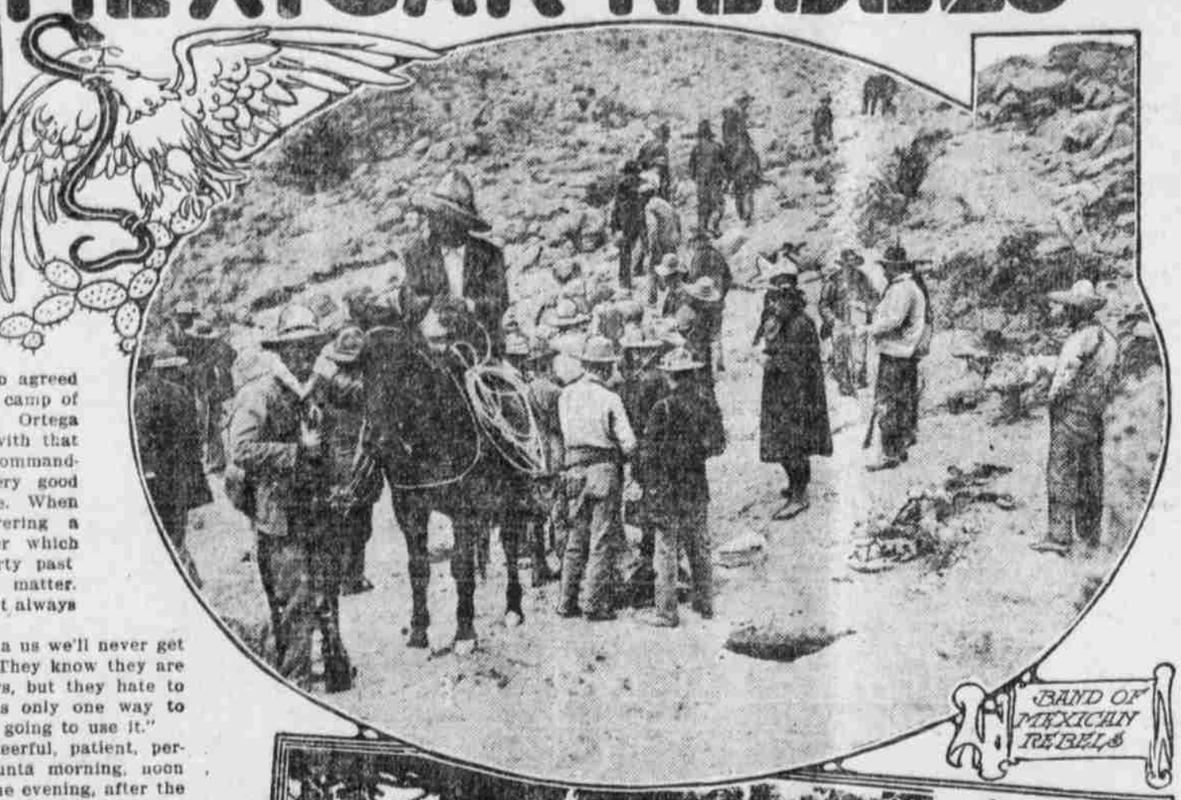
IN CAMP WITH MEXICAN REBELS

A REBEL OUTPOST



BAND OF MEXICAN REBELS

IN THE HOT BED OF REBELLION IN MEXICO

THE junta at El Paso agreed that a visit to the camp of Colonel Torribio Ortega and an interview with that Constitutionalist commander would be a very good thing for the cause. When it came to delivering a passport and letter which would take the party past outposts, that was another matter. They were willing to do it, but always tomorrow.

"If we let them guys manana us we'll never get there," commented Scotty. "They know they are going to give us those papers, but they hate to get down to work. There is only one way to make them get busy and I'm going to use it."

"The only way" meant cheerful, patient, persistent attendance on the junta morning, noon and night until finally, late one evening, after the last promise to have it ready the following morning at "tain o'clock" had been brushed aside, the passport was prepared with great mystery, duly sealed, elaborately addressed and ceremoniously handed over. Before the following daybreak the automobile was streaking down some of the best country road in the United States bound for somewhere around Guadaloupe, a little town something like forty miles distant on the Mexican side.

Locke, the owner of the car, and Jim, the chauffeur, were in front. Locke held the wheel on the country road, but later Jim would take the gasoline bridge. Jim would have been the working mate of Kit Carson, old man Bridger or some of the other giants of pioneer days if he had been a man fifty years ago. Now he is a border chauffeur, able to drive a car any place a goat can climb and willing to go anywhere into the seething interior of Mexico for his price.

"This ought to be a cinch today," Jim said. "We'll get through a humming if we don't run into a bunch of Salazar's men from Juarez out scouting, and they're bad hombres, or some of Castillo's bandits. Split out your passes and don't shove the wrong ones; let me do the talking."

