

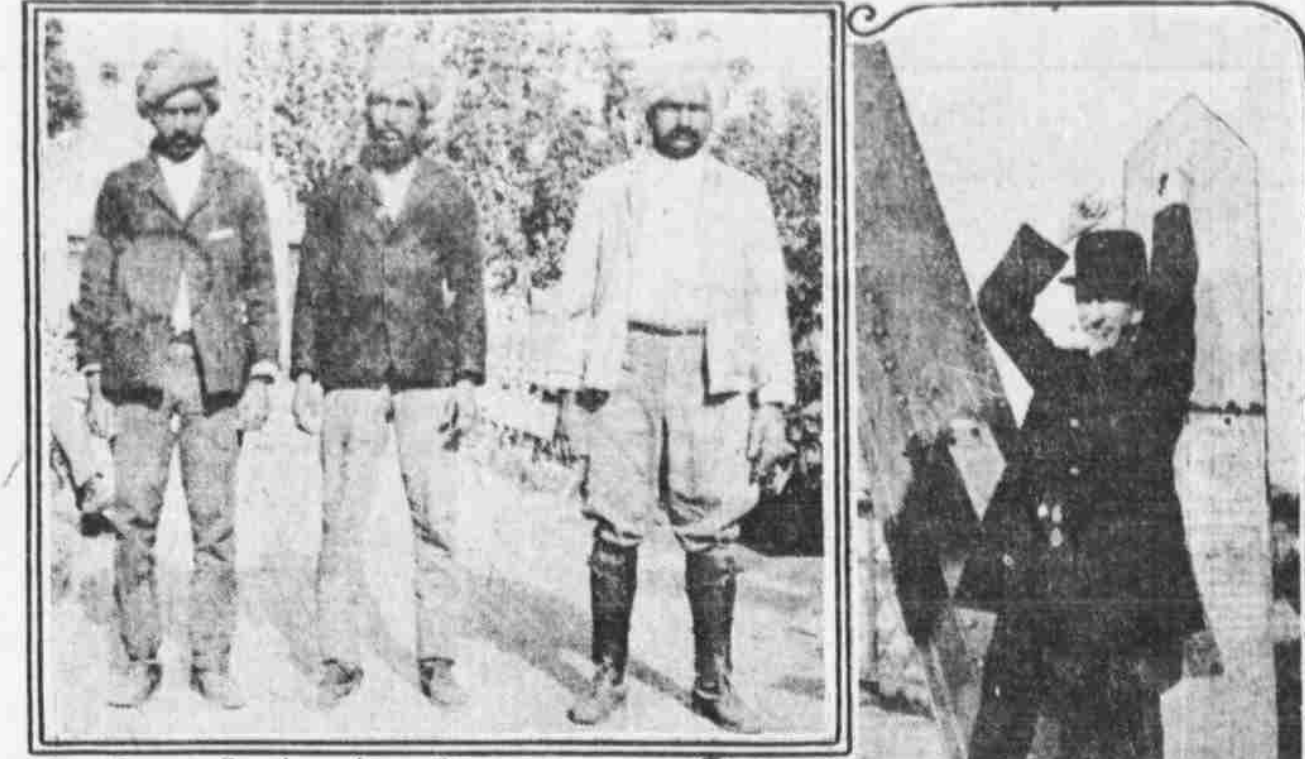
# American Soldiers Police Mexican Boundary

(Copyright, 1913, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

**L**AREDO, Tex.—This is the first of a series of letters which I shall write about our sister country of Mexico. I have come to the boundary by the way of St. Louis and San Antonio, and am now here at Laredo, on the southern edge of Uncle Sam's land.

I had this afternoon the peculiar experience of standing astride the two greatest of the North American republics. I was in the center of the old wagon bridge which here crosses the Rio Grande, and had my left foot and hand in the United States, while my right foot was in Mexico. I know this was the fact, for behind me was one of the boundary posts which mark the outline between the two countries. This was a steel pyramid about a foot square at the bottom and 1 1/2 feet in height. It was plated with silver, and each side of it bore an inscription showing that it marked the boundary line. The carving on the side facing our country was in English and that on the opposite side in Spanish, but both mean the same. The English inscription reads:

"Boundary of the United States, Treaty of 1848. Re-established by treaties of 1848-1850."



Hindoes who try to get into our country



Under these words is the following: "Destruction or displacement of this monument is a misdemeanor, punishable by the United States or by Mexico."

