"I didn't buy the chart. I believe she still has it; but as nearly as I can judge there really is such a mine near Tayopa that will yield a fortune to the man unearthing it."

Quite hastily, I fear, I grabbed my hat and dashed to the elevator and out of the Mills Building. I returned to the cantina which I had left but a short time before.

The man of visions had departed. Even the two Mexicans had gone. Once more the weighty waitress came through the passageway to the adjoining room.

"Do you know the man who was in here named Ellis?" I asked breathlessly.

"No, sir. I don't know any one named Ellis," she said, and stooped over to wipe off a table once more supporting an overflow of beer.

As far as I am concerned, the "Lost Mine of Tayopa" is lost forever.

CHAPTER X.

Marianna Culmanero, Heap Big Indian Chief.

Only the fact that he is 74 years old and is nursing a bad case of rheumatism in his right knee prevents Marianna Culmanero, chief of the Ysleta Pueblos, from responding to the call to the colors.

I know, because he told me so himself after an athletic conversation which, added to the heat, laid me up for the rest of the day.

With a friend I sought him out one morning in the midst of his adobe splendor. Both of us Americanos knew quite a little English, but would never give Cervantes cause to think he had a rival in Spanish. Marianna could speak Spanish backward (I think he was doing it most of the time), but his few English words left him somewhat winded after using—for Marianna is old.

My Mexicanese vocabulary consists of about seventy words in which the numerals and "muy bueno" play an alarmingly conspicuous part. My friend is scarcely more fluent, but the sign language and a lot of excess energy is an amazing thing, for we learned many of the facts of Marianna's life—and many that were not facts.

Down a long winding road we traveled to reach the ancient Indian—down a road that went through a country which even under a 100 degree sun appears picturesque and beautiful. A little brown-eyed, barefoot Mexican boy came toward us, kicking up the dust between his gray toes. He was singing with a gayness that knew no

yesterday, something about "Por la manana." The whole of a Mexican's life consists of to-morrow (manana), and I thought the song might contain the secret of it. I asked him the words. He was moved to excessive embarrassment.

"No spik Englis. My brother, he spik Englis," he informed me, so we followed him to his mud home, from which, after much internal skirmishing, his brother, who happened to be his sister, appeared.

She couldn't recall all the words then, but assured me that if we called again "por la manana" they would be ours.

I asked her—somewhat too pleased with my linguistic powers, I fear, for I had rehearsed the phrase beforehand—"Dond' esta la casa de Marianna?"

She was somewhat startled—I was a little myself—at the sudden burst of Spanish. She pointed somewhat vaguely up the road, and hurried toward the door in which the fat, indiscriminate form of a wrinkled senora had suddenly appeared.

Marianna we found in quite a pretentious one-story adobe dwelling—pretentious in that it had a wing added in the shape of a letter L and a porch built into the side.

On the porch were a bench, a broken chair and four dogs, who began to bark vociferously in Pueblo.

Marianna shouted at them; they reluctantly stopped. When quiet had resumed a white cur emerged from a door at the right and five curlets came stumbling after in an effort to overtake their breakfast. Bedlam broke loose again, and the old man had to renew his efforts.

Marianna was glad to see us. He had just been about to drive a skinny brown horse to town, but that

involved a lot of work, and now he could postpone it until later.

"Dond' esta Marianna?" I asked, for I was not yet sure of his identity.

"Me Marianna," he replied, tapping his chest.

He moved toward his house. "Come sit down my house," he invited.

We learned afterward this was the chief exhibition sentence—one in which he took a benevolent pride, but in spite of our noble efforts it was impossible to make it play a dominating part in our subsequent talk.

"You heap big Pueblo chief?" I ventured. I knew very well he was, but certain concessions must be made in order to start the ball rolling.

"Mi hermana ochenta y cinco," he said, figuring it up on his fingers, as an aged, bronze face peered from behind the corner of the mud wall. My friend and I held a council of war at this inconsistent reply. By piecing our vocabularies together we figured out he was informing us his sister was 85 years old. We failed to see the relation of this amazing information to my question, but the old woman seemed to beam on us with such pleasure afterward we hadn't the heart to insist that he confirm the big chief rumor. Maybe he wished to talk about ages.

"Old woman?" I said, indicating the squaw, who had now advanced to the shelter of a post, where she stood watching all we did in silent approval.

"Mexicano muy mal," he answered, meaning that greasers didn't make a big hit with him. Maybe I was mistaken—he didn't wish to talk about ages, after all. We followed his conversational lead, and with loud enthusiasm cried: "Si, si," several times.

In order to convince him that we thoroughly understood his conception of a Mexican, we staged an impromptu pantomime, in which my friend played the part of a treacherous native who shot me, the noble Americano, through the back. Marianna seemed hugely delighted, and I began to feel that we were reaching a common footing. He didn't like the Mexicans, furthermore, because they intermarried with his tribe, with the result that the children forgot how to speak Pueblo.

"How much land you got, Marianna?" my friend wished to know.

"Me got Mexicano wife," Marianna answered.

This rather startled me after the sentiments he had already expressed regarding Mexicans. I feared that perhaps we might have offended him by illustrating the baseness of the Mexican. In the usual mixture of English and weird Spanish in which we offered our part of the talk, we intimated that we had only been jesting when we spoke about the baseness of the Mexicans.

"No, Mexican muy mal," he answered, and, with this inkling to his character, I no longer was surprised to find him inconsistent.

"Cuantos acres land you got?" my friend asked, thinking to get on neutral and undomestic ground.

"Me got Mexicano nina," Marianna announced proudly. At that moment, as if it were the cue for her entrance, a pretty, little Indian girl came shyly out of the house. My friend, who has always been of a practical turn of mind, extracted a glistening quarter from his pocket and held it toward her.

"Muchacho want dinero?" he asked. She acted

She appeared quite indifferent as to whether she got the money or not.

quite indifferent as to whether she got the money or not, whereupon a frantic anxiety evidenced itself on the part of the old man and his sister, who still leaned up against the post. Her bland smile left abruptly. Under their weighty urging, conducted in Pueblo, the little girl came concernedly forward and made a hasty grab for the money.

"Muchas gracias," prompted Marianna, who was a stickler for manners. In a high, piping voice that was brimming over with self-consciousness, she repeated "muchas gracias" and retreated to her mother, who had come to the doorway. She delivered the wealth to her, as every well trained child should.

Judging from the irrelevant replies which Marianna had made to our questions, I began to think that perhaps he could not hear well. When I inquired as to how many dogs he had, I did so in an extremely loud tone of voice.

The chief drew himself up dignifiedly and informed me "Marianna no deaf," after which he said, "woof, woof," three or four times—perhaps to indicate the number of animals having their domicile with him. He seemed to be hugely delighted with his dramatic power and slapped his knee violently, only to start with pain. He had forgotten his rheumatism for the moment.

We also ascertained in the course of another two hours, which did great credit to our powers of induction, that Marianna does no work. He is the chief of a tribe of Pueblos, a rapidly diminishing race, of which there are only a hundred left near Ysleta. Originally there were 500. The chief himself speaks the pure Indian dialect, but some of the others are growing up as half

breeds, "Cafe, cafe," as Marianna expressed it, and are neglecting to teach their children anything but the Spanish language.

He has married a Mexican woman, although his first wife was a full-blooded Pueblo squaw. He owns about fifty acres of land and makes the young bucks work it for him just as he did in the days of old.

When Marianna was much younger he used to have many battles with the Comanche Indians, whose trail came near his stamping grounds. Evidently the encounters were not all in his favor, for he became quite breathless when he tried to tell us of the splendors of their horses, war togs and fighting abilities.

Now Marianna does little but preside at the three "fiestas" which his tribe holds during the year, and in the interim he becomes gloriously drunk whenever he finds the funds with which to do so.

When the conversation began to lag, for we had imparted to each other all of the information which we could manipulate with the few words at our disposal, we got Marianna to step out into the sun in order that we might take his picture.

I am afraid that Marianna is vain, for he accepted with great alacrity. I am also afraid his rather handsome daughter is likewise vain, for she suddenly came running from the house and posed beside her father before I had snapped the picture.

After the operation had been finished, Marianna seemed to be greatly troubled. He fixed his hand in the shape of a circle, pointed to his eyes, and uttered some words in which the word "post office" was the most prominent. I believe that if he had spoken in Pueblo I

would have understood him better. My friend and I again consulted. We decided that Marianna's eyes troubled him and he desired us to bring him a pair of spectacles from the post office. Quite triumphantly we told him so.

"No, no," he said, and went through with the whole operation again. We finally ascertained that he wished us to mail him two photographs of himself, one of which he would show to his brother to make his heart ache with envy.

He rose and hobbled in front of us into his house, motioning us to follow him. The room in which he slept was occupied by two beds, one flaunting a mattress and the other with slats only, a stand containing a dirty comb, a hairbrush and a cracked mirror. On one wall was a photograph collection of various members of his family looking sternly frightened as they faced the camera. He was particularly proud of one of his thirty-year-old sons in chaps and bristling at every point of prominence with guns. On the other wall were colored prints of various patron saints in the Catholic Church, for Marianna is a devout Christian.

"Me go mountains," he said, drawing forth a well-worn brass crucifix from within his blue shirt, and then by semaphoring us indicated that he never parted company with his cross even while there.

We had to go, and Marianna again became inarticulate about the post office.

"Muy bueno," we replied, again relapsing into the pure Castillian; "Adios," and left.

Marianna would soon receive a picture of himself.

CHAPTER XI.

Bathing and Other Sports in Ysleta.

If ever I become sick unto death, and undertakers begin to look at me with solicitous eyes, I will pack my bag with the remnants of my fast ebbing strength and hie me to the Valley Inn at Ysleta. If life fails to assume a more cheerful hue after that it will be because an unkind fate has already decided I have lived too long.

I piled off the car which runs there from El Paso after thoroughly satisfying an interested motorman as to the object of my visit and the probable length of my stay. He assured me that he would probably see me again, and I felt that the sky was not all clouds, for I had a friend upon whom I could fall back in time of emergency.

Half way to the inn I found my path partially blocked by a gentleman in shirt sleeves gazing intently into the vault of heaven. I stopped and searched into the sky, likewise thinking to see perhaps an aeroplane or something equally thrilling. But to my untutored eye nothing was revealed other than an intensely blue Texas sky.

"Nothing there," he said to spare me any further effort, when he at last noticed that I too was occupied. "I was just thinking.

"I am a philosopher," he explained, upon my appearing somewhat puzzled.

We walked together to the porch of the little green inn and sat down to discuss the question further.

"What branch of philosophy do you specialize in?"

I asked. My ideas of what constitute philosophy are somewhat vague, but I was fairly confident that it must have branches, like cooking, landscape gardening or trees.

"Philosophy in its entirety," he said, adjusting his spectacles and inspecting me more closely. "I have evolved a new system whereby I can explain completely the phenomena of the universe—everything except God."

My respect for him rose like a Texas thermometer.

"When I was a boy my ambition was to become a public speaker. Later I turned to the study of philosophy. I am writing up my theories—they are in five volumes. Three are already finished and in readiness for the printer. The fourth is in hand, the fifth in preparation. I have already worked five years on them—there are about 500 pages to each volume and my task will be finished within the next two years."

He went over the first three volumes in detail. I have a confused memory of such words as iconography, tergeminous, faradization and chthonophagy. Occasionally I could understand full sentences. Upon such occasions, concealing my elation as well as I was able, I would make some pertinent comment. As my reward he turned to me when we had finished with volume II. and said, "I am surprised to find a young man so interested in philosophy. What business are you in?" I told him. It occasioned some alarm.

"Please don't mention my forthcoming works," he said, "for it isn't ready to be announced as yet,"—which is the reason why his name is omitted.

At page 342, volume IV, we suffered an interruption, in the person of one of the guests of the hotel.

"I am not in sympathy with your natural laws at all," she said. "I believe only in divine laws." I moved my chair nearer to the philosopher.

"I know a lot of people who would have been killed if they had depended merely upon natural laws," she continued, and I began to see that there was a practical side to her teachings. "A woman acquaintance of mine was thrown out on her head in a rocky gully near here. The cart passed right over her neck. According to natural laws she should have been killed, but she kept saying to herself, 'I believe in the divine law, I believe in the divine law,' and her neck wasn't even scratched.

"Another friend of mine lit a gasolene stove in the kitchen and went into the next room. She heard an explosion and ran back. The whole room was in flames, but she said to herself, 'I believe in divine law, I believe in divine law.' She went into the room. The flames vanished immediately and she carried the stove safely outside. What do you think of that?" she demanded belligerently.

I thought it best to go to my room and unpack my bag by means of natural laws, so I left her and the philosopher discussing the pros and cons of her belief.

After dinner, at which a number of officers from the regiment stationed at Ysleta were present, we adjourned to the sitting room, where Mrs. O. P. Lansden, the charming and interesting "manageress" of the inn, told us of the various raids recently made by the Mexicans in that vicinity and particularly of the one at Columbus in which a large number of those involved were friends of hers, and had either lived in Ysleta or had been stationed there for military duty.

"It would not be surprising," she said, "if another raid took place in this town, as there are only a few troops and three hundred Americans, compared to the 2,000 Mexicans who live here." She also told how the inn, which is more than two hundred years old, being built of adobe beneath its outer coating of cement, was the frequent scene of activity on the part of the Texas Rangers.

"One night," she said, "I looked out and saw some men standing around the stove warming themselves. I thought at first they might be burglars, but I found out later that they were Rangers with some Mexican cattle thieves they had caught that night. They were getting warm before they took them over to the jail."

I drank this all in until it was time for everybody to retire, whereupon I bethought me that I would like to have a bath. A Bath (capital B) in Ysleta is an affair fraught with adventure and peril. The room in which I slept was at the entrance end of the long sitting room opening on the much longer dining room. The bath was at the exit end, a distance which seemed to be about a mile and half. Far into the night I waited until all had retired into their rooms, which open on this passageway. I crept stealthily forth, in my hand a pitcher, which I had planned to fill with ammunition for the morning.

I got away to a good start and reached the bath-room ahead of the field. I barricaded myself and proceeded to the tub. A medium sized but friendly tarantula had beaten me to it and gazed benignly from the bottom of the bathing machine. I hated to do it, but necessity is the mother of cruelty, and I gradually drowned the poor creature.

The cold water refused to flow, but when I turned on the tap for the hot water it burst forth with a generous enthusiasm that more than made up for the deficiency of its neighbor and scalded me into the bargain.

A half hour later, with my pitcher filled with hot water, I opened the door and gazed cautiously out into the dining room. Nothing was there, including the light, which had been turned out, leaving the path to my room in darkness. I tried to remember the location of the curious table in the room and stepped confidently forward.

After five steps I was congratulating myself upon my success, when, with a tremendous crash, I tripped over the leg of an insistent chair. I sprawled on the floor in the midst of the broken pitcher. I began to recall the tales I had heard early in the evening. I expected the proprietress to look out from her door and say: "Is that you, Villa?" and then some one would empty a forty-five at me before I could clear myself.

The water began to soak through my clothes, but I lay as still as a grave, murmuring with all the conviction I could summon: "I believe in the divine law; I believe in the divine law." I reviled all the natural laws I could recollect.

Presently a door squeaked and a voice came out of the darkness:

"Who's that?" it said somewhat breathlessly.

"Just me," I answered from my recumbent position, and then, feeling that I owed some kind of an explanation, added hurriedly: "Hot water."

That seemed to relieve the situation. The door closed. I arose and groped the rest of the way to my room, rather successfully, as I only knocked one glass from a table at the far end.

CHAPTER XII.

Justice Along the Rio Grande.

Somewhere in Texas, in a little town called Langtry, on the Pecos River, on the outside of a rather shabby saloon belonging to Roy Bean, Justice of the Langtry Peace, hangs a sign which reads "Law and Whiskey Dispensed Here," and another below it, "Law West of the Pecos." It is the first inkling a stranger coming into this part of the country has that the method of apportioning justice differs greatly from any other part of the country.

"Years ago," said Owen White, who was telling me of the strange ways of this country, as we sat on the porch of the Valley Inn, "a man was brought before Roy Bean on a charge of having killed a Chinaman. It was a new kind of a case for Bean and he didn't know exactly what to do. He looked through all of the cook books and encyclopedias which formed the sum total of his law library, but not a word did he discover bearing on the inadvisibility of sending a yellow man to the Land of Rice and Birds' Nests.

" 'It's all right, " said Bean, as he turned the man loose. 'There ain't any laws I can find against shootin' a Chink, so you can beat it.'

"Bean was quite a character," continued Mr. White. "When business in a legal way was slack he tended his bar and when a case was being tried he tended bar just the same. Justice was handed out along with the whiskey.

"Bean once had a prisoner before him charged with intoxication. The Judge looked him over.

" 'Do you drink?' he asked. The prisoner assumed his most innocent expression.

" 'Judge, I never touch a drop,' was the virtuous answer. The Judge smiled and pushed a box of perfectos across the bar.

" 'Have a cigar then,' he said, and the case was dismissed.

"Another time the body of an unknown person was carried into the saloon. The man had fallen or been thrown off the Pecos Highbridge. His pockets were searched for something by which he could be identified, but a revolver and $16 in cash were all that came to light.

"Bean was equal to the emergency, however. 'The man is fined $16 for carrying concealed weapons,' he ruled, and the problem was solved.

"Justice is manipulated a good deal the same way in Shafter, the town where I'm living now, by a peculiar old chap named Bob Dent," continued Mr. White. "I would probably never have met him if my manner of being introduced to the place hadn't decided me to move there.

"I had heard about it before, of course; it is one of the few old towns where the atmosphere of 'Wolfville Days' still remains. I thought I would go down and pay it a visit. It is about fifty miles over the hills from Marfa—and no railroad runs through it. When a person once gets there it is rather hard to get him out if he is undesirable. As a result they do their humble best to prevent any one staying there over night, unless

there is no chance of his becoming a burden on the community.

"When I blew in there a walking arsenal came up to me and asked: 'Well, what's your business in town?'

"I didn't have any, but I kept the information to myself. 'Now that you make a point of it, my business isn't any of yours,' I replied.

" 'I'll damn soon make it mine,' he said and drew out his forty-five.

" 'Put that plaything away,' I advised him, 'or I'll take it away from you and spoil it on your face.'

" 'I guess we better go in and talk your errand over while we're having a drink,' he conceded, so I was introduced to Shafter and eventually to Bob Dent. Later I bought a ranch there, which I still have.

"Game laws are not usually strictly enforced in Shafter, but Jim Bailey had been violating them more frequently than we thought advisable.

"One day he came into town with three does he had shot, and boasted to everybody in the place about it. It was decided that an example would have to be made of him. Bob Dent was a little nervous as to just how Bailey would take it. After figuring the problem out with Luke Russell, he planned to have the latter charged with killing forty-seven quail and then fine him to show Bailey others were receiving the same treatment. Russell agreed and when his case was called before the court pleaded guilty. He was fined $30 and costs. He promptly paid with money that had been supplied him.

"Jim Bailey stepped forth for his case.

" 'Are you guilty?' asked Bob, after announcing that the defendant was accused of illegally shooting does.

" 'Yes, I'm guilty,' responded Bailey, 'but all the men in Presidio County can help pull the rope that hangs me before I'll shell out any coin for it.' Dent was balked only temporarily.

" 'You're fined two barrels of beer,' he said, and the residents of Shafter saw that the fine was paid. Dent's judicial rulings frequently involved liquid refreshments.

"Frequently in Shafter Mexicans working in the mines would get too much firewater in their systems and make the town uncomfortable, but Dent's methods proved effective in keeping them quiet during long stretches of time. We rounded up thirty of them one day. We didn't wish to keep them in jail because the jail wasn't big enough. It was an unnecessary expense anyway. Once more Dent's ingenious mind solved the difficulty. He hired an interpreter and a court stenographer in order that the expenses might be worth while. Then he proceeded with the trial of the disturbers of the peace. They were all fined generously with the not insignificant items of costs attached. The mining company went bail for them and required them to work out their debt. It took them a long time to do it. During that period Shafter was not disturbed by these thirty Mexicans."

"It's a rather picturesque form of legal procedure," I said when he had finished, "but don't you think that justice would be doled out more effectively if the courts were conducted along accepted lines?"

"No, I don't," he answered. "I've been a lawyer long enough to know that as a rule a legal man's chief ambition is to defeat the ends of justice. Take a man like Dent or Bean, for instance. They know the kind of

people they are dealing with, and by using common instead of legal sense they get results which your courts in the larger cities can't touch."

Shortly after my talk with Mr. White I went into the combination ice cream parlor, dancing room, cigarette shop and court house, conducted by Jean Foix on Ysleta's main street. Things are rather conveniently situated for Judge Foix, as when a case is called he need only step from behind the cigar stand into an adjoining patio, where criminals meet their just deserts over the ice cream tables.

The Justice, a thin little Frenchman owning the town's only brown beard, was conducting a case when I entered. I arrived just in time to see the lawyer for the plaintiff wipe the perspiration from his brow after a heated accusation of the defendant and take his seat.

The lawyer for the defendant started to arise, but Mr. Foix motioned him wearily to his seat.

"We've heard enough talking," he said, "let the case go to the jury."

That night at the Inn I questioned H. M. Colvin, who has spent a good deal of his time in Ysleta, about the surprising Monsieur Foix. Colvin told me that last year he had brought a damage suit against an El Paso chauffeur who had previously lost control of his car and run into some property belonging to an Ysletan. The chauffeur was arrested and haled before Foix.

