

VILLA IN U. S.

Columbus, N. M., Attacked by 1500 Mexican Bandits.

16 PERSONS KILLED

United States Troopers Have Brisk Engagement Few Miles South of Border. Villa's Losses Big and Capture Imminent.

Columbus, N. M.—Francisco Villa, outlawed Mexican bandit, raided United States territory Thursday. With 1500 men he attacked Columbus, killed at least 16 Americans and fired many buildings before he was driven back across the international border.

At least 250 troopers of the Thirtieth United States cavalry followed the Villa band into Mexico. Reports to Colonel H. J. Slocum late in the day said that Villa had made a stand five miles south of the border, where spirited fighting ensued. In this engagement an unnamed private was killed and Captain-Adjutant George Williams was wounded.

The small detachment of troopers under Majors Tompkins and Lindsey, fighting dismounted, made a determined stand against the renewed Villa attack and at last reports were holding their ground.

The raid to American territory proved costly to the bandit chieftain. The bodies of 18 Mexican bandits, including Pablo Lopez, second in command, had been gathered and buried before noon and troopers reported an undetermined number of dead still lying in the brush.

It is estimated that Villa has lost 100 in killed and more than twice as many wounded, including his losses in the pursuit by the American troopers.

Led to the attack under the slogan, "Death to the Americans!" Villa's followers fought with desperation. Just before dawn they crept along ditches skirting the United States cavalry camp and rushed the sleeping town, firing heavily.

The first volley brought American troopers into almost instant action. While a portion of the raiders engaged the cavalrymen, others, detailed by the bandit chieftain, began applying the torch and shooting American civilians who ventured from the buildings. Lights in homes and public buildings immediately became targets for snipers posted at Villa's direction. Other bandits, creeping close to American homes, enticed several civilians into the open with English-spoken invitations. Several fatalities are attributed to this ruse.

Washington, D. C.—Washington stands squarely behind Colonel Slocum in sending his cavalrymen into Mexico in pursuit of Francisco Villa and his band of outlaws who raided Columbus, N. M., murdering American soldiers and citizens and firing the town.

Secretary Lansing informed the de facto government of Mexico through Eliseo Arredondo, its ambassador designate here, that he trusted no objection would be made to the action of the American troops, they having followed what is known in military circles as a "hot trail." No orders have been issued for the return of the soldiers, and it is not probable any will be issued for the present.

Reports that the American troopers were in action probably 15 miles south of the border against a much larger force of bandits were heard with anxious interest in official circles. Five troops of cavalry crossed the boundary early in the day. At a late hour it was not known officially just where they were or just what account they had given of themselves.

While no formal word of the policy of the administration was given out, it was reliably stated that free rein would be given the army to catch the bandits if possible. It was not considered in administration circles that Colonel Slocum's act in any sense constituted an invasion of Mexico, a policy which the administration has opposed in the past and will continue to oppose.

The State department at first had planned to ask permission of the Carranza government to send troops across the border in pursuit of the outlaw bandit. Then came official word that the cavalry already had crossed. Later Mr. Arredondo called on Secretary Lansing, expressed regret for the Villa raid, and was informed of the attitude of the United States.

Villa Men Execute Thirty. Laredo, Tex.—Thirty or more Carranza soldiers, including several officers, were executed by bandits three days ago near Torreon, according to authentic information received here Friday. The bandits were reported to be adherents of General Villa and were commanded by Colonel Chacon. The men executed—a lieutenant colonel, two majors, several minor officers and 24 privates—were taken from a train en route from Torreon to Monterey, it was said, and were shot by the side of the cars.

SENATORS URGE IMMEDIATE ACTION ON NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS PLANS

Washington, D. C.—Danger of grave complications growing out of the sending of American troops into Mexico to hunt down Villa and his bandits, was voiced in the senate Tuesday by Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the military committee, and Senator Borah, Republican, in advocating laying aside temporarily all the other legislation to dispose promptly of preparedness measures. Their statements precipitated a general discussion, in which Senators Vardaman and Simmons deprecated suggestions that the United States was not prepared to deal with any situation that might arise with Mexico. While the senate debate was in progress Speaker Clark and Majority Leader Kitchin were reporting to their colleagues of the house on a conference early in the day with President Wilson, who urged them to speed up the

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William Jacobus is a specialist in junk and has saved the government millions of dollars by showing it how to dispose of scrap metal.

legislative program with a view to action on all important measures in time for adjournment in June. The house leaders agreed that it would be impossible to accomplish the task ahead in so short a time, although steps will be taken to hurry on with the work as rapidly as possible.

