

-:- MEXICO -:-

The Mexican people and the country of Mexico are very much in the minds of the people of this country right now, and many are the speculations as to what will be the outcome of the present trouble with that country, which many people refuse to call war.

Under the circumstances, something of the history of the country and the characteristics of its people will no doubt be of interest to Leader readers.

The typical Mexican, the "Greaser," is cowardly, bloodthirsty, restless, lazy and treacherous, a creature who will fight if forced to or where he knows the advantage is on his side but prefers to shoot from ambush or strike from behind.

Although Mexico was discovered and conquered by the Spanish in 1520—a century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, it did not become an independent government until 1813—just a century ago. In the mean time it was governed by viceroys sent out from Spain, and revolutions against the established government became the firmly fixed habit of the people, and they have never changed.

Because some muck-raking magazine writer said so, a lot of well-intentioned people habitually speak of the present uprising in Mexico as the result of the activities of our Standard Oil Company and other capitalists who have invested large sums of money in Mexican industries. Such people forget that Mexico had three and one-half centuries of unrest, of revolutions and bloodshed under the white man's rule before the Standard Oil Company came into existence and before the Anglo Saxon made any effort to exploit the country.

In 1814 the first constitution was adopted in Mexico, and the next year the old government rallied, and for three years a guerrilla war raged, ending in the defeat of the popular party and the restoration of the Spanish authorities. In 1820 General Iturbide led another revolution, and with his insurgent bands captured the capitol, resulting in the peace of Cordova in 1821, and the recognition of the independence of Mexico by Spain. General Iturbide was proclaimed emperor the following year, with the title of Augustin I, and this act was immediately followed by another uprising of the Patriot party under General Santa Anna, and the Mexican republic was proclaimed.

On March 19, 1823, Emperor Augustin I abdicated the throne and went into exile. Next year a new government, modeled after that of the United States was formed, and Fernando Victoria was elected president. General Iturbide returning to Mexico that year, was captured and put to death.

Following the next presidential election, in 1828, the defeated party appealed to arms, and in a short and bloody war captured the central government.

The United States formally recognized the republic of Mexico in 1829, after the Mexicans had defeated and captured the Spanish army under General Barados who was sent out to invade and retake the country.

General Bedraza, who was elected president in 1828, was again elected in 1832, and in the following year was driven from office by General Santa Anna, the insurgent leader.

A new and more democratic form of government was adopted in 1835, the constitution of 1824 being entirely abolished.

At this time Mexico included all her present territory, all of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, half of Colorado, one-third of

Wyoming and a small portion of Montana.

In 1836 the Texans, most of whom were settlers from the United States, revolted, and after defeating General Santa Anna who marched against them, they declared their independence and asked for the sympathy and recognition of the United States.

From 1841 to 1844, Mexico was rent with confusion and insurrection, at the end of which time the constitution of 1835 was restored, and Santa Anna declared elected president, only to be later deposed.

The boundary line between Texas and Mexico—Texas claiming the Rio Grande and Mexico the Nueces river—brought on trouble in 1846, and General Taylor was ordered to the disputed territory to protect United States interests, where he was attacked by the Mexicans, because of which the United States congress declared that a state of war existed between the two nations, and ordered General Scott with reinforcements into the country.

In the war which followed the Mexicans were defeated in every battle, although at times they outnumbered our soldiers six to one. Peace was concluded in February, 1848.

At the close of the war Santa Anna was exiled, but returned in 1853, and was again, and for the fifth time elected president. He was deposed by another rebellion in 1855.

The next year the administration party and the church party got into a dispute which led to another national crisis, the people generally demanding a more democratic constitution. The demand was granted, and under the new constitution Mexico repudiated a part of her debt to Spain.

As a result of the election of 1858, four men claimed the presidency. Comonfort was expelled by Zuloaga, who in turn was succeeded by Miguel Miramon. Benito Pablo set up a claim, established himself at Vera Cruz, and was recognized by the United States Government.

Just about the beginning of our civil war, Spain, France and England threatened an invasion of Mexico, but the difficulty so far as England and Spain were concerned, was adjusted, and their forces withdrawn from Vera Cruz. France, not being satisfied, declared war in 1862, and her troops under General Forey drove back General Jaurez, and entered the City of Mexico, where an assembly of notables resolved on a hereditary monarchy and elected Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, as emperor.

For the next three years war raged between the imperialists under the new emperor, aided by the French troops, and the "Republicans" under Jaurez, with victory more often with the latter.

