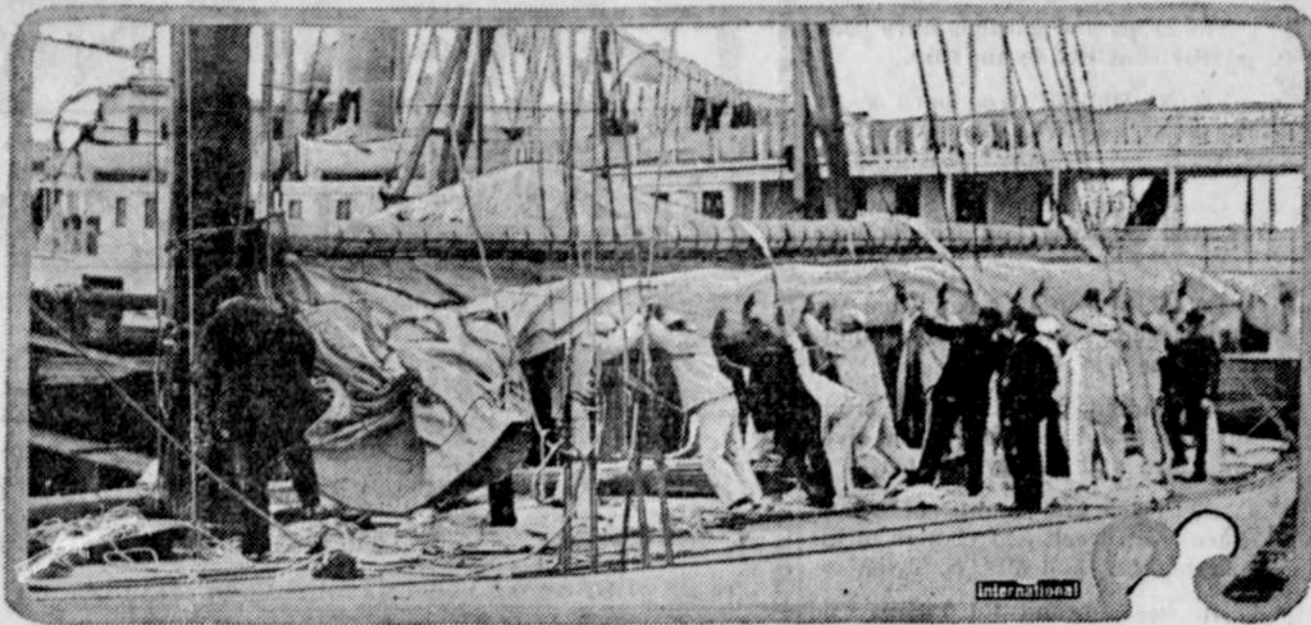


Getting the Resolute Ready for Her Trials



Sailors working on the mainmast of the Resolute in preparation for the trial races with the Vanitie for selection of the America's cup defender.

Mexicans Tire of Fighting

American Newspaper Man Picks Up Interesting Information in Mexico.

CHANGE TOWARD AMERICANS

Correspondent Is First American to Visit Revolution—Slashed Republic After Fall of Carranza—People Want Peace.

Chicago. — Sidney M. Sutherland writes to the Chicago Tribune from Monterey, Mex., what he calls a disjointed tale of a journalistic pilgrim in quest of data in Mexico. It treats of the entry of the first American into the revolution-slashed republic since the roads were cut.

With passport in hand, I approached one Monahan, the guardian for Uncle Sam at the Laredo International bridge—that is, the Rio Grande—there's no bridge. Somebody burned the six-span steel structure ten days ago. They have built a pontoon nearly across the 200-yard-wide stream. Just now you're poled across in skiffs.

Monahan looked at my passport and me, and told me to forget the Mexican consul's visa, as there are as many consuls in Laredo as there are factions in Mexico, and to proceed and to pray God to give mercy to my immortal soul.

I stepped from civilization to five centuries ago, to old shacks, narrow, filthy streets, to crawling, fly-dotted beggars, to men in tatters, women in rags, and children in less than fig leaves. There is one tram of one-mule power, dozens of ill smelling, make-shift dirty saloons, and hanging like a pall over all the people and businesses, the "wish-to-God this thing would stop and we could get back to work" feeling. Every human expresses more confidence in this regime than in any since old Porfirio Diaz departed.