Demands for immediate action on the part of preparedness bills were made in the senate when the matter of taking up the public lands, waterpower and rural credit legislation was broached. Senator Chamberlain declared he would not be surprised if, as a result of the punitive expedition into Mexico, General Villa were proclaimed a national hero and 50,000 Mexican troops rallied to his standard to resist American troops.

Senator Borah, who has been one of the most persistent critics of the administration's Mexican policy up to this time, gave complete indorsement to the President's action, but warned congress to prepare for war, declaring that no man knew what consequences might follow the invasion of Mexico, even on a punitive expedition. He referred to the President's recent warnings to congress concerning international complications, and said congress had not heeded the warnings, but sat still with regard to national defense legislation.

Manitoba Votes Dry.

Winnipeg, Man.—By a vote of slightly more than two to one, the province of Manitoba Monday approved the provincial temperance act, which closes all bars, wholesale liquor houses and licensed clubs in the province after May 31 next.

Stormy weather throughout Manitoba prevented a heavy vote, particularly in the country districts. In some districts snow was piled so high and the roads in such condition that farmers were unable to reach the polls, reports said.

The temperance act passed by the last legislature will become effective May 31, thus closing nearly 200 bars, 42 wholesale liquor houses and seven licensed clubs.

Monday was the climax of one of the most vigorous political battles in Western Canada in a quarter of a century.

Wages Up Twice Since March 1.

Tacoma, Wash.—Wages of the Northern Pacific and Milwaukee railroad section men have been raised twice since March 1, it was said by railroad officials Tuesday. The first advance was made March 1, from \$1.50 to \$1.65 a day, and the second was made March 10, from \$1.65 to \$1.75 a day. Seven hundred and fifty men are employed in the Tacoma division of the Northern Pacific and 750 on the Seattle division. The Milwaukee railroad employs regularly 500 section men between Tacoma and Cle Elum.

Women May Replace Men.

London.—With a view to liberating more men for active service in the army, the government has revised the list of starred occupations, employment which has hitherto exempted workmen. It is announced details will be published immediately.

In cases where it is found impossible to remove occupations altogether from the starred list men under 30 years will be replaced by women or older men.

CARRANZA DEMANDS RECIPROCAL RIGHTS

Privilege of Crossing Border Sought by Mexico.

FORMAL MANIFESTO ISSUED TO PEOPLE

Mexicans Told He Will Fight Before He Will Surrender Dignity and Honor of Mexican Nation.

Mexico City—General Carranza Sunday night issued a manifesto to the nation declaring that under no circumstances would the Mexican government grant to the United States a right to violate her sovereignty by sending an armed force in pursuit of Villa without the consent and reciprocal privilege being first obtained and admitted. General Carranza said in his manifesto:

"I am sure that I interpret in this matter the national sentiment and that the Mexican people will comply in a dignified manner with their duty, be the sacrifices what they may, to sustain their rights and sovereignty, if unfortunately this drags us into war which the United States can never justify. We will not be responsible for the disastrous consequences. Upon the heads of the traitorous Mexicans who, within and without this country, have labored to produce this result will fall the inexorable justice of the people.

"The cause of the assault which Francisco Villa and the bandits who accompanied him made on the town of Columbus, in American territory, burning houses and killing some of the inhabitants, soldiers, as well as citizens, the international situation in these moments is very delicate, as the North American press have incited their people against Mexico and the government of that country has discussed the situation in the American congress, members of which have advised intervention.

"The constitutional government which I have the honor to represent is also occupied diligently in an effort to solve this delicate situation, trying at all costs to maintain the dignity and sovereignty of Mexico, and we yet hope that this lamentable incident may be decorously arranged and that there will be no reason for conflict.

"I have addressed the government of the United States, through the foreign office, stating that the invasion of Villa has historical precedents, as in the years 1880 and 1886, two parties of Indians, coming from the United States, invaded Sonora and Chihuahua, committing crimes and deprivations on the lives and properties of Mexicans.