When our government was again in a position to demand and enforce recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, the French troops were withdrawn from Mexico—1867, after which the downfall of Emperor Maximilian was rapid and complete. His army was defeated, he was captured, and after a form of a trial, he was shot.

Jaurez again occupied the capitol, and was re-elected president in 1871.

There followed a period of three years of comparative tranquility; but in 1874 an insurrection broke out, the insurgents attempting to restore the ancient regime. In a few months this revolt gathered such headway that the president and entire administration was repudiated.

It was in this insurrection that General Porferio Diaz first came into notice as a factor in the Mexican nation, taking the leadership in 1876, and securing the

presidency. He was succeeded four years later by Manuel Gonzales, but became president again in 1884, and held the office continually until exiled by the Madero rebellion, three years ago.

For the almost three decades of the Diaz regime, Mexico came nearer to being a civilized government than at any time in its history, although outbreaks were of frequent occurrence. In 1891, headed by Catarine Gorzu, a general rebellion swept the country; an Indian war followed in 1893 and another in 1895, in the suppression of which Mexico was aided by United States militia. There was a wide spread Yaqui outbreak in 1897, which bade fair for awhile to become a general insurrection.

"The iron hand of Diaz" for the next fifteen years kept the turbulent people of Mexico in a fairly orderly condition, although there was never a time when there were not roving bands of marauders, warring factions and hostile Indians, that kept the country in a state of war and the rurales on the jump.

Diaz was called a hard man, but he was the only kind of man that could successfully cope with the turbulent conditions in Mexico and maintain anything like order among her people.

The people of Mexico are not different now from what they were at the end of the Diaz reign, or from what they were at the beginning of it thirty odd years ago. In fact, two centuries have left but light marks on the Mexican nation as a whole. But the master hand necessary to maintain a semblance of order in Mexico is no longer at the helm, and none among the would-be leaders is big enough to unite and rule the whole people, or lead them against an invading army.

If there is war between this country and Mexico, even with all her factions united, it will be, on our part a war against numerous bands of marauders, highwaymen, guerillas, and a few regiments of disciplined troops, whose ranks have been woefully thinned by the ceaseless fighting of the past three years, and all without an authorized head or a treasury on which to draw for sorely needed supplies.

It is pitiful that we must fight such a people. It is distressing that brave American lives must be sacrificed because the Mexican people have proven themselves absolutely incapable of self government, and because the nation contains not a single man that can guide or govern.

The Leader has no apologies to offer for devoting so much space in this issue to a sketch of Mexico and her people, even to the exclusion of much matter of local interest. Because, there are a lot of ordinarily fair minded people, who, basing their opinion on the rankest kind of misinformation, are harboring the belief that our attitude toward Mexico is that of a bully toward a much injured and peace-loving people.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The Mexican nation is made up of a few high-class citizens, mostly Spanish, a goodly percent of Indians, ranging from the lowest type found on the continent, up through the various stages of barbarism and semi-civilization. And then there is the great mass of the people, the typical Mexican, the Greaser, part Spanish, part Indian, part Negro, and, those who know him best declare, part coyote. No nation was ever more patient or long suffering in dealing with a neighbor, than our country has been with Mexico, and only acted after the acting head of the Mexican nation had premeditatedly heaped insult on our flag and abuse on our soldiers. To those who so freely condemn the United States Government for the action it has taken, the Leader would say—Reserve your judgment until you are absolutely certain you have a right view point and then if your sympathies are still with the Greasers, for the Lord's sake go cast your lot with them, for you are not entitled to the proud name—American Citizen.

sharp and black. The narrow street that was a filthy lane in the daylight took on a strange, mysterious half light. Somewhere a pariah dog barked.

Dick took three steps toward the little window and paused. Out of the night came the distant throbbing of the thunder bird's cry. His guard, who had timidly returned to his post under the window, uttered a yelp of dismay.

"Al yah!" he quavered. "'Tis the thunder bird! It is the friend of the foreign devil. We shall be destroyed!" Dick heard the bars of the door slip aside, then the padding of the coward's footsteps as he scuttled back to his hovel.

"Saved by the thunder bird!" ejaculated Dick as he pushed open the door and stepped into the moonlit night. His first act was to pick up a stout stick from the ground, and his second was to try to locate the thunder bird, and then, seeing it flying as though it came straight out of the moon itself, Dick turned about and went to meet it.

It was still many miles away, and he had to leave the village far behind and to climb up and down many hills before he came within close view of it.

