

How the Guerrillas Destroyed Railroads in Fighting Huerta



Photos of American Press Association.

LIFE is just one revolution after another down in Mexico. Hardly does a president get the mail carriers accustomed to his change of address when trouble breaks out in his back yard and he wonders how soon he must abdicate or be shot. President Huerta began to experience trouble before the slain Madero was buried, and as time went on the troubles increased. Bands of guerrillas, rebels, revolutionists or whatever you choose to call them, appeared in many sections. They attacked towns and then to prevent pursuit destroyed railroads. For months traffic through the northern section of Mexico has been uncertain, and such scenes as that shown in the picture were common. Inclosed in the cut is a recent picture of President Huerta.



WAGNER FEELS TIME'S HAND

Great Pittsburgh Shortstop About Done as Regular.

HIS UNDERPINNING IS WEAK

Last Spring His Knee Began to Trouble Him, and Recently He Was Forced to Lay Off—He Has a Wonderful Record.

Hans Wagner is about done as a ball player. Sounds almost ridiculous, doesn't it, to those of us who for more than sixteen years have been watching his wonderful performances on the ball field?

And yet it is a fact—a fact which will be received with deep regret by the thousands of men, women and children who are Hans' staunch friends all over the country or wherever America's national game is known.

Wagner has been slowly but surely slipping for some time. He has tried his best to convince himself that he is only imagined the numerous aches and pains which have accompanied his exertions on the diamond, but it was impossible for him to disregard the sure warning that he was unable to work as he once had done.

The underpinning of the "Flying Dutchman" have at last given way and refuse to stand up under him when he tries to get up speed on the bases or move agilely about in the batter's box. He has not lost his batting eye and probably never will, but a batting eye is not a ball player's only requisite, and the toll exacted by the feeble years from a man who has been as active and played the game as strenuously as Wagner has done is a large one.

Unless those in a position to be concerned with the true condition of the

WORK OF THE TELEPHONE.

Its Magic Has Enabled Us to Snap Our Fingers at Space.

Just how modern is the essential and ubiquitous telephone—now connecting over a half million houses and offices in New York city—there is a casual line in "Pinafore" which serves to indicate. When the kindly chorus is condoling with Ralph Rackstraw on his separation from his Josephine it chants these words to picture the terror of his lot:

"No telephone connects with his dungeon cell."

The line falls flat today. But "Pinafore" was produced for the first time in 1878, and in 1876 the Bell patents for the first practical telephone were issued. Thus when the words were written they related to a new and startling invention that was the talk of the day, and the Gilbertian line was really a very topical jest.

It is a safe guess, however, that very few of the people who laughed at "Pinafore" in the seventies foresaw what the telephone would really prove to be. The years of the telephone are few. But already it has transformed business method and social intercourse. The railroads, the fast trains, the telegraph, wireless, the automobile, all helped to make the nineteenth century a century of acceleration.

The telephone worked more real magic than all the rest together. The discovery of aerial bodies would hardly have done more to multiply human effectiveness and enable us to snap our fingers at space.—New York Tribune.

THREE WONDERFUL MIRRORS.

Used in Place of a Telescope in Mount Wilson Observatory.

From Los Angeles by trolley car and burro back up through the pine forests one reaches the Wilson Observatory. No dome or gigantic telescope greets the visitor when he gains the summit. A huge Noah's ark of canvas destroys all preconceived ideas of what an observatory should look like, and within three wonderful mirrors take the place of the great tubular telescope of other observatories.

The observatory building is constructed of canvas, the sides being set in the form of tiers of steeply overlapping eaves. This arrangement is calculated to allow for perfect ventilation and is reinforced by a vertical wall of canvas, which can be raised or lowered at will to obtain an even temperature.

The peculiar arrangement of mirrors that replaces the familiar telescope is the center around which all interest in the observatory revolves. These mirrors are constructed at the Yerkes observatory and are the finest products of the optician's manufacturing skill. The enlarging mirror, which is supported by a pier of stone at the farther end of the building, is of concave glass four inches thick, and the scientists tell us it is twenty-four inch aperture by sixty foot focus.

The glass is polished ever so often with jewellers' rouge upon pads of chamois skin and is burnished every week or ten days, in order to remove all possible dust. In addition a galvanised cover is kept over it when it is not in use.—Christian Herald.

Corrected. "He says he is always outspoken in his wife's presence." "He means out-talked."—Houston Post.

THINK OF OTHERS.

No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage. Thou must live for another if thou wishest to live for thyself.—Seneca.

LOVE.

Love scorns degrees. The low he lifteth high; The high he draweth down to that fair plain Whereon, in his divine equality, Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain. —Paul H. Hayne.

