

# With Huerta Gone, All's Well in Mexico's Metropolis Again

United Press Correspondent, First on the Job as Usual, Sees a Different Mexico City Now Than the One He Was Ordered Out of in the Spring

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD  
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

MEXICO CITY, July 29.—(By mail to New York)—It's a different Mexico.

If all Job's boils had burst at one and the same time, and all the pain and purple, fevered swelling had disappeared in one grand bang of cores, Job might have felt something like Mexico feels today. The wonder to a man who has had a carbuncle lanced is that so much pain can disappear in such a short instant. And Mexico today is like any ex-sufferer of carbuncle—wondering and happy, and willing almost to kiss the surgeon.

A little, iron-gray haired Indian with a stubby mustache had dashed through the streets of the capital one morning in an automobile; he had alighted at a railroad station, climbed into a waiting Pullman, said to the porter, "Hello, my boy; glad to see you! If you've got anything to drink in this car bring me a double cognac." The engine bell had rung, the conductor had shouted "all aboard," the train had started—and the core of Mexico's carbuncle had been expelled.

That railroad engine, No. 27, was the strongly drawing polio; Huerta, slipping his goodbye cognac, was the core; the Mexican capital and all the land of Mexico was the happy patient.

There were hundreds of thousands of men in Mexico who slept soundly that night for the first time in many months. The rich man slept peacefully in his mansion because he knew that at last his wealth was safe; the poor slept soundly in his doze but because he knew that Huerta, the man who in the dead of night dragged poons from their beds and families and put them into his starving army, had gone.

The wonder of it all, to rich and poor, was that anything so small as a Pullman car coach could carry away from the nation such a gigantic horror as this man Huerta had been. But the Pullman car did it.

In the Arabian Nights a fisherman found on the seashore a small casket which contained a terrible genie which, when released, was so huge in size it filled the sky. So the Pullman car, with a little iron-gray haired man sleeping in his clothes, on a red plush settee, inside, contained a terror that had been suspended over the nation like a vast cloud and that had hung over the lives and homes of Mexico's men, women and

children as the shadows of the dead volcanoes hang over beautiful Mexico City.

It is hard at first to believe the change had really come. When I departed from the capital on April 22, howling mobs were traversing the streets, yelling for Yankee blood. I had slipped through the streets under the tarpaulin of a coach to the depot. The cable office had been closed to American newspaper men, and they had been given to understand that they must get out or go to jail.

The only one of our number who was foolhardy enough to stay had been arrested and had "disappeared," and has never been found in any jail or graveyard. It was an ugly Mexico we left on April 22.

But no sooner was Huerta out than the American newspaper men were in. It wasn't a comfortable job coming back either, because we could not realize how great and sudden the change had been.

It was after dark when we drew into the railroad station. There were five of us, the first American correspondents to return. One of us had tried to enter the capital once before, and had been arrested at the station, jailed and deported.

We arranged to leave the train singly, for we expected that secret service men might be waiting for us on the station platform. And so, one by one, we made our way through the depot crowd. But the expected tape on the shoulder didn't come. Only a horde of yelling hotel commissioners laid their hands on us. A Mexican

and an English newspaper man greeted us.

"It's all right," said the Mexican, who used to do his writing in Texas. "Welcome to our city. The old man has beat it. The fly cops have faded away. There are 3,000 Zapatistas on the outskirts of the city hammering to get in, and Huerta has left only 300 soldiers in the city. You fellows are going to see the city looted like a chicken coop. You're here just in time for the big blow-off."

Even the streets seemed different as our coach rolled along through the rain. The presence of horror was no more. A train had carried it away. Peace seemed to brood over the domes and parks and streets and homes of the great Mexican city. What if the Zapatistas were fighting to enter the city? What if the wounded and dying federals of that brave little band of 300 were being brought into the city in coaches and street cars? What if the great auto truck, loaded with Mexican Red Cross nurses dashed past us toward the suburban battlefield? What, even, if the Zapatistas DID come into the city? They were a danger that a man could see and meet, face to face, and fight, hand to hand. They were not an unseeable, untouchable, unfigurable Terror, such as the Pullman car had drawn away. That was how we felt, and that was how the people of Mexico felt that night after Huerta had gone.

But the next day Mexico had begun to find itself again.

The morning newspapers began to tell of the terrible things Huerta had done; of the awful crimes; of murders and assassinations; of millions of money which the fleeing Huertistas had taken with them; of how Huerta had looted the public zoo at the last moment and given a banquet of deer, bear and game bird meat; how his henchmen had matched pennies among themselves for government automobiles which they carried away with them; how one cabinet minister named Losano had almost brained his chauffeur with a bottle as a drunken farewell; how Urrutia, now finding shelter in the United States, had murdered and tortured some of Mexico's wisest men; how Moheno also had sold precious concessions for a song.