Throughout the trial the chauffeur's lawyer kept earnestly demanding from Foix that he produce the warrant by which his client had been arrested. Foix kept assuring him equally earnestly that he could keep calm and not worry about the warrant—he would see it in due

season. As a matter of fact no warrant had yet been issued.

Finally, after Foix had heard all he wished to, he said: "It has been moved and seconded that the court take a recess." The court proceeded to do so.

"Foix came up to me right afterward," said Colvin, "and whispered, 'For God's sake, Colvin, go and swear out a warrant I can show to this guy.' " In this simple fashion were the wants of the opposing attorney satisfied.

Mr. Colvin related more stories tending to prove that Foix, like other small town Texas judges, was an exceedingly human as well as practical person. But, in the words of the gentleman himself, "There has been enough talking. Let the case go to the jury."

CHAPTER XIII.

Forty Years Too Late.

Although the fault could hardly be said to be all mine, I arrived in Douglas, Ariz., nearly forty years too late. I went up there to see the entire First Brigade of New Jersey militia, the First and Seventh Cavalry and the Eleventh, Eighteenth and Thirty-fourth Infantry regiments. It required little perspicacity to discover, however, after a talk with "Hod" Randall, whose Christian name happens to be "Horace," though I don't think his family was reasonable in wishing it on him, that the real interest in the land of the border faded years before the soldiers now overrunning the towns had doffed their long dresses for more manly and comfortable short trousers.

I was told that I should see the Y. M. C. A. in Douglas, where the soldiers spend much of their time, so I hied me to this one shortly after reaching town.

The Y. M. C. A. possesses a wide porch and numerous benches. I took advantage of the liberty allowed a free American citizen in this country and sat down on one of them. In the next pew but one two men were conversing, at least one was talking and the other, a tall, anxious looking man whose face gave the impression of perpetually leaning forward like the Tower of Pisa, was listening. The shorter man, whose gray hairs were protected by a wide sombrero, seemed, in spite of his age, to be in excellent conversational trim. I argued such a

person should be able to cast much light upon the strange land in which I found myself. I joined them. The person of angles I ascertained was called Al Savin and the other Hod Randall.

"Do you know this country pretty well?" I questioned brilliantly.

"I reckon I do," said Hod Randall. He stopped, slowly opened his coat and plucked from an inside pocket a match to light his cigar. His partner took advantage of the pause.

"I know a place——" he began with a sort of pleased enthusiasm. But Randall hastily manipulated the light and interrupted.

"I reckon I'm as familiar with the border as any man in the United States," he said, with a silencing glance at Savin, who relapsed into a discouraged calm. "I've been in every State except Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and the Philippines. I'll tell you what I did once. I drove eighty-five mules from Chihuahua City, Mexico, to Denver, Colo., in 1884.

"I was born in Petersburg, Mich., but I didn't stay there long. I came down into Texas and settled in a little cattle town called Magdalena. Drat that cigar!" He reached again into his inside pocket. I heard a commotion on the other side of him.

"I know a place near——" It was Savin. There was a puff of smoke from Randall, and Savin was switched to a siding.

"Them was the good old days," continued Randall reflectively, just as if no one had spoken. He stroked an imaginary beard on his chin. I noticed that the forefinger on his left hand had lost its first two joints. I

looked at the other hand. One joint was missing. "Them was the days for excitement and sich like. These boys," and he indicated some of the militia, who, in the room inside, were writing to their sweethearts, "these boys should have been around in Magdalena then. We had men that could shoot when they had to. Every one packed a gun, so there was something to keep us interested all the time. Cuss that cigar!"

Al was a little quicker. His words tumbled over one another. "I know a place near Yuma——" I was becoming interested. What was it that had happened at the place near Yuma? But deferring his light for a few minutes, for he had been taken unawares, Hod interrupted.

"Listen," he said sternly. "This fellow doesn't want to hear about Yuma. I'm tellin' him about Magdalena.

"Magdalena was a tough old town in the eighties. We couldn't get a marshal to stay there long. They got shot up. We'd get 'em from outside towns so the boys wouldn't know their records, but it didn't do no good. I was sittin' in the store one day after our last marshal had died sudden in a shootin' scrape.

"Patten, who chose the men, said to me, 'Hod, how'd you like the job?'

"I said 'No.' Sittin' along side of me on the pickle barrel was a little Virginia cuss named Sam Galen, weighing about 100 pounds. He was a stranger in town. He looked interested.

" 'How much does the job pay?' he asked.

" 'Hundred and fifty a month and privilege of runnin' a monte game without a license,' I told him.

" 'Can Ah have it?' he says to Patten, kind of anxious. 'Ah haven't got a job, and Ah'll earn that 150.'

" 'Sure, if you can hold it down,' says Patten.

" 'If Ah don't you needn't pay me,' the little chap tells him, so he was our new marshal. Damn that cigar!" Savin looked at him rather cautiously as he searched out a match. He decided to risk it.

"As I was sayin,' near Yuma——" but before he could go further Randall, ignoring him, interjected reproachfully, "I was tellin' you about Magdalena. It looked as if there would be trouble for him from the start, and we all expected it. He escorted all the women that came to town up the street and wheeled their baby carriages for them and was always around when the high school let out to see that there wasn't any swearin' goin' on near them. Then he got the town to pass a rule that every one must stop carryin' guns and hitch their hosses to the post in front of the store when they came up for their mail.

"One day a gun fighter called Jack Bess rode into town with his gang. They were all carrying guns and none of them tied their hosses. Sam stepped out of the saloon.

" 'Men,' he said, 'you'll find it out soon enough if Ah don't tell you, but Ah's the new marshal heah. The town has passed a rule that you-all will have to hitch your hosses so they won't run away and hurt the women and children. You'll have to take off youah guns and leave them with the bahtendah or in youah saddles.'

"Bess laughed. 'Whoever told you you were a marshal, you little runt?' he said. 'This is the only way you'll ever get my gun,' and he started to draw.

"Sam snatched out his .45 and jumped toward Bess. He hit him square between the eyes with the butt. Bess dropped cold. Sam drew his other gun and wheeled on the rest of the bunch.

" 'Now, quick,' he snapped, 'drop youah guns on the ground. In two seconds Ah stahts shootin'.'

"It didn't take them long. The next instant Sam was gatherin' 'em up as if they was kindling wood and took 'em in to the bartender. By the time he came out the hosses was all hitched. He bathed Bess's face off and he soon came around all right, but that was the last time he had any trouble with the men."

"Yuma——" essayed Savin. I was figuring I must go to Yuma some day, just as Randall again broke in:

"Bess was a bully, but always gettin' the worst of it from some one," continued Hod serenely. "There was bad feelin' between him and a little sissy guy called 'Little' MacGhee. Bess went out for Mac one day with a sawed-off shotgun. MacGhee, who was out in the street on horseback, seen him comin', however, and got the drop.

"In his little high, squeaky voice MacGhee said: 'I'll shoot you, Jack, just as soon as you raise that gun.' Bess got so excited when he seen 'Little' had the drop on him that his gun went off accidentally and blew his toe off—damn cigar's no good, anyway," he added, just as if it were all one sentence. I had given him the cigar. He threw the offending weed far out into the street and then turned to Al Savin with the air of a man who has borne a great deal in patience.

"Now, *what* about Yuma?" he demanded fiercely.

"Why, I only wanted to tell our friend," said the Pisa-faced one apologetically in a high voice, "that a

good many years ago up near Yuma there used to be some wild camel. The Gov'mint bought 'em for packin' purposes, but they went and got sore feet on 'em and they were turned loose." He began to hurry, as if in fear that he would not be allowed to finish. "They got to be bunches of 'em; they stampeded the cattle and the ranchmen killed most of 'em off. A few years ago some people from Ringling's circus came out and roped five of 'em."

"Huh!" said Randall to Savin more scornfully than I thought justified. "He knew that."

It was late and I had to go.

"Come back again, son," he said cordially, "and I'll tell you about some more shootin' scrapes if I can keep Al here quiet."

CHAPTER XIV.

Douglas, Another Port of Entry to Mexico.

Coming from El Paso to Douglas one is allowed to forget for the greater part of the time that there are any human beings out in this section of the country. Jack-rabbits, little molly cottontails and partridges pay small attention to the train as it goes snorting by, for the only care on their minds is how to defeat the undertaker of the desert, the turkey buzzard, in his mission. Occasionally the vast stretch of mesquite stretching off to the dim mountains in Mexico is broken by the presence of a house. It looks as if some one had built there in a fit of absent-mindedness and, when he later viewed his work in vast surprise, had been too lazy to move. The engine gives a whinny of joy, there is a grinding of brakes, much commotion on the part of the crew and the train comes to a halt. The house is a city—perhaps its name is Continental.

If there is more than one building in the town, which is not often the case, it is with the utmost difficulty that the engineer can be induced to leave the place of such urban joy and the stop is long enough to give all of the inhabitants ample opportunity thoroughly to inspect the train, its contents and to make the appropriate comments amid great wagging of heads. If such an interesting item as its being on time is added there is much joy.

Continue this way long enough and you will find yourself in Douglas. Of course you are rather curious

to know just why Douglas should have been unloaded at this particular place. The answer is the same one receives regarding any border town of any size—it is the State's main port of entry to Mexico. Then, of course, in the case of Douglas, there are added reasons, which consist of two gigantic copper smelters, the Copper Queen and the Calumet and Arizona.

The Douglas station is quite magnificent. After one has seen the town one views this edifice in the light of a waiter's dickey—the money has been spent where it will make the greatest impression. In Douglas there are about 14,000 people, all of them with well muscled legs, for, in order to negotiate Avenue G, Douglas's pride and joy, it is necessary to be more or less of an Alpine expert. It is being paved by the street contractors in a way best calculated to develop agility among the citizens.

Recently I was sitting down on a curb waiting for a car—it is for this purpose that Douglas curbs are built.

"Who owns that building?" I asked my next door neighbor, pointing to a four story brick building (they don't grow much higher here).

"Phelps-Dodge Mercantile Company, of which Walter Douglas is general manager," he said.

"And that one?" I asked again, picking out another at random.

"Phelps-Dodge," he answered. I became rather irritated. If Phelps-Dodge owned all of the buildings on Main street I would disappoint my friend. I pointed to the one most distant thing I could see—the smokestacks of the Copper Queen.

"I suppose Phelps-Dodge owns that, too?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"And the railroad?" I continued hopefully. The answer was the same. I gave up. Other people must possess property in this city besides the Phelps-Dodge Company, but I did not summon up enough ambition since to find out who.

Before 1900 there was no Douglas. It had its birth in that year for the principal reason it afforded an ample water supply for the smelter which the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company proposed to build to handle the vast quantities of ore shipped from Bisbee, about thirty miles from Douglas. The 4,000 regulars and militia from New Jersey who spread their tents within its long streets, lined with low brick buildings, found it a bustling, growing city. Douglas was good to the troops and seemed to appreciate the wealth which they brought to it more than the majority of border towns.

One of the militia officers stationed here, after eating for several days at the Gadsden Hotel, decided that the privates impeded too much the service which the officers should receive.

"Look here," he said to the proprietor, "I think I'll have the privates excluded from eating at hotels." The proprietor's attitude was calm but forceful.

"If you do," he said, "the hotel will exclude the officers too." He picked up the officer's check for luncheon, together with one just turned in by a private of the Essex Cavalry. The former's check amounted to 60 cents, while the other totalled $4.50.

"And there are more of them than there are of you," the hotel man added.

In other ways Douglas catered to the soldiers. Band concerts were frequently given. The privileges of

the Country Club were turned over to them. Whenever they wished they were allowed to sit in Douglas's park. In order to give some idea that this was no small concession, I quote from the Douglas International.

"The park," it says, "is a fit gamboling place for sylvan nymphs, spritely elfs and Lilliputians."

I was not certain under which classification the troops come, but judging from the numbers I saw there they enjoy the gamboling and other sports it afforded to the fullest extent.

Contiguous to Douglas is the little Mexican village of Agua Prieta. Whenever Douglas is unable to entertain its visitors in other ways arrangements can be easily made for a Mexican battle in the town across the border, a good view of which can be obtained from the Arizona side of the line. The latest incident of this sort was last November, when Villa attempted to take the town.

A casual observer, going to one of the border posts so that he could be positive he was not treading on foreign soil and looking intently across at the dilapidated village of baked mud, might fail to realize why Villa struggled so hard to invest it, for it doesn't look as if it would fetch more than $1.60, Mexican money, at an auction sale. But he would be very foolish in so supposing, for it is of great strategic importance, due to the railroad which passes through. Villa's failure to capture it proved the turning point in his career.

Over at the Copper Queen Smelter I ran across a man who had been an eye witness of the battle.

"At noon Villa's advance guard took a position by the quarantine slaughter house," he said, "but the real fighting didn't begin until one. I was here in the smelter

yard at the time and soon the bullets began to whistle above our heads from Villa's guns south of Agua Prieta. I saw a workman and his wife standing in the doorway of the engine house. I told them they better get inside, but they laughed at me. Just about then a rifle bullet struck the tin roof and went singing off into the air. They soon took my advice. Another woman was in the door of the general offices watching the battle. I advised her to go in also and right after she had done so a cannon ball passed through the window. The machine shop foreman was the only person hurt here. A cannon ball struck the heel of his shoe.

"From here we could plainly see the artillery fire and the shells as they blew up big clouds of dust—usually quite far from their target. There was only one man who seemed to be a good marksman. He kept dropping them right into the midst of General Calles's men. The Mexicans were exceedingly calm and brave, however. I saw a couple of young fellows leave a field piece which they had been firing and walk casually over to a machine gun without even dodging when some close shot dug up the ground in front of them.

"At 6.30 in the morning Villa retired after losing 200 men. Only forty-five of Calles's were killed and seventy-five wounded, yet enough ammunition was burned to wipe out an army of 20,000.

"The dead soldiers and horses were left out in the field for a long time and then some Mexicans went out with buckets of kerosene and burned them up."

On two other occasions Agua Prieta has been the scene of conflict, and each time Douglas inhabitants have assembled on the border as interested spectators. Things

have been quiet for many months, however, and when the town again awakens to activity it may be due to an invasion by the United States army stationed in Douglas.

With the greatest care I one August night stuck my head out of the window of a car filled with workmen, most of them Mexicans, on their way to begin their nightly task at the Copper Queen Consolidated Smelter. A short distance ahead, above the shadowy outlines of the smelter, rolled vast billows of flaming smoke, as brilliant as if a city were burning beneath them.

I gazed awhile in profound thought and then came my inspiration. The gateman, I had heard, had been born and raised along the border. Much of his time had been spent in Mexico and his life was inseparably linked with mining and smelting. With the busy plant handling an average of 6,000,000 pounds of copper a year as a background for the tales he would tell me, I would persuade him in his simple, untutored fashion to unfold to me fanciful tales of wealth that had been found and wealth that had been lost across the border.

I jumped blithely off the car when it came to its destination and stepped within the entrance. I searched out my man. He seemed quite glad to see me—a gateman is more or less isolated in the matter of company and he is glad to see almost any one.

He was the usual Western type in appearance. A rather serious thin face—which the light from the smelter showed me was the customary bronze, a drooping mustache and a sombrero hat.

We conversed casually at first about everything in general and nothing in particular. Occasionally an in-

terruption occurred in the form of some soldier who wished to come within to fill his system with facts regarding the process of smelting.

"You've been in Mexico quite a lot, haven't you?"

"Well, I should say yes," he responded, "five years or more." There was a louder roar than usual from the direction of the smelter. Along a huge beam amid a great clanking of chains, a glowing slag-pot, lighting the sky above it, was being carried. At the end of the traveler it stopped. It slowly tilted forward. Workmen hurried away to a safe distance as a stream of orange molten metal poured forth into the car below it, splashing a fountain of bright drops into the air.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" I said, enthusiastically.

"I've seen it pretty often," was his rather non-committal answer.

I returned hastily to our former topic of conversation.

"Did you ever hear of any lost mines while you were down in the country?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; there was lots of them tales floating around," he said. At intervals of a few minutes the slag pot would be dumped and the darkness be banished by a blaze of color. Things were as I had hoped.

"I never paid much attention to them, though of course there's places in Sonora where there's a pile of rich gold and silver and copper ore and the like of that, but I didn't ever take much stock in them."

"Did you ever hear," I continued, "that a few years after Cortez had conquered the country he sent out exploration parties all over Mexico, who discovered great quantities of gold and silver? In 1530 Alminidez Chiri-

nos had gone up as far as the mouth of the Yaqui River, followed by De Vaca, and the latter brought back a report that the place was literally jammed with gold."

The gateman became mildly interested. "There's lots of them tales," he repeated, "but I don't believe 'em."

I became more eloquent.

"One of De Vaca's men," I said, "by the name of Sebastian, told how he saw the 'Seven Cities of Cibola,' ruled by King Tatrax, seated in gorgeously jeweled robes on a throne of gold before an 18-karat cross. Mermaids sat about him playing on diamond harps."

I looked at him expectantly.

"There may be mermaids and thrones of gold and sich like," he replied dubiously, "but I never seen them."

"There's another mine they tell about," I continued undaunted, fixing my gaze on the pot of fire once more undergoing the splendor of being emptied, "which was discovered by the Yaqui Indians during the first half of the eighteenth century. It was called the Plancha de Plata. The Jesuits took from it immense quantities of almost pure silver—some of the nuggets as heavy as twenty and fifty pounds.

"One day they unearthed a lump weighing more than a quarter of a ton. They loaded it between two mules and took it to the capital. There it was seized by the Government, who declared that this nugget and all the others previously taken out belonged to the crown. After this the Indians and Jesuits proceeded to 'lose' the mine."

I paused. He contemplatively dug up the alkali with the point of his shoe.

"I think folks gets to exaggeratin' when they tell

stories like that," he said. "I don't believe they ever found no ore weighing a quarter of a ton and the like of that. I did hear tell once that in the northern part of the Magdalena Mountains they was a mine a fellow worked that paid good. When he died he wouldn't tell no one where it was and they've been a-lookin' for it ever since."

I became quite excited. "What was the name of the man that found it?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, " I don't reckon I just recall now. I never did take much interest in yarns about silver and the like of that. Up here about four miles," and he jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward Arizona in general, "lives a ranchman that could probably tell you, though. He offered a reward of $30,000 for any one that located the mine."

"And what's his name?" I asked.

I was getting down to bedrock. He paused a moment in thought. "Well, I declare," he drawled after a moment in mild astonishment. "I reckon I can't just recall that now."

I decided to try him on something else.

"Did you ever hear of Dona Maria, the widow of an old Spaniard called De Rodrigues?" I asked. "They say she saved nuggets of gold taken from her husband's mine for years, until she had enough to make a load for a caravan of forty mules. Then she took it to Mexico City, where she put it in the safe-keeping of the Spanish viceroy. A short time after she disappeared and the bullion was appropriated by the Government Treasury.

"I knew a good many Dona Marias in Mexico City and one place and another," he responded after due thought, "but I don't reckon it was the same gal at all,

for I never did hear no sich tale as that. As I said I don't believe that I would take much stock in it if I had. They's always people tellin' you hard luck stories like that down there and I come so that I never pay much attention to them. They's gold down there sure, and silver, sure, but they's a heap sight more now that people can't get into Mexico than there would be once they got down there lookin' for it. I suppose they's some lost Spanish mines. They get lost quicker than the others. But I dunno, I reckon I'll stay here awhile."

"Why do they get lost quicker than the others?" I asked. Perhaps I could learn something definite from him.

"Well," he replied, "they went in shorter holes. They'd dig down aways and put in a long pole with notches in it that they could fit benches in. Then they'd dig in sideways a bit and go down again with another pole. Our shafts is made deeper and it would take one of 'em ten times as long to fill up as it would one of those old Spanish fellows. So that's why they get lost so easy," he concluded.

A car came rattling up to the plant. They only run every hour, so I bid him adios and climbed aboard. I was not sure as I gazed back at the big black serpent climbing out of the funnel to blot out the stars above whether I had interviewed or been interviewed by the gateman. But any way "I reckon I don't take much stock in interviews of the accepted form and the like of that."

CHAPTER XV.

Bisbee, the Hidden City.

If some one were to take you to the top of some high mountain, ten or fifteen miles from Bisbee, from which a complete view of the surrounding country and its hills could be obtained, and then told you upon pain of death to "go find Bisbee," your life would be in imminent danger. Bisbee is built in the Mule Mountains in a gulch and is about as well hidden from the disturbing gaze of the outside public as it well could be. It is not until one gets within a few miles of it that there is the slightest hint of its existence. It springs out at you when you approach, in a struggling train, with the suddenness of a practical joker.

Once on the main street, however, you can see practically all of it at once—just gaze up into the air and there it is. It looks as if some huge ogre, in a fit of ennui, had thrown a bunch of houses in the gully and said, "Now climb up, cuss you." The houses which had kept in the best physical trim climbed the highest and left their dirtier, less agile fellows on the lower levels.

The word high class must have originated in Bisbee, for the higher one goes the better is the society in which he finds himself.

Of course there are drawbacks as well as advantages in this business of building on the side of a mountain. Two years ago a man, in a fit of intoxication, stepped off his back yard one night and landed fifty feet below on the

property of a total stranger. The man below, ordinarily hospitable, mistook the visitor for a burglar, and before the proper explanations could be made pumped him full of lead from the ever ready forty-five.