The night of one fair face subduces my love, For it hath weaved my heart from low desires, Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires. —Michelangelo.

Love is a torment of the mind, A tempest everlasting, And love hath made it of a kind, Not well nor full nor fasting. —Samuel Daniel.

There is no worldly pleasure here below Which by experience doth not fully prove, But among all the follies that I know The sweetest folly in the world is love. —Sir Robert Aylon.

Sunday in Helgoland.

The Sabbath begins in Helgoland at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, when the church bells are rung, and ceases on the following day at the same hour. At one time no vessel was permitted to leave the port during the Sabbath.

Prematurely Aged.

Conductor—Madam, that child looks older than three years. Mother—Yes, indeed he does, conductor. That child has had a lot of trouble.—Everybody.

Sincerity—a deep, genuine sincerity—is the first characteristic of all men in any way here.

Aug. 4 In American History.

1781—Isaac Hayne, South Carolina patriot, hanged at Charleston by the British; born 1745. 1818—Lorenz H. Rossouw, noted Federal leader in the civil war, born in Kentucky; died 1892. 1887—Samuel Jones Tilden, Democratic candidate for president in 1876, died; born 1814.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Morning stars: Saturn, Venus, Mars. Planet Mercury in inferior conjunction with the sun 12 m.

WAGNER AND THE CABBY.

A Bit of Comedy That Won a Good Tip From the Composer.

A story of Wagner known to very few is brought to the light by the Vossische Zeitung. When the composer was in a really merry mood, the right mood for story telling, he used to say that, being in Berlin on a very hot summer's day and finding himself in the Dönhofsplatz, he summoned one of the first class droschkes that were still fairly numerous at that time and told the driver where to go. His destination was at the very farthest point of a district within which only the lowest fare could be demanded.

It struck Wagner immediately that his driver was taking a very affecting leave of one of his fellows, as though he were starting on a life or death journey. "Goodby, William," he said, "we shall see each other again for a long time."

After the carriage had rattled on for a good while it came suddenly to a standstill. The driver got down from his box on the right hand side, opened the carriage door and banded it to again; then he went round to the left side and repeated the performance, climbed up on to his box and resumed the journey. At the end of the drive Wagner asked him what this dumb-crambo show meant. The driver, with a shy look, made answer: "I just wanted to bantooze my old nag. He would never have believed that the whole drive was for a minimum fare and would have refused to go on. But by banging the doors I got him to imagine that one fare had got out and another got in."

Wagner laughed heartily over this explanation, and the driver, in spite of his greed, over which the composer made very merry in his letters, realized the handsome tip on which he had been speculating.—London Standard.

Pitfalls of Success.

"How's your son, the lawyer, getting on?" "Badly, poor fellow. He's in jail."

"How's that?" "He was retained by a horse thief to defend him, and he made such a good plea that the judge held him as an accessory."—Lippincott's.

Talking the Language.

"Our new bookkeeper can't seem to see a mistake when it's pointed out to him."

"He's a bell fan. Don't allude to 'em as mistakes; allude to 'em as bone-head plays. He'll understand that all right."—Pittsburgh Post.

Outgrow it.

"You can never tell how a boy is going to turn out."

"No, you can't." "There used to be a boy at home whom the neighbors called Artie, but he's the president of a railroad now."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Sometimes It Does.

Little Willie—Say, papa! Papa—Well, what is it, son? Little Willie—Does the ocean get angry because it is crossed so often?—Chicago News.

Comforting.

Mrs. Knagz—If I were to die you'd never get another wife like me, Knagz—It's very kind of you to say that.—Boston Transcript.

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky. So is it when my life began, So is it now I am a man, So be it when I shall grow old Or let me die!

The child is father of the man, And I could wish my days to be Round each to each by natural plety. —Wordsworth.

Boiling Vegetables.

Food experts long ago pointed out the very small quantity of mineral matter and bone building material in succulent vegetables. Now a household expert and food scientist has found that when such vegetables as spinach, cabbage and carrots are boiled they lose about half of the small amount of mineral constituents which they contain. Spinach, for example, gave up more than 50 per cent of its mineral constituents and cabbage 40 per cent. As the loss of mineral matter in these foods makes them less nutritious, the problem of retaining these mineral parts of the food assumes some importance. Farm and Fireside.

Aug. 6 In American History.