The United States side of the pyramid is marked with the American eagle and the Mexican side in the coat of arms of Mexico. As I stood facing the west, with my right leg in the United States and my left leg in Mexico, I observed the left perceptibly trembled. Perhaps it was for fear of the revolution, which has been so long going on on the southern side of the bridge.

**Our Boundary with Mexico.**

I turned around and looked to the west, my eye following the course of the Rio Grande as far as sight could reach. It is a rapid, muddy, dreary stream, with banks which are ragged and low, and bordered by vegetation as coarse and shaggy as that of the Jordan. The stream is not navigable, and its chief business seems to be to mark the boundaries between the two countries and to give a treacherous and dangerous task to some thousands of United States soldiers.

The Rio Grande is winding. From here to the Gulf of Mexico its course on the map looks like the teeth of a saw, and running northwest to El Paso it curves in and out and makes great bends covering almost double the linear distance between those two points. At El Paso the river leaves Mexico and runs north into the United States, and our boundary here is marked. The whole length of the boundary, with its many curves, roughly speaking, is quite as long as from New York to Salt Lake City, and this whole line, running through the most desert regions of the United States, is now patrolled by our troops.

**Guarding the Rio Grande.**

On my way here I stopped at San Antonio and had a talk with the officers in charge of the post there. They tell me that the river is especially difficult to guard. It flows through a desert, and when its waters are low it can be easily forded. All along it the Mexican rebels have been trying to catch the United States troops. Boxes and crates, labeled agricultural machinery, filled with guns are dumped off at some way station along the railway, and the Mexican raiders steal over and try to bring them across. The railways in most cases are quite a distance north of the boundary and the troops have to watch the trails and water holes to catch the brigands.

In addition to this there are many ranches not far from the river, to which the Mexicans will come to steal horses, cattle and food, and a continual outlook has to be kept for hundreds and thousands of miles. This is done with a small force. One man will patrol a line thirty or forty miles long, and there are detachments of troops at every eighty or one hundred miles.

The men live in little tents out in the desert, and one of the great troubles is to get supplies to them. Many of the camps are from fifty to 100 miles from the railroad, and it takes a wagon or pack train from ten days to three weeks to make the round trip. There is practically no food in the country, and the men have to live on dried meat, canned stuff and hardtack. They boil and filter the water of the country, and all are inoculated for typhoid fever before starting. The country is so arid that the only trails can be from water hole to water hole, and much of the work is watching these water holes.

**Keeping Out the Smugglers.**

Another job which Uncle Sam has set along this boundary is the prevention of smuggling and the keeping out of the Chinese, Hindus and others who are trying to sneak across into the United States contrary to our exclusion laws. Within the last two or three years many Chinese have been smuggled across, at the rate of \$50 per man, this being the price paid by each celestial for his successful landing. It is different now. The government has a band of mounted scouts, who are under the Department of Commerce and Labor, and whose only business is to run down and capture such characters. One of these men, Tom Gurley, has taken sixty-four Chinamen within less than a year, and in addition has captured a large number of smugglers. The Chinese are still attempting to cross over, and they are now offering as much as \$1,000 apiece for a successful landing.

Right here at Laredo I met a large party of Hindoes who were trying to get into our country. They were on the southern side of the bridge, in the plaza which forms the center of the Mexican town of Nuevo Laredo. They were tall, dark-faced, strong, husky East Indians, and the chief was a turbaned Hindoo from the Punjab.

I asked him where they were going, and he told me he had brought the gang of forty-three with him from the Panama canal. They had traveled first to Guatemala, and had come by the Pan-American railway from there to Mexico. They had gone clear across that country to Laredo, and are now hoping to go through Texas to California to find work on the farms and railroads there. The chief explained to me that the authorities at Washington had kept his party waiting for two weeks at Nuevo Laredo, and that he could not learn when they were likely to leave. He said that they were likely to be sent to the Hindoo. They grabbed four of these Hindoes. One wore fine-looking fellows, all wearing turbans and Indian dress, and it seemed to me as though they might have been tried up bodily out of the streets of

**Delit and dropped down into the Mexican town.**

**The Only Gateway to Mexico.**

During a part of the last year this crossing of the Rio Grande at Laredo has been the only gateway to Mexico. Vera Cruz was closed by the revolution of Diaz, and El Paso had a long period of interrupted traffic on account of the rebels of Chihuahua and other parts of northern Mexico. The bridge at this point, over which the railroad trains went, has been poorly guarded, and I am told that the rebels with a few sticks of dynamite might have blown it to pieces. Uncle Sam has a fort here under the command of Colonel Brewer. The force consists of about 600 cavalry, who have recently come from the Philippines. They are husky, fine-looking fellows, and are ready to move at a moment's notice. In case of trouble their first work would be to seize and guard the railway bridge.