And there is a new spirit toward Americans. Somebody—and one ventures to credit General Obregon with the idea—passed the order everywhere to defer to things American and cut out the nonsense. Obregon visited several American camps during the war and the Great Lakes to see the United States when we meant business and had stifled the pacifists. Everybody on both sides of the river told me no one could go South. So I jumped into a coach and was driven to the barracks where Col. J. F. Borquez commands the border between Eagle Pass and Brownsville and south to Monterey. I told him who I was and what I wanted. After officially informing me of Monterey's fall, he promised to comply with all my requests.

Obtains Safe Conduct.

Telling me to return at 10 a. m. Friday, he dictated a safe conduct pass. It is the most complete document I ever saw and has worked wonders—I only hope I don't present it to the opposing faction and get shot during the confusion.

Borquez, voicing what all the other rebel generals have told me since, said solemnly and earnestly:

"We're tired of fighting. Ten years of strife have sapped us until the last Mexican virtues—patience and forbearance—have been exhausted. Carranza would have had us in trouble with America, and we can't stand for that. We want peace and a chance to work. That is all. To get it we must be at peace at home and abroad. The rebel chieftains all rally to us because Carranza meant trouble, and our plan means the simplest program of all—peace and work."

What Carranza Stood For.

"Carranza represented pro-this and pro-that, political autocracy, personal frigidly, private revenge and pure graft. You will notice the revolution swept most of the republic without a hundred shots being fired. That shows at once that Carranza was not what they wanted and what our plan is. Please be good enough to send only one message to your people—have a little patience and we will make the grade."

I was at the station at ten Friday. There was a water tank car, a flat car and a caboose made of a converted

box car. Borquez and the director general of railways in the North—J. D. Rodriguez—were deaf to all suggestions to buy a ticket.

But did we start at ten? We did not. We left at three in the afternoon. They had just one engine at Neuvo Laredo, the most important northern port of Mexico, and that one engine would not work. They filled it with water and oil and surrounded it with profanity and finally with twenty sandaled native workers secured by a local and an improvised draft act we limped away. I use the word limped advisedly. There is no wheel in northern Mexico that has not been dilapidated by Old Father Time and Kid Revolution.

Burned Bridge Stops Him.

After ten miles of horrible jolting and fearful heat we stopped. A bridge had been burned. Incidentally the Obregonistas who burned ten between Laredo and Monterey were trying to delay Carranzista reinforcements to various towns and did not want to destroy more than necessary. This was evidenced by the fact that they wrecked only little culverts and not large spans. Most revolutionists think they are Germans in Belgium. We alighted. Instead of tearing in and removing the charred ties and twisted rails and building a new culvert the entire outfit sat down to think. They thought and thought. They lay first on one hip and smoked corn shuck cigarettes, and then smoked and lay on the other hip, thinking rapidly all the while. I took a picture then, mentioning that I thought they might do something. They thought that a snappy idea and immediately fixed the bridge and went on, only losing an hour.

Another Bridge Burned.

Fifteen miles further we stopped again. This time it was a burned bridge, and a temporary track was laid beside it over the shallow creek bed. Heavy rain of the night before had softened the creek bottom, so that the track sagged like Palmer's May day Red uprising. The crew got jacks, picks, and shovels and ran some big timbers lengthwise under the ties. I took a picture, smoked a cigarette, and thought: "What a long way to Mexico City and real news." They gave the signal to start—the Mexicans cheered for their favorite president, favorite bull fighter, patron saints, and favorite brand of beer. I stood a hundred feet to one side, watching the train through the camera and waiting for it to turn over. It did not, and my watchful waiting produced nothing.

Finally we advanced. That is, we

OFF FOR A LONG JAUNT



Ray Wilson, a young athlete of the U. S. Marine corps, photographed at the start of his jaunt across the United States, with letters to governors of all states through which he will pass. Mayor Caldwell of Seattle is handing Wilson the first letter to deliver.

advanced 15 miles to a place where they had removed rails and by burning had twisted them. We laid new ones on new ties and proceeded. When we reached Rodriguez, 55 miles from Laredo, it was seven o'clock. There we found an engine which had been derailed and overturned the day before. It had righted itself, and it hooked onto our train and took it back north, our engine and tank car continuing south.

I climbed on the narrow platform in the rear of the tank car and we went on.

We reached Lampasos at nine. I was immediately surrounded by armed rebels in a bewildering variety of raiment and escorted before Gen. Juan M. Garcia, governor-elect of Neuvo Leon and commandant of the army of the North.

My letter from Borquez produced the proper effect and I was told I might go south on the military train at dawn.

