

WILD BATTLE IN STREETS OF MEXICAN CAPITAL—VOLLEYS FROM AUTOS WHEN GOING AT TOP SPEED—THRILLING STORY OF AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

Attempting to undermine a Mexican conspiracy would naturally seem to be a good deal like putting one's hand into a revolving electric fan; and yet, as one writer describes an actual effort of this sort in the Springfield Republican, it appears only a little more dangerous than mere existence in Mexico now is. One day last summer Mr. Nathaniel Greene Pendleton Jun., was in Mexico City awaiting anything that might prove entertaining and dangerous; but so far things had been very dull, so much so that he found it hard to fill the pages of his diary. True, Zapata was still crushed and Carranza was still stirring up trouble, but it all seemed distant and remote from the listless highways of Mexico City. However, suddenly, as I was in the midst of registering my ideas and sentiments, the door came to with a bang and my Mexican friend, Jorge, rushed into the room. "Well, he cried, there will be some fun tonight."

Excitement in the Air. There was something about his manner and tone which cut short the sarcastic reply I was about to make from mere force of habit occasioned by the long, lonely days of vacation. I had sought excitement in Mexico and had found, instead, listlessness and loneliness. As I sat aimlessly pointing my Savage at imaginary bandits, Jorge exclaimed, "Do you want to use that tonight?" with a gesture toward my weapon. He continued an effusive explanation which I sifted down into the following: Pedro Duhart, a casual acquaintance whom I had met one day at the office of D—'s contracting company, was no other than a jefe de la policia secreta, on the staff of the Minister of War. He had been commissioned to undermine a conspiracy which was well under way in the city, and had selected Jorge his brother, and myself to help him in the grand coup that very night.

I was all afire in an instant—anything to relieve the monotony. The heart of adventure had caught my heart. I called insistently for more details, but Jorge refused flatly to say more except that we were to surround the place or house with a picked battalion of General Blanquez's and the four of us were to force the door and demand a surrender. After I had remarked that doomed men usually put up a good fight, his countenance suddenly fell, and he remarked: "Well, well, I didn't think of it before, but you are an American, and it's all off as far as you are concerned."

Such a remark, of course, ended all hesitation. American courage had to be vindicated, and plans were made forthwith. They were armed to the hilt, and silently to meet Duhart, who would give them the number of a mysterious but very efficient automobile which was to figure largely in the night's raid. All this was done. The plot then uncoiled steadily and sibilantly:

The car was in readiness when we arrived, and Duhart ordered the first stop to be the National Palace. As we drew up to the massive, broad, low building, the guards came to attention and we passed into the interior to the private office of the Minister of War. De Zayas and I remained outside while Pedro, as Jorge was wont to call him, entered the private office of his excellency and held a whispered conversation. In the meanwhile I was given ample opportunity of examining the interior of the structure. It seemed to me very much up to the plan of a barracks. There was an immense rectangular court about which the offices were distributed in "stoops."

Pedro came out soon and we set off at full speed through La Reforma to his house. There seems to be almost no speed limit for autos in Mexico. We were traveling at least forty miles an hour and other machines passed us with ease. Motor-cycle "cops" are not yet in vogue.

Greeted by Dog. Upon arriving Pedro's mansion, which consisted of a door in what seemed to be a long stone fence with bills all over it, we entered and mounted a flight of stairs to his apartments. The floors were entirely of stone. As we penetrated the dimly lighted hallway, a huge St. Bernard rushed out to greet his master. Deep growls and angry growls were our portion of the welcome. The huge beast was shaved like a poodle and altogether presented one of the strangest sights for a canine I ever saw. Pedro took us into a back room, which put me in mind of an arsenal, and provided Jorge and me with automatic Winchester rifles of large caliber, and he himself took a Mauser combination pistol and rifle, with detachable stock. He said it could kill at half a mile, with ease.

Returning to our machine under the additional weight of cartridge-belts, we were whisked away toward the Calzada de la Piedad, a long avenue which leads out of town to the suburb of La Piedad. At an appointed spot we picked up two of Duhart's secret-service men and proceeded without delay toward the prospective scene of action.

Signalling for Action. After a brisk twenty-minute run, we arrived at the public square. The narrow streets were full of men, and typical Mexicans, at that. With large sombreros and high-chined boots and fajitas about the waist concealing the traditional punales, they presented a sight altogether picturesque and interesting. We soon perceived that there were quite a few cars with occupants of questionable character entering and maneuvering about the large, open square. Suddenly a large limousine which had been following had stopped, and a shadow passed across the glare of the great searchlight. They were evidently making signals.

To reply with our lights was impossible, and we waited. The limousine was again started and soon overtook us as we were speeding along the Calzada in the direction of the city. As they passed quite close, we discerned two or three figures in the rear of the car who seemed intent upon learning our identity without betraying their own. Duhart whispered feverishly, "A ver el numero," and we all craned our necks to see the license tag on the back as she glided by. Lo! in that precious instant the number 69 passed before our eyes.