Sometimes a fit of hunger will overtake one of the brethren on the heights above. Absent-mindedly he will throw his orange peels into the air in front of him. He means no harm, but it may happen that below him some one is entertaining guests on his front porch, and the bombardment is apt to have a disturbing effect. Such things as this are not designed to promote friendly feelings, but, nevertheless, the citizens of Bisbee seem to be on exceedingly cordial relations, a fact for which I have not been able properly to account.

The jitney drivers of Bisbee possess a low and vicious cunning. When I stepped off the train on my visit to the place I approached one of them. I asked him to take me to the Copper Queen Hotel. As the car was starting, my curiosity prompted me to inquire the fare.

"Fifty cents," he answered. I was not surprised, for in this country the prices seem to rise with the altitude. The machine heaved noisily and proceeded fifty feet or so up a hill—in this city none of the streets is level—and stopped.

"What's the matter—car busted?" I inquired, sympathetically.

"Nope," he answered. "This is the Copper Queen Hotel."

It is not difficult after reaching the hostelry to amuse one's self for a considerable length of time in an extremely sedentary manner by sitting with the rest of the throng on the porch. In front are the brick offices of the Phelps-

Dodge Mercantile Company, with an incipient park by its side. High above it towers the Sacramento Hill. Lying on its side, like some huge caterpillar, is a tremendous pipe, formerly used in a smelting plant, but not yet removed. The height is dotted with many prospect holes so high up they look like the entrance to some prairie dog's abode.

I had not been there long before a leathery faced Mexican passed up the street driving a dozen heavily loaded burros. These animals can be bought for anywhere from 50 cents to $7 and are more intelligent than the Mexicans that own them. Half an hour after this I saw the same man and his entourage winding up the side of the hill in front, although how he got there I am unable to say.

I wearied of the porch after a time, however, and walked up the main street. It was filled with miners and business people. There are fewer Mexicans among the number than one is in the habit of seeing along the border. The streets are barely wide enough to permit two vehicles to pass one another. The sidewalks were designed for the express purpose of making the arduous task of the pickpocket easier. Half way up the main street, which is lined with dingy brick buildings, two or three stories high —no adobe is used—a large crowd was gathered. Before an innocent restaurant called the English Lunch Room a union picket informed all who came within his range that "this is an unfair shop, boys. Ten hours a day they work."

I learned that since the properietor had refused to meet the eight-hour demands of his workers, he had lost $4,000. One day he tried the expedient of conspicuously

carrying a forty-five in his hip pocket when he left with his non-union men. He was arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

He has since been sitting with waiters for his sole company in weaponless splendor.

In all this bold West there is none who has dared the wrath of the union men to eat within. I was strongly tempted to do so myself, but after a glance at the crowd decided I did not wish to make a Roman holiday for them.

I asked the pompous picket where he would advise eating, and proceeded on my way with his admonition that "this is an unfair shop, boys," still ringing in my ears.

In the days of old fire and flood were the biggest terrors of the Bisbee inhabitant. The main street would sometimes be knee deep in a surging torrent from the mountains. If one of the houses on a lower level caught afire it was not long before those looking down haughtily from above were in the same fix. Now, I was told by a long bearded citizen, there is an adequate system of fire protection, and well planned drains foil the fury of the elements. Mebbe so, but it is my private opinion that the fire engines must be modelled on the plan of aeroplanes to be sufficiently effective and the sewers in the rainy season must have much in common with the Bay of Fundy when the tide is ebbing.

One of the picturesque features of a Bisbee fire is that if a person trapped on the third floor undertook a too enthusiastic jump he would be apt to land a half a mile or so below. It would be a long climb back again. I saw the charred ruins still standing of a couple of build-

lngs in the direction of the Warren District. The fire had ceased when there was nothing left to burn.

All of Bisbee's water, for fire and other purposes, is piped from the town of Naco, about six miles distant.

Its elevation of 5,030 feet gives Bisbee certain advantages besides an attractive climate. Its principal business, of course, is copper mining, and all of the ore produced by the Copper Queen and C. & A. mines is put ln ore cars, which, on account of the elevation, are able to coast without engine assistance all of the way to Douglas, over twenty-five miles away. The engine's task of pulling them back again is simple, for they are then empty.

Bisbee is theoretically a "dry" town, but if some poor person were to find himself in the street simply unable to endure thirst longer, there would be no real necessity for him to do so. He need merely say, in a rather loud tone of voice to the world in general, "Gosh, how I would like a bottle of beer, or even something stronger," and his fiery godmother, in the person of some decrepit bootlegger, would appear like magic by his side to guide him to some place where he could obtain "a bottle of beer or even something stronger." If he disliked being dependent upon some one in this fashion and wished to get it by his own unaided efforts, he could stroll up the street called the Canon and find what he wished at the majority of the places to be located there.

On the same street, which reminds one with its disreputable, tumble-down buildings of some foreign city, gambling still continues in full swing, just as it did in the early days of the mining camp. In any one of the poolrooms or dance halls whose doors remain wide open

one can lose his money at everything from faro to roulette just as easily as at Monte Carlo.

The city at night is beautiful, for out of the darkness along the sides of the mountain gleam thousands of lights that give one the impression that the whole interior of the hill is lighted and holes had been punched in the surface to let the brilliance through. The illumination is supplied by nearly 14,000 inhabitants, 23,000, if one is including the entire Warren District, embracing Bisbee, Lowell and Warren. The city is still growing, I am told on good authority. A few years later I would like to return and see where it has grown to. I think when that day comes it will have burst its skin.

CHAPTER XVI.

Down in Bisbee's Stomach.

All of Bisbee's past and all of its future are wrapped up in mining. Thirty-nine years ago work was first begun on copper claims in that district. It has been continued feverishly ever since. Were the ore bodies belonging to the Copper Queen and the Calumet and Arizona companies to be exhausted, Bisbee would doubtless heave a last gasp of weariness and disappear from the map of Arizona as quickly as it was born. More than five thousand miners would be thrown out of employment and twenty thousand inhabitants would have to pull up and look elsewhere for a city.

In August, 1878, Jack Dunn and his partners wandered into Mule Gulch and staked out a claim which later proved to be one of the richest in the country. Later, after much litigation between the various mining companies of the district, it was taken over by the Copper Queen Consolidated. Mule Gulch became Bisbee, and the name Jack Dunn, as a rule, will bring forth merely a blank expression when mentioned to the average Bisbee citizen. Ever since the days of Dunn, however, tons of ore have been pouring out of the mines yearly and the interior of the hills would make an ant blush for his lack of industry. Stretching more than five hundred yards up the red side of the hill in which the Southwest claim is located can be seen two jagged cracks, about two feet

across, caused by settling resulting from the mining going on underneath. They are opening at the rate of an inch a month.

Yet the mind of the Bisbeean concerns itself little about how much longer the presence of copper will allow him to dwell in Mule Gulch. He will move when the time comes; until it does come he will stay in Bisbee. In spite of his apathy, however, I decided to visit one of the claims, examine it carefully and let the good people know about how much longer they might expect to remain. If they were caught unprepared after that it would be their own fault.

Harry Anderson, the night foreman of the Copper Queen, took me down. I found him in a wooden shack near what is called the Czar shaft. He was born in another mining camp, Leadville, Colorado, and has been in the mining business ever since. He gave me some old clothes to put on. After I had changed I went over to the shaft where the night shift was being taken down in the two elevators that came dripping to the surface every one or two minutes. Nine of them with their lighted carbide lanterns gleaming in their hats above their pale faces would crowd into the lift at once and be shot down into the depths below. I looked over the sides of the shaft, but the darkness within was so intense that after they had dropped about twenty feet they were invisible.

Before long it came our turn and I stepped in after Mr. Anderson in the most approved miner style. In another second I was wondering whether it would be etiquette to ask them to stop to return for my stomach, which somehow or other seemed to have been left above. An instant later, however, I learned that this would be

unnecessary, for the elevator halted with a bang and I became acutely conscious that my organ had returned.

My impressions after that point were somewhat vague, though turbulent. My most vivid recollections are of what had been suggestively termed the "Rat Hole," although it was some time before we reached it. With our shoes sucking through the mud, the dim rays of the lantern disclosing a narrow dripping tunnel enforced with beams, we sloshed along until we came to a couple of men having a cozy time in a little side chamber digging away the roof. They were making a "raise" to reach the ore which lay above the drift of limestone in which we found ourselves at that time.

"Hello, Harry," said one of them. "It's workin' a bit over in 'H'."

We crawled down numberless ladders which descended in a series of fifteen foot flights. I figured that we must be 1,200 feet underground. We reached "H" at last, where a dirty faced gentleman by the name of Jack and his similar faced partner Bill were picking away at some reddish looking clay splotched with streaks of black. Above their heads the timbers sagged, big, heavy things, eight inches square.

"She's begun to work a little, Harry," they said.

"If it gets bad leave it and go to some other stope," he replied.

We groped along for another five minutes. Down another slimy ladder we crawled, the water trickling down my neck like an April rain.

"I wish you had time to go over to the Dividend," Harry exclaimed, enthusiastically below me. "It's knee deep there in water after a rain, and you can get a shower

bath any time you want." I was glad to hear his voice, because he disappeared from sight at each new landing, and it was comforting to know that I could reach his ears with a lusty cry for help. Even so, it was impossible for me to wax ardent about the Dividend or shower baths. I was absorbing at that moment all the moisture a person not inherently grasping could desire.

The ladders ceased. We had come to the bottom of that particular shaft. At one side the lantern revealed an opening almost closed by a beam cracked in the middle.

"This is the 'Rat Hole,' " said my guide. I acknowledged the introduction.

"Now, I suppose we'll go back the way we came?" I suggested hopefully. He seemed somewhat aggrieved.

"Why, we haven't been through it yet," he said. As if to avoid further argument he squeezed through the narrow opening. I sighed and followed. The entire roof had sagged and cracked from the weight of the mountain above it until it was necessary to crawl along on one's hands and knees. Half way through we stopped. I was duly grateful, for I was not built for a caterpillar's life. I hastily started a conversation to prevent an immediate resumption of our journey.

"What does 'workin' ' mean?" I asked.

"The land gets to sliding," he explained, "and if it's bad enough caves in the tunnel and fills it up. Sometimes we can reinforce the timbers, but mostly we have to cut in above it with a raise and strike the ore again above it. It catches the boys once in a while, although we have far fewer accidents of that kind in the Copper Queen than any place else.

"I remember," he continued, pointing with his thumb in a direction that meant nothing to me, "when we were busy over in a stope in the other tunnel I could hear her working up above all the time just as if a fine dribble of sand were coming down. One of the kids came up to me just about that time and told me my little daughter had been bitten by a dog and for me to come right home. I told the men to look out for the slide and not to remain there if it became any worse. I reported it to the superintendent on my way out. When I came back an hour later the whole tunnel was down and the men had just gotten out a few seconds before.

"This place here," he said thoughtfully, "will go down some time. When we work a tunnel completely out we just let 'em go and don't bother about fixing them up any more."

"How long do you think this one will last?" I inquired anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "They patch it up a little once in a while, but if it weren't for that I wouldn't give it three weeks."

I strained back my neck and looked with renewed interest at the damp, broken beams above me. Just at that moment the ground was shaken by a boom. A few seconds later there followed a dull roar, as if tons of earth were collapsing. My companion seemed to be unmoved. I resolved with an effort to take death as calmly as he.

After an interval long enough to convince him that I was not in the least alarmed I asked in a shakily casual voice, "What were those noises?"

"The first was a blast over in I," he informed. "The other was an ore car being dumped into the chute. It's

carried down to the four hundred level and then shot underground over to the Sacramento shaft, where all of the ore from these different places is taken out."

We left Rat Hole. I was not sorry. Flashing his light as we went on the different kinds of ore we journeyed to the Holbrook Shaft. We came to some tracks.

"I want you to see some of the ore cars go by," he said excitedly. "We've got some slick ones." We waited for several minutes.

"They never seem to come when I have any visitors down here," he said morosely at last. "They only did once—when I had one of the men from the Twenty-second Infantry down," he amended. His eyes lit up, as nearly as I could judge by the rays of my lantern, with reminiscent satisfaction.

"They came by so fast," he said, "that his eyes stuck out like a frog's when he saw them."

Poor Harry Anderson never had the satisfaction of seeing mine perform such acrobatics, however, for after waiting ten or fifteen minutes we gave up in despair and jumped into the elevator at the Holbrook Shaft. We were hoisted once more to the cool night air above.

As I returned back to the hotel I was not able to determine just what kind of a report should be made to the Bisbee citizens. I think, however, that ten or fifteen years from now the Copper Queen and the C. & A. will still be found in operation. It will not be immediately necessary for the town to begin packing.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nogales, on Both Sides of the Line.

In Spanish, Nogales means "walnut trees." By the aid of a costly fifty-cent dictionary I learned this before I went there. I had seen so many Statefuls of cactus and mesquite, with mountains to hold them down, that I felt I should like to revel in the cool shade of the walnut trees while gentle zephyrs wafted through my auburn locks.

But when I arrived there I found no walnuts at all. There may be a few, but they are surely kept in safes. There are trees—some—but they are of other varieties. There is shade—at intervals. I saw a young Mexican, with a fortune in ice tied about the middle with a piece of string, trying to negotiate the distance between one shady spot and another.

A second evil-natured child of toil engaged him in an interesting conversation. A few seconds later a howl of dismay told me the first had just become aware that his chilly possession had miraculously changed to a pool of water.

I proceeded to the "best" (so-called only because the others are worse) hotel. A well-wisher told me he had heard a guest had been bitten by a tarantula two days before, when he tried to wash his hands.

"Is there any other place?" I asked.

"You'll be lucky if you can get a cot to sleep on," he replied heartlessly.

I waited for three hours until some one reached the limit of human endurance and vacated his room. I got it.

I was soon looking enthusiastically for the tarantula. I wished to ask it if it wouldn't please, like a nice, good little tarantula, run downstairs and bite the boy in the lobby, who seemed to think his popularity was determined by the volume of noise he could make and the amount of pain he could inflict on the patient bootblack. After that I desired the tarantula to nip mommer, whose views seemed to be similar to her son's. But I could only find flies and bright, intelligent looking bugs with shiny eyes (called June bugs here, though they aren't). There were also some small persevering insects which I was not able to identify. None of them were deadly.

I decided I wouldn't like Nogales, but, as usual, I soon discovered I was mistaken.

The next day things began to appear in a different light.

If the troops had arrived there a few days later I would probably have found no city to write about. It would have been burned in its infancy, like the ill-fated town of Columbus, N. M. Nogales is situated in a valley. All about it are beautiful rolling hills of green, which are excellent for artistic purposes, but just as valuable for military ones. A month before they were lined with Mexican artillery and machine guns. Feeling at that time was intense, and they would doubtless have been used for a purpose had not the arrival of 11,000 troops of the California, Connecticut and Idaho militia and three regiments of regulars thrown the fear of God into the worthy gentlemen across the line.

The atmosphere was once more apparently peaceful, although the occasional sniping, such as that which occurred early in August, when Claude Howard, one of the American sentries, was shot in the leg, indicated the good will was only on the surface. The steady flow of Mexicans—old men and women, boys and pretty senoritas (Nogales is one of the few places that one finds their far-famed beauty)—continued from one side to the other.

The narrow main street and its shops that try to lure customers within, with signs both Spanish and English, were crowded with soldiers in vain search for excitement, sombreroed Americans and a host of Mexicans—the latter outnumber all the others. There are 5,000 people in Nogales, Ariz., and about 3,000 in Nogales, Sonora. Slightly more than 1,500 of these are Americans. The drug stores of Nogales seemed to benefit the most from the military flood which poured into the town.

At all the cigar stands, in stores of any variety, were beautiful maidens of Spanish descent, ready and willing to shake dice with all comers for anything from a box of cigarettes to a house and lot. They would not play for money, however, as that would be gambling and naughty. It made one feel quite guilty on winning to have one of them look with her large luminous brown eyes and say, "Oh, senor," with a sad little sigh. The usually heartless soldier was so moved that he played again and lost—which was good for the house and promoted friendly feeling.

The most interesting part of the city, however, is the border line. There is a break in the busy Main street which had been cleared for the space of about a hundred yards with the exception of two sentry boxes and an international post. On the Mexican side to the left were a

saloon, a couple of restaurants and a row of adobe houses covered with plaster and painted with faded colors. They ran up to the foot of a hill on which were several shacks. On the right are the red Bank of Sonora and the railroad tracks. Two or three Carranza soldiers were usually in sight serving the same purpose as the Americans on their side.

Before the Government appropriated the space the line was the scene of much more excitement than it is now. The open space was filled with a line of saloons and gambling places, partly on American and partly on Mexican soil. I was told of an incident that took place in the most active of them. A cowpuncher wanted by Mexican authorities for some breach of etiquette took refuge in the American side of the saloon. The police, unable to follow him across the boundary, waited for him at the only exit, which opened on Sonora. They were confident their prey would soon be in their hands. Certain friends of the harassed man who heard of his trouble came to his rescue, however, by sawing out the side of the building facing Arizona and allowing him to step forth to safety.

There was more or less smuggling of a petty nature attempted, which kept the two officials on duty extremely busy.

"They go over a few times without being examined," said one of the inspectors, "and it seems so blamed easy for them to get something across that the next trip they will try to take a load of 'hop' over that will give them a profit of several hundred per cent. But when we see a man who we believe hasn't any legitimate business passing too frequently, we stop and search him just about the time he has loaded himself up."

Off to the left is a hill three or four hundred feet high. On its top I saw a peon wandering aimlessly about.

"What's he doing up there?" I asked. I thrilled with the secret belief that he was a soldier getting the lay of the American land.

"He's a poor greaser," he replied, "that is trying to do something to keep his mind off how damn hungry he is." It was one of the products of the Carranza regime and the constant revolutions from which Mexico has been suffering the past years.

Late in the afternoon I crossed the line with another newspaper man to visit Nogales, Sonora.

Fifty ragged, pinched-faced Mexican men and women were gathered about the railroad station. They were literally homeless and sleep there all night. A wavering blue column of smoke was ascending from a small fire on which an aged senora was making a weary attempt to cook a filthy tortilla.

We passed up the street. In a cantina, no longer prosperous, for the State of Sonora is "dry," several Yaquis were playing a noisy game of pool. Next door, through a spotted vista of flies, four men, more wealthy than their neighbors, were reclining luxuriously while they received a five dollar haircut.

The fat proprietress of a curio shop stood in the entrance vainly looking for customers. From the windows of the little, low buildings shrunken mothers leaned out to watch their tattered offspring hopping about in the street.

Their park, with its green trees, is quite pretty, but in strange contrast to the hundreds of old men and loafers seated on the benches.

Further on we stopped to enter a book store. Two impertinent young Mexicans waited on us. They had reached the mature age of 14 years, when all Mexican boys don long trousers and grow mustaches. The burden on their lips, combined with their security in being on the right side of the line, weighed on their minds heavily. While I was looking over some weird "Libros por Mexicanos Ninos," which correspond to our "Tip Top Weeklies," and are decorated with vivid pictures of Spanish heroes rescuing beautiful senoritas, the two youths—in Spanish—made remarks scarcely complimentary to their customers. The ability of one to scribble "Americanos" and "gringoes" on a piece of paper seemed to cause much amusement. I bought the books and we left.

Further up in the city the attitude of the people became distinctly more hostile. Smiles which we occasionally saw nearer the United States disappeared; scowls took their place. Some stopped and stared at us. An inquiry as to the location of the post office, which, although put in bad Spanish, must have been perfectly intelligible to them, evoked nothing more than a sulky shake of the head, until at last we ceased to ask it.

At the jail, a large brownstone building with barred windows, quite imposing in its lowly surroundings, we stopped to inquire whether we might return the following day to take a photograph of it. The question seemed to cause a sort of amazed horror to spread over the face of the dusky guard. In order that there might be no misunderstanding, he burst into a frenzy of "Noes." As we walked away I could see that he was having an excellent time jabbering intermittently to himself and to a companion who had come out from the court yard to join

Some stopped and stared at us.

him. There seemed to have been something incredible about the request.

Twilight was falling. The sun had disappeared in a rose-tinted smother of clouds. Throughout the streets, glorifying even the hovels of dirt along them, spread a marvelous glow that seemed to come from everywhere yet nowhere in particular.

We strolled slowly back to town. Through the open door of a pale green shack we saw a slender, yellow-faced boy arise from a rickety bed covered with a patchwork quilt. He reached for a guitar hanging on the wall.

Presently we heard his high, wavering voice and the plaintive, twanging notes of his instrument. He was playing a song which he had doubtless picked up on the other side—one to which he had fitted soft Spanish words of his own. It was one of which I thought I had begun to tire—a belief I found to be mistaken. It was "Home, Sweet Home." As we went on the notes became fainter and fainter. First the lower ones became indistinguishable and then the higher were carried to us only at intervals. We stepped over the American line and listened. It had either stopped or was too far away. We could hear "Home, Sweet Home" no longer.

When I first went to Nogales I was alarmed by the action of certain of the militia I found parading the street. Two of them paused in their saunterings to level an accusing finger at a hard working Mexican plodding home to meet his anxious wife and family awaiting him at home his return from work. "Zip Five," cried the taller soldier. The workman stared at them in vague surprise and continued on his way. I walked toward them. Perhaps they

had originated some new method for persecuting their darker colored brethren. But they had not gone much farther before one pointed excitedly at an American with a full beard and cried "Zip 30." I knew that my first premise was wrong. If a persecution was under way it was not confined to a single race.