It was flying low—perhaps a hundred feet above the ground—and the closer it came, although it grew larger and more awe inspiring, the more relieved was Dick Forsyth of the United States and Shanghai, China.

Dick jumped up and down and shouted. He tore off his soiled white linen coat and waved it frantically. He swore lustily in four languages as it appeared not to heed his calls.

For an instant he was baffled. Then he put his hands to his lips and forced all his waning strength into the howling roar of his college yell.

There was a queer, siren-like response from the thunder bird. The thunder dulled to a purring throb, growing slower and slower until the thunder bird descended in lessening circles and flapped on the ground.

The thunder bird was a grotesque creature. It had a wing spread of forty feet. Its wings were of canvas, its bones and tendons of steel and aluminum, and its feet were four rubber tired landing wheels. Yes, it was an aeroplane.

Moreover, it was an aeroplane familiar enough to Dick Forsyth, for it belonged to Benny Dorr, who had been one of the first foreigners in Shanghai to startle the natives with the sight of a flying machine.

It was Benny Dorr's flying machine, and there was no doubt in Dick's mind that it was Benny who was disentangling himself from the driver's seat and coming toward him with extended hands.

This explained Benny's escape. He had gone away so as to be able to return and save his friend. But how about Blakely and Remington?

"Well, old chap, I might have missed you if it hadn't been for that zip, zip, zip of yours," cried Benny tearfully as they wrung each other's hands. "I've been scouting around this God forsaken hole for two days now, hoping for a glimpse of you. Blakely has been hidden in a ruined temple back of the town here to keep an eye on you. He was to rush in and clean up the town if they harmed you. Remington went back to Shanghai with me so that in case one of us dropped out the other could go through and give the word about these haughty Chinks! We got there all right, and I came back in this affair, thinking I might discover some way of aiding you to escape by its means. Remington is up there in the temple with Blakely, and they have a dozen husky, trusty men behind them in case you needed help in getting away. How is it you're wandering around here instead of being locked up?"

In a few words Dick told him about the thunder bird and the evil name it had gained among the terrified Chinese. Then he went in to confess how bitterly he had resented the apparent desertion of his friends.

"I don't deserve this, Benny," groaned Dick as he gripped Dorr's hand.

"Don't deserve it, eh?" laughed Dorr. "Don't you suppose we remember how you stayed awake two nights without a wink of sleep when we were taking that cruise in the south Pacific? Blakely and I were about all in, and you—oh, if you object to hearing your good deeds recited, why, don't wonder why we did it!"

"Just follow the thunder bird. Good name, eh? I guess I'll call it that hereafter. Just follow the thunder bird and it will lead you to Blakely's temple. Here's a gun for you in case any of the natives get over their scare and attempt to interfere. So long, Dick!"

In another moment the propeller of the thunder bird was buzzing merrily and the big machine was rocking over the uneven ground preparatory to flight. Then it arose obliquely and flew toward the southeast.

Dick followed so closely in its wake that it seemed as though he vanished with the aeroplane into the night air.

The thunder bird hovered a moment over the ruined temple before it descended to join Dick and his faithful friends.

On a distant hillside above the village of Pao Lao a little group of Chinese saw a sight that filled them with superstitious awe.

They saw the prisoner, the foreign devil, walking along. They saw the thunder bird hovering overhead. They saw it plunge down and pick up the foreign devil and fly away with him to the moon.

Then, because the evil bird had apparently taken what it came after, they lost their fear and went back to their homes relieved of their terror.

Of course the thunder bird never came back to Pao Lao.

Notice Of Administrator's Sale Of Real Estate.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, For Lane County.
In the matter of the estate

of
W. V. De Wald, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, made on the 24th day of March, 1914, in the matter of the estate of W. V. De Wald, deceased, the undersigned, duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of said estate will sell at private sale on the premises or cash in hand according to law the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

Lots 3 and 4, of block 3 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of block 9, Georgetown addition to Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon.

Said sale will commence on the 25th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. and continue till said property or sufficient thereof to satisfy the indebtedness against said estate is sold.

O. I. VER VEATCH,
Administrator.

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ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the county court of Lane County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record the 13th day of March, in the matter of the estate of Euphrasia H. Youmans deceased the undersigned Edna L. Hedrick was duly appointed executrix with the will annexed of said estate. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified as by law required to said administratrix at the law office of Alta King, Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated the 16th day of March, A. D. 1914.
EDNA L. HEDRICK.

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