Conspirators Chased. The interesting thing about number 69 was that it contained persons for whose arrest the Government would cheerfully pay \$10,000. The Government had even frankly offered to do

so, and consequently Duhart gave chase at once calculating swiftly, maybe, as the car sped on just what its purchasing power would be. It was a long chase, but at last the two machines were abreast, and then, says Mr. Pendleton:

Duhart leveled his Mauser at the chauffeur of the conspirator's car and commanded: "Alto! en nombre del gobierno!" Instead of obeying the command, the chauffeur put on more speed and continued his headlong career.

"I'll give him one more chance," cried Pedro. As we caught a glimpse of crouching men in the car, with the glistening barrel of a revolver held at the neck of the chauffeur, we guessed the rest. Evidently the poor fellow was between two fires and wisely chose to run the risk of the more remote.

As we neared the crossing of Calle Bolivar, a passing street-car cut off our path on the left side of the road, and the fugitive machine sped ahead. Pedro opened fire at the tires and Jorge, with the two policemen, followed his example. I refrained from blazing away for two reasons—first, the streets were so crowded that it would be extremely dangerous to the innocent by-stander; and second, I was sitting in the left-hand rear corner of the car and everybody's head lay right in my line of fire. Incidentally, no one succeeded in hitting a tire, and little did I wonder for altho Jorge, and especially Pedro, were excellent marksmen, the tires were like little rabbits as they jumped and skidded from side to side in their flight.

Shot at by Friends. We were speeding up La Reforma now, and the occupants of the front machine were firing through the windows at us, when suddenly an immense charro in ancient costume and decorations stepped from behind a tree and emptied the chamber of his six-shooter full at us. "Eriban!" murmured Pedro, as he ducked; "I'll report the thickheadedness of this fellow to his chief."

I deduced that he was one of the men under General Blanquet, who are distributed about the city in citizen's clothes to maintain order.

At this moment we bore down upon the statue of the iron horse, where some thirty mounted police were on duty. I observed that they had been attracted by the firing, and some twenty of them, mounted and drawn up in line, had calmly let the first machine pass, although they had commanded them to halt.

As we approached, they rushed out at us, rifles in hand. As we dodged through the feet riders, they wheeled and sent a volley of lead whistling over our heads. Duhart cursed their stupidity and commanded a sharp turn to the right as our fugitives skidded around the corner of a side street. We were going so fast and the turn was so sharp that it was impossible to make the curve. The huge machine trembled as the brakes were thrown hard. Scarcely had she come to a stop when she shot back in reverse and we sped around the corner.

Behind the Barricades. The fleeing conspirators had gained considerably during this manoeuvre, and after a few more turns we saw them disappear into a house near the middle of a block. As we rushed up the huge gate, or rather doors, were swung shut, and we heard five or six strong bolts shot into place. Our party all stepped out of the machine and lined up at intervals before the house. A volley from the roof or window was expected at any moment, and we held our rifles in readiness. Pedro was ordering Jorge and myself to go around the block to the back of the house and prevent any escape there.

As we turned to go, the battalion of police turned the corner at full gallop and formed a circle about us. Rifles in hand, we heard some of them shout threateningly, "Matales!" "Muerete a la bunda!" They had evidently taken us for bandits, and until the arrival of their jefe, or chief, our very gestures might be misconstrued, and we would be shot in the street at the least show or intimation of resistance.

Suddenly, a tall, thin soldier, drawn sabre in hand, abruptly pushed his way into the ring, and demanded an explanation. Duhart explained what he was. After some hesitation the jefe was convinced, and murmured all kinds of apologies for his rudeness, etc. Pedro then sent some of the police to the besieged house, and Jorge and I went around with them, where an entrance was forced with our difficulty, and we cautiously entered the place.

Bandits Got Away. The windows were closed as we entered, but the ominous arrangement of the shutters suggested hidden muzzles and chained lightning ready for release from splitting Mausers. We made our way to the court, which is invariably in the plan of Mexican houses, and there beheld the automobile quiet and somewhat riddled.

By this time the assailants in front had procured entrance to the ultimatum. "Obre en nombre del gobierno" had obtained its desired effect upon a frightened domestic. A search was conducted for two hours, and the chauffeur was surprised washing dishes in women's clothes together with his assistant mechanic, who had occupied the front seat beside him. Not a trace of the occupants of the limousine body was discovered.

Coming to the kindly assistance of the police they had escaped and were not found later. "Pedrito" was compelled to forego the \$10,000, and for a time it was dangerous for the writer and his friends to appear unarmed on the street, but at last the matter was dropped on both sides.

The Government was enabled to break up the conspiracy and surprise the leaders by the clues which were furnished in the statements of the chauffeur and others. Jorge and I never ceased arming ourselves to the teeth when going downtown to the streets.

The next day various accounts of the affair appeared in the newspapers, some saying that there had been an assault on Gen. Huerta, and others alleging that it was only an American spy-ride on a drunken spree. A few weeks later the Minister of War and Secretary of State were removed from the cabinet. The first act of the new secretary, De Urquiza, was to arrest Pedro Duhart for illegal disturbance of the peace. Jorge and I remained under cover for a few days until Pedro was released.

