

## Durborough, On Great Mexican Battle Field, Tells of Hundreds Dead, Prisoners Murdered, Hand-To-Hand Fighting, Starvation and Deadly Disease.

[BY W. H. DURBOROUGH.]

Staff Special.  
Ojinaga, Mexico, Jan. 18.—Striven with the dead and wounded of the seven-days battle that has been raging at Ojinaga, the battle field presented a gruesome appearance today when I made a trip under escort to the federal outposts about five miles out of town.

After the fierce attack the rebels made on Ojinaga New Year's Eve, in which they advanced almost to the federal trenches and were repulsed with heavy losses, the fighting was mostly at long range until the last day of the siege, when, during the early morning, the rebels made a complete change of position of their troops and artillery.

Rebel Generals Ortega and Natera left the river bottom, to the east of the town, and allowed no press men to accompany them on their new move.

I crossed the river early and camped in the federal trenches. A high wind was blowing and the dust, which is several inches deep here in most places, was so thick that at times you could not see ten feet ahead.

After leaving the change of position of the rebels, the federal sent about 2,000 cavalry out of Ojinaga and threw out a line from their trenches in the town to within a short distance of the camp the rebels had just left. Firing had been kept up all morning by both sides on the south end of the town.

About 3 o'clock the rebels made a charge on the federal camp of the federal. Then the fighting really began in earnest. The entire federal cavalry column charged the advancing rebels and it was first one side and then the other charging and retreating.

The fighting was fierce for four hours, and when the battle dust and smoke cleared away it was found the rebels had retreated to the mountains about fifteen miles away.

The loss of life was heavy on both sides, as the constant rain of shrapnel, shell and rifle fire was very effective. From personal observation I would say that the rebels in the closing day's battle had 500 killed and 200 wounded, and the federal 250 killed and 150 wounded.

GENERAL SALAZAR'S COMMAND CAPTURED 47 REBELS UNDER MAJOR COMA AND THEY WERE ALL EXECUTED TODAY.

Cd. Luis Cuitia, Chihuahua, was seriously wounded during the battle and died today in the Red Cross hospital at Presidio.

Don Luis Terrazas III was wounded in the foot and was taken to the Red Cross Hospital on the American side.



Photographed by Staff Photographer Durborough.

REFUGEES CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE RIVER FROM MEXICO TO PRESIDIO, TEX.

The sights at Presidio on the United States side of the River Rio Grande are at once picturesque and pitiful. Just imagine thousands of refugees camped along the roadside and in the river bed. Children and women half-naked. Little or no food except what is supplied by Major McNamee's United States troops. Wounded Mexican soldiers, rebel and federal, all wrapped in bandages and lying around camp fires. Red Cross nurses hurrying to and fro doing the best they can for wounded men, starving people and sick children. Uncle Sam's soldiers keeping a watchful eye over all.

To add to the horror of the war side of it, smallpox has broken out in the refugee camps. One case, discovered at the hospital, developed a malignant form, and

the patient died the next day. Three more cases have since been reported and quarantined. Major McNamee is doing everything in his power to prevent the spread of the disease. Every man, woman and child in and around Presidio was vaccinated today. Dr. George H. Chandler is in charge of the medical department here.

On my trip to the outpost this morning I saw fires in every direction and found that the federal were burning the bodies of the dead that fell in the week's fighting.

The federal captured today what is supposed to be one of General Villa's autos bound for the battle field from Chihuahua with 30,000 rounds of ammunition. Major Croz Rosa, in charge of the auto, was killed and his body brought to Ojinaga.

date). If he lives in a hut on the mine property, this has to be vacated at the same short notice. It is a universal belief among these toilers of the deep that the surveyors of fathoms are warned against exceeding a certain limit in their calculations. A miner acquaintance of unusual strength of will and determination, anxious to leave his family independent when his time came to be pensioned off for phthisis, had long had doubts about the accuracy of the returns in his particular case.

**False Measure and True.**  
My friend determined on a plan. At the end of a month, having crushed nearly twice the usual amount of rock, he received a check for fifty pounds. Instead of cashing this, he engaged a private surveyor to go down with him and measure his fathoms. The mine captain came up when they were descending.

**Woman of Tomorrow; Future of Feminism**

H. M. Swanwick, in London Daily News

There is one thing one would like feminism to go at once, and that is to change its name to humanism. The great change, which has been coming over the humanist movement of late and which has been increasing the velocity of the movement so that one feels it will in the near future sweep in all humanity, is that it is becoming a working women's movement. It is burning women who never worked before into workers, and it is causing the grayest lives of toiling mothers with warmth and light. In England, the movement began in the middle classes, by the divine sanction of the stimulus was at first given by men. It now receives its velocity and mass mainly from women, and these masses are the working women.

Humanism is a far wider creed than a merely political one. It has its roots in social necessity, and, deeper still, in ethical and religious right. It is based on the psychological law of human development, dimly apprehended, it is true, for ages, but taking on at the present day a new significance and a new urgency: the law of liberty. This is a law of God which is being perpetually reaffirmed to faithless generations by the divine sanction of experience; a relentless induction from unnumerable examples of human despotism, whether selfish or altruistic in intention; a scientific law of the human mind, which is that the will must have space in which to grow good, and that by our mistakes we learn.

