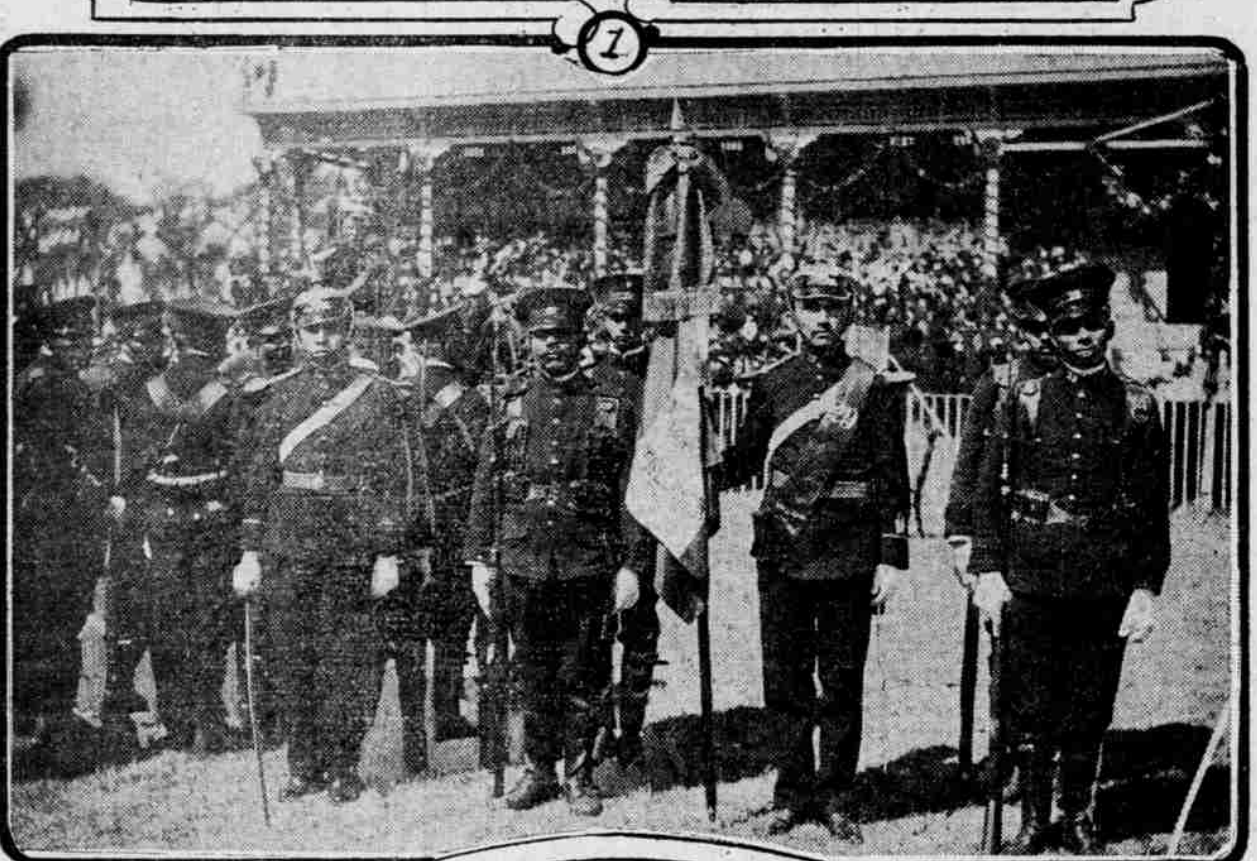
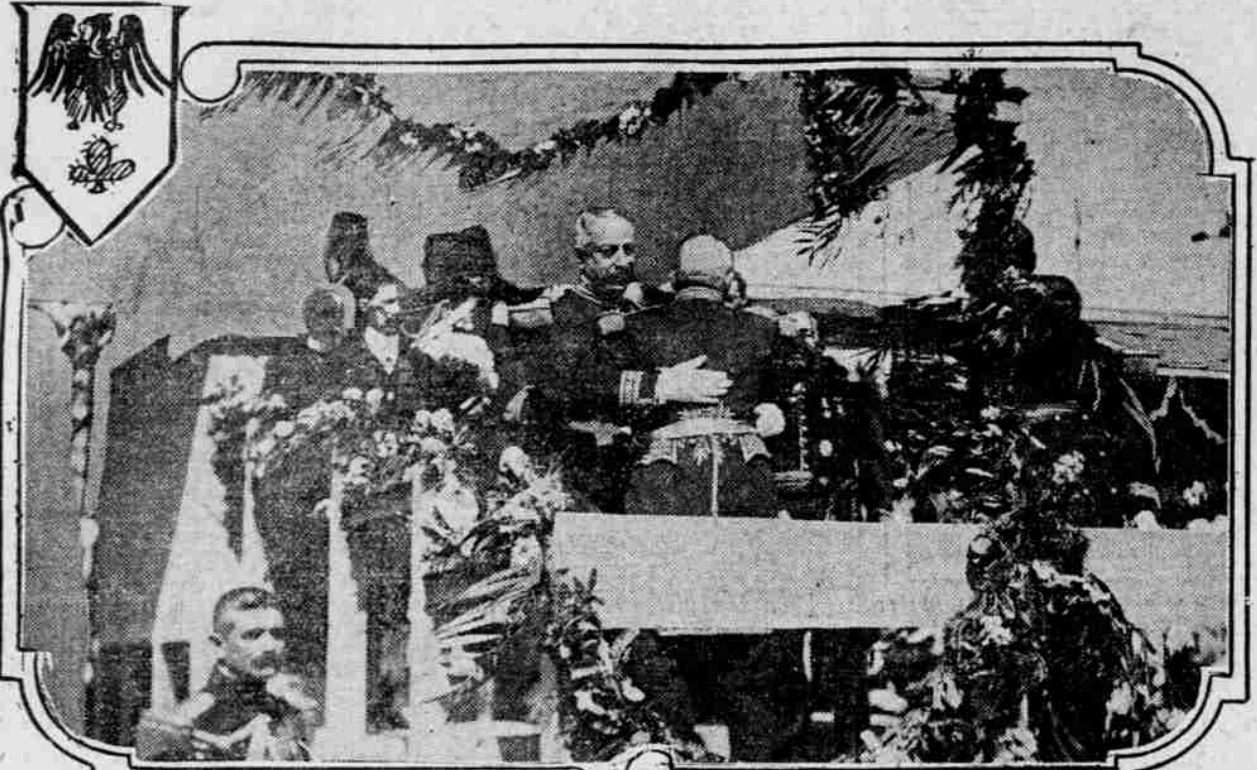