The private on the left gazed eagerly into my face as I approached. He looked greatly disappointed. I realized that the matter was becoming personal. I felt I had a right to make some inquiries.

"Why do I cause you such grief?" I asked.

"Because you don't wear any whiskers," was his somewhat amazing response.

"I am sorry to have displeased you," I said, "but I have always been this way."

"Oh, it isn't that," he replied kindly, but as one who was losing interest in the conversation. "We were playing Zip."

Zip, I learned, is a game. Any number of soldiers from two to a company can participate in it, but two makes a sportier proposition, according to my informant.

One proceeds along the street in the usual manner. If it is your turn for "zipping" you look carefully at the hirsute adornment on the face of the nearest pedestrian and say "Zip" with the appropriate number appended that the whiskers call for. You are quite a simple person if you know not that in the scale of things a mustache counts five, whiskers ten, a beard twenty, a beard resting comfortably on the wearer's chest thirty, "burnsides" or "mudguards," whichever you wish to call them, forty, while a beard extending to the waist entitles one to the credit of eighty. He who is fortunate enough to run

across a man wearing a fringe extending under his chin from ear to ear, a la Horace Greeley, gets one hundred. If he is right on the job and alive to his opportunities he can quickly shout "Keno" and win the game. If he miscalls the value he is fined ten points. A person is compelled to get just 100 or his labors must be repeated.

The game had become quite popular with the California, Idaho and Connecticut troops stationed there and it was only late in August that any curb was placed upon its growth. It was due entirely to the carelessness of a militiaman. Absorbed in the fact that he needed only five more points to win, he stretched out an excited hand toward a senorita and cried, "Zip five." Of course he was penalized ten points for miscounting, but this failed to appease her escort, who was untutored in the joys of Zip. Complications ensued.

After that it was deemed best by the authorities to discourage the progress of "Zip." Nogales mourned, for a deathblow had been struck to what promised to prove one of its most popular sports.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Trip Into Zapata Land.

There are few, if any, men along the border who have had a more intimate acquaintance with things Mexican or more bona fide thrills to the square inch in their lives than Jack H. Noonan. If he had cut a notch in the handle of his revolver for every man he has killed the butt would fall off, yet he has killed them "square," as any one who knows him will tell you. Except for his dealings with Mexicans, whom he doesn't regard in the light of humans, he has never yet done a thing that a Westerner would call crooked, although there has been many a time when he has evaded what he regards as more or less superfluous man-made laws regarding smuggling arms to revolutionists in the days when there was no danger of their being used to take American lives.

He has been employed in the secret service of the Mexican Government; he organized two revolutions, which, if successful, would have resulted in the annexation of Lower California to the United States. He has fought in numberless battles. He and four others are the only white men who have ever gone into the Zapatista country and were able to converse about it afterward. Somewhere down there the others are buried.

The chances for a person weathering such experiences as he has had are about one in a million, but Noonan is one of those persons so constituted that he always wriggles out of danger.

A friend of his once told me: "I saw Noonan over in Juarez one day when feeling against Americans was very bitter take away a gun from a drunken Mexican guard and slap his face. Some soldiers were standing near by. Noonan told them that he didn't intend to be killed by any 'soused Mexican,' and they did nothing. Ordinarily they would not have hesitated a minute in shooting him, but his life is charmed. I have implicit faith that Noonan can get out of any scrap untouched."

I met Noonan in a yard in the rear of one of the hotels here. He was sitting on a bench which afforded us the only refuge from the blistering sun. I joined him just as the little tow-headed son of the proprietor came up with a demand: "Give me a match, Noony."

"Noony's" face lit up with a tenderness surprising in a "bad" man only until one gets acquainted with them and finds out what they are really like. "Watche going to do with it, Ben, burn up the hotel?" he asked, hurriedly searching out the desired article. Ben didn't tell. Small boys always want matches and never explain their purposes. He grabbed it and rushed off to unknown lands.

"He's the greatest little kid in town," said Noonan, and I agreed with him, although I hardly constituted an authority.

Noonan is a natural story teller. It is rare that one who is Irish, and has had such experiences as his, is not. As he told me of them they sounded like dime novels, but I am convinced they have been not in the least exaggerated. One of his faults is modesty and he left out much for fear of appearing conceited.

He told me of his trip as a spy into the country of Zapata, the bandit in Southern Mexico whom neither Car-

ranza nor his predecessors have ever been able to conquer.

"For some time," he began, "during the Huerta regime it was thought that ammunition was being supplied to Zapata from the Federal garrison at Mexico City. General Abraham Gonzales was extremely anxious to find out for his chief whether this was the case or not. He called me to him one day up in El Paso and put the thing to me straight.

" 'This is the way the situation stands,' he said. 'I've already sent five men down into Morelos and none of them has ever come back. Maybe you won't if you go, but if you want to try it money is no object.'

"I told him that the 'no object' part sounded pretty good to me and I'd do it for $1,000.

"Well, I hopscotched around El Paso for a few days before starting, trying to figure out the best way of going about the whole thing, when I ran across a party of four men, two of them Germans, talking in a bar about a trip into Guerro to take moving pictures. It was a crazy thing to attempt, but, if they wanted me to do it, it was none of my business. I spoke to one of them and told him I had overheard their conversation and would like to chip in on the party if they didn't have any objection. They said, 'Sure, come ahead,' so the next day we started.

"We took the train down to a town called Vista and from then on we went the rest of the way on horseback. After we had ridden four hours through a country without a soul in it we came at last to a little hill about 250 feet high. Just as we rode over the top a bunch of three hundred Zapatistas jumped up out of the brush. They told us to throw up our hands. We didn't lose much time

about doing it. We were arrested and taken to a little adobe prison three miles away and locked in there for the night to await the arrival of Zapata himself.

"The next day we were haled to the headquarters of the chief. He was dressed up as if he were the main exhibit in the circus. He would have put the sportiest bull fighter I have ever seen to shame. He wore a velvet suit, a big hat about three feet across, decorated with silver ornaments that must have cost three hundred dollars if they cost a centavo. He had a long, black, drooping mustache and little beady eyes like a snake's.

"I couldn't speak much Mex at that time and he didn't savvy white man's talk, so we had an interpreter.

"I remember I had four cigars in my pocket. I fished one out and offered it to him. He looked at it steady for a long time. Then he crumbled it up and threw it on the floor.

"He turned to the interpreter. 'Tell the gringo I will supply my own smokes,' he said.

"After that we tried to explain what we were doing with the moving picture camera. It was a hard job, for they seemed to think that it was some new sort of machine gun. When that was done I figured our hash was cooked, anyway, so it wouldn't make things much worse if I offered the chief another cigar. So I pulled 'em out, stuck one in my mouth and offered the other to the old toreador. He suspected, I guess, that I was trying to poison him or something, because he returned it and told me to smoke it myself. I threw the one I had away and lit it. He seemed somewhat disappointed when it didn't kill me and then informed us that we would know by sunrise what was going to be done with us. We were re-

turned to the prison. We were pretty sure we knew what sunrise meant for us, so all that night we spent in writing letters home, though I don't know how we thought they were ever going to get there.

"When we finished we sat with our elbows on the ledge of the one window in the cell and waited for dawn to come. I hope it never takes so long again."

At this point there was another interruption from Ben, who seemed to regard "Noony" as a walking commissary department.

"Noony," he said, "I want five cents." The fortune was produced and the boy again vanished.

"The sun rose and filled our prison with light, but we heard from no one for two hours more. At last the door opened and we were led out by a guard. Once more we were taken before Zapata. He told us that he had decided to let us go. Perhaps the cigars had made a hit—I didn't know—but he had never spared prisoners before. We were told if we ever returned to his country again we would be shot without any further investigation and then the guard led us out through the courtyard and gave us back our horses.

"On the way out we passed by rows of ammunition boxes piled high and 1,700 new rifles in khaki cases. There were 340,000 rounds of ammunition and all of them had the mark of the Mexico City arsenal, which proves that Huerta's suspicions of treason in his garrison were correct.

"I didn't tell my moving picture friends I was a spy in the employ of the Mexican Government until we were in the train on the way back. I think when I did they regretted that Zapata hadn't ordered me shot.

"A week later I got my money and on the strength of what I had discovered Huerta ordered the execution of a colonel, two majors and a captain."

Ben once more came to the front.

"Noony," he said, grabbing him by the hand, "I want you to come and see somethin' I got."

"My boss says I got to go," he smiled. "When I see you again I'll tell you about how we nearly won Lower California for the United States."

CHAPTER XIX.

How Lower California Nearly "Annexed" the United States.

When I next talked with Jack Noonan it was near the line dividing the United States from Mexico. He is now employed in the law abiding occupation of customs inspector and his square, determined chin, steady eye and reputation as a person who gets exceedingly impatient and disposed to action when trifled with made him an excellent man for the position. The fact that he knows from past experience if there is any way of getting goods (particularly if it be ammunition) across the line unobserved is merely an incidental recommendation.

I saw him after dinner. There was a parade of pretty senoritas, their less attractive families and many machines filled with Mexicans of every description passing to and from Sonora. Occasionally he would stop them, look through any suspicious package and allow them to go upon their business, which consisted as nearly as I was able to judge of merely strolling up and down until bedtime on the exceedingly narrow main street of Nogales.

"How'de?" he said when I came up. "I said yesterday I would tell you about that California stunt, didn't I?"

I endeavored to convey the impression he had and that I was awaiting the full details.

"That was the nearest I ever came to being a mil-

lionaire," he said reminiscently, as he motioned a car, which had stopped on the line, to continue. "If it had gone through the way we planned Nogales wouldn't be able to hold all the money we would have cleaned up.

"Our scheme was to take the little town of Mexicale, which was the capital. The other burgs would be easy, once we got possession of that, for recruits would come fast when we offered them good wages and they saw we were victorious. We would oust Cantu, the Governor of Lower California, and put in our own man, Henriquez Araya. We had obtained a paper about a block long from Carranza that recognized Araya as the official Governor of the State. An election would be the next thing in order, the purpose of it being to annex the United States, which would insure us protection in there and allow us to develop the property which we had gained without molestation. It wouldn't really matter whether the suffering public of Lower California wished to go through with this latter part of the program or not, for a commission to count the votes would be appointed by Governor Araya. I was to be on it and I guess the other members would be able to do just as good counting as myself.

"We were financed by a man in California." He told me his name, but I will spare the gentleman the embarrassment of mentioning it. "Just to make sure we would have plenty of capital, however, we went to Villa and asked him why he had been overlooking a bet like Lower California so long. We offered to let him in on the game.

"Villa said it looked reasonable enough to him, and gave us $15,000 for his share.

"Several weeks before we planned to pull off the fracas I went up to Calexico, a little town on the border, across from Mexicale, to look over the land and outline our plans of operation. At night I would go over to Mexicale and learn where Cantu had his men stationed and all that stuff. One day while I was over there I ran across a fellow named Perrazs, with whom I had had some trouble in Nogales. I had grown a full beard and was a pretty tough looking work of art, so I didn't make a sign. I went back to the other side, hoping he hadn't recognized me.

"He spotted me, though, and went running off to Cantu with his information. Cantu knew what my being there meant. That night all the lights in the town were ordered out, the bells were ringing and the bugles playing —you never heard such a racket in all your life. The people began to pack up their stuff and hike across the border. There were some American troops stationed there and they saw something was up, but they didn't know what. They figured the town had gone crazy, I guess.

"The next night I started across to look the cortel over again. I was taking a big risk, but I wasn't quite sure I had been recognized and there were some things I wanted to find out. I had just stepped over the line when I heard them begin to scurry around in the arsenal for their guns. I didn't wait, but just turned around on my heel, as if I hadn't ever intended to go over at all, and came back again.

"Two months later, it was in August a couple of years ago, I got word from Araya in Tucson that the army was ready—sixty-five of them. In order to account

for bringing such a big number of men to that place we booked them as 'cotton pickers.'

"They were the sorriest looking bunch of bums when they piled off the train that I've laid my eyes on in a long weary day. Glass eyes and wooden legs were as common as fleas in a Mexican. I was kind of dubious about our plan then, but I thought I would go through with it anyway.

"The next night I took them over the line. They didn't seem to be too familiar with firearms, so I told them to be careful with the guns when they were handed out of the cars, for they were loaded.

"Well, what I was afraid of happened—one of the rifles was accidentally discharged and Cantu's men were rushing around like lizards the next minute. I ordered the men into a ditch and we waited for them. They didn't appear until morning, and if we had gone through with the attack then I think we might have gotten away with it, for after I had learned that Cantu was on to our plans I had spread the report we had 600 men, and he believed it. But Araya had an idea that he could get Cantu to give up without a fight for $5,000 and part of the profits. For two days they argued and Cantu was willing, but on the second day his father-in-law persuaded him not to do it. By that time he had learned the real size of our outfit, so when he led a charge against us the next day I knew there wasn't much chance.

"I looked back to the United States line and saw the troops lined up there to arrest us if we retreated, so I knew the only thing we could do was to fight.

"I told the men not to fire until I did. I waited until Cantu, whom I spotted because there were a couple

of buglers by his side, had gotten as close as I dared let him come. I drew a bead on him and fired. I missed. Then it started all along the line. They had two machine guns dragged by mules. They wheeled the old animals around and then cut loose. The bullets were flying so thick and fast that we could hardly stick our heads over the trenches without being hit. We killed three and wounded four. None of us were touched.

"After a while Cantu withdrew his men and spread them out fan shape. I saw we were goners. I told the men they had better try and get out of it the best way they could. Araya and I escaped by a miracle. We jumped into an arroya, knee deep in blue mud that ran near our ditch and crawled along on our bellies right through Cantu's army without their seeing us. Once in back we went 'way down below and crossed over into the United States quite a distance beyond Calexico.

"That night we took refuge in a little inn there. In the morning the proprietor came to us and said there was a big gang of men outside that wanted to see us. It was our army, all covered with dirt and mud. They were after their pay. How they had survived I don't know.

" 'I guess we had better give it to them,' Araya said, so we lined them all up in the rooms and paid them off with the money Villa had given us.

"After they had left, the proprietor came to me and asked if I had had anything to do with the racket across the line the night before.

" 'Of course not,' I told him. 'Now here's fifty dollars. You don't know anything about it.' His memory proved bad.

"The next day nine of our men were arrested for

passing counterfeit money. Carranza had doubled crossed Villa, Villa had double crossed Carranza, we had planned to double cross Villa and Carranza both by turning over Lower California to the United States when we got it, and Villa had double crossed us by giving us that $15,000 in bogus money—it was a double cross game all around.

"We had everything fixed right the second time we tried it, but the Government found out just fifteen hours too soon. We still had Carranza's authorization of Araya as Governor and we had learned by experience; our plans were worked out down to the smallest detail.

"We intended to enter at a little town near Mexicale, eighteen miles west of Yuma. We had five hundred men working on a ranch, all of whom were ready to fight for us when we needed them, and they were all handy men with the guns.

"I was going to bring them into the town in day coaches. They were to lie on the bottom, so the cars would look like empties until the guards came up to inspect them. Then we would bump them off and hopscotch over to the cortel, which we would take. I knew where the commandante lived who had the key so we could get all the ammunition there. Next I would grab one of the machine guns and take it to the top of the tallest building, which I had picked out, and turn it loose. When those natives heard it ripping away there wouldn't be much left to do. The biggest part of taking Lower California is getting one town. The rest is easy. I don't see how we could have slipped up this trip, but just before we were ready to go in I heard that the Government agents had found out about it and were after us for breach of neutrality.

"I jumped on a train and didn't stop until I hit San Antonio."

He pulled out his watch. It was nearly 9 o'clock.

"I've got to chase along up the border now," he said, "and see what's going on up there." He sighed as he left.

"Araya and I met several times after that. We always joked about how nearly we added on a big chunk of land to the United States, but when I think how near we all came to being millionaires it makes me feel kind of seasick."

CHAPTER XX.

More of Jack Noonan.

"There was a time," said Jack Noonan, quondam, filibuster and revolutionist, "when I couldn't sit down with a fellow and do nothing but talk like this. I had to be hopscotchin' around in some trouble or another all the while." He was perched, when he spoke, in what I would have called an extremely uncomfortable position on the arm of a chair in the lobby of the Montezuma Hotel. His ever present cigar protruded upward at a rakish angle from his mouth dangerously near his brown felt hat, which was pulled down over his eyes.

"I'm only fifty," (if he had been a woman I could have truthfully told him he only looked forty, although I said nothing as it was), "but I've led a pretty strenuous life taken one way and another. I'm beginning to feel it some."

I, too, was balanced on the arm of a chair and began to feel decidedly cramped, but I maintained a discreet, immobile silence, for I knew that when Noonan was started on his personal reminiscences he liked to ramble on in his own way. Questions did not bring the expected results, nor did uneasy shiftings about in one's chair.

"I guess the time I came nearest to getting my 'come-upents' was when I smuggled the flying machine over to Mexico for old Governor Jose Maytorena when Madero was in power. They had already tried to get the blame thing over, but the authorities nabbed it and placed

it under guard of a marshal at Tucson. Maytorena sent for me. He told me there was $2,500 and expenses for me if I smuggled it into Mexico.

"I knew I could get the marshal at Tucson for about fifty cents and a couple of cigars, so I told the Governor he was on.

"I hired a machine and went up there. I promised the marshal that Madero would make him a general in the army and give him $300 besides. He agreed to take the aeroplane out with me.

"We hadn't been gone more than an hour when the troops were after us in two other autos. We traveled some, but just when we got to Nogales, a little ways from the line, our gas wagon broke down. We barely had time to shove her across before the men chasing us came up, a little too late for them to do anything except swear at us. I told Maytorena I had promised the driver $250, and of the deal I made with the marshal. He fixed them up.

"A little while later Maytorena sent for me to bring some machine guns across that had been left in a little back alley in Nogales, close to the line.

"We worked all night on them. At 12 o'clock another shift of Yaqui guards was put on that hadn't been told about me. I came over with one of the guns, and two of them became quite enthusiastic about the prospect of shooting me. Fortunately, the captain, hearing the disturbance, came running up and told them who I was. He thereupon proceeded to beat them up, although it was really not their fault.

"In the morning one of the American guards said to me, 'Noonan, do you know, I think there was something

going on along the line last night. I heard the deuce of a racket down there.'

"I pulled my best look of astonishment and told him I thought he must be wrong, but he wagged his head and replied, 'Don't tell me. I've been at this game too long not to know when there's something phoney under way.'

"Some time before this I was in El Paso with a Captain Tillwell of the English army. We needed money bad. I had twenty-five cents besides my clothes, and added to what he could muster up our combined wealth was four bits.

" 'Noonan,' said Tillwell, 'I hear tell of a revolution by a chap named Madero. What's the matter with lending him a helping hand?'

" 'I don't find any flaw in it,' I replied. We went off to hunt up Gonzales, who was in the back room of a little El Paso saloon.

"We told him that we would like to join his army as officers. He asked us what we knew about fighting.

" 'My friend here has been a captain in the English army for six years,' I replied with a sufficient amount of truth. 'I've been a lieutenant in the American for three years and in the English for four,' I added with less.

" 'Fine,' he responded. 'Come back again at 10 o'clock and we'll take you.' I explained to him that we needed something to eat with, and he looked rather surprised, but gave us some money.

"When we returned later we were all piled into machines and taken to Guadalupe. Madero was along, but he didn't cross over with us. Neither the captain nor myself had seen him before. Tillwell gave him the once

over—Madero was a small, short fellow—and whispered to me, 'Hey, I don't think much of this little insignificant guy. What right's he got to have a revolution all to himself?'

"He wasn't much to look at, but during the years after that I got to know and like him real well. He took a fancy to me for some reason or other, and he felt that I was about the only person he could trust. Later, down in Mexico City, I used to go up to his room by a back way, when he had generals and things waiting outside to see him. He would pull out a box of cigars and say, 'Now, let's talk.'

"Well, anyway, we crossed over the line up at Guadalupe and made ready to move on Juarez. There was some excitement caused by a duck hunter on the Rio Grande whose gunshots we took to be those of the Federalists. We found out what it was after a while and proceeded on our way.

"Soon up in the hills we saw an army. Again we didn't know who it might be, and there was a great deal of excitement among our men. It was Villa, but each of us thought the other an enemy until after about an hour of skirmishing we managed to get together. We proceeded in a bunch to Juarez and the battle began.

"After we had been firing for about half an hour a man came out on a snowy horse carrying a white flag, with instructions from Madero to tell us to cease fighting. Madero had some crazy notion of getting the town to surrender without bloodshed, but there were about forty-five Americans in our crowd and none of us intended to stop them. Next to me was a crack shot. When he saw the messenger he raised up and shouted to me that he

would shoot the flag out of the man's hand. He fired and missed. He didn't kill him, as has been sometimes said, but his bullet whistled so close to the flag bearer's head that he dropped off his horse and returned to Madero with the report that nothing could be done with the Americanos—they were bent on going into the city.

"After a while we entered the city. Gonzales came up with another command from Madero that if we didn't obey he would have us all executed. We told Gonzales to go back and inform Madero if he didn't behave himself we wouldn't let him into our city at all after we captured it. The general said he would make an attempt to patch things up with his commander. He succeeded, but we really didn't care whether Madero liked what we were doing or not.