"It was agreed then between the governments of the two countries to permit the respective passage of armed forces, resulting in the extermination of the Indians. I have asked the American government to pursue a like course, in order to solve future difficulties, should they arise, noting that Villa and his companions are a group of bandits whose acts the Mexican government or people would not be responsible for, and that his reprehensible conduct is due to instigation of the reactionary element that, lacking in patriotism and convinced of its defeat, is trying by all means to bring on armed intervention.

"I have not yet received the answer of the American government, and from the reports of my chiefs along the frontier learn that the American forces are mobilizing to pursue and capture and deliver him to the Mexican authorities; that the expedition is in the nature of a punitive campaign and that the sovereignty of Mexico will be respected.

"The constitutional government has given instructions to its confidential agent at Washington immediately to make representations that under no circumstances, with any motive, be the reasons or explanations of the United States what they may, will it justify the armed invasion of Mexican territory without reciprocal rights being granted to the Mexicans and that not for an instant will the invasion of Mexican territory or an outrage to its dignity be tolerated."

Hair Curling Is Fatal.

Seattle, Wash.—Miss Stella Castiel, 20 years old, a domestic servant, was fatally burned at her apartments, 1101 Fifth avenue, about 4:30 Sunday afternoon. An alcohol lamp which she was using to heat a curling iron, overturned and set her clothing on fire.

The woman had placed the burning lamp in her lap while she sat before the mirror and curled her hair. When the lamp upset the alcohol spread over her clothing. The burning wick ignited her clothing and she was soon enveloped in flames.

Employees Ordered Out.

Laredo, Tex.—American concerns operating in the Monterey district and in the vicinity of Mapimi, state of Durango, have ordered their employees to leave Mexico at once, owing to unrest among the lower classes of Mexicans, according to American passengers from that section, 250 of whom reached the border here Monday. There is no apparent ill-feeling against Americans in Nuevo Laredo and the order in this vicinity is normal.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING

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ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Toye accepted his fate with a ready resignation, little short of alacrity. There was a gleam in his somber eyes and his blue chin came up with a jerk. "That's talking!" said he. "Now will you promise me never to marry Cazalet?"

"Mr. Toye!"

"That's talking, too, and I guess I mean it to be. It's not all dog-in-the-manger, either. I want that promise a lot more than I want the other. You needn't marry me, Miss Blanche, but you mustn't marry Cazalet."

Blanche was blushing. "But this is simply outrageous—"

"I claim there's an outrageous cause for it. Are you prepared to swear what I ask, and trust me as I'll trust you, or I to tell you the whole thing right now?"

"You won't force me to listen to another word from you, if you're a gentleman, Mr. Toye!"

"It's not what I am that counts. Swear that to me, and I swear, on my side, that I won't give him away to you or anyone else. But it must be the most solemn contract man and woman ever made."

The silver teapot arrived at this juncture, and not inopportunistly. She had to give him his tea, with her young maid's help, and to play a tiny part in which he supported her really beautifully. She had time to think, almost coolly; and one thought brought a thrill. If it was a question of her marrying or not marrying Walter Cazalet, then he must be free, and only the door of some dreadful deed!

"What has he done?" she begged, with a pathetic abandonment of her previous attitude, the moment they were by themselves.

"Must I tell you?" His reluctance rang genuine.

"I insist upon it!" she flashed again.

"Well, it's a long story."

"Never mind. I can listen."

"You know, I had to go back to Italy—"

"Had you?"

"Well, I did go." He had slurred the first statement; this one was characteristically deliberate. "I did go, and before I went I asked Cazalet for an introduction to some friends of his down in Rome."

"I didn't know he had any," said Blanche.

"Why, he doesn't have any," said Toye, "but he claimed to have some. He left the Kaiser Fritz the other day at Naples. I guess he told you?"

"No, I understood he came round to Southampton. Surely you shared a cabin?"

"Only from Genoa; that's where I took the steamer and Cazalet regained her."

"Well?"

"He claimed to have spent the interval mostly with friends at Rome. Those friends don't exist, Miss Blanche," said Toye.

"Is that any business of mine?" she asked him squarely.

"Why, yes, I'm afraid it's going to be. That is, unless you'll still trust me—"

"Go on, please."

