

JULY 11, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

Bereaved

A Drama of Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

Ever since the revolution in Mexico that deposed Porfirio Diaz that country has been in a state of ferment and has kept the people of the United States in a fever of anxiety. During the rule of President Huerta I, being of an inquiring disposition, concluded to go down there and see for myself what kind of people the Mexicans are.

Passing over the border line of Texas, I entered rural Mexico and moved on southward, intending to visit the capital. There were then the Huerta, the Carranza and the Villa factions, all struggling for the upper hand. The frightful condition of the country did not prevent the people from enjoying such amusements as they could get. I stopped one evening for the night in a little cluster of houses—it could not be dignified by the name of town—and, hearing that a dance was to be given in the dining room of the tavern where I put up, I was curious to see how people could make merry while their country was in a state of anarchy.

When the dancing began I took a chair on the veranda where I could look through an open window upon the dancers. The effect was heightened by the picturesque costumes of both the men and the women. The merry-makers came from the country round about, being made up of all sorts of persons, from the hacendado, or farmer, to the soldier, who made his living by fighting for some one of the factions struggling for the supremacy. Not only was the soldier present, but his wife and his daughters, for an army in Mexico is accompanied by the families of the soldiers.

I was much interested in watching these people. Among the better grade I noticed a young couple who, it was evident, were lovers. The man was a handsome fellow dressed in the costume of a hacendado, composed of tight trousers with a row of buttons on each leg, where a soldier's stripe is usually placed; a fancy waistcoat and a short jacket, also having a profusion of buttons. The girl wore the Mexican skirt of many colors, the Mexican bodice and the jacket decorated with gold braid.

I could not help contrasting the happiness beaming in the faces of these two young people with the cloud that hung over their country. They danced every dance together. While I was watching them a man came up behind me, and I felt that he was looking over my shoulder. I moved aside not to obstruct his view and at the same time turned my head to have a look at him.

I judged that he was connected with one of the various armies or bands which were sucking the lifeblood of Mexico. A more villainous face I never saw on a man. His eyes were following the couple that interested me, and as he watched his frown deepened. He stood only a few minutes looking at them, then went away.

At the end of each dance a number of the dancers came out on to the veranda to be refreshed by the cooler air outside. During one of these intervals a sharp report suddenly sounded at the other end of the veranda. I saw those who were inside start for the exit nearest to the point from which the sound came, and those on the veranda turned and hurried in that direction. I, too, arose and went to see what had happened.

A crowd had gathered about something or some one, but I could not see beyond the onlookers. When finally I succeeded in doing so I saw lying on the floor the young man I had been observing within, while the girl with whom he had danced was kneeling beside him moaning piteously. He had been shot and was dying.

Within half an hour the dance had been resumed, and, judging by the gaiety, one would not have suspected that the life of one of the company had been just snuffed out. I turned away from the scene, went as far from it as I could and waited for the house to become quiet that I might go to bed.

I did not get away from the place the next day. I had come to Mexico from curiosity, and I did not like to move on without learning more of the tragedy a part of which I had witnessed. I inquired who had done the shooting and was informed that a man who belonged to a Villa force in the neighborhood was the culprit. The young farmer who was killed was an advocate of Huerta. This is all the information I could elicit, but I inferred much more. I believed that the murderer coveted the girl who had given her heart to the farmer.

I lounged at the tavern during the day, uncertain as to just when I would move on southward. During the afternoon, while strolling among the houses that composed the place, I met the man who had looked in at the window at the dancers. I knew him to be the murderer and was surprised to see him still near the scene of his cowardly act. But I was destined to still further surprise. I saw him approach a house and walk up and down under a window.

They have a custom in Mexico called "playing the bear." When a man wishes to court a girl he takes position under her window and walks back and forth till either he gets a sign from her or gives up his attempt to win her. If he receives encouragement he proceeds step by step till he forms her

acquaintance and makes formal application for her hand.

I had read of this custom, but had never seen an instance of it. I surmised that the man might be wooing according to the Mexican custom. I could see him from the tavern veranda, and, going there, I took a seat in order to observe what would follow. While doing so the landlord came out on to the veranda, and, pointing to the walking man, I asked him what he was doing.

"He is the man who shot the hacendado last night. The girl who was robbed of her sweetheart lives there. The man is probably trying to see her and ask her forgiveness."

An hour had passed from the time I had first seen the man walking under the window when a figure of a woman appeared within the house. The walker stopped, and I saw that he was speaking. The woman came to the window, and, the sunlight falling upon her, I recognized the young girl who had been robbed of her lover. I wondered if the murderer could obtain forgiveness so soon after the tragedy.

The two talked together for some time; then the man held his hand up to the window. After some delay the girl took it, but I fancied I could see her shudder. A few more words between them and the man went away. He passed the veranda near where I sat, and I saw an unmistakable look of triumph on his face.

Interested in the drama which was being enacted before me, I determined to remain where I was till the last act had been played. I wondered if the girl, actuated by religious motives, had felt constrained to forgive the slayer of her lover. Had it not been for the triumphant look on the man's face as he passed me I would not have dreamed of anything more than this. But I had discovered that the Mexicans are a strange people, and one cannot in any event tell what a woman is going to do. Was it possible that this man, like King Richard III., would win her whose lover he had slain?

I had seen no sign of a burial of the first love and did not think it possible that the girl could take another until the body had been laid away. What, then, was my surprise when just before dark I saw the murderer approach the house where the bereaved girl lived and stand under her window! Presently she came out of the door, joined him, and they walked away together.