"We worked our way into a trench about five hundred yards from the jail. Those guarding it were so astounded at our foolhardiness when they saw us that they believed at first we had come to surrender. They ran up a little white flag and soon a Mexican came out to find out whether we intended to keep on fighting. We told him we most certainly did. He returned, and they opened up on us with the machine guns.

"While we were besieging the jail I observed that there was a lad about six feet four wearing heavy glasses, making apparently suicidal trips from the jail to a well and back again with water. He must have done it at least sixty times. He looked like an American, so we tried to keep our fire away from him, yet it was a miracle that he survived.

"On the roof I saw a Mexican, standing up near one corner, slowly and deliberately raising his rifle and

killing a man with every shot. I tried three times to get him, but the wind or something deflected my bullet and I missed. Then Bill Anderson, next to me, said: 'Watch me get him.' He fired once with no effect. It was a long distance, but he was rather peeved. 'I'm going to hit him right between the eyes this trip,' he said, and took another crack at him. The Mexican pitched forward off the top of the roof to the ground below. When I looked at him later there was a bullet hole right where Anderson had said.

"Pretty soon they ran out a white flag as big as a house.

" 'Well,' I said, turning to Anderson, 'it looks like the real thing this time.'

"We went in and the men were all standing there waiting for us with their chests bared expecting to be executed according to the usual Mexican fashion. We took them prisoners instead and then went to the cells to turn the others loose.

"When I came up to the jail a man shouted through the bars: 'For God's sake don't fire in here. I'm an American.' He was the son of a Pittsburg multi-millionaire and had been arrested the day before for taking pictures in Juarez. It had been this fellow that had been rushing the water. They had given him the choice, he said, of either being shot by them or run the risk of being killed outside while he was carrying the buckets from the well, about fifty yards from the prison. He didn't think there was a chance in a million of his not being punctured if he did the latter, but there was no doubt at all in his mind as to his fate if he refused, so he had taken his choice of the two evils. I guess he has

told his experiences back in Pittsburg a million times since, if he has told them once.

"We couldn't find the key to the prison, so we dynamited the door open and released all that were inside.

"That about ended it all, but Juarez was certainly a wonderful looking sight when we got through with it. All the windows of the houses were broken. The dwellings themselves were looted. Bells were ringing and dead horses lying everywhere in the streets.

"That ended the fight. I didn't have much to do afterward until Huerta hired me to blow up the railroad tracks in back of Juarez in order that he might cut off Orosco and capture him. His agent promised me $3,000 and $6.50 per for the thirty days we figured it would take us. I took Dan Mahoney and a couple of other men along with me and we each carried twenty-five pounds of dynamite on our backs. We knew the hills better than we did our own grandmothers, and we had the best of horses. Whenever Orosco's men attacked us we took to the hills and didn't have much trouble in getting away from them, although the job wasn't exactly as peaceful as a prayer meeting.

"When we returned we met Huerta's agent in a room in El Paso. We had done a mighty thorough job, but it had taken us only twenty-four days. The agent wanted to double-cross us by saying our contract had called for a full month's work, and he wouldn't pay us. My men were wild and wanted to kill him right then and there, but Dan Mahoney, who was calmer than the rest, persuaded them not to. Finally we did receive a little from him. I was handed $250 to get out of El Paso to Nogales, but it was a long ways from being $3,000.

"After we had gone out into the street the boys kept stopping to talk with every one they met, and I got impatient and went on ahead. I figured we'd better hike out of town as soon as we could. I got about a block away when I looked back and saw that the whole bunch had been pinched by Government agents right after I had left them."

He stopped and puffed a moment on his cigar. I cautiously slid off the arm of the chair into a less uncomfortable position.

"I never told you about the time I got pinched across the line in Nogales, Sonora, did I?" he asked after a moment.

I shook my head.

"Well," he continued, "Governor Maytorena got to thinking it over and decided that I knew too much about his transactions. I was the only person that had any proofs in connection with all the smuggling and other shady transactions he had been conducting and he decided I would be better out of the way. One day when I was in Nogales, Sonora, he slapped me in jail.

"That night the jailer and two Yaqui guards came to tell me that I was to be shot at sunrise. I knew the jailer well, and I didn't think he would pull off a stunt like that, but at 12 o'clock back they came. On the floor outside they dropped the pick and shovel with which I was to dig my own grave. It looked bad for me then, for not a word of explanation did I receive. About 3 o'clock, though, the jailer and the guards returned and I was taken before Maytorena. He was full of apologies and told me the whole thing was a mistake. The next morning I found out that my friend the jailer had sent

word to Madero in some way and the President had wired that he wouldn't hear of my execution. The jailer had been able to say nothing to me because of the Yaqui guards.

"I knew Maytorena was lying to me when he said it was an error, but he was so smooth about it that I shook hands with the slob and left for my home. I was a sad looking object, and I slipped into my place without seeing any one.

"The Shriners, of which I am a member, heard of my arrest and organized a search party. They went to Maytorena and demanded my release, but he told them I had already gone. They thought it was a stall, however, and all the rest of the night they were looking for me in the jail, the graves and every other conceivable place. They found me in the morning in my bed."

Mr. Noonan looked at his watch and with an agility that belied the years to which he confessed jumped off of his chair.

"Holy Mackerel!" he exclaimed. "I've got to be hopscotching back to the line."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Man Who Knew Mexico Well.

In the back of the Hotel Montezuma, in Nogales, Arizona, was a courtyard. It was not a thing of beauty. On two sides any breeze was effectually shut off by the hotel itself. A little further away on the left workmen made a merry noise on a new roof being erected over an "open air" motion picture theatre. A few hundred yards in back of a high fence ahead loomed a hill, along the bottom of which were layers of Mexican huts. But there was shade there supplied by a cottonwood tree, which is something, and a bench whereon one could recline during "the deadly heat of the midday sun," about which the militia have been writing home to their families, which was something more, so ever and anon during my sojourn in the border city I hied me there for a rest.

Early one afternoon when my siesta was well under way I was dimly conscious of being poked on the shoulder. I had a sleepy, though not very logical idea that it was the goat which I had seen wandering around the premises, so I paid no attention. The boring continued. I opened one eye slowly. On the border it takes only eight days to reach the point when everything is done slowly. I saw a hand as big as a ham with a forefinger outstretched, ready to begin another nudge. I opened the other eye to see if it were really correct that a hand could be so large, and then looked up to find a person at least six

feet four towering above me. He had on a fawn colored sombrero, but it was the only thing about him resembling a fawn. He resembled a good deal the late John Bunny.

"I didn't mean to wake you up," he said, "but I heard you were going away." If he really had intended to arouse me I suppose he would have picked me and the bench up bodily and dropped us until he had had the desired effect.

"Never mind," I said. "I am awake now."

"My name," he added, giving his suspender a snap that sounded like the beginning of a twenty-one gun salute, "is H. E. Stewart. The 'H.' stands for Henry."

"Father's and mother's names and dates of their births?" I was inclined to ask, for I wished to resume my slumbers, but as he apparently weighed three hundred pounds without his shoes on I changed it to "Glad to meet you."

"You're from New York," he said, "and that's where all the money is, so I wants to ask you about this." He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth three slips of paper somewhat the worse from sweat and dirt, upon which there were lead pencil scrawls.

"Wanted," read the first, "To find sumone who wants to put money in mexican mines i will do it for him. i know mexico well."

I turned hastily to the next. "Wanted sumone to invest capital in mexican mines i know mexico well."

On the third he had evidently spent more effort. "Wanted," it said, "Sumone who wants to invest money in mexican mines i know some good ones both antemony and silver. i know mexico well. will go in as soon as things is settled up."

He looked at me hopefully. "Which do you think is the best?" he asked.

It was a difficult question to answer, and I was so pleased at my reply that for a short while afterward I didn't hear what he said.

"It's hard to tell," I replied. "They would all attract attention."

When I next became aware of what he was saying I realized that he was putting a question to me. "You noticed," he inquired, "that I say I know Mexico well in all those ads?"

"You certainly did," I assured him.

"Well, maybe you think I don't," he answered, seating himself on the bench beside me, "but I do. I guess I've lost as much money in there as anybody in Nogales. I dropped $60,000 in an antimony mine because I was chased out by this trouble. And I kissed $47,000 more good-by in a perjury case." The "perjury case," I ascertained, was one in which some Mexicans, with the usual Mexican enthusiasm for such things, had committed perjury in order to defraud my large friend of mines which were rightfully his.

"You should have found out something about it after all that," I replied, wondering how long it would be before I was allowed to return to my sleep. "What did you discover that no one else knows?" I hoped by this strategy to limit the length of his conversation, but I erred grievously. I staggered him, but he came right back with both hands almost immediately.

"Yes," he said, "I've seen ten thousand Yaqui Indians near the town of Meadno, on the Yaqui River, holding a religious fiesta. I found out all about their

form of worship. It's some sight, I'll tell you. I knew them pretty well and they let me watch it. It was taught them by the Jesuit priests four hundred years ago and is a kind of pageant that lasts for sixteen days.

"Half of the women wore blue tapas, which are a form of shawl, and the rest of them gray ones. They made a circle in which were six great wooden crosses, and at each one of them in turn a chief with a lion's head and another with a cow's head knelt and played mournful tunes. Both chiefs carried a wooden dagger and sword. They wiped the sword on their heads and then were able to control the people by them."

"What did they have on their heads that enabled them to do that?" I queried.

"Nothing — just superstition. The wiping part was only in the ceremony. There were four runners that ran around the circle for ten or twelve days in a sort of relay race. In the center was a big tomb made out of mesquite timber and by its side was a wax figure six feet high of the Virgin Mary. The tomb was more than 400 years old and in perfect condition. The figure of Virgin Mary was about the same age, having been given them by the priests long ago, but it was a little more weather worn." I almost lost the thread of the story in watching him perspire. He was the most accomplished person in this department I have ever seen.

"All of this was held in the open until they pulled off the resurrection of Christ, and for this they hiked over to the church carrying the tomb and the figure of Mary. Christ was represented by another wax image contained in the tomb, and it took eight men to lift the lid when the resurrection was held." He stopped and

looked at me. "Ever hear tell of that before?" he asked. I was forced to admit that it was all news to me.

"Well, anyway, it makes no difference," he answered, "for that wasn't what I came to see you about. You're going back to New York and I wanted your advice about having one of these ads put in a New York paper for about a dollar. I want to get some Eastern capital interested in me."

I think I convinced him after a while that a dollar advertisement at the present time in New York would not be as valuable as one later, when Mexico was in a less disturbed condition.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Write me when you dope it out as the right time and I'll send you the money. I'll have time then to fix up a new and longer ad."

He mopped his face once more, stooped slightly as he went through the rear door of the Montezuma and disappeared from view.

CHAPTER XXII.

Will the Militia Survive?

It is quite possible, as a recruit at McAllen had confided to me, that after the present Mexican difficulties have been solved the United States will arouse itself, rub its drowsy eyes and look for its fine body of militia, only to discover that it has strangely shrunk to but a slender remnant of its former self.

"How many men down here do you think will re-enlist, after they've been through these experiences?" the embyro soldier demanded of me fiercely, although I tried vainly to figure how I could in any way be held responsible for their hardships. He waited for no reply. He claimed the privilege of answering his own questions himself.

"Hardly a single one. We didn't come down here to dig ditches, nor to be day laborers nor policemen. We have businesses at home that are suffering by our absence and it doesn't help at all to realize we are now held solely for patrol work which should be done by the regular army. When we joined the militia we did so with the understanding that we would not be called out of the State except in a national crisis, and only during that crisis. We didn't kick when the Mexican proposition looked bad, but we do kick when we are retained long after there seems to be any necessity for it. We didn't sign up with the idea of becoming a first line of defense, and the conditions under which we were

mustered into the Federal service were unfair. It was framed so that if a fellow refused to take the oath he was publicly disgraced, and many of us came against our will, just on that account. The New Jersey troops were mustered in at Sea Girt. Anybody who didn't wish to take the oath was told to step out of the ranks, strip off his uniform and go home. All the clothes they had with them were the ones they wore, so if they had taken advantage of this kindly offer they would have been forced to do so in their B. V. D.'s. In other troops crosses were shaved on the heads of those withdrawing."

"How about getting new recruits to take the place of those who apply for their discharge?" I asked.

"The only way the militia is recruited," he snorted, "is by members of it persuading their friends to join, and there'll be a fat lot of persuading done when we get home—I don't think."

I was not overly surprised by these sentiments expressed in such a radical fashion, for further west along the border I had heard the same thing, although not quite so universally as at McAllen. The regiments containing the greater percentage of successful business men are, as is natural, the most anxious to return home, but even in the others I had listened to the same complaints, for it is difficult to snatch a person out of civilian life, turn him into a soldier and make him like it.

This attitude of the men constituting the National Guard, however, is not the only reason for its probable downfall. The entire mobilization tended to prove that the State militia system is fatally weak. Soldiering is a business and it is one that requires the entire and

"We didn't come down here to be a first line of defense."

constant attention of the person expecting to follow it. Drilling one night a week or two in an armory, camping out for two weeks in the Summer with high-priced cooks furnishing the meals and other features non-conformant with regulations, while the rest of the time is spent softening up in an office is not the way to produce an army ready to respond at an instant's notice to its country's call. When it does answer its value is problematical. At Columbus a New Mexican regiment, one of the first to be assembled on the border, was examined shortly after its arrival. Forty per cent. were found unfit. In the Illinois contingent, which numbered 14,312, there were 1,093 who did not come up to the required standard. This was considered to be an average showing.

Many of the officers are political appointees and are inefficient. The militia is bound hand and foot in red tape, far more so than the regular army. Orders given one day are countermanded the next, and the effort to conduct things in a thoroughly military fashion makes things more confused than ever.

The militia system has proved also to be inelastic. It has been extremely difficult to recruit suddenly from peace to war strength, and many men had been held in camp because their regiments were unable to obtain the required number of men.

Germany declared war on Russia on August 1, 1914, and the next day at six o'clock her regular army was in Luxemburg, at noon of the same day in France and on August 4 in Belgium. In six days she had 1,850,000 men in the field. President Wilson issued on July 18 the order for the mobilization of the troops on the

border. Six days afterward there were less than 29,000 out of a war strength total of 128,000. Figures supplied by ex-Secretary of War Stimson show that only 44 per cent. of these had as much as 100 hours' training. Three weeks afterward, on July 9, there were 46,000 men either on their way to the border or actually there from the Eastern Department, which forms 70 per cent. of the entire National Guard. There was much confusion resultant in their equipment, and some had no equipment at all. On July 12 Washington announced that in three weeks it had been necessary to spend $14,300,000 for clothing and supplies, an equivalent of $100 per man for an army of 143,000. A large portion of this equipment had to be bought in the open market at war prices.

But when all this money had been expended and all these men reached the border we still didn't have an army. A year's hard training — harder than the majority of them were receiving—would at least be necessary to render them efficient.

One of the young men on the border broached the idea to me that the whole purpose of this mobilization was to break down the National Guard and build up the regular army. I doubt if his suspicions are correct, but I should not wonder in the least if the same result was nevertheless obtained. The army is no place for a married man, and it is no place for a man already following another line of employment, and of these the militia is composed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Silent (?) Drama at McAllen.

Three things—possibly more—were impressed upon me by the motion picture performance I saw at McAllen with several members of the Seventh Regiment—that the slowness with which the average mortal grasps opportunity is remarkable; in spite of its complaints about the food, hospitals and other minor difficulties, the militiaman really possesses a sense of humor which one is inclined to doubt when he hears him converse about these subjects and that there are certain pleasurable sides to his life on the border to which his overweening desire to return home blinds him.

He will frequently look back on them in future days and tell the one nearest him of the fine time he had during his days in Texas.

It wasn't until the troops had been at McAllen for almost a month that it even occurred to our enterprising citizens there were possibilities in the silent drama as a money maker at this particular point. Then they erected an extremely weatherworn tent near the Seventh, brought in some equally weatherworn films, streaked with dirt and grease, and proceeded to gather in the gold—lots of it. They doubtless could have made a great deal more if they had exhibited features under the age limit, but they considered it advisable to cut every expense in such a daring enterprise to the bone and acted

accordingly. Emboldened by their success, another open air theatre was erected near them, so that soon McAllen possessed two places of entertainment.

In the early part of August a storm came and tore to shreds the big tent which covered the large amount of supplies which they kept without the entrance to pamper the appetites of men unable to endure the long picture performance without occasional nourishment. In the latter part of August another zephyr of eighty miles an hour visited the locality, knocked down the shreds and added to the general wreckage of the fence which surrounded the wooden seats. With true Southern leisureliness, both shreds and fence, however, were once more raised. The shadowed actors again held forth nightly that soldiers might forget their cares in the mysteries of the pictured mazes.

The enlisted man, particularly if he be a private, spends about one-half of his time taking orders—the other half is occupied thinking about and cursing them. Motion pictures afford him the finest kind of an opportunity for an outlet to his feelings. They enable him to issue commands of the most stringent kind to the actors on the screen, and there isn't a single chance for them to answer him back, nor any danger of his being court-martialed.

Owing to the profusion of orders breaking the stillness of the night I wasn't quite sure when I entered whether I had intruded upon a drill of the awkward squad or an insane asylum. The hero and the heroine were engaged in a love scene. The only reason whatever for the continuance of the show from then on was that the actors were without substance. The commotion was

worse than at a musical comedy on the night of a football victory at New Haven. Loud sounds of kissing arose on all sides.

"Steady, men, steady," advised the owner of a bull-like voice, who evidently feared that the emotions of his comrades would get the best of them at this touching scene. Another, who disliked the proximity of the two lovers, kept demanding they remain separated by the customary military distance, forty inches. There were others to whom it brought back sweet memories of that almost forgotten city, New York, and they urged the repetition of the osculation in the cadence to which they had listened so many times in drill—"One, two, three, four."

There is no doubt about it—the villain I saw on the screen that night was a hound, one of the drinking kind. Even if I had failed to have it impressed upon me by the film itself I could not have been mistaken after I had heard the comments made upon him by members of the National Guard. His drinking settled it.

"Put him in the guardhouse, he's been drinking," some one bellowed, but others suggested far more cruel punishment, varying from being assigned to the cook or mule details or being forced to do sentry duty the following week.

The poor man, for after all he was only an embezzler and not worse than most villains, paid no attention to their enmity. In the end he suffered for it. After taking refuge in a beer cellar, where several expressed a longing to accompany him, the detective hero came along hot on his trail. The audience cried out to him, informing him just where the villain was hiding, so he

had little excuse to be taken unawares when a bullet was fired upon him on his way down the cellar stairs. Of course, the leading lady had to mix into it in spite of much advice from the spectators. She, too, soon learned that the intelligence of her well wishers was far above par. The next minute she stopped a large piece of lead from the gun of the bank embezzler. To be sure, she recovered, the detective overcame his foe and everything ended happily, but oh, what a great deal of trouble they could have been saved if they had only listened to the militiamen as attentively as I did.

Sub-titles were read by self-appointed volunteers with loud and painstaking care, and the appropriate falsetto was used when the words were those of a woman. It was entirely unnecessary for the men in the back seats to strain their eyes.

A news film showing a group of Warden Osborne's convicts was flashed upon the screen at the conclusion of the feature. Loud moans arose, in which the bitterness could not be mistaken.

"Lucky dogs!" a young fellow near me exclaimed. "They *know* when they're going home."

Just before the soldiers began to file out to return to their camps I looked at the inky sky above, punctured with a million dazzling peepholes into heaven. It's different than it is in New York. One misses the familiar constellations that have been pointed to them since childhood. Distance has sunk the Big Dipper into the horizon to make room for other and brighter figures, and through them all sweeps the luminous Milky Way so much plainer than we are accustomed to seeing it in the North that it is sometimes not until several nights after their arrival

that new recruits are able to convince themselves it is not a path of bright clouds. Every once in a while a gleaming meteor sweeps across the skies and loses itself in the throng.

Those on the border didn't know then when they would be in their homes once more, but some time—perhaps not long—they would. It will not be many evenings later that they will be gazing up into the skies again and comparing them to those once above them in Texas. They will forget how keenly they appreciated the private's remark about the convicts. If they remember, they will wonder.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Border Y. M. C. A.

In the new Y. M. C. A. building No. 1, used by the Seventh and Twelfth New York infantries stationed at McAllen, hung a memorandum sheet with the request printed at the top that the men kindly indicate by writing below the subjects in which they were interested and every effort would be made to provide speakers on those topics. Many of the men had availed themselves of the invitation and a closer scrutiny revealed "women," "billiards," "wine," "tarantula collecting," "mule driving," "surf bathing," mingled among the items of weightier content. It might indicate to the hasty observer a spirit of levity entirely out of keeping with the character of the work advanced by the Y. M. C. A., but such is not the case. It is but an additional proof that the men regarded the institution in the light of something that was distinctly "human" and run by men whose viewpoint toward life was the same as theirs and who would not throw up their hands in holy horror at the first signs that the militiamen were not wearing out the knees of their khaki breeches in continual prayer.

"The Y. M. C. A. is the most sensible charitable or religious enterprise I've ever run up against," said a former footall star of Yale who is now in a troop of Squadron A. "They don't cast their religion at your head, and you can take or leave that part of it, just as you wish."

I have been at the principal army centers along the border. I find that the same feeling exists everywhere, and the very fact that "God's truths" are not crammed down the spiritual throats of youthful pagans makes it the more difficult to find many who wish to remain in the class of unbelievers. It is a work sensibly conceived and sensibly carried out.