There were no hotels nor restaurants, and I was famished. The town is five miles from the station. I saw a lighted doorway several hundred yards away. I went over, found some women, and asked for food and shelter.

"It's American—and Young."

The women held a lantern up to my face and, exclaiming in Spanish, "It's an American, and young," they said they would do their best.

By the light of a smoky lantern they prepared and gave me the starboard thigh of a young goat boiled in grease, onions, and chili hotter than the hinges of the inferno. I gobbled it down with the appetite of a starved coyote and ate several flat cakes of corn pone and drank a glass of goat's milk.

Meanwhile a wrinkled, withered old relic of nine matrimonial engagements—and willing to go further—had prepared the war correspondent's couch. This consisted of one blanket spread on a narrow sidewalk outside the house. I looked it over and scratched my head, in which the "young visitors" already had found breeding place.

His Bed Chamber Furnished.

I asked for a pillow and they gave me a small sack of corn in a pillow-slip.

I asked for a sheet and they gave me a tablecloth. I gave up—took off the Bill Hart puttees and shoes and lay down.

Just as I was about to doze off I was startled by a wild fusillade at the station. The women screamed and moaned. I rolled into a near-by gutter. It turned out to be only rebels at their third bottle of mezcal. I dozed off, only to be reawakened by a "caballito de gas"—a little horse of gasoline—as the Mexicans call a railroad velocipede.

"El consul Americano!" screamed several rebels.

I dressed and rushed over to meet Randolph Robertson, the liveliest wit in the American consular service in Mexico. He has taken dozens of Americans and British out since the last trouble began. He has smoothed over a dozen "causes of war" in the last two years. His station at Neuvo Laredo has more friends than any in Mexico.

He was bringing in two Americans. They ate fried goat and went on north, and I returned to bed and to sleep at twelve, with the stars closed down over my bed.

Breakfast Is Served.

One of the native women wakened me at five with a cupful of coffee placed on the sidewalk by my pillow. I turned to get a cigarette and turned back to find the family parrot perched on the rim of the cup drinking my coffee and swearing at me fluently in Lampasos Spanish.

At noon the military train with General Garcia started for Monterey. He kindly consented to let me ride. I crawled in the caboose and went to Villahadama, where the first passenger from the North in ten days overtook us and we switched, arriving here at five with Robertson, who is on his fifth trip guarding American interests and who is taking this message North.

On both sides of the road for a hundred miles to here are evidences of ten years' revolutions' destructions. Houses have been burned, fields are in weeds, there are no cattle, no land is cultivated, people are apathetic, dumb, dazed, and hopeless.

But all have hope in this new crowd, saying, "If they cannot straighten it out, who is left?" The answer is, nobody of Mexican blood.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so changes of studies, a dull brain.—Longfellow.

TOMATO TRELLIS IS EASY TO CONSTRUCT

Features of One Shown Are Lightness and Durability.

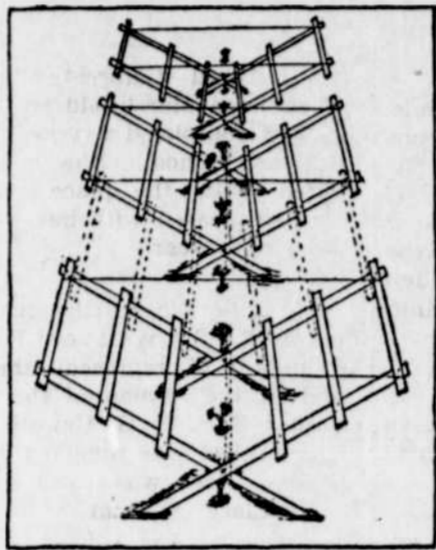
Device May Be Put Together With Any Material at Hand—Fruit Will Hang Low, but Not Enough to Touch the Ground.

The features of this trellis are lightness, durability and easy method of construction. It may be made of any material at hand, although materials of the following dimensions are just about right for a trellis that may be taken up and put away for use for many years.

The pieces that rest on the ground are 1½x3 inches by 4 feet long. The strips nailed on these are 1x2 inches by 6 feet long.

Where the pieces cross one nail is driven and clinched. As shown in the cut, the other pieces are nailed to hold the frame rigid.

The wire running from one side to the other is to hold the frame in position.



A Good Tomato Trellis.

When the vines are dead and before bad weather in the fall the trellis may be cleaned and closed up and stored away for further use.

In setting the trellis in position along the row of tomatoes, they should be set five or six feet apart, so that strips, as shown in the cut by dotted lines, may be put on, thus saving one-half the number of heavy pieces.