1780—Battle at Hanging Rock, R. C. British and Tories were surprised and defeated after four hours' battle with General Sumter's partisans. 1862—National thanksgiving as appointed by President Lincoln for recent victories at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Helena. 1804—Austin Blair, Michigan's last "war governor," died; born 1819. 1905—General Roy Stone, noted civil war veteran who commanded the Pennsylvania "Bucktail" brigade and a distinguished engineer on public works, died; born 1839.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening star: Jupiter. Morning stars: Saturn, Venus, Mars, Mercury. Constellation Auriga lies close to the pole about 9 p. m. The first magnitude star Capella shining brilliantly at the edge of the Milky Way.

Hopeless.

First Lawyer—I hear you are having trouble in getting a jury for that automobile case? Second Lawyer—Yes. We object to everybody who owns a car, and the other side rules out all who don't.—Pack.

Human Incredulity.

Tell a man that there are 270,169, 325,481 stars and he will believe you. But if a sign says "fresh paint" he will have to make a personal investigation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Modest.

"So you want to become my son-in-law, eh?" "Yes, sir,—that is, if you can afford it."—Boston Transcript.

GOOD ACTIONS.

When we have practiced good actions awhile they become easy. When they are easy we take pleasure in them. When they please us we do them frequently, and then by frequency of act they grow into a habit.—Tilleyson.

Musical Note.

Mother—But, Mr. Miller, how do you come to kiss my daughter during the piano lesson? Music Teacher—Well, you see, it says here andante con amore.—Fleegende Blatter.

LOVEMAKING IN SPAIN.

It is Done Right Out in the Open, and No One Seems to Mind It.

The best of the Alcazar is the Alcazar gardens. But I would not ignore the homelike charm of the vast court by which you enter from the street outside to the palace beyond. It is planted casually about with rather shabby orange trees that children were playing under and was decorated with the week's wash of the low, simple dwellings which may be hired at a rental moderate even for Seville, where a handsome and commodious house in a good quarter rents for \$60 a year.

One of those two story cottages, as we should call them, in the ancient court of the Alcazar had for the student of Spanish life the special advantage of a lover close to a ground floor window dropping tender droppings down through the slats of the shutter to some maiden lurking within.

The nothings were so tender that you could not hear them drop, and, besides, they were Spanish nothings, and it would not have served any purpose for the stranger to listen for them. Once afterward we saw the national courtship going on at another casement, but that was at night, and here the precious first sight of it was offered at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Nobody seemed to mind the lover stationed outside the shutter with which the iron bars forbade him the closest contact, and it is only fair to say that he minded nobody. He was there when we went in and there when we came out, and it appears that when it is a question of lovetaking time in no more an object in Spain than in the United States. The scene would have been better by moonlight, but you cannot always have it moonlight, and the sun did very well, at least the lover did not seem to miss the moon.—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

CURIOUS FISHING.

Gathering in Eels With Brushes and Shrimping on Horseback.

In the Hawaiian Islands some of the native fishermen literally go into the water and chase the fish into their nets.

The sea round the shores of the islands is studded with coral reefs, in which are numerous holes and tiny caves in which the fish hide. The natives row out over these reefs, taking with them a brush about three feet in length, with very long bristles, and shallow nets, somewhat resembling a paper bag, as they are closed at one end.

As they row over the surface, seeking a likely spot, they chew a very oily fruit known as the candle nut. When they consider they have reached a good fishing ground they spit out this nut, which forms a thin film on the top of the water, over which the wind passes without leaving a ripple. This enables them to see right down into the clear sea, and if they are satisfied with the outlook they prepare to fish.

Taking the brush in one hand and the net, the mouth of which is propped open by means of a twig or two in the other, they dive noiselessly and quietly overhead. Having arrived at the face of the coral reef, they literally brush the frightened fish out of their dens, endeavoring to catch them in the net as they dart away.

There is one place at least on the coast of Belgium where they go shrimping on horseback. The trawling nets are attached to the sides of saddles carried by horses or big donkeys, and on their back men and women, for that matter, ride into the sea until the animals are almost under water, when they drag the trawls behind them, walking parallel to the shore.—Stray Stories.

Left Handed Stone Slingers.

The right hand doubtless owes something of its prominence to the Bible. The Hebrews singled it out for special honor, and the Scriptures contain quite a hundred references in which "the right hand" is made the type and symbol of everything noble, praiseworthy and desirable. It is worth noting, however, that the tribe of Benjamin once boasted 700 left handed slingers who "could sling stones to a hair's breadth and not miss" and that among the "mighty men and helpers" of King David were many who "could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows with the bow."—London Standard.

Plain and Painful Talk.

During a senatorial investigation one time Senator Clapp experienced great difficulty in getting some information from a nervous witness.

"Now," said the senator somewhat sharply, "out with it, my man; out with it!"