**Mexicans in the United States.**

I am surprised at the Mexicans I find down here on the United States side of the boundary. The trains coming in are packed with peons or Indians, who are coming into Texas to work on the farms. I am told that something like 45,000 came into the United States last summer and fall to aid in harvesting the cotton and other crops. Thirty thousand came by way of Laredo, and more than 15,000 by way of Brownsville. These men were scattered all over Texas, and they got good wages during the harvesting season. Many of them have returned home loaded with money. The current wages for farm work in Mexico are something like 25 cents gold a day, but here in Texas the price for picking cotton is from 50 cents upward per 100 pounds. Many a man can pick two, three or four hundred pounds in a day, and these Mexicans, with their families, often make from \$1 to \$5 a day, and some even more. They spend almost nothing, and as a result are able to keep back home with enough money to go back for the rest of the year. The Mexicans are glad to have them, and I am told that there they are employed by the hundreds on certain estates.

In addition to this there are many Mexicans who have come over to act as servants in the towns of southern Texas. I heard of one, who with his family was employed in Brownsville. His wages were about his gold a month, and he had served the family at these wages for two years or more. He had been asked why he left, and he said that several rocks had been thrown into the car window at travelers who sat by the windows. One such traveler was sleeping. The stone scattered the pieces of glass

**A Walk into Mexico.**

It cost me just one nickel to get into the Mexican republic. This was the toll over the wagon bridge which crosses the Rio Grande into Nuevo Laredo. I was stopped on the Mexican side by three officials and asked if I had any guns or other ammunition, and in returning one of our customs officers asked me if I had any dutiable goods in my clothes.

The difference in the prosperity of the two republics was apparent as soon as I left the bridge. The first man I met was a blind beggar who asked me for alms, and I met more poor people as I came up into the town and went through the narrow, unpaved streets. Laredo, Tex., is a city of the rich. Many of its people have money to burn, and they are raising good money on the lands which lie around them. The people of Nuevo Laredo seem to be just the reverse, although they are surrounded by a country equally good. The town is gone to seed, and its houses of brick, covered with stucco and painted all the colors of the rainbow, are battered and worn. The only sign of active life was in the plaza, where a gaily uniformed band was playing excellent music. I saw soldiers here and there, and now and then passed one of the federal infantry patrolling the streets.

I understand that there is need of the federal and local police just now at

### English Beauty Tells Complexion Secrets

(Miss) in American Home.

Through a fortunate meeting with an English lady, noted for her striking complexion, I recently learned the full meaning of that old adage, "Beauty is but skin deep." She taught me how to remove every muddied skin, revealing the young and beautiful skin underneath. The process is so simple, harmless and inexpensive, I'm sure you'll be glad to know about it. Just get an ounce of ordinary mercurized wash at any drug store and apply nightly, like cold cream, for a week or so. Every morning in washing off the wash, tiny particles of worn-out cuticle come off. The skin is so sensitive and gradual, there's no discomfort. It's a wonderful treatment, as it not only gets rid of the faded or discolored skin, but all of its defects, as chaps, pimples, freckles, pinpoints, blotches, blackheads, etc. I got indebted to the same lady for a remarkable wrinkle-removing formula. One ounce powdered saxolite is dissolved in a half pint witch hazel. Wash as a face bath, this is so effective that just one application takes the lines away and disappears, and even the deepest lines disappear—like a charm.

Most everywhere. The unsettled conditions as regards the government have made the thieves and other criminals more courageous than they have been in the past. Brigandage is common in many districts, and travel in the mountains is almost everywhere unsafe. There are many thefts, and crime, which could be kept in check when the country was quiet, now goes on unimpeded.

As an instance of this the other night a rich Mexican, the owner of a large hacienda, was standing on the steps of a Pullman car. He was something of a dandy, and wore a beautiful sombrero, embroidered with silver and loaded with a heavy silver cord. Such a hat is worth \$5 or more. The train had stopped at a wayside station, and the man was standing, looking out toward the east, smoking a cigarette. It was evening, and the electric lights on the car made bright the silver trimmings of the sombrero. They caught the eye of a peon, who was sneaking up on the westward side of the train, and he, climbing the steps, stabbed the man in the back, snatched the sombrero and got away before he could be apprehended. The American who saw this tells me the stabbed man died.