"Why, he never stayed at Rome at all, nor yet in Italy any longer than it takes to come through on the train. Your attention for one moment!" He took out a neat pocketbook. Blanche had opened her lips, but she did not interrupt; she just grasped the arms of her chair, as though about to bear physical pain. "The Kaiser Fritz"—Toye was speaking from his book—"got to Naples late Monday afternoon, September eighth. Seems she was overdue, and I was mad about it, and never got away again till—"

"Do tell me about Walter Cazalet!" cried Blanche. It was like small talk from a dentist at the last moment.

"I want you to understand about the steamer first," said Toye. "She waited Monday night in the Bay of Naples, only sailed Tuesday morning, only reached Genoa Wednesday morning, and lay there all of forty-eight hours, as these German boats do, anyhow. That brings us to Friday morning before the Kaiser Fritz gets quit of Italy, doesn't it?"

"Yes—I suppose so—do tell me about Walter!"

"Why, I first heard of him at Genoa, where they figured I should have a stateroom all to myself, as the other gentleman had been left behind at Naples. I never saw him till he scrambled aboard again Friday, about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour."

"At Genoa?"

"Sure."

"And you pretend to know where he'd been?"

"I guess I do know"—and Toye sighed as he raised his little book. "Cazalet stepped on the train that left Naples six-fifty Monday evening, and of the one time to reach Charing Cross three-twenty-five Wednesday."

"The day of the m—"

"Yes, I never called it by the hardest name, myself; but it was seven-thirty Wednesday evening that Henry Craven got his death-blow somehow. Well, Walter Cazalet left Charing

Cross again by the nine o'clock that night, and was back aboard the Kaiser Fritz on Friday morning—full of his friends in Rome who didn't exist!"

The note-book was put away with every symptom of relief.

"I suppose you can prove what you say?" said Blanche in a voice as dull as her unseeing eyes.

"I have men to swear to him—ticket-collectors, conductors, waiters on the restaurant-car—all up and down the line. I went over the same ground on the same trains, so that was simple. I can also produce the barber who claims to have taken off his beard in Paris, where he put in hours Thursday morning."

Blanche looked up suddenly, not at Toye, but past him toward an overlaid side-table against the wall. It was there that Cazalet's photograph had stood among many others; until this morning she had never missed it, for she seemed hardly to have been in her room all the week; but she had been wondering who had removed it, whether Cazalet himself (who had spoken of doing so, she now knew why), or Martha (whom she would not question about it) in a fit of ungenerous disapproval. And now there was the photograph back in its place, leather frame and all!

"I know what you did," said Blanche. "You took that photograph with you—the one on that table—and had him identified by it!"

"It was the night I came down to bid you good-by," he confessed, "and didn't have time to wait. I didn't come down for the photo. I never thought of it till I saw it there. I came down to kind of warn you, Miss Blanche!"

"Against him?" she said, as if there was only one man left in the world.

"Yes—I guess I'd already warned Cazalet that I was starting on his tracks."

And then Blanche just said, "Poor-old-Sweep!" as one talking to herself. And Toye seized upon the words as she had seized on nothing from him.

"Have you only pity for the fellow?" he cried; for she was gazing at the bearded photograph without revulsion.

"Of course," she answered, hardly attending.

"Even though he killed this man—even though he came across Europe to kill him?"

"You don't think it was deliberate yourself, even if he did do it?"

"But can you doubt that he did?" cried Toye, quick to ignore the point she had made, yet none the less sincerely convinced upon the other. "I guess you wouldn't if you'd heard some of the things he said to me on the steamer; and he's made good on every syllable since he landed. Why, it explains every single thing he's done and left undone. He'll strain every nerve to have Scruton ably defended, but he won't see the man he's defending; says himself that he can't face him!"

"Yes, he said so to me," said Blanche, nodding in confirmation.

"To you?"

"I didn't understand him."

"But you've been seeing him all this while?"

"Every day," said Blanche, her soft eyes filling suddenly. "We've had—we've had the time of our lives!"

"My God!" said Toye. "The time of your life with a man who's got another man's blood on his hands—and that makes no difference to you! The time of your life with the man who knew where to lay hands on the weapon he'd done it with, who went as far as that to save the innocent, but no farther!"

"He would; he will still, if it's still necessary. You don't know him, Mr. Toye; you haven't known him all your life."

