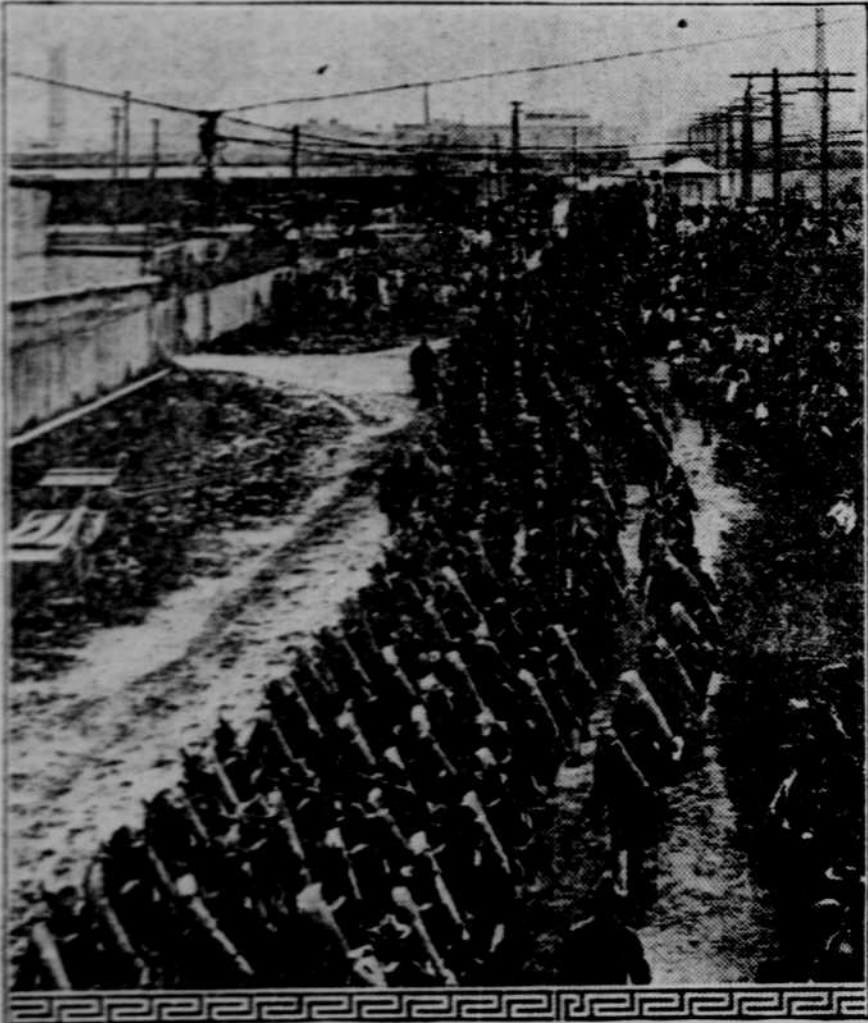


STRATEGIC POINT ON VERA CRUZ RAILWAY



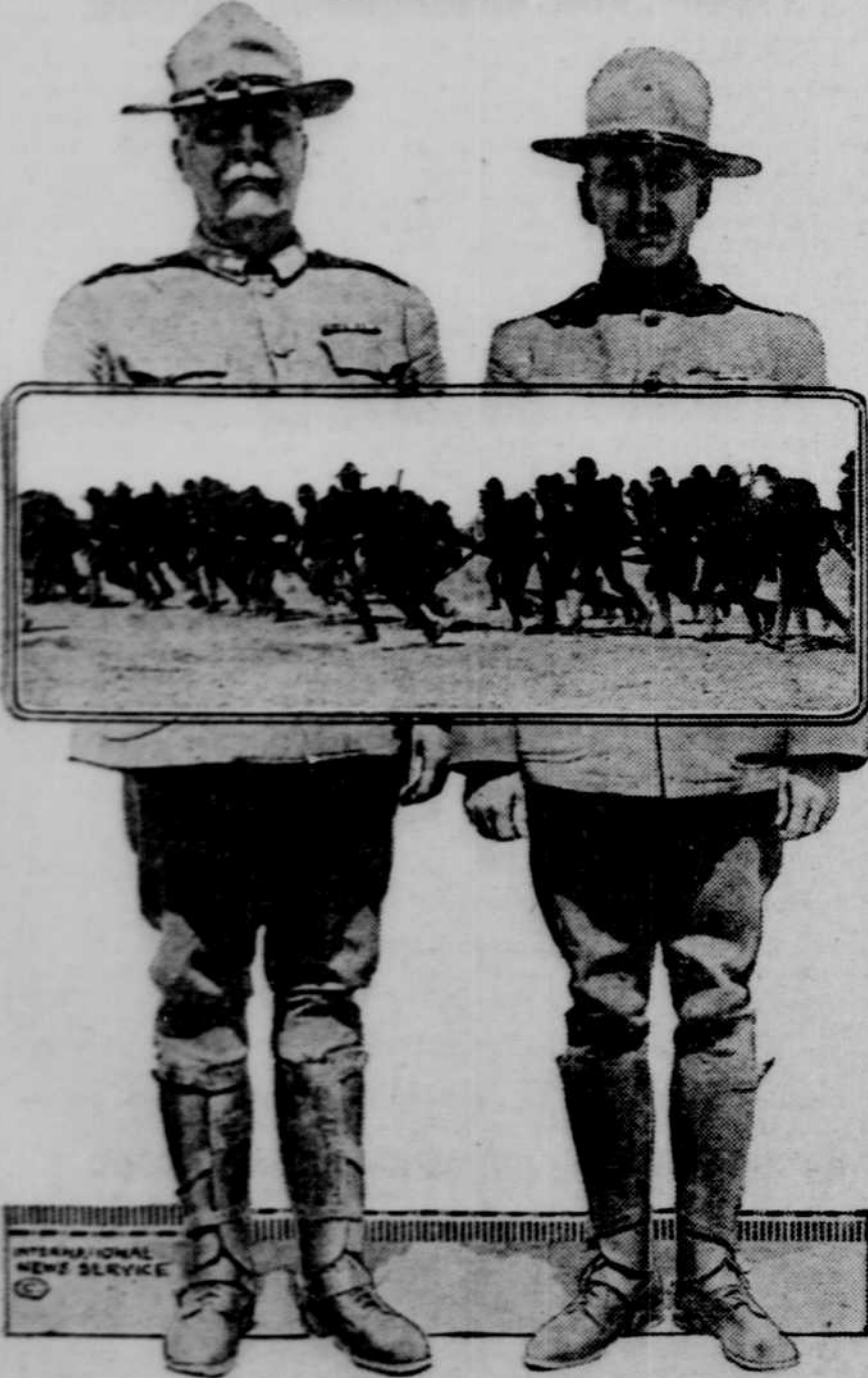
This is one of the two bridges on the line of the railway from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, the control of which means much to the success of the American troops. The bridges are only a few miles from Vera Cruz, and their destruction would seriously hamper the movement toward the capital.

FIFTH BRIGADE EMBARKS AT GALVESTON



The Fifth brigade, U. S. A., under command of Brig. Gen. Fred Funston, on its way to the transports at the Galveston docks, where it embarked for Vera Cruz. In the brigade are about 4,700 officers and men, comprising the Fourth, Seventh, Nineteenth and Twenty-eighth infantry, the Sixth cavalry, one battery of the Fourth field artillery, a company of engineers, a company of the signal corps and an ambulance corps.

BORDER COMMANDERS AND TROOPS



Colonel Loughborough (left) and Colonel Perkins (right), of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, now on the Mexican border, and some of their troops in action.