**The Awakening.**  
There are now millions of shrewd, kindly, experienced women of the working classes who are coming into the women's movement with all the practical wisdom and the ideal of social service characteristic of women at their best. An enormous amount of this awakening has been the work, direct or indirect, of the suffragists. In the recent by-election in South Lanark men and women alike marvelled at the swift ignition of the women's minds by the spark from the suffragists. It has not been the custom for the masses of women in Scotland to take part in elections or go to public meetings, and in South Lanark they came timidly at first. Many of us, even in England, have known the kind of homely woman who says, over her shoulder: "Politics? Me? I've too much work to do to fiddle with politics." Or the still more outspoken maids who declare: "If there is any little thing the men can do without a woman to help 'em, I say let 'em do it!"

But the state of mind which so expresses itself is going fast. The women in South Lanark soon learned that

the suffragists' meetings (described by a hostile journalist as discussing "fringe politics") were full of matter of vital concern to women. They came in their hundreds, and are described as sitting with shining eyes fixed on the speaker, drinking in every word that was so well directed at a woman's heart, and they crowded up afterwards to beg the speakers to come again, and to tell them they had opened a new world to women.

**The Things That Matter.**

Similar reports come from other mining districts: from Durham and from North Monmouth, where the suffragists have had meetings so crowded with women as to astound the men of the locality who knew their habits. In North Monmouth a miner came up after one of the meetings and said to the speaker: "I think even you women can't know all the good you're doing. You are speaking to 'em at last about the things that matter. You've set the women, and the men, too, thinking on things most politicians never talk about—real things!" In another place a miners' official begged the speaker to come and address a men's meeting at the pit-head on the subject of pit-head politics. The subject having been used as an illustration of the need of the woman's point of view, it had made so deep an impression on the audience.

One can fancy a contemptuous "Anti" crying, "Exactly! These women want to share in co-operative-making, and they baffle of Baths!" But one remembers that so did Florence Nightingale, and that the roots of imperial prosperity are set in the homes of the people. Working men know this, and in a Lancashire constituency where the suffragists have been especially active, organizing opposition to an anti-suffragist member, a working man spoke of the inmates which the women had given to movements for industrial and social reform, and added: "I only hope that the women will maintain their interest when the vote is won and the real work begins. It's work only women can do."

**A Movement of Workers.**  
This, then, appears to be the immediate future of the women's movement of working women and that the sympathetic attitude of labor men, particularly of organized labor, is a proof of the much greater confidence working men have in their women than middle-class men have in their women. This is making middle-class women think very seriously, and ponder how much the general slackness of members of Parliament, even when they profess to be favorable to women's suffrage, is due to the fact that the majority of them are still middle-class men, with the attitude of their class towards women.

And middle-class women are asking themselves what they can do to move these men to change their attitude. Unless some constructive policy of adaptation is evolved to meet the growing needs and consciousness of women, nothing is more certain than that

## HARDSHIPS OF MINER'S LIFE WAS CAUSE OF GREAT GOLD STRIKE ON THE RAND

This Article Explains How the White Miner Has Been Driven to Rebellion.

In going through an account of the recent strike on the Rand, the reader at a distance, not conversant with local conditions, might be struck by the seemingly trivial cause of the great upheaval which has altered the relation of mine-owners to their employees in this country forever. Leaving on one side the superstitious and unbending attitude adopted by the Kleinfontein management in the first instance, one can only compare this outbreak with a mighty conflagration generated by a spark slumbering under the ashes, or the sudden manifestation of an illness which has been unsuspectedly sapping the constitution of a patient for years.

**Four Thousand Feet Down.**  
From two to four thousand feet below the earth's surface, in a drive or stope, in thick, murky darkness shown, up luridly by a carbide lamp, or by a "special" open "mining" candle, the special quality of which is its interior quality—the miner does his work. He has no white companion; with him is only his gang of a dozen natives, just above the level of brutes, not able to speak to him except in their own imperfect jargon, or in the few acquired words connected with the daily labor. One, the "Baas" boy, a trifle more intelligent, can understand and transmit his orders to his fellows. These boys, as well as the tools, explosives, lights, etc., are supplied to the contracting miner by the management.

Many preventive and palliative remedies have been tried from time to time. Respirators are found to be worse than useless. A good deal of harm can be prevented by systematic breathing through the nose. An old Cornish miner, who has also worked in America and South Africa for many years, made a suggestion to a labor commission four years ago to keep the stopes and levels constantly wet by spraying. This is now enforced; but even so, a miner has no more promise of life than from three to six years, according to his constitution and habits. After a very short time he becomes a victim to a rapid and deadly form of phthisis, and coughs his lungs away knowingly and grudgingly before he has reached his ideal of earning a provision for "wife and weans." The natives—imported in large consignments from their native kraals by special labor agents at £1 per head—work for six months only at a daily wage of 2s 6d. There is a fearful mortality, not known to the general public, among these poor creatures, though it must be stated that they are well fed, and amply after working hours, in the mine compounds, where they are confined for the term of their contract.

**No Holidays, No Old Men.**  
The white miner has no holiday, not on Sunday even. Taking a day off means losing his earnings for that day. There are no old miners—no old working figures looking like worn men of fifty or sixty, with large frames, upon which the muscles and skin hang loosely, like a garment on a withered form: coughing, coughing, coughing. Their age is from thirty-six to forty, never older. The flower of a country's male population! The Boers, with their innate love of outdoor life, have found a partial remedy for these fatal conditions. A young Boer will go underground for three months to earn big wages, and then, taking a day off means losing his earnings for that day. There are no old miners—no old working figures looking like worn men of fifty or sixty, with large frames, upon which the muscles and skin hang loosely, like a garment on a withered form: coughing, coughing, coughing. Their age is from thirty-six to forty, never older. The flower of a country's male population! 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