EYEWITNESS DESCRIBES REVIEW OF 3000 TROOPS BY GENERAL HUERTA

Philip H. Patchin Tells of Martial Appearance and Poise of Mexican Soldiers in Pageant—Outwardly, Soldiers Seem Good—Impression Is That Regiments Are Nucleus of Fighting Force for Government of Mexico.



1. General Blanquet, Who Administered the Coup de Grace to Maximilian, Embracing Huerta; Blanquet's Face Is Seen, Huerta Has His Back Toward You—2. Another View of the Flag of the Twenty-ninth—3. Huerta Holding the Red Streamer With Which He Decorated the Twenty-ninth's Flag.

BY PHILIP H. PATCHIN.
(Published by arrangement between the New York Tribune and The Oregonian.)
EXHIBIT CITY, March 26.—(Special.)—In a setting of brilliant General Victoriano Huerta, President of Mexico, looking strong and forbidding in his regimentals, reviewed some 3,000 or more Mexican soldiers of various kinds today, and decorated the regimental flag of the Twenty-ninth Infantry with a bannero of ribbon, which he kissed as he fastened it to the standard, and presented medals to a number of officers who have proved their loyalty and efficiency. It was picturesque to a degree and exceedingly impressive. There were soldiers of many kinds, some in the most brilliant of uniforms. There were lancers and bussars, infantrymen and artillerymen, ordinary cavalry and best and most picturesque of all, a regiment of the far-famed rurales, clad, some of them, in jackets of flaming yellow with bright-colored great sombreros, riding prancing ponies with tremendous grace. They rode well and in perfect organization, presenting a splendid picture which the populace applauded most enthusiastically.