ROAD TO MEXICO CITY WILD AND PERILOUS

American soldiers marching to Mexico City from Vera Cruz along the Mexican railway would pass through a country of ever varying topography. Mountains, ravines, level acres on which haciendas stretch their fertile breadth—all are found. The hot, fever-filled, sultry tropics give way to cooler, fresh-aired table lands on the great Mexican plateau. Old and quaint cities, resembling

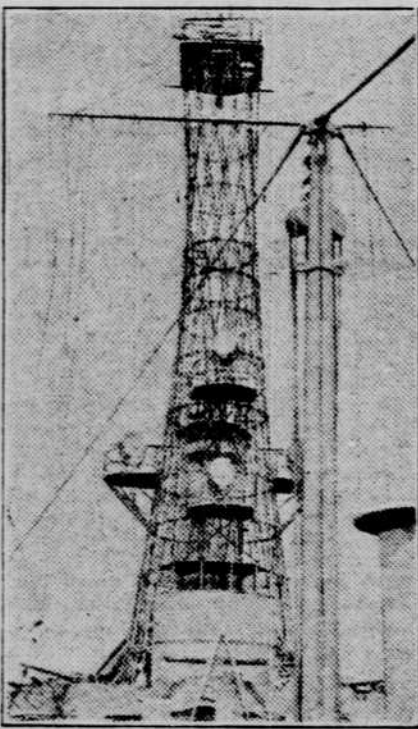
the homes of Seville and ancient Spain, come at frequent intervals along the railroad in the higher altitudes, where the heat of the sun is tempered by rarified air. The haciendas or ranches are owned chiefly by wealthy Mexicans in this part of Mexico. Some of them cover hundreds of productive acres, which in the temperate altitudes bear abundant crops of wheat, corn, tobacco and

GENERAL FRED FUNSTON



Brig. Gen. Fred Funston is in command of the Fifth brigade, United States army, which went from Galveston to Vera Cruz to carry on the work begun by the men of the fleet.