The waters of the Blue Nile are fed by the rains in Abyssinia. The river swells rapidly at flood time and comes down in a raging flood. At the junction where it meets the waters of the White Nile, the flood is very heavy and overflows large tracts. By the building of these two dams it will be possible to regulate the flow so that the natives in the valley may pursue their agricultural pursuits with profit. The White Nile, which moves with a less rapid motion, will be held back by the dam until the flood has gone, whilst the swift-flowing Blue Nile will be allowed to rush onwards and swell

STAGE BEAUTY GIVES TIMELY ADVICE TO ALL PRETTY GIRLS



Jean Aylwin

By Mary B. O'Reilly

LONDON, May 5.—Miss Jean Aylwin was talking of the "perils of the stage," "Trash and nonsense," exclaimed the London beauty.

"Once upon a time there was a sign on a West End house, 'This handsome residence with its appurtenances, to be let, furnished, for the summer.' One day a motor slithered up. A good looking man stepped out to make inquiries.

"What," asked he, 'do "the appurtenances" mean?'

"Oh," said the girl, 'they are the outbuildings, the garage, the tennis court, and so forth.'

"The man smiled. 'Are YOU to be let with the house too?'

"No," said the pretty housemaid promptly, 'I am to be let ALONE!'

THROWING OPEN VAST TRACTS OF EGYPT'S DESERTS

Land South of Khartoum Developing Since Crushing of the Mahdi.

GREAT DAMS ON THE NILE

Former Dervish Capital Soon to Become the Metropolis of a Big Country.

A generation ago, the barbarous brutalities of the Mahdi and his followers were horrifying all the civilized world. Then Lord Kitchener appeared and overcame the Moslem chief, and since that day the land of the White and Blue tribes has gradually been developing. The native population who, sixteen years ago were crushed under the heel of a vile system of slavery are now following peaceful pursuits.

For some time past plans have been under the consideration of the Egyptian Government for throwing open the vast tracts of desert south of Khartoum for cotton growing, and a loan of three million pounds sterling (15 million dollars) has been sanctioned for the enterprise.

Viscount Kitchener has been in conference with the Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Reginald Wingate, on this matter. The entire staff of Colonel E. E. Bernard Pacha, financial secretary to the Government, has been moved from Cairo to Khartoum. This, of itself, speaks of the magnitude of the enterprise and of the development of Khartoum from a provincial town to the metropolis of a big country.

Great Dams South of Khartoum.

The news of the scheme has brought an unusually large number of visitors to the Sudan this winter. Engineers, capitalists, members of parliament, are all from their different points of view, looking to the development of this undertaking. It is especially noteworthy that the advice of British experts has been taken in the matter.

A glance at the map shows the division of the river Nile into the two great streams known respectively as the Blue Nile and the White Nile.

The expanse known as the Gezira territory, that lies between the two has been a vast tract of desert. The great streams are enough to irrigate the entire district—some 1,500,000 acres, if it can be brought properly under control. Two great dams are to be built south of Khartoum, one across the Blue and another across the White Nile. Thus, not only will the vast expanse between the two rivers be irrigated, but the force of water flowing into Egypt will be controlled.

Fed by Rains in Abyssinia.

The waters of the Blue Nile are fed by the rains in Abyssinia. The river swells rapidly at flood time and comes down in a raging flood. At the junction where it meets the waters of the White Nile, the flood is very heavy and overflows large tracts. By the building of these two dams it will be possible to regulate the flow so that the natives in the valley may pursue their agricultural pursuits with profit. The White Nile, which moves with a less rapid motion, will be held back by the dam until the flood has gone, whilst the swift-flowing Blue Nile will be allowed to rush onwards and swell



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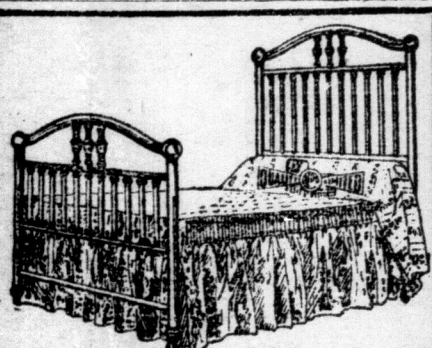
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EDDY'S Antiseptic Paper Bags

The fluctuations in the Egyptian cotton crop show how much care is needed to keep up the high quality for which the finer grades of cotton grown in that country, have long been noted.

Mr. Fungolo, a Greek cotton grower, who has estates at Mit Ghamel in the Dakaleh Province, has been able to produce a new cotton by careful selection. The texture of the new variety is very silky and the color is brownish. Some specimens are to be exhibited in London, England, during the coming summer at the International Cotton Exhibition.

The staple of the new cotton is remarkably strong. The plant on which it grows is shorter than many other kinds, but it is extraordinarily prolific, over a hundred bolls having been found on a single plant. As it comes to maturity very rapidly it is less likely to become the prey of cotton pests, such as the boll-worm, the cotton-worm and the pink per-borer (the Egyptian acre) than any other variety.



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