Along the Mexican line are thirty-eight of their sturdy looking wooden buildings in use by the Y. M. C. A. Thirty-seven more are soon to be built. There are 150 secretaries employed and 104,600 soldiers are served. At almost any hour of the day the places may be found filled with boys writing home to their families and best beloveds. It is here, though the Y. M. C. A. can hardly be held responsible, that many of the tales of imaginary hardships which the recruits feel it necessary to relate are transferred to paper and sent hurrying on their way North.

The buildings are 90 feet long and lighted with electricity. Along the sides are writing tables, which are the most used articles in the place. The Y. M. C. A. furnishes all of the paper, and the total on some days is as high as 6,000 sheets in a building, although the average is about 1,500. What light there is in the tents of the militiamen is furnished by oil lanterns, and their only writing tables are their cots, so it can be seen why this feature has proved so popular.

Occasionally a storm comes along in Texas and blows down a large number of the tents, and the men have been obliged to look for shelter where they could. Many of them have obtained it in the Y. M. C. A. buildings. Twice the one used by the Seventh and Twelfth

regiments has been turned into a temporary hospital when the tents of the Field Hospital Corps were leveled by the wind—once early in August and again on the nineteenth of the same month, when the Field Hospital Corps found itself without shelter and when half of the tents in other regiments were wrenched from their moorings.

Books are placed in all of the different branches, and it was planned to have about a hundred in each. A large part of these come from the Carnegie libraries, the rest from private sources. George W. Perkins was one of the contributors with a check for $5,000 and the Carnegie Institution sent in an additional $65,000. These examples have been followed by many, although on not so large a scale. The Red Cross sent as their field representative to inquire into conditions on the border Dr. E. A. Crockett. It did not take him long to decide upon his report. It was brief. "Send all your aid," he wrote, "to the Y. M. C. A.," and as a result the Red Cross Association has been supplying all of the ice which the buildings are able to use—and the item is not a small one. Frequent motion picture performances and lectures are also held.

"We don't try to make the fellows feel they are black sheep if they fail to avail themselves of the religious side of our work," said H. C. Whiteside, one of the secretaries of Building No. 1 at McAllen and a graduate of the class of 1910 of Pennsylvania, "but their enthusiasm doesn't seem to be dulled on that account. At all of the services and lectures the buildings are filled. Frequently the army chaplains use the place for their work.

"We try to have a station for every two or three thousand men, but we need additional buildings and thirty-

four more secretaries. We will need at least $500,000 to keep up the work if the troops are held much longer on the border. So far we have raised $150,000 and have not been pressed for funds, but the rest must be forthcoming or it will have to be abandoned."

In contrast to the sane and normal attitude of the secretaries in charge and the character of the work itself which I have already mentioned, the tone of the publication issued by the Y. M. C. A. under the name of *Border Work* is somewhat amusing and reminds one strongly of the experiences of the professionally reformed at revival meetings.

Cast your eye over the excerpt which follows. It is not hard to picture the writer as he strove for inspiration with fingers placed tip to tip and his eyes turned sanctimoniously toward heaven. It appears under the caption of "A Rare Opportunity for Service."

"A man came up to the secretary at Camp Cotton, El Paso, the other evening when he was the busiest," it reads, "and said: 'I must have your help.' His voice grew husky and a tear furrowed the dust-begrimed face.

"Dropping the work he had in hand, the secretary said: 'What may I do for you?'

"The soldier showed a sore right hand, which prevented writing, and after a moment said: 'Just before leaving home my little girl was taken ill and she didn't get any better, but I had to leave the wife and sick girl and come on out here. Now I have a telegram saying the dear little thing is not expected to live; I must write a letter and, yet, because of this hand, I can't. Will you do it for me?'

"And the secretary, with joy in his heart to be able to help, wrote at the soldier's dictation."

Then there is another one. It tells, according to the headline, "How the Cook Kept Sweet." The cook had a hard time. Tarantulas and scorpions had been holding dress parade in his close vicinity, some hard-hearted person had hung a rattlesnake skin outside of his tent. It made him nervous. Added to this it was pouring without and the water "flowed against his already wet body." He thought of his task of getting breakfast for the boys in the morning and knew that he must get some sleep. He decided there were two things he could do, dig a trench around his tent and pray.

"So I got up," the article quotes him as saying, "and ditched my pup tent to turn the water off, and then I crawled back and put it up to God to give me peace of mind and keep me through the night and help me make the best of it. And, boys, with that prayer, a peace came into my soul and I slept like a babe till daybreak, and the boys in my company had their breakfast and had a good one."

It is to be regretted the cook did not try his experiments separately, instead of bunching his hits. It would be well to know definitely the relative efficiency of the invocation and the shovel.

But the fact still remains that the enterprise is one of the most worthy on the border. He who wishes to help along a splendid charity is advised in the words of Solomon to "kick in." It would be difficult to help the army in a better way.

CHAPTER XXV.

Why the Army's Like a Serpent.

Napoleon was a great man, yes, a very great man. Napoleon spoke many mouthfuls of truths and people credit him with many more mouthfuls of fireside sayings which he never uttered, but which are just as true. One of them was his cryptic (cribbed from a Great philosopher whose name, I think, ends in "fleas"), remark to the effect that an army, like the serpent, travels on its belly.

Of course, the good general had no reference to the method of its procedure, but to the fact that the stomach (this, I think, is a more refined word for that organ) is the all-important thing when any army movements are to be taken under consideration. He should have added that any army's brains exist in its stomach and that all its waking, sleeping, working and loafing hours are in intimate contact with the same, and he would then have been just as right as Sherman when he unfortunately remarked that war was—well, you know just as well as I.

I've been along a great stretch of border—the border can stretch better than anything I know. I've conversed with troops from Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Michigan at El Paso, boys from Illinois and Wisconsin at San Antonio, a few from New Jersey and Montana at Douglas, the very native sons

from California, the Idaho and Hartford cavalry troops at Nogales, our friends from New Mexico at Columbus and a great many others at a great many other places (names furnished on request), and I learned that all or any of them could conduct an extremely vivid and intelligent conversation on the problematical time of their shipment home or of the food which is supplied them.

You have no idea until you have associated with the National Guard for some time in what a number of different angles food can be approached in a conversational way. Food, real or imaginary, seems to possess a fascination all its own. In New York a crowd can always be gathered by standing in the middle of a street and gazing intently up at the top of some tall building. On the border it can be accomplished by nonchalantly beginning a description of a multiple course dinner with particular emphasis laid upon the fat, opulent appearing planked steak with juice oozing from it.

I was more or less alarmed at first, for I began to suspect that the Government was involved in some gigantic scheme to starve our boys at the front into a comatose state with intent to prevent them from voting on election day.

This thought was first broached to me in El Paso—it was the first place at which I had stopped. I heard it for the last time at McAllen—it was the last place at which I stopped.

I entered the Palace of Sweets, run by the noble Mayor of McAllen. Without mentioning his name, by the way, I can safely say that there are persons whom the militia stationed at McAllen loved more dearly than this worthy person. It was through his efforts that the

delivery of cream to the First Cavalry and other canteens was stopped; it was through his efforts that the larger part of the available cream supply was bought up so that the prices for their by-products might be regulated as he saw fit. Then, too, said the boys from New York, the portions served at his sweet dispensary are more than unusually small in ratio to the prices which he affixes thereto. In any event, it was due to my search for a cigar in his emporium that I had the wicked truth of the Government's perfidy unfolded to me.

An artilleryman, seated with a companion at one of the tables, plucked me confidentially by the sleeve. He hastily swallowed a spoonful of ice cream which he had extracted with great deliberation from the chocolate depths of the glass and pointed with the dripping end of his soda implement to the red C which a harsh Government required me to wear, like the scarlet letter, as an emblem of my profession as correspondent.

"What's 'at stand for?" he asked, with the minimum raising of eyebrows required to denote interrogation.

" 'At means I extract a living from a newspaper," I told him.

I knew that I was not yet at liberty to retire, so I waited until his spoon returned from another trip mouthward and was detailed to point out a chair in which I might seat myself.

"Got some good dope for you," he said. "Meet my friend." The friend, as nearly as I was able to judge, was nameless, but appeared to appreciate the attention bestowed upon him, nevertheless.

"It's this way," the artilleryman began. "The Gov-

ernment isn't giving us enough to eat. He emphasized his remarks by taking another spoonful. "They get us down here so's we can't vote against Wilson when election comes along, and then they starve us."

His friend nodded vigorously with pleased realization of the wisdom and force of the other's remarks. "Yes," he said, "they starve us."

The other continued: "Fellows are getting sick all the time because the food is so bum." He waved his spoon vigorously.

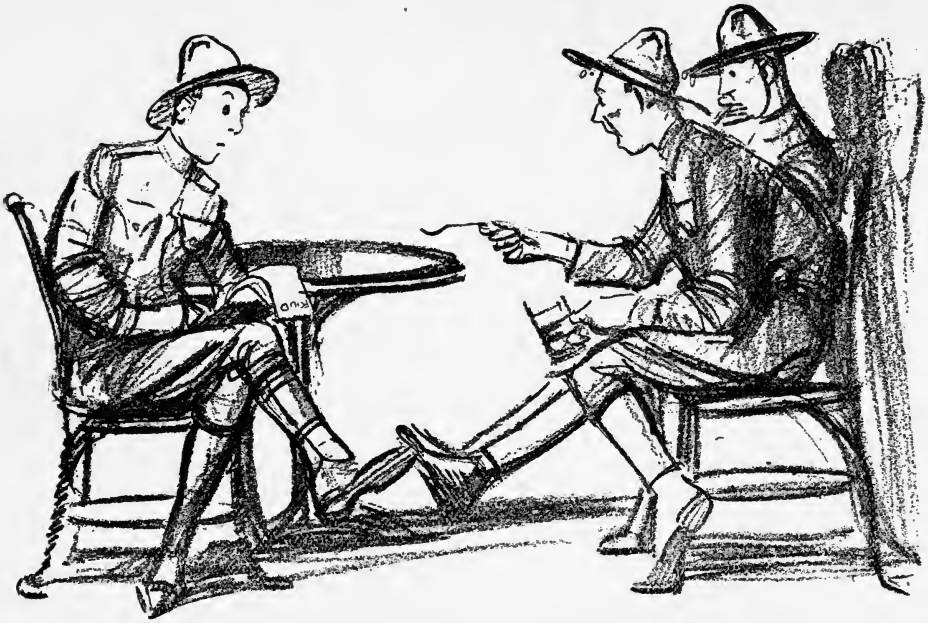
"And then when they get sick they ain't treated right at the hospital. You go to them with stomach trouble" (I had my own private views as to the probable reason), "and they give you a pill. You go to them with a broken rib and they give you a pill. You go to them with anything at all and they'll give you a pill. I guess all these boobs know is pills."

He finished his ice cream, raised his eyes for a brief second in thought and decided that he would have another one. He included me in the invitation. When none of it remained he rose.

Again he thought, and again the effort was productive of result.

"Tell you," he said, "you eat with me to-night and I'll show you what we get. Government starves us."

I accepted. Food is scarce in McAllen. The restaurants have reached the heights of their imagination when they supply ham and eggs for a meal. I went into a place called "Jack's, 2,500 Miles From Sixth Avenue," when I arrived. The name is unusually well chosen in that their stock in trade gives one the impression of having traveled the entire 2,500 miles by slow freight. It



"They got us down here so we couldn't vote."

was a little later than the usual meal hour and I found the door locked. Being hungry and desperate, I hammered vigorously. As a great favor I was admitted, but only after I had convinced them that my need was great.

"What have you got?" I asked.

"Ham and eggs," replied the Mexican who waited on me.

"What else?" I continued, beginning to become interested.

"Ham and eggs," was the stoical reply. "What you wish?"

I thought it over and decided that I would like some ham and eggs very much. Perseverance on my part—one has to be persevering in McAllen—resulted in adding coffee and sugar to the repast, but was unable to accomplish anything in the line of butter or napkins. My artillery friend needed no power of eloquence to induce me to accompany him to his camp.

We jumped into a McAllen "jitney," which charges two jitneys for the excursion, and soon found ourselves awaiting call to mess. Before it came there was a wild scramble for mess kits and from somewhere within the depths of a tent my friend dug up one for me, although I fear from the heartfelt curses I later heard during the meal that they were procured without the owner's knowledge.

Large portions of an unidentified soup, consisting of peas, carrots, rice and meat, a trifle smaller portions of roast beef and sweet potatoes, iced tea and a dessert that sometimes goes under the name of "heavenly slush,"

which is made up of oranges and bananas sliced together, were served to us with the usual quota of flies. These latter made necessary "two-handed" eating—one hand waves gently back and forth to distress the flies while the other conveys food to the mouth. When I finished I was reasonably sure I had had a meal — and several winged insects.

My host did it ample justice, but as we cleaned up the dishes afterward seemed to be somewhat disappointed.

"A little better than it usually is," he grunted, but from other meals which I had had with the troops I knew that nowhere were the men in danger of starvation.

Later in the evening we went to the open-air movies. I learned that even when lost in the mysteries of a motion picture plot the soldier's mind is still firmly enwrapped in food. It is amazing to see, when one's attention is called to it, the number of banquet scenes which appear in the average photo-play. That evening there were six—each one of which caused the men acute mental suffering. With the appearance of the waiter at the point where the villain had lured the heroine to a restaurant and was attempting to ply her with wine, a loud, longing voice bellowed an order to the pictured servant. It was a simple one, but comprehensive.

"Waiter," he said, "bring me a blue-point cocktail, canteloupe, two orders of guinea hen and a keg of beer."

Another cried, as one to whom such things were a memory of strange luxuries, long since forgotten.

"Look! They've got real tablecloths and butter and dishes."

It neared 9 o'clock, when all enlisted men are required to be in their camps. They began to rise and file out. My friend suddenly looked at his watch.

"Got to go," he said hurriedly. "Goin' to stop at the canteen for a bite to eat."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Little Brown Muchachos.

"The Mexican race," a Nogales citizen once confided to me, "would be a fine one if women more than 30 and males past 12 did not form such a large portion of its population. A senorita atones for a multitude of sins on the part of her people, and after knowing their boys one wonders how they can grow up into such undesirable citizens."

Whether or not you are willing to concede their failure as adults it is not hard to see a certain amount of truth in the remainder of his remarks.

The beauty of the senorita with more Spanish than Indian blood in her veins is too well known to need much comment. The Mexican muchacho, however, has received less than is due him. He is the politest person of a race universally polite; he is the most friendly and guileless person of a race that beneath its politeness is suspicious and treacherous. It may be they are a proof of the possibilities of the Mexican race if it received treatment which did not tend to bring out its worst qualities. They are the happiest things in the world with the least to make them joyous. It is a happiness of the contagious variety. They have such an utmost confidence in every one that it's hard to explain how such trust can vanish with manhood.

One of the most alluring outdoor sports in McAllen

is shoeshining, both for the shiner and the shinee. All day long barefooted boys with high piping voices travel the street crying "Shine, senor." It is the one thing upon which the McAllen price has not soared—it remains at five cents—cinco centavos, somewhat surprising in view of the fact that for each shine it requires the services of not one young man, but six or more.

The muchacho possesses a sixth sense, of this I am certain. As an experiment I have waited to engage the services of a future revolutionist when none of his kind were in sight. In less than a minute there were seven added starters seated in front of me on their upturned boxes giving expert advice, the result of weeks of experience, upon the art of polishing. They watched the proceedings with eyes of awe and wonder—for a shoe shine in McAllen is a thing of mystery—one not to be taken lightly.

The small, round felt hat which they wear is not the least part of their attire. More than ever it gives them the appearance of little foreign brownies. Their shirts, with the collars turned in and the sleeves rolled up, were once the property of some older brother. How the first born came by his I am unable to say, but I am convinced there must be factories for the express purpose of turning out second hand shirts for diminutive border boys. They are never new.

Shoeshining is not a business, as one might think, but a relaxation for the muchachos. Otherwise they would not be so prodigal with the amount of polish which they use, nor with the length of time which they expend on each shoe. At the completion of their job red paste is everywhere—on their hands, their shirts and the en-

thusiastically smiling faces turned up to tell you they are finished. A tip sends them into a delirium of joy, although the chief pleasure they receive from their operations is an artistic rather than a pecuniary one.

Most of them speak little English, but instead converse glibly in Spanish with their gallery. When one enjoys the services of a linguist, however, the fact does not long remain a secret, for pride in his mastery of the gringo language is such that he insists on telling his employer all of his brief past life and his soaring ambitions for the future. In their roseate insight into the land of manana, the fearless toreador takes the place of the circus clown of the American youth, and the noble art of warfare contains for them infinite more allurement than the bluecoated life of a policeman.

Dan, from whom I obtained the greatest part of my information, told me he was attaining a great proficiency through faithful practice on the family goat. He had trained the creature to charge in a most satisfying manner and needed no rag of red to stimulate his desire for an unhampered life. If he could sidestep a goat with such agility and accuracy, he asked with an unexplained faith in my judgment of a born bull-fighter, why wouldn't he be just as successful with bulls, and didn't I think he would win much fame as a toreador? I certainly did, and I made him promise to let me know in sufficient time that I might be present at his first public appearance.

He left me, so enwrapped in the allurement of his dreams, that for once he was unconscious of the admiring group of seven who followed him up the street.

Their courtesy is unfailing. It seems to be sincere, probably because, in contrast to their parents, they are

For once he was unconscious of the admiring group of seven that followed him up the street.

as yet ignorant of the hardness of the world about them. Unlike most children, they follow the mandates of politeness even where it involves physical or mental discomfort on their part.

As I neared a wooden shed in McAllen containing shower baths—for in that part of Texas bathing is a distinct institution, entirely separate from one's lodging, and if one would bathe he pays for it—I noticed beneath a swarm of flies a tiny youth carrying a large basket of cakes. Attracted, like the flies, by the burden of the delicacies supported by the youthful salesman, were a group of children. A spasm of generosity shook my bosom I held forth ten cents.

"Here," I said, as the eyes of his followers nearly popped out of their brown heads in eager anticipation. "Take all the doughnuts that buys and divide them up among yourselves."

Forth from the basket his small hand took ten crullers. Including himself, there were eleven boys in the party. I awaited developments. Each in turn greedily received his piece until all but the vendor had one.

"Aren't you going to get any?" I asked.

"There are but ten cakes and eleven of us, senor," he replied, somewhat embarrassed. "I will go without." He would gladly have done so, too, for politeness demanded it, but I produced another centavo from the recesses of my pocket and enabled him to participate in the fiesta with the others. He ate it with a haste that convinced me his generosity had not been the product of a lack of appetite.

Perhaps you are skeptical of the kindness of a charity furnishing doughnuts to 5-year-olds, but it is because

you are unaware of how digestible they are compared to the usual diet. From their earliest months they are fed on tortillas covered with chili sauce, frijoles and other articles of food so highly spiced one wonders if originally the Mexicans were not related in some way to the goats seen so frequently about their places.

The unsuspecting faith in human nature which is the happy possession of the Mexican nino is due to the kindness and love he receives in his family and the genial tolerance which he enjoys from the rest of the world. The youngsters amuse the militiaman along the border. He feels none of the antipathy for them which he extends to the men of the race. The children sense this, and their attitude toward the strange soldiers who have invaded the border is one of intense curiosity combined with a large amount of liking.

They are too young yet to know how their parents hate the gringoes, or why. They only know them now as men who laugh good naturedly and give them money, real money, for services rendered.

Strangest of all their characteristics and the hardest to understand, is the perpetual sunlight in their hearts, which seems not to become less bright even when they reach maturity. Among the lower classes life is little else than existence. When they are still almost only infants their parents are forced, unwillingly, to put them to work, for in spite of love empty stomachs must be fed.

Even before their years permit of work their imaginations are not sufficiently well developed to supply them with much amusement. Their games are few and their sports seem to consist chiefly of swimming like muskrats in irrigation canals, rolling iron hoops along a dusty road

or walking busily along the same dusty roads to no place in particular. But wherever they wander or whatever they are doing one does not have to wait long before hearing them burst forth in song. It's a song of to-morrow and happiness. Whether or not that particular "to-morrow" finds them altered to irresponsible, suspicious, thieving and treacherous men there is one characteristic in which there will be no change. They will still be singing happily of manana. It will be another to-morrow, to be sure, but one in which their faith has not been lessened by the disappointments they have suffered in the past.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Getting the Range of the Texas Ranger.

Have you ever seen a bunch of chickens scatter when a belligerent rooster stalks into their midst? You know then the appearance of a group of Mexicans in any of the border towns when a Texas ranger looms above the horizon. Mexicans are an emotional people, but there is no emotion quite so strongly implanted within their coffee-colored bosoms as the fear of the men whom the Texans have chosen to uphold law and order. The average Mexican will believe anything told to him.

At Columbus, N. M., some oil cars were drawn up on the track to be used for the transportation of water. The Mexicans were informed the cars were to be filled with American soldiers and sent across the line in order that Mexicans might be massacred. Why they figured that American troops, if they wished to go across the line, wouldn't do so in the usual manner I am unable to say, other than that, with them, hearsay is fact. Their leaders have likewise imparted to them that if the State of Texas, with its fearsome rangers, were removed they would be able to whip the United States, so they have adhered religiously to this belief also. But their respect for these gentlemen is better founded than their other convictions.