FIRE CONTROL MAST

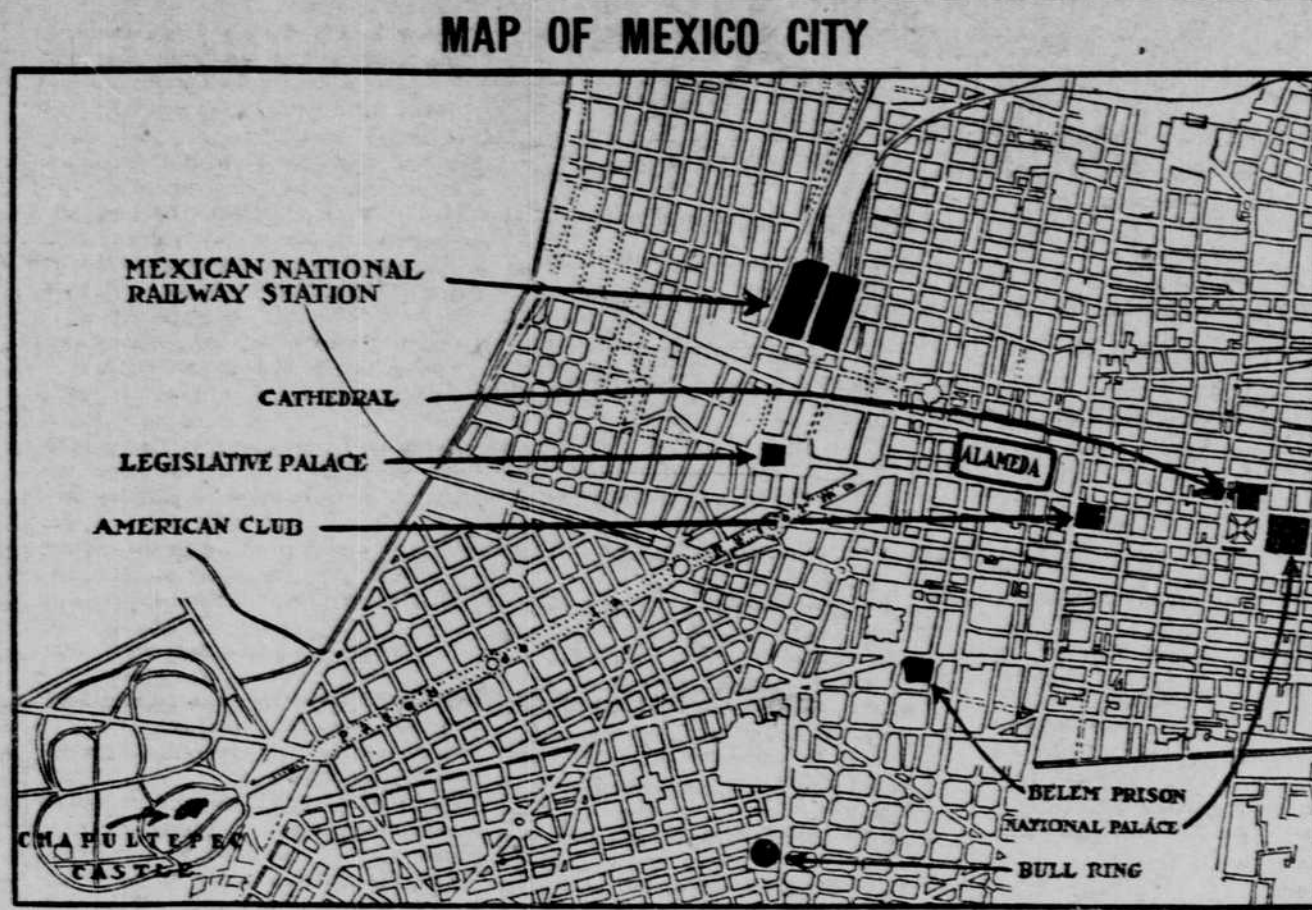


The lattice work mast of an American battleship, from the top of which the fire of the guns is controlled.

MESSAGE FROM THE BRIDGE



These sailors are sending a message from the bridge of a battleship by what is known as the Ardois system of signaling.



SHOT WHILE RAISING FLAG



When George D. Poinsett, able seaman from the United States battleship Florida, went down beneath federal rifles at Vera Cruz, the first American killed fighting for his country in the present trouble with Mexico, his name went into historic records which will live when most of us are forgotten. He was shot and killed while he was raising the flag, for which he gave his young life, over the customs house at Vera Cruz.