"And all this makes no difference to a good and gentle woman—one of the gentlest and the best God ever made?"

"If you mean me, I won't go as far

as that," said Blanche. "I must see him first."

"See Cazalet?"

Toye had come to his feet, not simply in the horror and indignation which had gradually taken possession of him, but under the stress of some new and sudden resolve.

"Of course," said Blanche; "of course I must see him as soon as possible."

"You shall never speak to that man again, as long as ever you live," said Toye, with the utmost emphasis and deliberation.

"Who's going to prevent me?"

"I am, by laying an information against him this minute, unless you promise never to see or to speak to Cazalet again."

Blanche felt cold and sick, but the bit of downright bullying did her good. "I didn't know you were a black-mailer, Mr. Toye!"

"You know I'm not; but I mean to save you from Cazalet, black-mail or white."

"To save me from a mere old friend—nothing more—nothing—all our lives!"

"I believe that," he said, searching her with his smoldering eyes. "You couldn't tell a lie, I guess, not if you tried! But you would do something; it's just a man being next door to hell that would bring a God's angel!" His voice shook.

She was as quick to soften on her side.

"Don't talk nonsense, please," she begged, forcing a smile through her distress. "Will you promise to do nothing if—I promise?"

"Not to go near him?"

"No."

"Nor to see him here?"

"No."

"Nor anywhere else?"

"No, I give you my word."

"If you break it, I break mine that minute? Is it a deal that way?"

"Yes! Yes! I promise!"

"Then so do I, by God!" said Hilton Toye.

CHAPTER XIII.

Faith Unfaithful.

"It's all perfectly true," said Cazalet calmly. "Those were my movements while I was off the ship, except for the five hours and a bit that I was away from Charing Cross. I can't dispute a detail of all the rest. But they'll have to fill in those five hours unless they want another case to collapse like the one against Scruton!"

Old Savage had wriggled like a venerable worm, in the experienced talons of the Bobby's Dogbear; but then Mr. Drinkwater and his discoveries had come still worse out of a hotter encounter with the truculent attorney; and Cazalet had described the whole thing as only he could describe a given episode, down to the ultimate dismissal of the charge against Scruton, with a gusto the more cynical for the deliberately low pitch of his voice.

It was in the little lodging-house sitting room at Nell Gwynne's Cottages; he stood with his back to the crackling fire that he had just lighted himself, as it were, already at bay; for the folding doors were in front of his nose, and his eyes roved incessantly from the landing door on one side to the curtained casement on the other. Yet sometimes he paused to gaze at the friend who had come to warn him of his danger; and there was nothing cynical or grim about him then.

Blanche had broken her word for perhaps the first time in her life; but it had never before been extorted from her by duress, and it would be affection to credit her with much compunction on the point. Her one great qualm lay in the possibility of Toye's turning up at any moment; but this she had obviated to some extent by coming straight to the cottages when he left her—presumably to look for Cazalet in London, since she had been careful not to mention his change of address. Cazalet, to her relief, but also a little to her hurt, she had found at his lodgings in the neighborhood, full of the news he had not managed to communicate to her. But it was no time for taking anything but his peril to heart. And that they had been discussing, almost as man to man, if rather as innocent man to innocent man; for even now, or perhaps now in his presence least of all, Blanche could not bring herself to believe her old friend guilty of a violent crime, however unpremeditated, for which another had been allowed to suffer, for however short a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Rag-Time."

Rag-time music, "being in no wise serious," is the reverse of depressing. "The African jingles of the present day create an emotional atmosphere of restlessness and excitement which is typically American, and which is opposed to health only so far as our national restlessness and lack of poise tend to make us a people whose national disease is nervous exhaustion."

Roughly speaking, lively music, such as rag-time, is likely to rouse depressed persons from their melancholy; sad and pathetic music will soothe the excitable and hypernervous.

One Way to Make a Friend.

There are several kinds of hypocrisy, but the one that masculinity most favors is spurious devilishness. Nothing brings the beam of contentment so fervently to the mediocre eye as a Don Juan accusation. Dig him in the ribs and wink as you call him a sly dog—and he loves you. He may be the quintessence of domestic respectability, but if you will but insist that you believe him capable of maintaining a seraglio with consummate deceit, you are his friend.



"I Know What You Did," Said Blanche. "You Took That Photograph With You."