"If the committee will excuse me," said the lawyer representing the witness, "I do not like the term 'out with it.' This is not the office of a dentist."—Popular Magazine.

Merely a Matter of Spelling.

"Yes," said the very severe maiden lady, "the word 'maile' is only 'male' spelled wrongly."

"I suppose so," responded the crusty bachelor, "but according to the Latin dictionary a woman is 'maile.'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Human Incredulity.

Tell a man that there are 270,169, 325,481 stars and he will believe you. But if a sign says "fresh paint" he will have to make a personal investigation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Modest.

"So you want to become my son-in-law, eh?" "Yes, sir,—that is, if you can afford it."—Boston Transcript.

GOOD ACTIONS.

When we have practiced good actions awhile they become easy. When they are easy we take pleasure in them. When they please us we do them frequently, and then by frequency of act they grow into a habit.—Tilleyson.

Musical Note.

Mother—But, Mr. Miller, how do you come to kiss my daughter during the piano lesson? Music Teacher—Well, you see, it says here andante con amore.—Fleegende Blatter.

STUDY YOUR NOSE

It is a Most Wonderful Organ and a Really Fine Furnace.

ACTS AS A PERFECT FILTER.

This Facial Ornament Strains, Heats and Moistens All Air Drawn Through It into the Lungs—Its Delicate Nerves, and Microbe Catching Muscles.

Ordinarily we regard our own or any other person's nose from the standpoint of personal beauty. If the organ is a becoming one it wins our admiration, and unless occasion arises we give it no further thought. A delicious or a repugnant odor reminds us at times that we possess a sense of smell, and a cold in the head is apt to make us wish that there was no such thing as a nose.

Beyond these points, however, we rarely penetrate, and as a rule we fail to fully realize what an important part of the human anatomy is this most prominent feature of the face.

No stove or furnace that ever was made by man can equal in efficiency the human nose, for the nose, in the space of three inches and in two seconds of time, can raise the temperature of the air it draws in nearly fifty degrees and at the same time saturate it with moisture and thoroughly purify it.

The nose is really one of the most extraordinary organs of the body. Its nerves are more sensitive than those of fingers or ears or eyes, for they can perceive distinctly an almost incredibly minute amount of a gas so subtle that its presence can be detected in no other way. It is also a perfect filter and thus the most important guardian of the body against disease.

All air that is breathed into the lungs should be at a temperature of nearly 90 degrees F. It should also be moist, even wet. Cold, dry air is fine for the outside of the body, but has no place in its interior. In heating the air the nose works on the principle of a steam coil. It is not merely two tubes leading up into the head and so down to the throat, but from the bones on either side three twisted bones curl out into the passage, one above the other, each coated with elastic cushions of blood vessels and thin glands. These "fornix" curls with a great, hot, damp surface, over which the air spreads as it is drawn up. Thus the air warmed for its entrance to the lungs.

A furnace maker told the present writer that any man who could invent an efficient apparatus for mixing moisture with air in its passage through a hot air furnace could make a fortune, as every device now in use is only a makeshift and of very little real value. The Almighty Maker of the human—and the animal—nose solved the problem. The entire surface of the inside of the nose is composed of a membrane that pours forth a fluid called mucus. This is composed largely of salt water, which is taken up by the passing air until this is saturated before it reaches the throat.

This mucus is also a microbe catcher and a dust catcher. Almost all the dirt and germs of disease that enter with the air through the nostrils are trapped by the mucus. The living enemies are killed, for the mucus is antiseptic and germicidal. Thus the air is heated, moistened and purified before it reaches the lungs.

Air breathed in through the mouth is not warmed, moistened or purified except to a very slight extent. Consequently it reaches the lungs cold, dry and laden with dust and disease. Bronchitis, tonsillitis, diphtheria and consumption are the result.

The mucous membrane of the nose is subject to diseases such as catarrh "cold in the head" and hay fever. Adenoids grow in the back of the nose and stop up its tubes. A simple and easy operation will remove the latter while the former if taken when they first show themselves can be cured without difficulty. If neglected they may become incurable. This not only do they prevent the necessary warming, moistening and filtering of the air but they spread and cause many diseases of the throat and lungs and are the commonest cause of serious and intensely painful trouble with the ears.—New York World.

May Have Been All Right.

The angry citizen pulled into the office of the city editor.

"See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in 'this way'?"

"You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor.

"Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your foul paper prints it under the head of 'Public Improvements.'"—Exchange.

Worse Than That.

"I know you don't like me, Miss Spelled wrongly, but won't you please tell me why, just to gratify a natural curiosity?"