COL. C. M. O'CONNOR



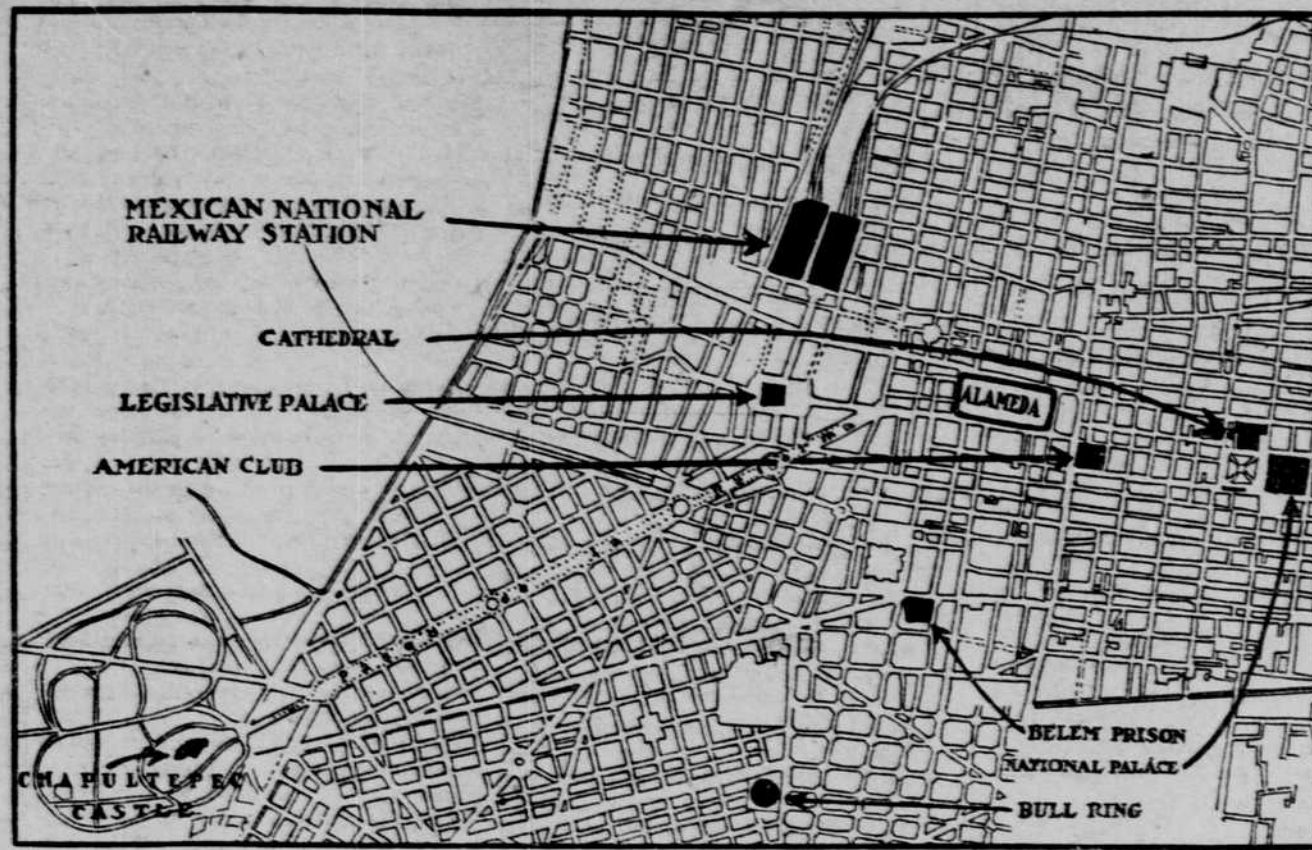
Col. Charles M. O'Connor of the Second division, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Texas City.

MEXICAN FOREIGN MINISTER



Senor Lopez Portillo y Rojas, the minister of foreign affairs in the cabinet of General Huerta.