The story related of the report made by two rangers to their captain gives an idea of the manner in which they handle these people. "We met two Mexicans on the road," it read, "but did not have time to bury them."

Looming above the horizon.

"They are the most cold-blooded bunch of persons in the world," said an El Pasoan in speaking to me of the rangers. "They have no regard for human life whatever, and it's because of this that Mexicans are in such deadly fear of them. Whenever they arrest one of the greasers they rarely disarm him, and allow him every opportunity to get away. I asked one the reason for this once and he replied, 'They might try to start something if we leave their arms on them, and a dead Mexican is always a lot less trouble than a live one. We would have to kill 'em in self-defense.' "

I heard other tales of their cruelty. A young Mexican in Shafter was shot and badly wounded. The only person present with him at the time and who knew anything about it was his father. The rangers wished to find out who was responsible. The father refused to tell. Mexicans resemble Indians greatly in that they prefer to right their own wrongs rather than resort to legal procedure.

"I'll find out whether you'll tell or not," the ranger is reported to have said, and raised up on his toes in order to get more force into the blow. He brought down the butt of his revolver on the unfortunate man's head. The silent parent was nearly killed, but this was the only portion of the desired result obtained. He remained as clamlike as ever and was thrown into jail in order that he might ponder over the request which had been made of him. Later, through the influence of a doctor who upon dressing his wounds, ascertained that he was imprisoned, not because he had committed any crime but for being ignorant concerning one which had been committed, he was released.

"Shortly after that," continued my source of information, "we requested all Texas rangers to leave Shafter. We consider the greasers good citizens and efficient workers there and we didn't care to have them continually shot up for the amusement of these ranger fellows. Shafter is sixty miles from the nearest railroad station, Marfa, and it is too difficult to replace labor of their quality for us not to exercise some concern about the manner in which they are treated."

"One of the principal reasons for our continual trouble with Mexico," I heard another person say, "is because of the brutality they endure at the hands of the rangers and persons who have adopted ranger methods. A ranger can shoot a poor peon with impunity, and he is scarcely asked even to put in the usual plea of self-defense, which is as a general rule an untrue one anyway. No race, however ignorant or down-trodden, is going to submit to this for long without feeling an overwhelming sentiment, not only against the rangers themselves, but against the race from which they come. They're human, just like anybody else, and even though their lives aren't the most pleasant possible, they prefer to have them ended in the natural way."

One will find just as many persons, however, who have only the highest praise for the rangers and the work they do, and I am inclined to number myself among them. Rangers are only cold-blooded, they maintain, where Mexicans are concerned, and this solely because they have learned it is the one manner in which they can be properly handled. In all the border towns one finds the percentage of Mexicans far greater than that of Americans. In Texas there are 234,000 Mexicans, in

New Mexico 22,000 and 52,000 in Arizona. The only thing that Mexicans appreciate is force and unless they were kept by the rangers in this constant state of fear it would be impossible to handle them, as throughout the State of Texas there are only seventy-five of these police, four companies in all.

There is just as much romance and mystery connected with their lives as there is with those of the Northwest Mounted Police, and for this reason it has always somewhat surprised me that no one has seen in them the possibilities for motion picture productions. Their pay is small, $40 a month being their recompense, and their hours of duty are not hampered by complications—they work twenty-four out of twenty-four. It can be seen from this that the majority of those in the ranks are not there because they have deemed it an easy method of earning one's living. It is the spirit of adventure and the desire for excitement that in the main is the moving impulse. Some have incomes of their own to render them independent of the pay allowed them by the State. It would be a simple matter for Texas to enlarge the body if it wished. There are many who would like to join, but are refused because no more are desired. It is not hard to distinguish them, whether one happens to have been favored with an introduction or not. One glance at their sombrero hat and their Colt's .45 slung from a cartridge belt filled with their chief arguments is enough.

They seem to be possessed of a rare faculty of being on hand wherever trouble arises. Part of this is largely due no doubt to luck, but more, I think, to the fact that rangers, even while indulging in an apparently idle con-

versation, are not allowing moss to grow on their brains. They lose little time in making for that part of the country where chance clues have told them something is "liable to be pulled off."

There are no better trail finders nor handier men with their guns in the South. At a hundred yards or more a man is invariably dead if a ranger judges his life a burden on the community. Outside of the realms of fiction there are few men able with a revolver to hit a quarter thrown up in the air, but there are more capable of punishing Uncle Sam's currency in this fashion among the rangers than in the entire remainder of the Texas population. As a rule they are natural detectives. Very small clues indeed frequently result in their solving the cases upon which they are working. An instance of this was told me by John Kelly in Douglas, Ariz.

Kelly was a ranger, and although he no longer holds his commission as such, his thoughts still live in the days when he was employed by the State.

"I used to be stationed at Ysleta years ago," he said, biting off a chew of plug cut, "when there wasn't any railroads comin' into El Paso, and when all freight had to be hauled in 'Chihuahua trains,' which is the same as prairie schooners, all the way from San Antonio. There used to be a lot of smugglin' goin' on along the Rio Grande, and it was up to us to keep the greasers and outlaws from doin' it. One time we caught a gang with $500 worth of stuff." He spit contemplatively and looked at me reflectively to see whether I was impressed with the size of the amount.

"One time a fellow named Jem Lafferty killed the marshal at Ysleta. He shot him through the neck. We

It is not difficult to distinguish a Ranger.

found the marshal's body lying on the ground and near it was a little piece of a bandana, clipped off by a bullet. We saved it and hunted for Jem. It took us some time, but we got him. He was still a-wearin' of the handkerchief around his neck. The bit we had fitted into the part lost out of his. He was convicted and sentenced to nine years in the pen. Later he killed another guy and got seventy-five years. He was about 50 then and never lived his sentence out."

The rangers have some sort of signal unknown to any but the elect. "There was a dance being held in the hall at Ysleta," one of the inhabitants of this town informed me, "and several of the rangers were there. They usually turn up at such functions, for their reputation for bravery and their invariable good looks make them extremely popular with the fair sex. Suddenly they all stopped and made a dive for their guns, which they had checked at the door. None of the rest of us had heard a thing, but in a minute they had disappeared and were off for the river. They returned after a while and we asked what had happened, but, as always, they refused to say anything concerning their work. Some one told me later that they had shot some Mexicans trying to rustle cattle and buried them where they fell, but the only thing on which they based their story was three newly-dug graves."

Although they are good natured and forbearing, as a rule, where white people are concerned, it is unwise for a person to rely too much on this characteristic. It is a point of honor with them to get any one who has ever killed a ranger. The person sought would save himself a great deal of mental strain by choosing the "Dutch

method" out—that of suicide when such is the case—for his destination is invariably the same. Small matters like extradition papers bother them not in the least, for if they desire a person they will arrest—or shoot—him whether he is in Texas, Wyoming, Mexico or way stations.

He is a person one does not associate with trifling, but if trifling is essential to your happiness—let the ranger do it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Lady of the Army.

Sh! Ever since the New York troops went into their encampments at Pharr, McAllen and Mission there had been a lady present in their midst. No attempt was made to conceal her existence, and whenever any mention was made of her any of the enlisted men would frankly admit a warm acquaintance. The suspense was getting awful—her name is Dame Rumor. I found no place in my travels along the border where she seemed to be quite so popular as in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment, for the young gentlemen of that organization were perhaps a little keener to return to their professions than the others, and there was constantly some new rumor being circulated around the camp as to when they would be ordered back.

The enlisted man was supposed to know little about the doings and plans of the army other than what he was told, and to their regret almost nothing at all was told them. As a result millions of unofficial rumors were flying from one tent to another, having their birth in many and varied ways.

"There are not as many rumors now as there were the first few days we were down here," one of the privates told me when I commented on it. "There was a new one every five minutes then." I had not been there for a very long time then, but my short observation had

not led me to think the average had greatly been diminished in the interim.

It was not so long before that the word was being passed from one company street to the other for the cook details to "go and get your meat." By the time the order reached Company K, a few hundred yards farther along, a wild cheering broke out. The order had been twisted into "We're going home next week." There hadn't been such excitement in the regiment during all the long, weary hours they had been down there. It was not hard to see from this how, as a general rule, much of the news that was breezed about camp in this manner possessed almost any virtue except accuracy; but its lack of this necessary quality didn't seem to interfere in any way with the speed with which it traveled nor in the implicit and childlike faith placed in it. Their very confidence in what they had heard caused the correspondents in this town many weary chases in an attempt to verify some startling information.

In Company K, which was fairly near the center of the regimental encampments, and hence was favorably located for the circulation of gossip, resided a cook possessed of a cunning deep and low. His name was Carroll Winchester. A stranger could quite easily identify him by his handsome black mustache and the fact that his sole articles of attire were a pair of overalls, socks and shoes, which left ample space for the tanning influence of the sun. Winchester a few weeks before started what he called a rumor factory. As he mused over the onions or potatoes he would invent some story and start it on its way with the assistance of the slavish cook detail which happened to be assigned to help him on the day. Then he

waited to see how great an interval would be required for the rumor to return again to its maker. It never took long for it to pass completely through the regiment several times. Like a good little rumor, it always came home before evening. Once within half an hour after he had originated a piece of scandal Winchester had it poured forth into his ear with bated breath by a man from another regiment.

"Yes," said Winchester when his informant had finished, "I have heard that before."

In this same company for which Winchester prepared the meals a rumor book was kept for some time, until it became a hopeless task to make any attempt to write down in it a portion of all that was heard. A glance over it would show that, while most of the entries concern the date of the return home, by no means all of them are of that nature:

"It is rumored that Private Swain is using tent No. 11 as a private office and needs a secretary to care for his mails," says the first item in the record. Reference was made, it might be explained, to the great number of missives received by Mr. Swain in feminine handwriting.

From day to day appeared others, most of them as usual incorrect, such as "it is rumored that the Squadron A refused to take the oath"; "that a captain of the Seventy-first and a mule of the same were shot by a sentinel on post for refusal to halt when challenged"; "that we will be in New York by August 10, 1916"; "that we are to have cots and floors in the tents some time" (the cots finally arrived); "that the rookies are going to give us proper refreshments with the entertainments which they are to provide"; "that all married men are to go home on

furlough"; "that we are to leave the border at 4 A. M., July 12"; "that it rained about 2 this morning" (this was slightly sarcastic, as that day the only comfortable method of progression about camp was in a boat); "positively heard (on July 12) by wireless operator of the Signal Corps that the Seventh Regiment will start Saturday to escort General Pershing to the border"; "that we will spend one week on the border in pup tents, return to camp in McAllen until August 25, then go 100 miles east of El Paso until October 1, and then back to New York"; "it is rumored that the Squadron A men will shortly be disbanded to receive commissions"; "that our camp is to be turned at some future date into an army post for the regulars"; "that the Second Artillery band wishes to be transferred to the Seventh" (this rumor did not originate with the artillery); "that the chaplain's laundry was delayed about three weeks and when it finally did return it contained woman's clothing." And then appeared the concluding item, after which the rumor book was given up as a hopeless proposition, "It is rumored that we go home this week."

When other regiments went out on hikes from McAllen to other points rumors would soon be floating around the Seventh Regiment camp of startling casualities.

"Men are dropping out like flies," I was told of the Seventy-first, which was on its weary way to Mission and all points west. "There have been several deaths in the Third," another informed me a short while after the latter had arrived in McAllen. Lurid details were furnished in each instance and the impression was vigorously conveyed to me that the extermination of both

these noble bodies of men was but a matter of a few days if their terrible march continued. I hurried to the Third headquarters, about half a mile from the Seventh. I found more than 500 "dog tents" pitched out in a field which had been prepared for the purpose. Men were proceeding in the usual manner, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and I even failed to observe on the faces of the men who passed the signs of fatigue which I expected might be there after their march.

"Where are the dead men?" I asked at headquarters, which consisted of a tent larger than the others.

"There aren't any," was the response. "One man who was taken sick before we started came in the ambulance, but it will be a long time before he dies." I proceeded to the ambulances. No corpses were to be hidden from me; I was determined.

"How many passed out on the march?" I queried the driver.

"None," he said, and told me of the man of whom I had already heard. After this I phoned to Mission and found that but a few of the Seventy-first had been unable to continue, and most of them were bothered only with foot trouble. The other rumors which reached my ears had much in common with these, but they all had one merit—they furnished the militiamen with entertainment and interest.

The most convincing of recent rumors was on August 30. Three regiments of New York troops were to be ordered home. It was not long before some one was discovered with information from a confidential but authoritative source that the Seventh was to be one of the chosen three. The logic was indisputable—so was

the excitement. The Seventh had been the first of the New York contingent to reach the region misnamed "God's Country." More of their number had pressing business at home suffering more each day by their continued absence. Yes, there could be no doubt that they were to go home. When word came from General Funston that the Seventy-first, Third and Fourteenth were the ones elected the gloom could have been cut with a knife.

"Rumors," I heard one man say in a depressed voice, "are no good unless they are bad, and then they're no good. If they are good they're usually untrue, and then you feel worse after you find out what's really so than you did at first. If they're bad they make you ill anyway. From now on I'm going to be on the rumor wagon, and if any one tries to tell me one I'll shoot him on sight."

But on the morrow he would have a new morsel to circulate, one that was authoritative and from a confidential source.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Songs of the Seventh.

Upon the average human a shower bath has the same effect as the sound of running water upon a canary —it makes him sing. The Seventh possesses no shower baths nor yet is it canarylike, able to listen to the sound of running water. But life upon the border seemed to have produced the same result—a deal of carolling. If mobilization succeeded in doing nothing else for our men it at least supplied them with a good coat of tan and developed their lung power to a remarkable extent. At almost any time during the sweltering day or the balmy evenings their voices could be heard uplifted in song.

Like the cowboy, the militiamen sung ballads that told of their griefs as well as their joys—although the latter were chiefly conspicuous by their infrequency; of their hardships and of their desire to return once more to their homes. Most of those for which youthful poets in the Seventh are responsible were not composed to win smiles of approval from their officers. Song is a form of outlet for repressed feelings, and the men of the Seventh felt the strongest on the subject of their detention on the border. In addition to that, there is always enough of the child remaining even in men approaching the thirties to revel in "going out behind the barn to smoke." Doggerel voicing rebellion against the discipline and hard-

ships to which they were subject is the result. I doubt if they felt as deeply as the verses would lead one to suspect, but in any event the muse became a safety valve to their emotions. Following is the first which I heard at McAllen:

When we get back from Mexico,
  When we get back from war;
The National Guard can go to hell;
  We won't enlist no more.
We'll take a bath and change our clothes,
  And swear before the Lord,
To emigrate to Michigan
  And vote for Henry Ford.

When they started out for the land of cactus they were a trifle more enthusiastic. There issued forth from the trains filled with the men of the Seventh the well used tune of "Tipperary," with words somewhat altered. If you were within a radius of four miles of the cars you could hear:

It's a long, long way to capture Villa;
  It's a long way to go;
It's a long way across the border
  Where the dirty greasers grow;
So it's good-by to dear old Broadway,
  Hello, Mexico;
It's a long, long way to capture Villa,
  But that's where we'll go.

But after they had dug a few ditches, broken in unruly mules and tried their hand at guard duty for several nights their patriotism began to wane. The edge of their keen desire to capture the flighty bandit became

somewhat blunted. This is how the life impressed a soldierly poet of Company K:

We've been upon the border for a couple of months or so;
We're getting mighty tired, and we think it's time to go;
We've dug in the mud and laid the roads, and now we'd like to know
When we'll go marching home.

To hell, to hell with dear old Texas,
To hell, to hell with all the cactus,
To hell, to hell with all the "Mexs".
Three cheers for New York town!

Our home is Camp McAllen, and we're very happy here;
But we haven't any sweethearts, and we haven't any beer;
We haven't any money, and we'd really like to hear
When we go marching home.

(Chorus, Please.)

The wop who laid the pavement, the mick who builds the pike,
Both get their union wages—if they don't they call a strike;
Half a dollar to the soldiers, and no matter what they like,
They still go marching on.

(Chorus.)

We signed enlistment papers and they told us with a smile,
"You may go down to Mexico, but only for a while";
They promised us all luxuries and said we'd live in style
Just the way we do at home.

(Chorus Once Again.)

We found the thorny cactus, the scorpion and the toads,
Tarantulas and centipedes and rattlesnakes in loads;
The flies and ants and other bugs infested our abodes.
Good Lord, let us go home.

(Repeat on the Chorus.)

Walking by Company K street one day I glanced up

it to see a private seated in the greatest luxury in one of those reclining canvas chairs of which nearly every tent possesses one. His nose was slightly tilted toward the heavens and from his throat issued a song which had attained more or less popularity with the Seventh and other infantry regiments.

> The infantry, the infantry,
> With the dirt behind their ears;
> The infantry, the infantry,
> Who lap up all the beers.
> The cavalry, artillery
> And the blooming engineers,
> Couldn't make the infantry
> In a hundred thousand years.

Of course, it is quite possible that the information conveyed in this poem is not strictly fact, but, as Matthew Prior tells us, "Odds life! Must one swear to the truth of a song?"

Naturally the Seventh exerted its energies on songs other than the ones which have originated in their midst. Those old-time favorites, such as "Sweet Adeline," with a human bullfrog repeating ever and anon with deep sympathy the last few words, "On the Road to Mandalay." "Some folks (apparently possessed of exceedingly bad judgment) say that a nigger won't steal," and many more that helped to brighten their college years and bring sighs to fair listening maidens, floated often on the Texas breeze in strong competition with burros whose lungs seemed to be in constant need of oiling.

After noticing the frequency with which their efforts were directed toward vocal work I stopped a couple of

militiamen. "You can't be having such a bad time down here, as a lot of you try to tell me," I said, "or you wouldn't be singing so much." The shorter one turned to me with gloom-filled eyes, and I knew that what he said came from the heart.

"We are saddest," he murmured, "when we sing."

CHAPTER XXX.

Both Sides of the Army Pill.

Truly the imagination of the militia man is a wondrous thing. I once knew an elderly gentleman who had such a one. He was a Civil War veteran, and during some period in his life he had obtained a copy of the memoirs of another old warrior. Not long afterward the experiences became his. He recounted them so many times that he really believed he had undergone the adventures himself. One day a friend of his with an exact turn of mind and a long memory proved that the story he had just related was impossible, for he would have had to be present in two places at the same time. I have seldom seen such amazement as that registered on his face. So convinced had he become of the authenticity of his oft-repeated tales that I doubt whether even now he is able to account for the paradox which was pointed out to him.

The National Guard on the border was afflicted with much the same disease, particularly where stories of the hospital were concerned. They had told certain tales of its horrors so long that they were doubtless in time certain they were true. Many of them, heard from some other person, they believed to be events in their own hectic careers. It wasn't due to a desire wilfully to misinform any one—it was just an affliction of too much imagination, like my friend, the veteran.

Upon my arrival among the New York troops my

ears were filled with the gruesome details of the inadequacy of the military hospitals. I was led to believe that they had been devised for no other purpose than to heap additional torture upon men whom the Government had brought South solely for an orgy of pain.

A red-headed fighter, whom I found in one of the infantry tents changing his clothes preparatory to appearing at "retreat," which is held every day at 5.30, regardless of how the soldiers feel about it, expressed himself in vehement language to me.

"No matter what's the matter with you," he said, "they hand you out pills for stomach trouble. If you break your back they give you one pill every hour; if you've got appendicitis, it's more pills; pills again for typhoid and pills if you get cactus in your feet. The whole medical department is a bunch of pills. A fellow from Squadron A in the cavalry broke his nose. The hospital didn't have any nose splints. He had to have it broken over again three times afterward to get it fixed right. A man from the Seventh complained of having stomach trouble. He went to the doctor. The orderly handed him out some Allen's Foot Ease and told him to take it. It was the one thing they had besides the pills, I guess, and they wanted to see how it would work. It didn't kill him, so they haven't tried it again. They haven't got any surgical instruments up there. All of the officers' tents have board floors," he added, with increasing bitterness, "but they haven't had time to put them down in the hospital tents yet.

"This isn't enough, so once they get you in they starve you to death. And now," he said, giving his cartridge belt a last savage yank and picking up his car-

bine from the rack, "I'm going out to have the captain ask me why my shoes aren't shined."

"Wait just a minute before you go. Have you ever been confined to the hospital?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I'm unprejudiced." He hurried off.

The next day I went to the hospital myself, not as a patient, but as an investigator of crime.

At 6.50 A. M. sick call is sounded. An acquaintance told me the reason for having it after breakfast in this fashion is because the "food handed out in the morning is enough to make any one ill, and they wish a few patients to practice on." At this hour any one disabled reports to his captain and he is sent to the regimental hospital for examination. It is the purpose here not to keep men whose condition indicates they will be confined for more than forty-eight hours. Cases requiring several days are assigned to the field hospital. Those more serious, requiring attention for ten days or more, are taken to the base hospital at San Antonio.

The regimental hospital of the Seventh, which was typical, was in charge of a major, three captains, a lieutenant, and had twenty-four orderlies. It consisted of only two tents, one of which was used as the office and to store all medical supplies, and the other for the patients. Those who had reported were examined and the diagnosis delivered to the captain, together with data concerning the disposition to be made of them. There are three forms of this disposition—"light duty," "sick in quarters" and "sick in hospital." In the first instance they are relieved from all heavy work and in the others they are freed entirely of the army routine. If the case is one

"The whole medical department is a bunch of pills."

for the field hospital he is brought there with the report of the regimental medical department. They, in turn, decide whether or not he is to be transferred to San Antonio.