I have been warned by several travelers to keep the curtains of my berth down when riding at night over the Mexican railroads, and when I asked why, the reply was that several rocks had been thrown into the car window at travelers who sat by the windows. One such traveler was sleeping. The stone scattered the pieces of glass

all over him, and cut a gash or so in his face. His eyes were saved by the fact that he was sleeping when the stone came.

I would say, however, that these cases are extraordinary. Railroad travel in Mexico is undoubtedly more dangerous just now than in the past, and holdups in certain districts are common. I understand, however, that many of the roads have been running their trains uninterrupted during the last year, and I hope to travel over the greater part of the Mexican republic without being robbed. I shall start south to Monterey tomorrow, and will write of conditions and other things as I find them.

### Fortunes in Onions.

Before leaving Uncle Sam's country, however, I want to give you some of the big stories the Texans are pouring into my ears. They say their state is growing faster than the gourd of old Jonah. Right here in Laredo they have proved to my satisfaction that they are making fortunes in onions. Five years ago the land surrounding the town was practically a desert, and it could be bought for from \$1.50 to \$3 per acre. Now you have to cover it with greenbacks to get it. There are already more than 10,000 acres under cultivation, and much of this is in garden patches, devoted to onions which in quality surpass those of Bermuda. The Laredo onion is as white as snow and exceedingly tender. It is often as big as the head of a baby. Last year 2,800 carloads were shipped away from Laredo, and this represented a value of between

\$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. These onions go to our northern markets.

A year or so ago one of the big onion raisers decided to experiment with red pepper. The result was much the same as that expressed in the story of the rather profane grocer, who became converted and was praying at a religious meeting for a poor widow. He said, "Oh, Lord, give this poor woman a barrel of flour!" Oh, Lord, give her a barrel of potatoes! Oh, Lord, give her a barrel of sugar! Oh, Lord, give her a barrel of pepper!" At which point he caught himself and said, "No, don't it, that's too much pepper!"

Well, this Laredo farmer had too much pepper. The crop was so large he could not dispose of it all. He swapped the drug houses, the grocers and the pickle makers, and still had piles upon piles of pepper left. The pepper was analyzed and it proved to be the richest pepper of the world.

### Uncle Sam's Winter Garden.

An even greater revolution as to the values of land has taken place in the lower Rio Grande valley in the neighborhood of Brownsville. There are three counties lying between this point and there that were practically dead ten years ago, but which are now shipping solid trainloads of winter vegetables to St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. They can raise vegetables for these markets three weeks ahead of California, and they begin sending them off when the blizzard is still raging north of Mason and Dixon's line. In consequence four thriving cities have grown up within the last four years. These are San Benito, Harlingen, Mercedes and Mission. They have each 3,000 or 4,000 people and each is surrounded by a rich farming community.

I hear many stories about men who have come to this valley walking on their hands and are now riding about in automobiles. The exports of vegetables are running high into the millions of dollars a year, and over \$15,000,000 of new money has been invested in the valley within the last seven years.

Mr. Holland, one of the owners of the San Antonio Express, tells me that all the counties of the lower Rio Grande valley have rapidly growing, and he cites the instances of three which cover a space about as large as that of Rhode Island. In 1910 the population of these counties had doubled over that of 1900, and they have grown about 25 per cent within the last two years. The land values have also more than doubled, and I am told that the country is still on the edge of its beginning.

I understand that homeseekers' excursions are now run throughout the year, and that great irrigation works are under way. In some places the water is pumped from the Rio Grande by centrifugal pumps with pipes ranging from sixteen to forty-eight inches, and the water is carried by means of pumping stations for miles over the country.

There is another district between here and San Antonio, where the irrigation is by artesian wells. They find the water at from 750 to 1,800 feet and some of the wells flow sufficient to irrigate from 200 to 250 acres. Indeed, the whole of Texas seems to be in an excellent business condition. The farmers are growing rich and the cities are rapidly increasing in size.

**Made in Odeer.**

Wiseman—I admire a man like Jones, who seems to sympathize with every unfortunate brother.

Satiricus—But Jones's sympathy is synthetic.

Wiseman—Why do you say that?

Satiricus—It has every essential ingredient but emotion.—Judge.

### What is the Value of a Human Life Here in Omaha?

(Continued from Page One.)

was not, the parents had a right to recover from the stock yards company if it was responsible in any measure for the death. On the second trial the jury found the unpaid part of the value of the life to be excessive and said a new trial would be granted unless the plaintiffs agreed to remit \$1,000. To this they agreed and judgment stood for \$100. The company again appealed and again lost.