MAP OF MEXICO CITY

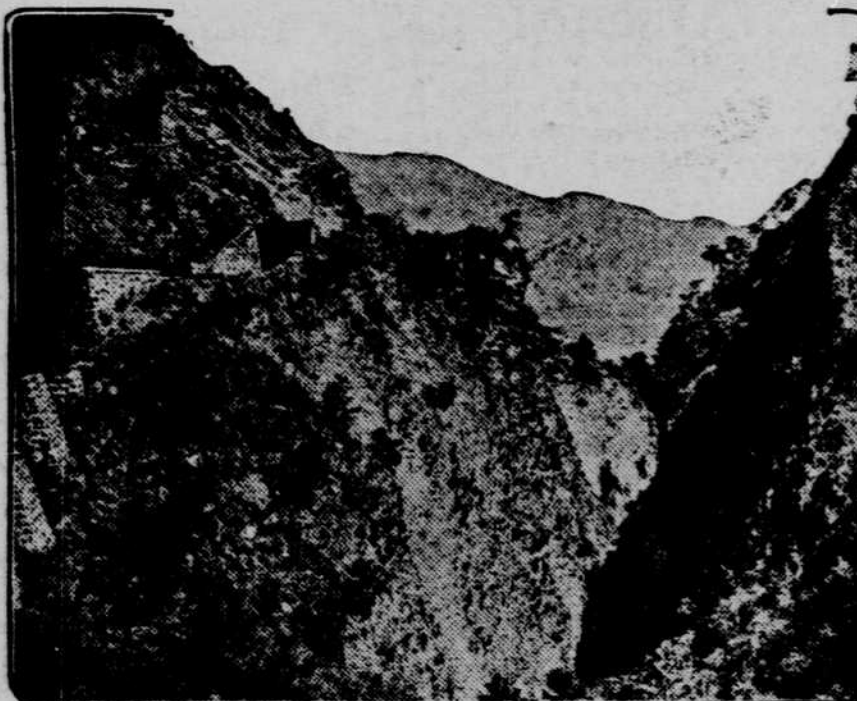


WHAT OUR GUNS DID TO VERA CRUZ



Because scattered bands and individuals would not cease firing at the Americans in Vera Cruz, Admiral Fletcher was compelled to order that the city be shelled by the warships. This photograph shows how the buildings were battered by the naval guns.

ALONG THE ROUTE OF INVADERS



This bit of scenery along the route from Vera Cruz to Mexico City is a fair sample of the kind of mountainous country through which an invading army must make its way from the coast to the capital.

MEXICAN "SNIPERS" IN VERA CRUZ STREETS



"Snipers" picking off American bluejackets and marines after the landing at Vera Cruz. It was the activity of these marksmen, behind walls and on housetops, that made necessary the shelling of the city.

BRUSSELS DRY TOWN

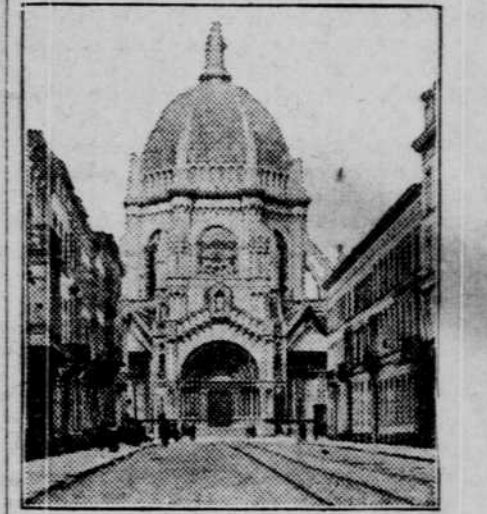
River Senne Shown on Maps Is Covered Up.

Now Flows Literally Under Belgium's Capital, the Great Boulevard of the City Covering It—Metropolis Has Many Winding Streets.

Brussels.—It is related in the guide books that "Brussels" means the "city on the marsh." Nowadays visitors will look in vain for a marsh, or, in fact, for any sign of a river, although the maps show that the Belgian capital lies on the Senne, a tributary of the Scheide. Many years ago the stream was not merely put in harness, but put out of sight. It now flows literally under Brussels, the great boulevards covering it. Here and there a basin has been left for lighters to carry goods to the seaport, but the aspect of the city in chief is that of a strictly dry town.

Whatever may have been the original character of the soil on which Brussels was established, centuries ago, its marshy nature has been completely altered. The precipitous hills flanking the old town were early occupied as the community grew, and the streets were carried up their sides in the easiest possible curves. Thus the Brussels of today is a city chiefly of narrow, crooked ways, with no perspectives save in the newer portions. Indeed, so accustomed have the people become to the curving streets that they insist upon following the same plan in laying out new streets, and so some of the fine modern thoroughfares are bent hither and thither, preserving the old-time system, which is utterly destructive of one's sense of location.

In old Brussels little space was wasted in street making, and less in sidewalks. There is room in some of the busiest downtown streets for two vehicles to pass, and at the same time two reasonably slender people can



Church of Middle Age Architecture.

walk on either side of the traffic. But most of the sidewalks are built for single occupancy and some of them tax the balancing powers of one.