The ceremony of today was held at what is known as the Conseda Hippodrome, which is the racetrack of the Jockey Club of Mexico, a fashionable and exclusive organization. The course is on the outskirts of the town, not far from the new building which, on this day of fiestas, was topped with many fluttering flags, as was the grandstand at the racetrack. The hippodrome is wonderfully beautiful, surrounded by a fringe of beautiful green trees whose delicate color was accentuated as they stood out against the background of the dark and distant mountains. Off to one side were the beautiful mountains of Popocatepetl and Extremadura, known as the "Sleeping Lady," both covered with perpetual snow. It was a wonderful morning as well—a cool May morning, in the middle of February, and in this high altitude even the sunshine took on a new character unknown to more northerly climes. Even without the brilliant uniforms of officers and men the Conseda Hippodrome would be attractive, but adding to its ordinary features a perfect riot of blended colors of the military uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, sabers and lances, and the boom of heavy guns firing salutes, the playing of the National anthem by splendidly trained military bands, and the scene became most impressively beautiful.

In the grandstand there was another impressive sight. Seated in orderly rows to which they had marched two by two were several hundred women, clad entirely in white save for a red or lavender cross on the arm. They belonged to the Red Cross and the Lavender Cross. Once there was only the Red Cross, but there appears to have been some difficulty in the organization and now there is a Lavender Cross, as well as a White Cross, too, showing that the women as well as the men of Mexico have their troubles in agreeing with one another.

The diplomatic body attended this ceremony today, and if General Huerta by inviting them intended to make an impression, he succeeded, for the show was splendid, and were it not for the famous affair of just a year ago, when the most wonderful battle of modern times was fought—10 days of big gun fighting in the middle of a great, modern city, with hundreds of thousands actually residing on the field of conflict—the smart, efficient appearance of the troops would be reassuring.

From the outside it must be said that Huerta's troops looked mighty good. They were clean of uniform, their clothes fitted well, their equipment was shining and uniform, their organization and marching was quite good. A remarkable thing about Huerta's troops are one looks at one organization after another is the traces one can discern of the influence of armies of other nations. One sees an officer of the cavalry with a uniform that is distinctly German, even unto color. In the infantry the cap is typically French, and the carrying of the rifles is also from France. But most remarkable of all is the appearance of the infantry, particularly the honored Twenty-ninth, were one to take off their uniforms of blue, throw away the high French cap and substitute one of lower crown, clad them in the khaki of Nippon, and they could be mistaken for Japanese soldiers. They are small of stature, and have the Indian brown complexion which is much like the color of the Japanese. And many of them have even the same cast of features, which is so typically Japanese, high cheekbones and slanting eyes. There is a tradition here, which some people believe and others laugh at, that the Indians are really from Asia.

The troops of today's show arrived at the hippodrome at an early hour, and arranged themselves in an extensive formation, awaiting the arrival of their chief. Every precaution was taken for the protection of Huerta. Probably this excess of zeal was on the part of officers for Huerta himself seems to entertain no fear. The city is full of Maderistas, whose chief died a sudden death after he was deposed just a year ago today. This ceremony is a celebration of the accession of Huerta.

Cadets of the agricultural school, some of them in the early teens, had the honor of guarding the entry-way to the race course, a curving drive through the main gate. They were arranged in semi-circles in even and careful formation, looking pretty in their dark uniforms with blue stripes and brilliant buttons, with bayonets fixed and shining in the sun. While attractive enough, their youth depended on their feeling of their ability to handle a crisis, but a glance around showed Huerta's protection was assured, save perhaps for a distant pistol or a far-flung bomb, for a bit to one side there was a troop of the regular cavalry, men of evident service, whose worn saddles, which they sat well, showed long use as did their roughened and scratched leather puttees. They were not beautiful to look upon, their faces plainly that they were of the lower class, possibly some of them from the prisons, from where Don Porfirio Diaz obtained many recruits for the army, but they had an air of experience and efficiency.

If there was anything there that was not all that a prosperous, intelligent and cultivated nation should have produced on such an occasion it was the populace itself which turned out to see the show. Old timers looked over the stands curiously. It was not, they said, like the old days when the society of the city would have turned out, when silk hats and silken gowns would have filled the great grandstand. Nowadays some stay at home, if it happens to be in Mexico City instead of in Paris or New York or some other sanctuary where it waits until the troubles are over.

