

PLOTTERS OF MEXICO

Supply of Incriminating Evidence Is First Move.

No Conspirator Is Recognized as Such Unless This Qualification Is O. K.—Mexican Situation From Humorous View Point.

(The life of a correspondent in Mexico City is not what it is cracked up to be. War correspondent and Mexican correspondent are synonymous. Despite the fact that a Mexican correspondent never knows at just what moment he is liable to be "thirty-third," which means being fired out of the country, after an unpleasant and dangerous experience in Mexican jails, a Mexico City correspondent has been able to see the humor of the situation as it exists today in the turbulent Latin-American republic.—Editor's Note.)

Mexico City.—The first thing a Mexican does when he becomes a conspirator, or joins a rebel junta, or apprentices himself to learn the trade of handiwork, or gets into the Plotters' union, is to supply himself with incriminating documents. No conspirator against the provisional government of Citizen Gen. Don Victoriano Huerta, presidente interino constitutional of the United States of Mexico, is recognized as a plotter in good standing unless he carries "them papers" on his person.

When a man is initiated into a circle of Carrancista or Zapatista or Vazquista or some other "ista" conspirators, he takes a terrible oath never to reveal the secrets of the order, even though he be put to slow torture. Then signs and passwords are given him and a large bunch of incriminating documents is confided to his care. The "documents" may differ in detail, but they always contain the names and addresses of all the conspirators and a full expose of their nefarious plans and projects, with diagrams.

All the conspirators carry these documents in their breast pockets when they wear coats, and in the pistol pockets of their trousers when they don't. Sometimes—but this is very rare—they leave the incriminating documents in their office desks or lying on their bureaux at home.

Some of the members of the chamber of deputies who were arrested by order of President Huerta October 19 for conspiracy against his govern-

REAR ADMIRAL PEARY AND HIS "SNOW BABY"



Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the north pole, and his daughter, Miss Marie, specially posed on board the Kaiser Wilhelm the Grosse, on which vessel Miss Peary returned to America the other day after an absence of 18 months. Miss Peary is known all over the world as the "snow baby," because she was born in the winter quarters in the arctic during one of the north pole discoverer's earlier trips, when Mrs. Peary accompanied him as far north as his base of supplies.

members of the diplomatic corps to the national palace and told them in an aggrieved tone how those tell-tale papers had been found in the deputies' desks by the police. He really was very angry about it, for, as he and everyone knows, it is the correct thing in the best plotting circles to carry such papers on the person, where the secret police can get at them without vexatious delay and trouble. There can be little doubt that the imprisoned deputies will get much severer sentences than they would have received had they not maliciously sought to annoy the police and cause delay by leaving these incriminating documents in their desks, instead of carrying them to jail, where they could have been found without trouble when the deputies were searched.

There are instances of record where suspected plotters have mysteriously disappeared and their relatives have known them no more, but in all such cases the missing ones invariably were careful to leave their incriminating documents where the police could find them without trouble, thus making it pleasanter for all. Sometimes the incriminating documents are found neatly tied up with the last will and testament of the departed. Sometimes they are hidden, but the police are wonderful experts at finding them. Relatives and friends will search a room for hours, not leaving a square inch unexplored, and discover nothing whatever, not even a scrap of writing. Then the police will come and glance carelessly around and presto, in the shake of a lamb's tail they discover enough incriminating documents to paper the room itself.

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CREED NOT AN ESSENTIAL

Easy Enough to Be Quite Religious Without Being Doctrinal.

Providence, R. I.—Almost any Sunday we can find something mentally stimulating among the letters to the editor, remarks the Providence Journal. Of such quality was a letter from Greene one Sunday referring to a recent discussion of a "creedless religion." A prominent clergyman and an equally prominent publicist came into disagreement over the question of religious instruction in the public schools, in the course of which the layman declared that "religious instruction must be in accordance with some creed," and therefore was out of the question as a policy in the schools. There are thousands of all creeds who will heartily agree with the substance of this opinion. G. K. Chesterton flatly expresses the same idea in "A Miscellany of Men," and his interesting way of putting it is worth noting:

"Don't use a noun and then an adjective that crosses out the noun. An adjective qualifies, it cannot contradict. Don't say, 'Give me a patriotism that is free from all boundaries.' It is like saying, 'Give me a pork pie with no pork in it.' Don't say, 'I look forward to that larger religion that shall have no special dogmas.' It is like saying, 'I look forward to that larger quadruped who shall have no feet.' A quadruped means something with four feet; and a religion means something that commits a man to some doctrine about the universe. Don't let the meek substantive be absolutely murdered by the joyful, exuberant adjective."