Bereaved families began to search openly in graveyards and prisons for knowledge of relatives. Flowers were voted by the ton to Madero's grave. The truth came out. Each man in the capital was his own man's man. Mexico knew she was facing a new day, and a new chance to climb to her place among other nations.

It's here in the capital that one sees most clearly the patience, kindness, bigness and dignity with which the United States, sponsor and protector of the republican form of government on this globe, big brother of all nations that have presidents instead of kings, has treated and helped the republic of Mexico as it stumbled and staggered through the dark days of Huerta's tyranny.

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## NEWSY NOTES OF SHIPPINGTONITES

DOTY IS BORING A DEEP WELL AT BUENA VISTA—LINNEMAN TAKES FLOATING PALACE UP THE LAKE—OTHER ITEMS

(Herald Special Service)

SHIPPINGTON, Aug. 25.—M. R. Doty, former councilman from this ward, is now engaged in boring another deep well on Buena Vista Heights. This one is on his own property.

John Linneman has towed his palatial houseboat up to Rocky Point, where his family will spend two or three weeks rustication.

Ladies and gentlemen, to write news items of interest in the face of the grand pyrotechnic military display now making Europe lurid with its glare is like trying to shave the whiskers off the moon. But we have this to say to the public: If any one refuses to read what we write, they are liable to receive a local declaration of war from the writer.

Captain Taylor's steamer Mazama is engaged in towing barges of lumber from the Utter & Burns wharf on Wood River to the Klamath Manufacturing company at Shippington.

Out of twelve candidates for nominees for justices of the supreme court of Kansas, Mrs. Lizzie S. Sheldon of Lawrence was one of the six successful candidates.

"Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. It has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

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## Town Topics

Party of Lady Tourists.

An auto party composed of Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Miss Geraldine McCown and Miss Meldrum, all of Portland, are visiting Klamath Falls today. The party made the trip here through Eastern Oregon, and will return to their homes by some route east of the Cascades.

Tindall to Furnish Music.

Tindall's six-piece orchestra will furnish the music for the regular Tuesday and Saturday night dances at Moose hall.

On a pleasure Trip.

Having as their only purpose that of thoroughly seeing the country, two Californians, C. E. Emery and A. L. Petrie, left this morning in their wagon for the Golden State, after a trip of several weeks. They came in here from Lakeview, by way of Fort Rock, Sunday, and were accompanied from Dairy by C. W. Sherman Sr., the veteran newspaper man, who will spend a few days here. Mr. Sherman's health is much better this summer, we are glad to report.

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## Theater Guide

Houston's Metropolitan Amusements

HOUSTON'S OPERA HOUSE

SUNDAY, AUG. 30,

Mr. W. N. Sellig Presents

WM. FARNUM

in

"THE SPOILERS"

By Rex Beach

THREE ACTS NINE PARTS

Admission 50c, Children 25c

Reserve Seats at Bonbonniere

MATINEE 2:30. EVENING 7:30

STAR THEATER

"Hoodoo Umbrella,"

"Ancient Temples of Karnak,"

Vitagraph Split Reel

"Price of Victory,"

Lubin Story in Two Parts

"Tommy's Strategem,"

Edison Comedy

ADMISSION 10 CENTS

TEMPLE THEATER

"A Letter From Home,"

Essanay Two-Reel Special

"Her Spanish Cousin,"

Edison Comedy

"The Fate of a Squaw,"

Kalem Indian Story

ADMISSION ALWAYS 10 CENTS

MATINEE DAILY AT 2:30

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## Wisconsin's Boxing Law Is Called a Success

United Press Service

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 25.—

"Boxing under the control of the state athletic commission has reached its highest standard," said W. H. Linger, chairman of the commission, in presenting his annual report today.

"It has also demonstrated that the commission is more than self-sustaining. The state derives almost \$14,000 from this department for the year."

The commission exacts 5 per cent

of the gross receipts of each boxing match held under its direction. Expenses of the body, including the secretary's salary, are not allowed to amount to over \$3,000 per annum. The state, therefore, is enriched by about \$11,000 through its control of this branch of athletics.

Last year boxing clubs held 122 matches in Wisconsin, averaging four bouts to the show. Ten boxers were suspended or barred from the state during the twelve months. Among these was Pack McFarland, who was adjudged guilty of stalling.

## Tomorrow, Wednesday RED LETTER DAY

At the **W** Green Trading Stamp Parlor located in this store. Holders of **W** stamp books should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure FREE stamps.

10 Stamps Will Be Given Free

to the holder of every stamp book brought to this store Wednesday

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