"Why, Mr. Orkids, I have never regarded you as a natural curiosity?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Difference.

"How much do you think he's worth?" "Are you asking about his efficiency or his financial condition?"—Detroit Free Press.

After the Fire.

"You don't mean to say that Spender is on his uppers. Why, I thought he had money to burn."

"So he did have, but, unfortunately for Spender, he carried no fire insurance."—Brooklyn Life.

The Reason.

"Why do you call this a fire sale?" Inquired the new but honest clerk, who had at once discovered that there had been no fire.

"Because we fire the fellows that don't mind their own business," responded the boss.

And after that the new but honest clerk did.—Detroit News.

COMPETITION.

Instead of looking upon competition as the harmful and anti-social principle which it is held to be by the generality of Socialists, I conceive that even in the present state of society and industry every restriction of it is an evil and every extension of it, even if for a time injuriously affecting some class of laborers, is always an ultimate good. To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dullness, to be saved the necessity of being as active and as intelligent as other people, and, if it is also to be protected against being underbid for employment by a less highly paid class of laborers, this is only where old custom or local and partial monopoly has placed some particular class of artisans in a privileged position as compared with the rest, and the time has come when the interest of universal improvement is no longer promoted by prolonging the privileges of the few.—John Stuart Mill.

Why They're Trams Abroad.

"Abroad," said a tourist agent, "you must call street cars trams and street railways you must call tramways. The word tram must puzzle the average etymologist. It derives from a man's name—Outram—Thomas Outram. Outram lived in Derbyshire, and in the beginning of the last century he invented a peculiar sort of track that diminished the friction between wheels and roadbeds. These tracks of Outram's, though nothing like a trolley track, were called first outramways, then tramways, and when street lines and street cars came into existence they were dubbed respectively tramways and trams."

More Scientific.

"I can't get that woman to take any fresh air," complained the young physician.

"You don't word your advice properly," said the old doctor. "Tell her to perambulate daily in the park, taking copious inhalations of ozone."—Washington Herald.

Fretful of Ivan the Terrible.

Ivan the Terrible, among his many insane freaks, would let loose wild bears in the streets of his capital and placidly say his prayers while watching the slaughter of his people. "Flinging a few coins to the mutilated survivors as he rose from his knees." He would compel parents to slay their children, and children to kill one another; and if there was a survivor "the amiable monarch would dispatch him with his own hands, shrieking with laughter at so excellent a joke."

In one of his lighter moods of frolic he commanded the citizens of Moscow to "provide for him a measure full of fens for a medicine," and fined them 7,000 roubles when they failed.

Why Married Men Live Long.

The reason a married man lives longer than a single man is because the single man leads a selfish existence. A married man can double his pleasures. Any time he has a streak of good luck it tickles him all over, but it makes him feel twice as good when he tells his wife about it. And she is so pleased and proud that he feels like a two-year-old. There isn't a chance in the world of a man's arteries hardening or his heart weakening when he can get a million dollars' worth of pleasure out of making his wife happy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bad promises are better broken than kept.—Lincoln.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home, And call the cattle home, And call the cattle home, Across the sands o' Dee!" The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam, And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the sand, As far as eye could see, The blinding mist came down and hid the land, And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair— A tress o' golden hair, A drowned maiden's hair— Above the nets at sea? Was never salmon yet that shone so fair Among the stakes on Dee?"

They rowed her in across the rolling foam— The cruel, crawling foam, The cruel, hungry foam— To her grave beside the sea, But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home, Across the sands o' Dee. —Charles Kingsley.

Too Thorough.

"Why don't you try to make your constituents understand problems of government?"

"That's what I have done," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have been too thorough about it. A lot of them now think that they can give advice instead of taking it."—Washington Star.

Fearfully Foxy.

"I work a foxy scheme on my boy He'd rather wash the dishes than wash his hands, so I let him wash the dishes."

"What's the foxy part?" "Why, he gets his hands clean."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't Worry.

Doctor—Now, don't worry, whatever you do. A man with heart disease can't afford to worry. Avoid all company of any kind, drink nothing whatsoever and on no account touch meat and vegetables. By the by, I won't be able to call till Wednesday, as I have to attend the funerals of three patients.—Exchange.

He that fears not the future can enjoy the present.

Exceeded Expectations.

He that fears not the future can enjoy the present. Exceeded Expectations.

He that fears not the future can enjoy the present. Exceeded Expectations.

He that fears not the future can enjoy the present. Exceeded Expectations.

He that fears not the future can enjoy the present. Exceeded Expectations.

He that fears not the future can enjoy the present. Exceeded Expectations.