All of which is very clever, in the usual Chestertonian style, but it is misleading—largely false as well as true. What a religion means depends somewhat upon the individual who professes it. It does commit the individual to some definite doctrine about the universe, but that doctrine may be broad, shallow, narrow or deep. It may be simple or it may be full of complexities and inconsequential details that have nothing to do with the fundamentals of "religious belief" in the broad sense. The danger of doctrine is that it is almost inevitably bound to expand, develop and multiply, so that in time there is a whole family of doctrines all grouped under the original title and recognized as part of the conventional system.

Mr. Chesterton is misleading when he says that the man who looks forward to a religion that shall bear no special dogmas might as well declare that he wants a pork pie with no pork in it. This might apply to any distinctive doctrinal faith, as, for example, the Baptist who should express his longing for a Baptist religion that would be sufficiently advanced to discard the rite of baptism, but it is ridiculous when applied to "religion" without a specification of creed. Surely there is a possibility of something worthy the name of "religion" that does not commit its followers to any elaborate creed and is practically free from special dogmas. There will be many agree with the gentleman from Greene in his belief that creeds are likely to be of much less importance in the future than they have been in the past.

"He Was a Good Fellow."

Baltimore, Md.—Charles Printzala, amateur stamp collector, who died several months ago, had requested that a monument bearing the epithet "He was a good fellow," be placed over his grave. His estate consisted of 15,000 stamps' worth, he said, \$15,000. Until the stamps are sold the monument must wait.

FREES ALL HER PRISONERS

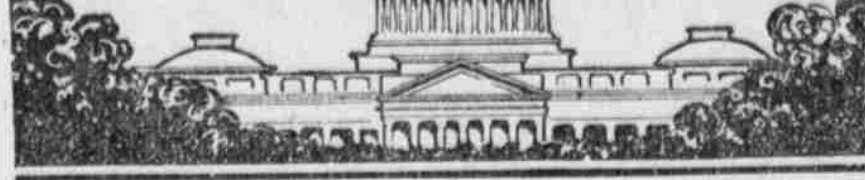
Portugal Government Turns Loose 300 Illiterates, But Keeps the Intellectuals.

Lisbon.—In order to square itself with the opposition, but more particularly with the world at large, the government, on the third anniversary of the republic, released 300 Royalist prisoners, some of whom had been kept in jail for three years without trial. This act has called forth censure from the Carbonari press—which declares that the royalists "should have been allowed to rot in prison," and that "the government has shown that it fears foreign criticism." The release, however, is not so much to the credit of the government as the first cabled news of it implied or the Carbonari censure indicates.

The majority of the prisoners now released are peasants and poor workmen, a distinction having been drawn by the government between these and the less poor or the better educated. It is a curious distinction, and to the ears of a demagogue may have a fine sound and dignity, but it is one which a moment's consideration shows to be untenable and absurd. It is presumably not intended to be a premium on illiteracy, for the government professes a horror of illiteracy, but it is, in fact, a premium on servility, meanness, and obsequiousness. It is designed, says the government, to divide the responsible from the irresponsible. A hundred and twenty of the better educated prisoners remain accordingly in the penitentiaries. But it requires

It is computed that one bullet in 10,000 in warfare is effective.

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Only Two Steps to Get Outside the Circulation

WASHINGTON.—Charles A. Kram, auditor for the United States postoffice department at Washington, at one time in his younger days worked in a country printing office. His stories of country newspaper editors are famous at the Capitol, where he often interjects an anecdote to illustrate a point when appearing before some of the congressional committees.

At one time, when he was explaining circulation matters to a committee he told of the yarn of a certain colonel who was the editor of a flamboyant sheet in the south, which sometimes distributed as high as a hundred copies a week.

The colonel had an old tramp printer on his staff who could stick type and drink whisky with greater faculty than any other man in the world. He kept him alive, furnished him with a half dollar now and then, and always put him off with an evasive answer whenever the genius would make a flat appeal for back pay. One day the printer, having accumulated an extra fine jag and an extraordinary amount of dignity, approached the colonel with the threat to resign unless the ghost walked.