Huerta's coming was impressive and the militariness of the occasion might have characterized, on a smaller scale, the arrival of some war lord of Europe at a great camp. A dashing courier came in advance. An order was given and a bugle sounded. That bugle calling was a thrilling thing, and the platoon, starting off on a low note and ascending in a curved tone, starting a supercilious chuckle over the bugler having struck a discord. But not so, as the remainder of the mysterious call showed, and as the calls of other bugles speedily demonstrated. Of all things the day produced one thing was clearly brought out, that the Mexicans are musicians.

Then came a string of carriages, magnificent in themselves and magnificently drawn by splendid horses richly harnessed. There were perhaps a dozen of them, filled with officials of the government—Cabinet officers in conventional frock coats, Generals and Colonels and Majors in uniforms of blue and gold and red, Admirals with cocked hats. Finally came Huerta, accompanied by the famous Blanquet, who had so much to do with the coup d'etat of last year and who, as a Corporal was the one so "in" said, who administered the coup d'etat of last year, the final finished shot after the firing squad had finished its work, to Maximilian.

Huerta's Entrance Noted.
Here was Huerta, a figure of international importance, a personality whose fame will long endure. The man who has defied the President of the United States, who is accused of a foul political murder, whom members of the United States consider a pariah among heads of nations. His carriage was closely surrounded, fore and aft, on each side, by members of the Chapultepec Guard, magnificent-looking fellows in their brilliant greenish uniforms, steel helmets surmounted by a waving white plume, riding well-groomed and powerful horses splendidly. The troops presented arms and the bands played the national anthem. The military men stood at attention, the civilians, every one, doffed their hats. Other bands took up the anthem and could be faintly heard from the other side of the stands. The national air is as weird as the bugle calls, but beautiful and made all the more effective by the punctuation of a steady stream of drumbeats, which came from the middle of the race course, the sound dulled by the intervening grandstand, came the boom and thump of a battery of field artillery firing the Presidential salute. Huerta had removed his hat and stood at attention until the air was finished.

A glimpse of Huerta brought new ideas concerning the man. One's impression from pictures was that he was a man of large stature. He is not. He is rather small, five feet eight, at a guess, and his shoulders are broad but a bit stooped. He has not a great physique, but there is in him an attitude of viry strength such as Indians, of whom he is one, have. Even were his stature far less than it is, a glance at his face would dispel any thought that here was a weak man. It is a strong face, almost too strong, if that could be, and a rather hard face. It has a long, powerful jaw which would indicate plenty of obstinacy and tenacity of purpose, even if there were no other evidences of those qualities before the world. Huerta is bronzed, not the deep bronze of the ordinary Indian but more like the color of a darkly complected man well tanned by the sun. His is an inscrutable countenance and one might call it sinister, but the glasses which he always wears somehow take away some of the harshness that may be there and add a reassuring aspect.

Blanquet, the general and the Minister of War, was also in uniform. Of all the public officials Blanquet, who is a big man here and not without presidential well perhaps not aspirations, but at least eligibility, was the most interesting figure next to Huerta. It is said that he wears a watch-chain made of a gold coin given him by Maximilian. When the ill-starred Austrian was about to die at the hands of a firing squad he asked who had been given the duty of administering the coup de grace, the one man who sends still another bullet into the body of the man prostrated by the firing squad. Blanquet answered that he had that duty. Maximilian asked him to be sure to do his work well and then gave him some gold pieces to be distributed among his guardians and those on the firing squad, and one large piece for himself which Blanquet is said still to have. His too, is a strong face, but so Mexican are many others there, and handsome after an Anglo-Saxon type, another than the Mexican style of manly perfection.

The Twenty-ninth Infantry which was honored today, was Blanquet's own regiment and it was when Blanquet went over to the opposition that Madero's fall was made certain. So it was something of a day for Blanquet, too.