"Within twenty-four hours a man taken sick can be examined and turned over to the base hospital at San Antonio," an officer of the First Field Hospital told me. "Wherever possible, cases requiring operation are transported there, but when immediate attention is required we have an operating table and can handle it. Just a short time ago we performed a successful operation on a patient suffering from acute appendicitis and another was a herniotomy.

"The First Field Hospital Corps," he continued, "consists of three wards, each of which has four units, or tents, containing four cots apiece. This gives us a capacity of forty-eight. We have six officers, including a major, two captains, three lieutenants and sixty-four orderlies. All of the officers are New York specialists, and as they rise in rank are required to pass a severe medical examination. You can see there is very little opportunity for the inefficiency sometimes complained of by the army."

He took me through the three rows of tents and showed me the operating tent, those containing the sick and the kitchen and mess tents. All were scrupulously clean and possessed board floors and wire screenings.

"Those who criticize this department," he said, as we went through, "overlook the fact that the whole idea in back of the regimental and field hospitals is that we are mobile units and must travel with the army. We do not pretend to take care of serious cases—San Antonio does

that. The regimental medical department must be ready to move at an instant's notice, while we must never be more than twenty-four hours behind the troops. One thing that renders our work difficult is that many men 'fake' illness in order to escape work. A record is kept of every patient, however, and if he comes too often to the well without cause he is extremely apt to suffer the fate of the proverbial pitcher.

"The men have nothing to complain of in their treatment here. The food furnished them is light, but purposely so, for a sick man should not receive as much to eat as one who is doing heavy work. Some of them prefer to gorge, and when they are not allowed to do so believe they are being starved."

He waved his hands toward the cots containing invalids, pale looking in spite of their tanned faces, and said: "Ask any of them. They will tell you whether what I am saying is true or not." He saved me the trouble of deciding whether or not it would be making the men feel as if they were freaks on exhibition.

"How are you getting along?" he asked a young fellow, who, I found out later, was the herniotomy individual. The boy had been taking a rather hollow-eyed interest in the conversation. He brightened up considerably when addressed and expatiated at great length upon the treatment par-excellence which he had been receiving. Others responded in similar vein. As evidence I did not attach a superlative amount of importance to what they said, since I doubted whether they would indulge in criticism too freely in the presence of an officer, but a careful examination of the place, both then and later, convinced me what I had been told was

authentic. I talked with them later alone, and they repeated to me practically the same things. The only evidence in support of what had been breathed in my ear by my red-headed friend was that in the regimental hospital tent there was no flooring, although this was not the case in the field.

However, before I left I turned to my guide. "Do you carry anything besides pills and Allen's Foot Ease in stock?" I asked. He pointed to a row of bottles with formidable Latin names on their exteriors.

"We're allowed twenty different drugs," he said, "and whenever the supply in any one begins to run low we put in a requisition for more. It can be obtained within a day. There is no reason at all why we should ever be found without any one of them."

I thanked him and left. I hurried to my friend of the brilliant locks. I told him of the herniotomy victim's testimony.

"Humph!" he retorted, "he was probably afraid if he said anything else they would poison him."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Baking on the Border.

Since visiting the different military groups along the border my respect for that household necessity, the Staff of Life, has risen tremendously. A lover of statistics, seeing the army bakeries, would have a perfect orgy. It would not make much difference whether he went to merely the one at Nogales, Ariz., managed by Lieutenant Francis W. Pinches of the First Connecticut Infantry, which worked away for the benefit of 11,000 stomachs in the Nogales District, or that in charge of Captain C. A. Bach, at El Paso, Texas, which didn't consider it any trouble at all to feed those in the El Paso district, or that in McAllen, which baked for the New York division. At any one, or all, he would probably become so full of facts that he would never after be able to eat a loaf without a shiver of awe running up and down his spine.

Captain Bach was quite proud of his outfit in El Paso. I found him watching the men removing the steaming brown loaves from the three field ovens near Camp Connecticut, at which the Connecticut troops were tented.

"These are a lot better than the garrison bakery," he told me, "because the heat isn't so intense, and they can be allowed to cook slower and more evenly. The field bread is more compact and has a thicker crust, which enables it to be kept much longer, as the moisture is held better. Garrison bread will become dry after a short time."

"How much do you turn out a day?" I asked. The question was simple, but Captain Bach is an enthusiast. Statistics poured forth in an avalanche.

"We make 216 pounds at a baking in each of the three ovens," he answered; "that means 108 loaves apiece. The field and garrison bakeries together use from 15,000 to 16,000 pounds of flour a day. In each of the ovens there are three chambers, which will hold seventy loaves apiece. I've got sixty-one men working for me now—a full unit—but when more troops arrive we will probably have to enlarge our equipment.

"Everything is designed with a view to moving at an instant's notice, and if we were ordered into Mexico this minute we could take the ovens apart and pack the whole shooting match in a truck and be on our way. At the first stop it would not take us more than an hour to have things set up again and baking under way. While one detail was at work fixing up the stoves the others would have the mixing tent up and prepare the dough. I'll show you what the tents are like," he added, with pardonable pride. We turned from the sweating bakers and entered the tents of khaki and wire screen.

The first was filled with pans scrupulously clean, moulding tables and dough troughs. In each of the latter, he said, 150 pounds of flour could be mixed. We went into the storage tents where the bread was piled high in racks and where, unlike many places about the camps not a single fly could be found decorating the landscape.

We went out into the open once more and watched the men toiling away at their tasks. Neither the work of the bakers themselves nor of the man in charge is easy. If my opinion were asked as to one of the

most uncomfortable employments in the land of khaki, I would be quite prompt in electing that of breadmaker. Many are assigned to the work. The field bakeries at McAllen, Pharr and Mission, which provided for 19,000 New York troops at these places, had nineteen ovens. Forty men were at work in the first place, sixteen in the second, while Pharr had seventeen. Those who had been following the trials of their absent boys on the border were almost convinced by this time, I should judge, that it was a place where heat is somewhat extreme. At Camp Stewart, about seven miles from the heart of El Paso, I have seen it 135 degrees in the sun. It is a waste of energy to speak of its being a certain temperature in the shade, for a person would get heat prostration in his anxious attempts to find such a thing. But even under the partial shelter of a tent occupied by Captain Deforest Chandler of the Signal Corps at Columbus, the officers one day were seen interestedly viewing the remains of a former thermometer. It was an unsophisticated Northern affair brought down by the captain himself, and it only provided for the registration of 120 degrees. It struggled nobly when the heat became higher, but to no avail. It burst. When one adds the warmth of the ovens to the normal—or, rather, abnormal—heat of the land which we once, for some unaccountable reason, took away from the Mexicans, it can be seen why the position was one not cherished by all. The men, as a rule, took a certain pride in their work, which was the one thing that enabled them to keep at it with the spirit with which they did.

Their hours, too, were long. Baking at McAllen for the first shift began at two in the morning and continued twelve hours for each squad. Other bakeries had largely

the same regulations and conditions which prevailed here, with the exception that the hours in some cases were only eight hours a day. I should suggest as an excellent cure for trainmen who feel that their hours are too long that they be given occupation for a time among the breadmen of the army, and after the experience there will be a deep and lasting content in their midst.

It is rather natural, when time hangs heavy on the hands of a soldier who wishes he were at home, that he grumble. He really isn't serious about it, and, in fact, derives a certain portion of his entertainment from this source, just as weepy females hie them to a tragedy where they can enjoy a splendid and gratifying sobfest. It is one of the highest compliments that can be paid to the work of the big army of bakers, then, that, concerning the most important item in their bill of fare, one never heard a complaint—but on occasions, instead, could hear arising from the clatter of knives and forks a muffled, "Say, that's blame good bread."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Soldier of Fortune With Villa.

Before I arrived at Ysleta I had heard a lot about Pancho Villa, but nothing that distinguished him greatly from any of the other bandits of dear old Mexico. At Ysleta, after a conversation with Dr. Jerome Triolo, a soldier of fortune who has served several years in Villa's army in a medical capacity with the title of lieutenant-colonel, I felt that Pancho might be quite an interesting person to meet after all.

Ysleta might be said to have given birth to Villa's career, for the father of Dr. Triolo furnished the Mexican with nine guns, nine horses and nine everything excepting nine men, which Villa supplied himself. Immediately thereafter Villa rode across the border into Mexico and proceeded to convince a little town called Saragossa that he was a person who did not appreciate opposition.

Recruits rapidly joined him, and it was not long before he had a large following and was the temporarily pampered pet of the United States. Some years later, after spoils had enriched him, he sent back $30,000 in gold to Mr. Triolo as a testimonial of his gratitude for help rendered in time of need.

I talked with Dr. Triolo in the picturesque sitting room of the Little Valley Inn of that town. There were a number of us gathered about, listening to him, and the thrills we received from his stories could only be likened to the days when we used to tell ghost stories in a dim

and gloomy room, for, since the Columbus affair, Ysleta had been constantly expecting a raid from across the creek. In the town there are but 300 whites to a population of about 2,000 Mexicans, with only a few troops to protect them. Its close proximity to El Paso makes it an ideal place for the brown men to attack if a diversion was ever created in Juarez to attract the attention of the El Paso militia.

I had been told of some of Dr. Triolo's adventures before meeting him, so when I saw an agreeable, mild-appearing, medium-sized person in a Palm Beach suit I was surprised. He did not in the least fit in with my previous conception of a person who valued his life so lightly.

"There were several reasons why Villa was a great man," said Dr. Triolo, "but the chief were the fact that he was always reliable about paying his men—if he ever had money his men got their share and he was an unusually clever strategist. No one could have taken Juarez in the manner in which he did without being such.

"It was commonly believed in the latter part of November, 1913, that Villa was on his way to storm Chihuahua City. Several miles outside, however, his army held up a train which was leaving Juarez for that place. He forced the conductor to wire back to the Juarez authorities that he was returning, as Villa was advancing toward Chihuahua with a large force and he feared that the train would be unable to get through. After this message had been sent Villa and his merry band hopped on the train and rode back into the city of Juarez. The inhabitants had prepared no greeting for him and were so surprised to see him that they were able

to offer no resistance to his invasion. It surrendered almost without a struggle.

"I was also with him in April, 1913, when he advanced on Chihuahua City. Before he entered the town he sent several women ahead who pretended they had escaped from his clutches.

"They gained the confidence of the garrison there by complaining of the hardships Villa had inflicted upon them. After they had obtained all the necessary information regarding the extent and location of the troops there they returned to their chief. Villa also had an extensive spy system. In Chihuahua he had many men who threw bombs into the midst of the defenders upon the entrance of the Villistas. Even then those in the town thought the missiles came from the invaders.

"Of course, Villa was cruel, but that detracted in no way from his generalship, for Villa is no more cruel than any of the Mexican people. He thought nothing of taking life. At Torreon he lined them up seven deep for their execution in order to save ammunition. In Juarez one day Villa stopped a peon with a bundle of stolen calico under his arm.

" 'Where did you get that?' asked Villa.

" 'I found it on the street,' was the rather flimsy answer. Villa turned to a soldier by his side.

" 'Shoot him,' he said calmly, and walked on. The man was shot.

"On another day in the same town Villa spied a rider, wanted for some crime, going down the avenue. He pointed him out to a guard with his usual laconic request, 'Shoot him.' I doubt if the man ever knew what struck him.

"If a person asked a favor of Villa when the latter was in a bad mood he was just as apt to be killed as to have his favor granted. After executions he was particularly morose, and it was an extremely hazardous proposition to approach him for two or three days afterward.

"At Torreon I saw Villa's lieutenant, Fierro, hold up a train on which some of the Federalists were attempting to leave. A band of horsemen stood on the track in front of the train and demanded that the engineer bring it to a stop. The engineer was in a rather embarrassing position, for standing in back of him with a revolver pressed tightly to his head was a Federalist soldier, who informed the driver that he would pull the trigger if the cars were halted. The engineer paid close heed to him until the train passed over one of the horses in the track. He put on the brakes and departed for the happy hunting grounds.

"In the same train I saw a bullet pass through the head of a child held in its mother's arms and then penetrate the mother's heart.

"In the last car was a Federalist band, seven or eight of whom had already been killed in the fight. After the train had been stopped Villa dragged them all out. He wanted music and commanded them to play. All but one of them did so. He seemed to feel that it was an imposition to be asked to perform after so many of his comrades had died. His fate was the usual one.

"A Mexican understands and respects force of this sort, however, and it was probably largely due to this that they followed him so devotedly.

"There were other characteristics of Villa's how-

ever, that compelled this following. He was always square and generous with them. Whenever he had money they were always sure of their pay. He never allowed them to do any looting of their own free will—it was an inviolable rule of his that it must be under his direction—but the spoils were great and their pay good. Villa is a total abstainer, he neither smokes nor drinks—the only way in which he could be caught at a disadvantage was through the fact that he could neither read nor write, although he has since learned.

"His men would undergo any hardship for him without complaining, and I never saw one of them show the yellow streak—a characteristic which I think will surprise the American troops if the occasion arises for them to go into Mexico, which doubtless will be the case within the next six months.

"At the battle of Torreon I superintended the transference of five carloads of wounded from that city to Chihuahua City, where they could be cared for in the five hospitals of that city. They were jarred and jammed about in the freight cars for forty-eight hours, and the only nourishment they had was a tortilla and a bottle of milk apiece, yet there wasn't the slightest suggestion of complaint on the part of the men.

"When they arrived at Chihuahua City those who were able to sit up were piled into the street cars, while the rest were carried to the hospital. Everywhere I saw the same evidences of courage and hardihood. I remember one man who was shot through an arm and both legs. A bomb had exploded in his face and his head was twice its natural size. The first thing he did, however, when he got in the car was to ask for a cigarette, and in

a minute I saw him blandly smiling, with it in the least swollen part of his mouth."

"Didn't you ever have any fear of personal danger from Villa?" I asked.

"Not from him," responded the doctor. "He was always very friendly to Americans, particularly after General Scott, through instructions from Washington, led him to believe the United States would recognize him when the time came. Of course his attitude changed to one of bitterness after the support of our Government was withdrawn, but in spite of everything, I only came near losing my life on two occasions.

"Once while riding ahead of an ambulance wagon —one of the few Villa's army had, for the usual Mexican custom is to shoot those who are badly wounded—a bullet passed through my leg and killed my horse beneath me.

"The other time was when I went down to a city called Sinaloa to take my wife and child who were there back with me to Tierra Blanca. When I arrived a man was put in jail for a mining fraud. He conceived the idea that it was I who had been responsible for his imprisonment. In order to avenge himself he told General Obregon I was a Villa spy, and the General clapped me into jail. I was condemned to be shot. I stayed in prison for fourteen days awaiting execution. Fortunately, however, before the day arrived my brother, who knew Carranza very well, got word to him of my plight, and through him I was released.

"Even then my troubles were not over, for I had great difficulty in escaping from the town. I had to disguise myself as a woman, and my wife and I, with an Indian carrying our child in a box on his back, had

to walk four days over the mountains through snow up to our waists at times before we were able to reach Tierra Blanca, where I left her to rejoin Villa's army.

"Villa no longer possesses the power that he used to, but the United States, after its blunder in not recognizing Huerta, could still have brought about order in Mexico by placing Villa in power, for he is the one man who possesses sufficient military genius and the ability to control his people and make Mexico a safe place for Americans. Under him Juarez was never so well policed or so safe for white people before or since."

The guests began to file in from the porch. Dr. Triolo arose to leave. A few minutes afterward we were all in our beds dreaming of raids on Ysleta, in which Pancho Villa played a conspicuous and terrifying part, for in spite of what we had heard about his good qualities, the stories of his cruelty had made the greatest impression.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Mexican Army.

Mexico's army is the busiest thing in a land where business has almost ceased; it is the funniest thing in a land brimming with misery; it is the most constant thing in a land where each day sees some new revulsion.

It is the tragedy of the nation, as well as its hope; the first because of the purposes for which it is used, revolution after revolution, and the latter because under the leadership of the right man and with the proper training it contains the material with which to drag the country out of the quicksands of disorder into which it has fallen.

The great mass of fighting men come from the peon class. It is the one method left to put food into a stomach that otherwise knows none. It usually takes little persuasion to induce them to adopt a military life, for incessant taxation has left them little chance to exist if they turn their attention to agriculture instead. But if persuasion is needed Mexican leaders are not hesitant about employing it. It is not always of the gentlest sort. "Pressing" men into service is one of the best things the Mexican Government does. Occasionally it is given the color of legality. Huerta when he needed more men passed a law that all Mexicans appearing in the streets wearing trousers which resembled the lower part of a pair of pajamas—almost a universal form of attire for the males in some sections of the country—

should be arrested for breach of public morals and be required to serve as soldiers as punishment. Not much publicity was given to the statute, so fathers were soon being separated from their families by the wholesale.

Not always does the Government go to the trouble of passing special laws such as this. Recruiting officers in times of necessity proceed up the streets to take whomsoever they find. A few words in Spanish, the equivalent of "Tag, you're it," are almost the sole explanation they receive, and the peons are forced into the service, usually without another opportunity to see again the families which they are, in the majority of cases, leaving forever.

It is not surprising, in view of such stringent conscription, that the soldiers are quite prone to desert when the opportunity is given them. After the evacuation of Torreon by the Federals under the Huerta regime General Munguia was summoned before the court-martial to show cause why he should not be shot for inefficiency. "I was unable to meet the enemy," he said in explanation, "for they fight in loose formation and I was obliged to keep mine in close order. Otherwise they would all have deserted. I was also unable to command the officers to lead them in charge, for they would not have hesitated to shoot their leaders the instant the orders were given."

There is little organization in the army, for efficient officers are scarce. It would be difficult to find the time to train them even were they capable of doing so. The average Mexican's idea of a fight is that victory goes to the side making the greatest amount of noise by lung power and burning of gunpowder. As far as they are

concerned, the art of pursuit is a dead one. Given a fair opportunity, two opposing forces on glimpsing one another will turn and ride in opposite directions until they believe a safe distance separates them. Of course, if battle is unavoidable, they will fight, and no one on such occasions can accuse them of lack of bravery. Their effectiveness is somewhat hampered, however, by their custom of discharging their pieces into the air from the hip. It makes a lot of noise, but higher praise one cannot give it.

I was told of a battle which took place in the northern part of Sonora between some Villa forces and the Federalists. All day shots were exchanged between the two across a valley. The uproar was terrific, but the execution small. The casualties totalled one gray mule.

Another battle raged for four hours near a mine in Monterey. One of the employees there who described it to me told how the bullets rained like hail through the tops of the trees—so thick that hundreds of blackbirds were afterward found lifeless, and great flocks of them, bewildered and terrified, took refuge on the ground. But "the dickey birds," as he called them, were the greatest sufferers and few soldiers were the victims of their enemies' bullets.

One finds in the army everything from boys of fourteen to men of sixty. They are soldiers as soon as they are provided with a rifle, cartridge belts and a uniform, although in many cases the latter has not been furnished them. But no matter what their age they possess their merits as fighting men as well as their faults, and more attention is usually paid to the latter than the former. Hardships they have experienced all their lives,

so when they encounter them in warfare they do so with fortitude. They complain but little and can travel amazing distances on an amount of food that would not last Americans for a tenth of the time, and even then cause them to write North letters of the enormous trials they were enduring. Their menu is not complicated. It consists of tortillas (a form of pancakes), frijoles, which are red Mexican beans, enchiladas (a concoction filled with spice, chopped meat and other ingredients), with occasionally meat furnished by any unfortunate cattle upon which they have chanced. A large number of femmes des guerres accompany them. They serve the double capacity of wife and cook.

A man who travelled out of Mexico to the border in 1913 with General Obregon's men described to me the conditions on the march.

"The women," he said, "conduct a sort of 'fonda,' or kitchen, and get paid for the stuff they cook. Some of them are certainly a funny looking sight. I remember one clad in a single piece slip—nothing else—with two cartridge belts crossed over her breast and carrying a child in her arms. There was another kid by her side and a third riding on top of the burden supported by her mule. She was bare-footed and carried a load of about ninety pounds on her back, but the crowning glory of the effect was a rooster which rode perched on the crown of a wide straw hat which she wore.

"As soon as the march for the day ceases they begin the preparation of the meal. If cattle are possessed they are killed and the flesh placed, still quivering, on the coals. After this the tortillas are made ready. I watched the process and for the first few days I ate

nothing. Their hands, apparently, are never washed. Occasionally, after they have become too greasy from much patting into shape of the cakes, the women wipe them on their aprons. This has been done so often that a deep crust of dirt and grease is the result. My appetite suffered. However, when I could stand my hunger no longer I waited until all the others had been served, for I figured that after kneading many tortillas her hands would be somewhat cleaner.

"During the meal the general remarked, 'Do you remember the march from Chihuahua, Marie?' I learned afterward that he referred to an incident connected with the birth of a child of hers. During the journey of the army she dropped out. An hour later she had again overtaken the troops and was carrying a newly born baby. This is not unusual, and the army never pauses to await the arrival of such additions to their numbers. When conscription is needed to fill up the ranks of the army many women are impressed at the same time, for they are quite as essential a part of the equipment as fire-arms."

Over the American army, however, if it ever invades Mexico, the native troops will possess one great advantage. They know their country perfectly and are natural guerrilla fighters. When once they take refuge in the hills they will not be dislodged again without great loss of life, and many of the men who go in scorning them will come out again with a heightened respect—if they come out at all.