**Child at Own Risk on Tracks.**

The parents of Ralph Waldo Howland, the 6-year-old boy, failed to establish a claim on the Missouri Pacific for his death. He tried to run across the tracks in front of an engine and was killed. The railroad insisted the child had no business whatever on its tracks; it was not at a crossing. Suit was started for \$5,000. After removal to federal court attorneys for the parents dismissed the case when it appeared the court was about to rule against them. The dismissal was without bar, but no new suit has been started.

### Farmer Interrupts Miss Shaw's Address With Marriage Offer

DANIELSON, Conn., Feb. 1.—Six hundred persons, most of whom were suffragists, who were listening to an address by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Suffrage association, in the Danielson theater last night, were thrown into confusion when John Frisbie, a wealthy farmer of Mechanicville, interrupted the speaker and proposed marriage to her.

"Just a minute, Miss Shaw," shouted Frisbie, "I have been a widower for eighteen years. Will you marry me and make me happy? I have plenty for us both."

For several minutes Dr. Shaw stood speechless, then she cried out dramatically: "I don't want a wedding ring. All I want is the vote."

"I hope you never get the vote if that's the way you feel about it," was Frisbie's parting shot as he left the hall.

### Couple Rides Motorcycle Into Open Drawbridge

SEABRIGHT, N. J., Feb. 1.—A young man, with his face dramatically set and a woman with her hair flying wildly, heedless of the warnings that the drawbridge over the Shrewsbury river, just ahead of them was open. Neither rider seemed to hear and in an instant the motorcycle was turning a somersault in the air and the man and girl went into the water. Hundreds of persons ran up, excited at the news that a crazy man had driven a girl and himself into the river, only to find that a motor boat had picked them up safely. Some women who witnessed the affair were almost fainting, when the boys in the crowd shouted, "Get wise, it was all done for the 'movies.'" See the man with the camera over there."

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This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of non-contagious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other Rest Cottage being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.

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FOR  
**GRIP & COLDS**

La Grippe, Grippe, Grip, Influenza, or a hard stubborn or obstinate Cold that hangs on, or by what ever name it may be called is broken up by Dr. Humphrey's "Seventy-seven."

Don't wait till your bones begin to ache, take "Seventy-seven" at the first feeling of lassitude and escape the pains and soreness of the Head, Back and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever, or it may take longer to break up.

It pays to keep "Seventy-seven" handy, it is a small vial of pleasant pellets, fits the vest pocket. At your Druggist, 25c, or mailed.

Humphrey's Home, Medicine Co., 153 William St., New York.—Advertisement

**WE SAVE YOU MONEY**  
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"THE OLD RELIABLE"

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**What The Omaha Bee says about the Co-Operative Plan of Developing and Owning Valuable City Real Estate.**

From Sunday Bee, Jan. 19, 1913.

**Co-Operative Plan and Its Benefits**

The history of every large and growing city shows that the man with capital has reaped the profits from increasing value of centrally located real estate. In every city, property close in advances much more rapidly in value than in the outskirts. This close-in property is in most instances improved with large and expensive buildings, and therefore necessitates large sums to handle. This field has been a veritable mine of opportunity for the man with capital, and the man of moderate means has to be content with much smaller returns for investments in vacant lots, which in most instances are purchased from development companies at an exorbitant figure, or else he turns to speculation in inventories, gold mines or oil enterprises, where in most instances, his money is soon lost.

The average man realizes that improved real estate is the safest of all investments, but the possibility of handling this class of property alone is beyond him. It was on account of this fact that a number of men formed The American Real Estate company in New York City in 1888 under the co-operative plan. This company today, after twenty-five years of operation, owns property valued at more than \$24,000,000 and has besides accumulated a surplus of \$2,000,000 and has returned \$4,000,000 to thrifty investors in all parts of the United States. Since the organization of The American Real Estate company about twenty others have made a success of the plan in New York City.

Patrons who visit the new Empire theater will be gratified to know the exquisite hangings and floor coverings were all furnished by an Omaha concern.

The draperies, carpets and entries were furnished by the stores. The color scheme draperies is a rich purple trimmings. The fabric is quality of silk velour, no drop curtain and the balcony boxes and 1,000 yards of drapes.

The carpets in this theater are used there. On every floor Wilton carpet is as floor. The harmonious.

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**The Stock of this Company Now Sells for \$1.00 per Share.**

**On February 15 Price Advances to \$1.10 per Share**

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It is seldom, indeed, that you'll find an opportunity to buy stock in a company at the par value after it has demonstrated its ability to earn a larger dividend than was promised to the original investor.

That is just the opportunity being offered here. See us before February 15—save the advance in price.

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