About twenty-five miles east of El Paso the Rio Grande swings into the side of the country road and at the first turn two khaki-clad young cavalrymen with six-shooters strapped to the right hip stepped forth with uplifted hands. Uncle Sam is making an earnest effort to keep down the smuggling of contraband across the border and for that purpose has thrown his soldiers along the international boundary. Inasmuch as the soldiers not only have both factions of Mexicans against them, but the American business sentiment as well, the thing is somewhat in the nature of a farce.

These young cavalrymen, however, were doing their duty as best they could and they wanted to know who, what, where, etc. They were told, duly scrutinized an official pass from the military authorities and took a look through the automobile. Cartridges, like blessings, come and go unawares and they were not taking a chance. Just a little later at what was once an international bridge six more soldiers headed by a sergeant tumbled out of the underbrush and from under the abutments and cried "Halt!"

"Sorry, you know," said the sergeant crisply as he went through the car with the deftness of a customs inspector, "but we've got to do it. Have you an extra morning paper with you? Hey, Murphy, I win that bet! Washington did trim the Athletics."

The river ceased at this point to be the international line because whenever the irrigation will let her have a little water she gets even by finding new channels, cutting across lots and slicing up territory to give a boundary commission a nice summer job. In this particular instance she had sliced into the United States a mile or more, which threw the line a mile or two on the south side of the river, in a low lying flat land, which occasional floods have filled with willows, cottonwoods and dense undergrowth. It is a great point for smugglers.

Just at the end of that mile the fairly good road ended abruptly. Shifting sand, overgrown trails and desolation succeeded. It was as if the car had been dropped suddenly into a far distant country, unsettled and practically unexplored.

Just a mile to the north there has been a hard scientific road passing through farm land brought to the highest point of development. The fields were fragrant with growing, flowering alfalfa, kafir corn, milo maize, fruits and melons. The houses were pretty bungalows or modern concrete dwellings. There were men at work in the fields and their mules and horses were sleek and well cared for. Windmills were drawing water from wells where the gasoline pump was not used. It was all happy, all busy, all prosperous.

Over here the country was stricken. Land just as good as any in the world lay fallow, overgrown with brush.

"We ought to pick up an outpost about now," called back Jim finally. "Look out!"

As he spoke there came from the mesquite covered side of a mesa a single sharp detonating report and something sang by in the air above like a large humming top.

"Sit still unless it's one of the Castillo bunch," came the command; if it is, jump for the mesquite."

Around the edge of the mesa came a horseman with his pony on a dead run, a Winchester swung in one hand, his Mexican sombrero fluttering.

"Rebel," was the decision. "It's all right; get out the junta letter."

The outpost had said that the way to Ortega was straight ahead and turn to the left at a big washout. He raced back to the position he had been in, and off to the right presently another man was seen signaling with a zarape. It was a friendly service, for thereafter there were no shots, although horsemen rode near to the automobile.

Guadaloupe was once a town of about 1,500 inhabitants, a bustling, thriving little community with many characteristics borrowed from over the line. The principal street had several ambitious stores. There was a bank and a telegraph office and the houses of the better class were commodious, of plastered adobe, with patios filled with flower beds. The rooms in some cases were decorated and the furniture imported.

Ortega, commander of the thousand or so men, occupied what was once the principal dwelling of the town, a pretentious Spanish home.

This happened to be the day before Ortega broke camp, hoping to join Pancho Villa in an attempt to capture federal trains carrying 2,000,000 pesos and $80,000 worth of provisions to Chihuahua. Therefore the camp presented a busy scene. The only person who did not seem to be concerned was Ortega himself, who was propped up on a cot reading a novel.

Ortega does not talk much. His answers that day were very brief. He was fighting for the constitution, which had been set aside by the Huerta government after the assassination of President Madero. He would fight until constitutional government was restored or he was killed.

Intervention? He did not fear it because he believed in the good faith of the United States. Mediation or arbitration? He would never consent to either. Arbitration or mediation, any dealings whatever with the administration of Huerta, would amount to a recognition of its status. That would never be done.

Peace was not impossible in Mexico, but could come in only one way, and that was the withdrawal of Huerta and his friends. A provisional president must be chosen according to the constitution, some man who had not connected himself with Huerta and had not connived at the assassination. Seek out the man who would have been president according to law if Madero and Suarez had died naturally and install him in office. If that were impossible, let Venustiano Carranza be president until an election could be held. Personally Ortega thought General Trevino or Dr. Gomez might do, but not Huerta or De la Barra or Diaz or any man of that kind.

He was well satisfied with the progress of the revolution. The Constitutionalists occupied and dominated the greater part of the country and if the embargo on munitions of war were repealed they would drive the federals out of the field in ninety days. He had about 1,300 men, well armed, plenty of ammunition and plenty of food. He was to march away very soon to join Villa. What the plans were he could not say, but a decisive blow would be struck. He would say nothing further, and in the meantime dinner was ready.