The strip shown by dotted lines, lying in the fork of the trellis, is to tie the plant to first; then keep off all suckers but two on each side of the plant.

The fruit will hang low in great bunches; being shaded by the foliage and not touching the ground, it will be nice and clean.

CONCENTRATES MUST BE FED

Dairy Expert Advises Against Discontinuance of Grain Feed for Cows in Pasture.

L. V. Wilson of University farm, agent in dairying for the United States department of agriculture, advises against the discontinuance of grain feed when the cows are turned out first to pasture. Some grain must still be fed, he says, if a consistent milk flow and the average weight of the cows are to be maintained. Changing from grain feeds to pastures can be overdone, he adds, for the reason that it is impossible for the cows to get the same amount of nourishment from a day's grazing that they may obtain from two or more regular feedings of concentrates. "We usually notice," he says, "an increase in milk production following the change from barn confinement to the freedom of the green pasture. However, we are running the danger of reducing the weight of our cows, consequently putting a greater strain upon their system, if we do not tide them over through the first few weeks with some amount of grain."

FRESH WATER FOR CHICKENS

Abundant Supply Should Always Be Handy for Hens—Keep Out of Sun's Rays.

Plenty of fresh water should always be accessible to the hens. If supplied irregularly they are likely to drink too much at a time. It should not be exposed to the sun's rays in summer nor be allowed to freeze in winter if this can be avoided.

In very frosty weather it is often worth while to give the flock slightly warmed water two or three times a day rather than permit them to drink water at the freezing point. A flock of 50 hens in good laying condition will require four to six quarts of water a day, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

COAL ASHES ARE BENEFICIAL

Professor Voorhees Recommends Them for Lightening Heavy, Clay Soils.

Professor Voorhees, an authority on soil fertilization, says that the beneficial results of coal ashes when applied to some soils is evidently due to the physical effect on the soil. Professor Van Slyke in his work on fertilizers recommended coal ashes for lightening heavy, clay soils.

The ashes should be carefully sifted and only the fine ashes applied to the garden or truck patch when sand is not available.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF PRISON?

"OUR LIFE is twofold; sleep hath its own world," says Byron, and Joseph Glanville, that eminent seventeenth century divine and philosopher who is thought to have anticipated by his inventions the electric telegraph, says: "We dream, see visions—one half our life is a romance of fiction." Sir William Petty, the great ship-builder, proposed it to Pepsy of the famous "Diary" "as a thing truly questionable, whether there really be any difference between waking and sleeping," while Ellis says, "Dreams are true while they last—can we at the best say more of life?"

This idea of duality of existence—a dreaming and a waking life, both of equal reality—is the basic ideas of Calderon's wonderful drama, "Life Is a Dream," which nobody reads nowadays, but which everybody ought to, for it is worth while. The hero of that drama is part of the time a prisoner and part of the time a king and cannot decide which part of his life is a dream.

The dream of being in prison is not an uncommon one, although it is not classed by the scientists as a "typical" dream. It could be easily interpreted by the disciples of the Freudian school, though they would require all the details of the dream in order to do so. As for the mystics in spite of its being a rather disagreeable dream, they nearly all account it to be one of favorable omen, an indication of good luck and happiness. To dream that you simply see a prison is regarded by some as indicative of luck. As to escaping from your dream-prison, the authorities are divided on that, some saying that it means temporary success, others danger. So if you find yourself in jail in your dreams, better stay there until you wake up—unless you are pardoned by some Dreamland governor, or dream that you have applied for such pardon, both of which are excellent omens.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

What we do makes us what we are. Better make palaces and live in a hut than to make huts and live in a palace.—Helen Campbell.

Corn Oil as Fat.

The smooth delicate flavor of the oil made from corn may be used in many dishes in which butter is used and in others to take the place of olive oil. Cakes, puddings, salad dressings and even pastry are commonly made with corn oil as fat in place of lard.

Pastry.

Take two cupfuls of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, seven tablespoonfuls or one scant half cupful of oil, and one-fourth of a cupful of cold water. Sift the dry ingredients, add the oil, mixing it with a fork, then the water and roll out. This recipe makes a covered pie and one extra crust.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Beat the yolk of one egg in a deep bowl, set in ice water, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of mustard, a few dashes of cayenne; add a tablespoonful of corn oil and beat vigorously; add another and a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar; beat vigorously again, then add more oil until a cupful is used and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat until thick and creamy. The dressing should be stiff enough to keep its shape when dropped on a salad. Use whipped cream to thin dressing when it is mixed with the salad. Various vegetables may be added to give flavor and variety such as finely chopped onion, peppers, parsley, chives or capers. For further seasoning add Worcestershire sauce, catsups of various kinds, tabasco sauce and chill powder.