Colors Decorate Stand.
Huerta and his following passed through to a stand which had been erected and which was decorated with the National colors and flowers. The bands continued to play, the guns boomed, the soldiers presented arms and saluted their chief. Once in the stand Huerta bared his head and after a moment started to speak. His hair proved closely cropped and was gray in color. Huerta permitted his hair to grow long it was the second considerable portion of his head is bald.

Huerta addressed the vast number of troops before him with the flag of the Twenty-ninth in rigid. Huerta commanded his soldiers to carry arms and then present arms. When they quished their rifles broke forward and attached it to the flag of the regiment. There was the call of a bugle, which was followed by the waving of the flag was out of the way. General Huerta descended from the stands and took his place on the ground where a table had been set up, and boxes containing medals and decorations for officers of the service who had in one way or another distinguished themselves. One after another, headed by Blanquet, who was given the decoration of the first class of constancy, officers with drawn swords presented and with hat removed stepped forward, and Huerta with his own hands pinned on the decorations. Generals, admirals, colonels, captains and lieutenants gave their rewards to the young fellows on crutches who enthusiastically applauded as he swung away.

Another man, evidently of little rank, but who was known and popular. He was once with President Diaz and a trusted subordinate of Mexico's former President.

From the point where he did the decorating Huerta went into the grandstand to review the troops. He and his Cabinet sat in the section reserved for dignitaries and diplomats. The parade was not long in starting and with hat removed and don it must be admitted that the ceremony was accomplished with a great deal of military skill. The ranks were orderly, the equipment laxative and the organization smooth and even. Once or twice the line was compelled to halt momentarily. Even this disconcerting thing failed to break the formation and the ranks were creditable. It showed a lot of training.

Show Not Pageant.
But, it must be chronicled, this military show, brilliant and well done as it appeared, was after all only a show and the splendidly kept soldiers scarcely typify the Federal army of Mexico as a whole. In other words, they are all more or less picked men, and certainly the flower of Huerta's armed forces. Elsewhere it is possible to see the Mexican soldier in his ordinary dress, and he is not so prepossessing. His shoes are sandals only, which, however, is probably as much if not more than the average soldier's shoes. He is neither as good nor as clean as those shown today.

Interesting in the extreme were the soldiers, or women uniformed borders

USEFUL STUDIES FOUND BIG AID IN KEEPING PUPILS INTERESTED

Hood River High School Students Willing to Give Their Own Time to Manual Training Work—Fifty Take Up This Practical Course.



Hood River Manual Training Class



Students At Work

HOOD RIVER, Or., March 28.—(Special.)—"Give the student something to learn that will be useful and he will remain in school," is the motto of N. E. Fertig, who has charge of the classes in manual training in the Hood River High School. The truth of Mr. Fertig's axiom may be found when one observes the perseverance and interest of the 50 students who are finishing up the year's work in the practical branch of study.

The new department was inaugurated last fall. At the time it was found that it would be almost impossible to arrange the schedule of classes for many of the students who were carrying other high school studies and who desired to take manual training in the afternoon. Mr. Fertig suggested that those who desired to take the course arrange to attend classes in the morning before regular hours and after noon and in the afternoon. The boys and girls have accepted his offer and the classes have been assembling 30 minutes before the regular

morning session and have been devoting a like amount of time during the noon hour and after school to learning drafting and the use of carpenter's tools.

"Several years ago, when delivering an address before a conference of teachers in Georgia," says Mr. Fertig, "I was laughed at when I told them the time was not far away when Latin would be an elective study. At that time I was teaching in the schools of that district, and the prevailing opinion was that Latin was an absolute necessity."

"My idea of manual training is to teach the students nothing that is not practical, and the local high school boys and girls during the past year have been encouraged in making articles that will be useful to them or their parents. One boy has devised a fireless brooder. Another has made a fancy chicken-coop to exhibit a pen of fowls at the coming school fair, while another student has been making improvements on trap nests used to cull worthless hens from laying flocks."

Mr. Fertig for a number of years was

principal of the Marlanna Conference College at Nashville, Tenn., having formerly taught in Nashville, Tenn. He came West six years ago on account of his health. The Oregon climate has given him the pink glow of health, and he declares that he finds nothing more delightful than to mingle with his students, giving each individual instruction on some problem of drafting or the use of tools. He came to Hood River from Astoria, where for three years he was connected with the public schools.