Ortega's staff occupied the large house exclusively. His real staff consisted of about six men, but as is usual there were as many more honorary members. The honorary revolutionist is prevalent in Mexico. He is always to be seen until just before a battle, when he finds a mission for himself elsewhere.

There was plenty to eat at the dinner, meat, rice, of course beans, tortillas, coffee with sugar and a particular kind of goat's milk cheese much fancied by the people. After it was over Ortega turned to an inspection of his arms and ammunition, of which he appeared to have a large supply, and after the interpreter had been induced to forego another oration an idea was gained of the life of the rebel.

It seemed a fairly comfortable one. There was plenty of food in sight, comfortable quarters and little military work. Where men were not taking siestas in the shade they were playing cards or gossiping in groups. They were all satisfied-looking and fat.

On all sides raw beef suspended in the air was drying for jerking.

"We are going to move tomorrow," said one youngster of six to Jim. "We will go straight to Juarez," and he spoke as if he had been promised a visit to a circus. Women who heard him called out what they would do when they got into the little frontier town.

One rebel came along and Jim stopped him.

"Say, what are you fighting for?" he was asked.

"Two dollars a day," was the answer, and the soldier passed along.

"What are you fighting for?" the little mechanic captain was asked.

"There is a grievous wrong in my country and there will be no true progress until that wrong has been removed," was the answer. "It is the land system."

"All the land in Mexico is owned by a few families and 90 per cent of it is uncultivated. All of it is untaxed. Until it is possible for the working class to acquire land and until the land is made to bear its share of public expenditures there can be no relief.

"A Diaz might subjugate, but that time has passed. There will be anarchy unless the conditions are improved. Perhaps Carranza, our chief, who is a good man, will change it all when he gets in."

A messenger, hot and dusty, arrived from Villa, at Ascension, sixty miles away, toward dusk and was received with embraces. He brought the final commands of that general, who had been a patriot since he had ceased being a bandit.

Three days later the thousand and more men seen that day were either fleeing over the desert sands of Rancheria, 70 miles away, or were dead, wounded or prisoners awaiting summary execution. The plan had been that Ortega should strike the railway at a point toward Juarez and cut the line behind the treasure trains, while Villa, further south toward Chihuahua, should wreck his end.

Ortega and his men arrived on time, but Villa never moved. Trainloads of federal soldiers, with artillery and cavalry, were expecting them and cut them to pieces. Villa's failure to move is ascribed by him to lack of ammunition. It is only pointed out that the insurance men who had been refusing to touch anything shipped over a Mexican railroad for some time insured the treasure train at 12½ per cent premium and made a lot of money. They seemed to know that Villa would not attack.

Juan Dozal, Villa's lieutenant, left his chief in disgust a day or so later. The incident only shows the uncertainty that exists even in the ranks of the revolutionists themselves.

POULTRY FACTS

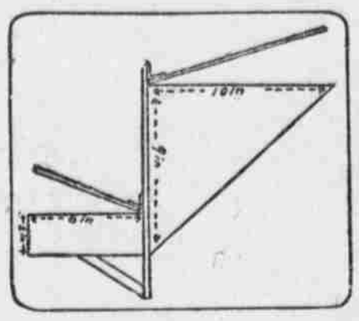
FEED-HOPPER FOR CHICKENS

Receptacles Keep Food Clean and Yet Readily Accessible to the Fowls at All Times.

(By W. R. CONOVER, New Jersey.)

To keep the food clean and yet have it readily accessible to the fowls without constantly taxing oneself to maintain these conditions is often difficult.

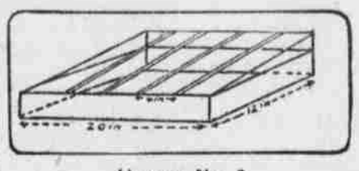
The receptacles themselves must be kept clean. Vessels used for feeding wet washes should be of metal or porcelain, so that a frequent scalding may render them sanitary. Even the wooden troughs for dry feeding should have an occasional scalding and sun-drying.



Hopper No. 1.

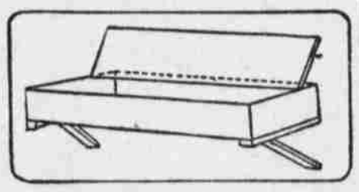
Herewith are given some ideas for hoppers which are adaptable for small or large flocks as dry feed receptacles or for wet feed if the trough part is of metal. Any handy man can make them of wood. If of metal, the help of a tinsmith may be needed.

Hopper No. 1 is a useful style in a poultry house having an alley-way with a partition between it and the poultry compartments. It is arranged so that the feeding trough for the fowls is replenished from the chute-like trough opening into it from the alley-side of the partition. The feeding portion is six inches wide and three inches deep, with a cover that may be raised by means of cord running through the partition. The chute is nine inches high, and six inches wide at the top, with a hinged cover. The space through which the feed passes from the chute to the trough is three inches high.