"Resign," shouted the indignant colonel. "You low-lived companion of the run fiend! Resign! Why, you'd be as helpless as a babe in the woods. You couldn't find as much shelter without me as could a vagrant fox in a strange wood. You ingrate! I have supported you in ease and luxury for no return and now when I am temporarily embarrassed you threaten to turn against me! Why, if you ever dared to do a thing like that I would denounce you with all the vitriolic power of my pen! You would be scourged with my scorn and no decent man who reads my journal would look at you again!"

"Whereupon the printer turned up his nose. "Denounce me!" he said with fine dignity, while leaning upon the desk for support, "go ahead and do your worst! I don't care. Why, I could take two steps and be outside of your circulation!"

Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty Is a Real Censor

AMONG the many duties which fall to the lot of Joseph P. Tumulty, the president's secretary, is that of censor. His right of selection is exercised on the president's mail and on his visiting list. It is benevolent censorship and one the president could not do without. If he saw everybody and read everything designed for his inspection he couldn't get any sleep nor could he perform his duties.

For that reason, if you have any personal business with the president of the United States, you had best see Mr. Tumulty. He is the easiest man in Washington to have a chat with. If you know a congressman or a newspaper correspondent, you can see and speak with Mr. Tumulty within an hour. And if the petitioner's mission is one the president need know of personally, the president will see the petitioner or know of the petition within five minutes. But if it isn't—then J. P. Tumulty, for all his blue eyes and yellow hair and beautiful complexion, is a wall of adamant, one million miles high. The white enameled door between the secretary's big room and the president's office seems a poor and ineffective barrier that a humming bird might demolish with his bill until Joe Tumulty, raising his soft Irish voice a little, remarks to an importunate one:

"No, sir, you can't see the president.

Then it becomes the great wall of China.

The president, in the simple bucolic days when he was a governor of New Jersey and just fixing to be chief executive of the nation, thought he would have that door open all the time. But he has changed his mind. And it wasn't because of anarchists or lunatics, either. It was because he just naturally hasn't time to fuss with the people and the things that confront him every day.

It Was Her Debut Into Public School Circles

IF you had been in Washington the 22d of September you might have seen a lawney-haired Victor Murdock of Kansas, militant, eager and optimistic leader of the Progressive party in the house of representatives, on his way to the Henry D. Cooke school with his little seven-year-old daughter by his side.

It was the first day of school and little Miss Murdock was going to enter the first grade. It was her debut into public school circles.

Now, the Henry D. Cooke school is an imposing edifice, said to be one of the finest examples of school structure in the country. Everything about it is imposing—the broad front steps, the entry, the assembly hall. But most imposing of all was the gentleman whom Representative Murdock queried about the requirements of a little stranger getting a seat in the first grade.

Later Mr. Murdock found the teacher of the first grade.

"Isn't it too bad a person has to go through so much red tape to get a child in the public school?" asked Mr. Murdock.

"There isn't any red tape. All you have to do is to bring the child and leave her. We do the rest."

"But I was talking to the principal, and he told me I would have to get affidavits and certificates and a dozen other things," said the Progressive leader.

"He told you!" exclaimed the pretty teacher in surprise. "Our principal isn't a man; it's a woman, Mrs. C. B. Smith."

Just then the imposing-looking man with whom Murdock had talked walked by.

"Isn't that the principal?" he inquired. "He was the man who told me."

"No, indeed, Mr. Murdock!" laughed the teacher. "He is not the principal—he's our janitor!"

Stamps Licked to Order During Christmas Rush

CHRISTMAS gift givers this year will not be forced to lick their own stamps when they affix the proper postage to their parcels for mailing unless they wish to, for the postoffice department announced the other day that its postmasters and their assistants would attend to that duty if required.

The innovation is put in force in the interests of better mail service during the holiday rush and is expected to facilitate the movement of the vast crush of matter that will tax the resources of the department's many employes.

Orders were issued to postmasters to affix postage when required on mail matter of the second, third and fourth class, the latter being parcel post matter. The stamps will be pre-cancelled and the plan is expected to prevent the great waste of time experienced by postoffice patrons while waiting in line to buy postage and mail their packages.

"Under such authorization," declared Postmaster General Burleson, "when a parcel is presented for mailing, the clerk receiving it, after collecting the required postage, may endorse on the parcel the amount of the postage, which later will be affixed by an employe of the postoffice."

The postmaster general believes his plan will result in a great saving in time to the department as well as to the people.



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