One of the tests for the manual training classes will be the drafting of plans of a five-room hip roof bungalow. The work will be original, based on former instruction in drafting.

Articles of furniture and other specimens of the work of the classes have been exhibited in the show windows of local hardware stores. The merchants declare that the displays have attracted more attention than any exhibits of their own wares and have offered the students their co-operation toward securing additional displays in the future.

GERMAN CHURCHES LOSING Less Than 2 Per Cent of Population Attend Sunday Services.

BERLIN, March 28.—(Special.)—Some extraordinary figures relating to church attendance in Berlin are published in the Vossische Zeitung.

The united committees on the movement away from the State Church took a census on February 22, in the churches of Berlin and Charlottenburg. These churches have seating accommodation for 120,000, and serve a population of 2,060,000. On the date mentioned there were only 35,000 at services, or less than 2 per cent of the population. Of worshippers present on that day, the journal declares, less than three-quarters were women and children.

The movement away from the church is said in another quarter to be increasing rapidly. Last year in Germany 18,000 persons severed their connection with the State Church, in comparison with 6000 in the previous year and 2000 in 1910.

Schedules.
(Washington Star.)
"How many hours a day do you think a man ought to work?"
"It depends on his employer. If he's working for a regular boss and drawing wages, eight hours. If he's helping his wife around the house, twenty-four."

YUAN SHOWS SUPERSTITION Chinese Ruler's Acts Also May Indicate Grim Humor.

PEKING, March 28.—(Special.)—Whether it be simple superstition or a peculiar kind of humor, it is, at any rate, notorious that each time President Yuan-Shih-kai takes a new step towards consolidation of his personal rule he exhibits a strange anxiety to propitiate the Fates by some act of atonement.

In April last year, when he signed the contract for the big loan over the heads of the National Parliament, he issued an appeal to the Christian churches to pray for the welfare of the new republic. Now, having practically abolished the last vestige of that republic by dismissing the Parliament

LABORERS URGED, WARNED Workers in Ireland Told to Organize, but Shun Socialism.

DUBLIN, March 26.—(Special.)—In all the Roman Catholic churches in Ireland a pastoral letter was read on Sunday recently from Cardinal Logue and the Archbishops on the subject of the recent labor disputes in Dublin and other parts of Ireland. It encourages the workers of Ireland to organize themselves in real trades unions, but warns them against the dangers of Socialism and Syndicalism.

The chief conclusion drawn from "a paralysis of employment that was altogether avoidable" is the need of well-organized conciliation boards, duly representative of both sides, to adjust differences as they appear.

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FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR MAMMA, DAD, BABY, CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

Better than calomel, oil or pills to clean and regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

bad breath, fever and dizziness is gone; your stomach is sweet, liver and bowels clean, and you feel grand.

"California Syrup of Figs" is a family laxative. Everyone from grandma to baby can safely take it and no one is ever disappointed in its pleasant action. Millions of mothers know that it is the ideal laxative to give crows, sick, feverish children. But get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs" which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups on each bottle. Refuse with contempt the cheaper Fig Syrups and counterfeits. See that it bears the name "California Fruit Syrup Company,"—A.D.

Dangerous Hair Dyes!

When you see the words "Shake Bottle Before Using" on a bottle of hair dye, BEWARE! It means that it contains Sugar of Lead and Sulphur. And Sugar of Lead is deadly poison! Such poisons are not only sticky and green, but they rub off. Beware of many so-called "hair dyes." These dangerous coal tar products are not made from wheat and are liable to poison the skin and affect the eyesight.

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer is as clean and pure as white sugar and does not stain the hair or the scalp. It is absolutely harmless.

BE SAFE!—Use Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer—BE SURE!

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer does not give the hair a "dye" appearance because it is so mild. It makes the natural color come back in from four to eight days! Where the hair is just beginning to turn gray, the Restorer will simply disappear with one or two applications. All gray hair turns back to its natural color. It is absolutely harmless.

FREE! Tell me the original color of your hair and I will send you a small bottle of Restorer in an unmarked package so that you can prove to yourself that it is the original color of your hair. To cover cost of postage and packing, Mary T. Goldman, 100 Madison St., St. Paul, Minn.