Hopper No. 2.

When the feed is poured into the chute it fills the trough gradually, but without enough pressure to overflow it. As the birds eat the feed in the chute gradually settles into the trough. The bottom of the trough is two inches above the floor. The trough portion rests upon cleats and is removable.



Hopper No. 3.

Hopper No. 2 is convenient for the small henhouse. It is a simple box with slanting strips four inches apart fastened to a frame which rests over it. It is supported on brackets. It is 2½ inches high and 12 inches in width.

Hopper No. 3 has a cover which lifts and may be hooked back during feeding time. The trough is 24 inches long, 3 inches high and 8 inches wide—five inches of this width being exposed by the lifted cover. This hopper may be made of galvanized metal and used for feeding wet mashes.

POULTRY NOTES

The biggest hen is not the business hen.

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Charring corn is one way of providing charcoal for fowls.

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Don't expect to win every prize that you compete for this fall.

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Some breeds are easier plucked than others. This makes a difference.

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The hen needs a balanced ration, the same as the cow or the man.

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Broken charcoal is a fine conditioner for birds of all ages at all times of year.

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It is the abuse and not the use of corn that condemns it as a poultry food.

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It is very poor economy to inbreed to save the expense of buying new roosters.

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Air slaked lime sprinkled on the floor and on the dropping boards will help to keep the place healthy and the air pure.

The ONLOOKER

BY HENRY HOWLAND

The WORD of HOPE

A poet in whose heart despair
 Had sunk her fingers tore them loose,
And putting on a hopeful air
Sent out a song of courage where
 He feared 'twould be of little use.

"The proud," he said, "perhaps will sneer
 And make my song of hope a jest,
But I shall triumph if I cheer
One weak and weary soul or clear
 But one doubt from some aching breast.

"The ones who scoff, self-satisfied
 And free from woes that warp and kill,
Will toss my song of hope aside
And in their wisdom and their pride
 Show pity for my lack of skill."

"'Tis strength," he sang, "gives faith to seek
 The glad, fair ways that lie ahead;
They fail who sit downcast and meek,
For hope is strong and doubt is weak—
 Joy comes by patient courage led."

There came from those he thought to be
 Self-satisfied one who confessed,
Who bowed in deep humility
And cried: "New hope has come to me—
 Despair was hidden in my breast."

Why fear to preach good cheer? we ne'er
 May guess what heart lies deep in pain;
Each golden arrow shot in air
Is fated to descend somewhere—
 No hopeful word is said in vain.

Not as Bad as He Feared.

It was during his first visit to the city, and the noise and confusion had naturally made him a little nervous.

Suddenly jumping up he started toward the door, without waiting for his hat.

"Where are you running to, Uncle Abner?" his niece anxiously called.

"Gee Whillikins," he answered, "don't you hear them dogs a-fightin'? They must be just natchelly chewin' one another all up."

"Do you mean that noise out in the street? That's not a dog fight. That's Willie and some of his friends saying 'Rah, rah, rah,' and the rest of their class yells."

Joke That Failed.

"Tell the court just how it happened," urged the lawyer. "Why did you hit this man?"

"Well," replied the prisoner, "it was this way: Ye see, yer honor, Oi was walkin' down th' strate and I met this felly leadin' a yellow dog. 'Oh, ho,' says Oi, thinkin' to joke a bit wid im, 'what koind av a dog is that you're ladin'?' says Oi. 'An Irish setter,' says he."

Bravery? Huh!

"Really, I think it is very brave of him to work the way he does, seeing that his father is a millionaire."

"Brave?" he answered, jealousy noticing the splendid arch of her instep, "nothing brave about that. Why, there's more danger in riding a polo pony ten minutes than there would be to work in that old bank for 30 years."

Home.

Home is not the stately palace
 With its acres stretching far;
Home is not the cottage under
Those outspreading branches yonder—
 Home is where the loved ones are.

Home, when all the tasks are ended,
 May be on some distant star,
Or it may be where the clover
Scents the breezes blowing over—
 Home is where the loved ones are.

Making It Easy for Honesty.

"I tell you honesty pays in the long run."

"I suppose it's easy for honesty to do that, because there are so few people who don't try the short cut."

No Way of Knowing.

"Do you know that your husband is a terrible flirt?"

"How do you expect I could find it out? You don't suppose he flirts with me, do you?"

What It Did for Her.

"I suppose your daughter's trip abroad did her a wonderful amount of good?"

"Yes, she always says 'I fancy' instead of 'I guess.'"

Precaution.

"Where are you going with that ambulance?"

"To the depot to meet my family. They've been boarding at a farm for the past six weeks."