In consequence of these conditions the majority of the Belgians walk in the streets, and ever since my arrival I have been marveling at their freedom from accidents. My first impulse was to propose the immediate formation of a Street Safety association, but now it is evident that the whole population is already enrolled in one of the oldest organizations of that kind. They take very good care of themselves, and the drivers and chauffeurs are exceptionally watchful and considerate. A street accident is a rarity, for the reason that even though every one goes across the thoroughfare at all points vehicles are kept at all times strictly under control. The noise of the gongs of trams and horns of motors and the sharp cries of carters, whose "Attention" serves quite as well as an electric signal, make the streets noisy, but it is good noise, for it means security.

There is no rule of the road for pedestrians, although vehicles follow the right-hand rule prevalent in the United States. It would be impossible to maintain a fixed passing rule for foot traffic, for the sidewalks are not wide enough to permit regularity. You simply do the best thing under the circumstances, and if a collision results ask pardon and pass on. No one is ever annoyed at being bumped, and it is quite common for a couple walking together to be separated by a passing pedestrian. Nor is there any sort of precedence for women. A man naturally gives way, but it is common to see a handsomely dressed woman step from the sidewalk to give the wall to a passing man, who takes his way without question.

HIS FINGER PRINTS BLANK

Noted New York Criminal Nearly Succeeds in "Beating" Modern Police System.

New York.—The infallibility of the finger-print test hung in the balance for two weeks, until the police discovered a way to bring out the characteristic whirls and loops erased from the digits of an aged criminal. The man, who, for a time seemed to have found how to beat the system without actually mutilating himself, is dead, and the police are still trying to learn his method.

He was picked up in the street, unconscious, two weeks ago, and he died in the hospital without revealing his identity. In an effort to learn who he was, the police took an impression of the finger tips, only to find they were smooth as paper.

When chemists of the detective bureau finally brought out faint lines upon the hitherto blank surface, they compared them with their records and discovered that the dead man was Patrick Walker, alias Napoleon Green, once a famous burglar.

Sentences Millionaire to Rock Pile. Portland, Ore.—W. C. Barker, a millionaire clubman, pleaded guilty to a charge of speeding expecting Judge Stevenson to assess a small fine. The judge sentenced him to five days on the city's rock pile.

beans, just as do the states of similar climate in the United States. Rubber plantations stretch along the lower tropical regions.

Vast unexploited forests of pine and oak clothe the mountain sides in unchanging green. Beneath the ribbed hills run rich veins of valuable minerals. Along easy slopes through the heart of the tropics the railroad runs in a great arc to Cordoba, seventy miles west of Vera Cruz. Then it winds up through rugged foothills to

Esperanza, on the eastern brow of the great central table land.

There, 108 miles from Vera Cruz, it reaches an altitude of 7,970 feet. It has passed over great ravines and deep gullies which are spanned by steel bridges, which often give way at once to dark tunnels through the mountain ranges. One of the largest cities through which the soldiers would pass is Cordoba, in the state of Vera Cruz. It lies like a variegated flower in the heart of a rich tropical country. Sur-

rounding it are wide coffee and sugar plantations, coconut groves, banana, lemon and orange orchards and pineapple fields.

The city is quaint, and every public square, every century-old house, every narrow calle breathes romance. Roofs extend over sidewalks. Parks and gardens fill the city. Not far away is gleaming, vari-colored Mount Orizaba. Women and girls are not conspicuous. The Spanish procedure of courtship impedes the easy way of Cupid. The proud sweetheart in gaudy garb

parades beneath the window of the girl whom he would wed while she passes judgment from behind a lattice casement.

The advance to Mexico City could be made most difficult and hazardous by the natives, and with a meager force. Bridges blown up, showers of rocks from hillsides, as in the days of Hannibal and Caesar, and tunnels planted with mines would work havoc unless the whole territory were guarded through the mountain reaches.