White Loaf Sugar.

Take one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of oil, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, one-fourth cupful of cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and vanilla with the whites of four eggs. Mix the sugar and corn oil, sift the flour and baking powder, salt and cornstarch, add the milk alternately with the dry ingredients, then the oil, and fold in the whites the last thing. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

For frying in deep fat, for shortening and griddle cakes, gems and hot breads of various kinds, the corn oil may be used as any other fat.

Nellie Maxwell
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Fate of an Evildoer.

"About the crookedest community in this region," remarked Cactus Joe, "is Gravelville. A stranger sat into a game there and they concluded that no man could win steadily without usin' marked cards and dealin' off the bottom."

"Did they run him out of town?" "No, they didn't. But he has had to quit gamblin'. Them fellers come sneakin' around to his shack and paid him anything he wanted for givin' lessons."

CUCUMBERS ARE EASILY INJURED

It is Not Advisable to Plant Until All Danger of Frost Has Passed.

RICH SOIL IS RECOMMENDED

Frequent Shallow Cultivation Should Be Given Until Vines Fill Space Between Rows—Netting Keeps Away Harmful Bugs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The soil for cucumbers should be rich, and it is a good plan to apply well-rotted manure under the rows or hills. If planted in rows open the furrow and scatter the manure along the furrow, turning fresh soil over the manure before planting the seeds. If the seeds are planted in hills confine the application of manure to the area occupied by the hills.

Easily Injured by Cold.

As cucumbers are easily injured by cold it is not advisable to plant until all danger of frost is over and the ground has begun to warm up. For very early cucumbers the seeds should be planted in a hotbed in old strawberry boxes, plant boxes, inverted sods, or directly in the soil of the bed. By starting the plants in hotbeds the cucumbers will be ready for the table two or three weeks earlier than if started in the open. For the main crop drill the seed in rows five feet apart, and after the plants reach a height of three or four inches thin them to stand twelve to eighteen inches apart in the row, or plant the seeds in hills four feet apart each way and thin to three or four plants to the hill.

Cucumbers should be given frequent shallow cultivation until the vines fill most of the space between the rows; after this very little attention will be needed, except to pull out weeds by hand. Do not allow any fruit to ripen on the vines until the end of the picking season, as new fruits will not form while the older ones are ripening.

Beetle Does Much Harm.

Young cucumber plants are often destroyed by the cucumber beetle. It is possible to protect the plants by covering them with small wooden frames



Cucumbers.

over which mosquito netting has been stretched or a square of mosquito netting dropped over a peg set in the middle of the hill, the edges of the netting being covered with earth to prevent the netting from blowing off, may be used. Air-slaked lime sprinkled over the small plants is an added protection against the cucumber beetle. The varieties recommended are White Spine, Davis' Perfect and Emerald.

POULTRY EGGS VARY IN SIZE

Range From Small Ones Laid by Bantams to Those Laid by Such Breeds as Light Brahmas.

The eggs of different kinds of domestic poultry vary in size as well as appearance, and there is also a considerable range in the size of eggs of different breeds; thus, hens' eggs range from the small ones laid by bantams to the large ones laid by such breeds as Light Brahmas, according to the United States department of agriculture. On an average, hens' eggs are 2.27 inches in length and 1.72 inches in diameter, or width, at the broadest point, and weigh about two ounces each, or eight eggs to the pound (1.5 pounds per dozen). Generally speaking, the eggs of pullets are smaller than those of old birds, those of guinea fowls about two thirds the size of hens' eggs, those of ducks somewhat larger, while those of turkeys and geese are considerably larger.

BARNYARD MANURE IN FAVOR

Liberal Application Should Be Made in Garden—Broadcast Before Turning the Soil.

If barnyard manure is available give a liberal application to your garden. If you have only a small supply, it is best to put in the drill and thoroughly mix with the soil. If plentiful, apply broadcast before turning the soil.

AVOID TOO MUCH BULKY FOOD

Hens Have Small Crops and Cannot Handle Great Amount of Roughage to Advantage.

The feeder must be careful not to supply too much bulky feed to the hens, as these fowls have small crops and cannot handle a great amount of roughage as can cows and other animals which ruminates their feed.