I confess that, though by this time I was prepared for almost anything in Mexico, I could not believe what my eyes revealed to me. I wished that I might follow the couple and see what occurred between them, though I shrink from witnessing a girl throwing herself into the arms of a man who had only the night before shot down in cold blood the man she loved.

I lit a cigar and sat smoking on the veranda. The twilight faded; the stars came out. All about me was so peaceful that I could not realize I was in a country torn with anarchy and a great part of it in the hands of robber bands; that within twenty-four hours I had witnessed an instance of the desperate condition of the country. But my mind was ever on the couple I had seen go out into the darkness. I thought of the lover of the evening before, a smile on his handsome lips returned by one on those of the girl he loved, now lying cold in death in one of the houses within the range of my vision, while the girl he loved had gone with his murderer.

It was quite dark, 9 o'clock perhaps, when, tired of sitting, I arose to stretch my legs. I walked down a roadway on which the two persons I had been watching had disappeared. Suddenly a figure, a woman's figure, flitted by me. She was moving rapidly, and I got a glimpse only of something white. And yet I was impressed with the idea that it was the girl who had lost her lover. If so, where was the man with whom she had set out?

Believing that nothing more of the drama which was unfolding would be revealed to me that night, I returned to the tavern and went to bed. In the morning everything about me was still peaceful. The inhabitants of the place went about their daily vocations as usual. If there was war in the neighborhood it was too far distant to be heard. Still I refrained from leaving the place without more information as to what interested me. I determined to remain where I was until the climax.

In the afternoon occurred a simple funeral of the murdered man. The chief mourner was the girl who had been bereaved. The murderer was not in evidence at any time during the day. The poor girl was supported by her mother and attended by a few friends. I went into the tavern and asked the landlord what had become of the soldier.

"He was found this morning, not far from here, stabbed to the heart," was the reply.

"Who killed him?" I asked. The landlord shrugged his shoulders and said that this was not known. The climax to my drama had been played. Whether any one knew who had killed the soldier I do not know to this day. One thing I know. I saw him go out into the darkness with the girl whose life he had blighted, and I saw her come back without him.

The curtain had fallen; the audience—myself—had seen the play. There was nothing more for me but to move on. The death of a man shot down in the interval between two dances had not ruffled the tranquillity of the hamlet, nor had the finding of the body of his murderer twenty-four hours later any noticeable effect. What were these two lives in a land where bloodshed is the order of the day?

My curiosity as to Mexico had been satisfied. Instead of going on down to the capital I turned about and journeyed back toward home.

The German Officer

"I F I can make the Prussian officer clear, I can make modern Germany clear," says a writer in The New York Tribune, who is a German by birth, has served in the German army as an officer, and who appears to have emancipated himself from the spell of his earlier environment. He says that the Prussian officer is German, the German whom the Allies are trying to defeat in this war. He writes of the German officer with understanding and with sympathy. At birth the Prussian officer is like any other baby. What he becomes is not his own fault; it is the fault of a system. Brought up under this system, he finds in the majority of cases, that it works to his advantage, and he becomes a supporter of it; just as the child of a Socialist, if he happened to be adopted by a member of the capitalistic class, might well say the same thing. The Prussian officer, though he is partly a dupe, has a pretty good time of it. He does not protest. The system may be bad, but it suits him.

As a rule the German officer begins to learn his trade at the age of 10. By the time he is 18 he has become a sub-lieutenant, with certain principles deeply engrained. He has learned to obey the orders of his superiors without question. He has learned that the private soldier is a mere pawn; that the civilian is of still less account. These lessons are not modified by anything he may learn in the future; they are emphasized. They are the basic facts of his existence, and whatever his subsequent actions may be, so long as they are governed by these principles, they will be vouched for by his superior officer and by the Kaiser himself. In a sense the German officer can do no wrong, so long as he remembers what is due to the uniform he wears.

Some extraordinary things are due to it. It is the Kaiser's coat, and the theory is that an officer must bear himself as though he were the Kaiser. The uniform is like the flag; if it is insulted the insult must be paid; and, of course, an insult to the wearer of the uniform is interpreted as an insult to the uniform and to the flag. We had some hint of the sacredness of the uniform in the Zarni affair a few years ago. The Tribune correspondent gives another. A subaltern stationed near Berlin was roughly handled by a drunken civilian, who came up behind him and tore off one of his epaulettes. Then he died. The officer pursued him, and after a considerable chase caught up with the man and ran him through with his sabre. The rough died. It might have seemed a somewhat drastic punishment, but if the officer had not killed the man he would have been asked for his resignation from the army. An insult to the officer is an insult to the Kaiser, and he who dares to violate it is not worthy to wear the uniform. This is the German theory.

Not all German officers live up to the code. The Tribune correspondent says that he has seen officers on the streets of Berlin at night shrink into doorways or lanes at the approach of an intoxicated soldier. They did not want to see him; they did not want him to see them. They feared that the drunken private might permit his natural feelings of manhood to get the better of him, in the course of which process he would be likely to say something derogatory to the officer, or even to make an attack upon him. In that case the plain and unescapable duty of the officer would be to shoot the drunken man. If he failed and his failure became known he would be discharged from the army.

The Prussian officer is the child of the State. He has his privileges, such as shooting or stabbing civilians and private. But he has his commensurate obligations. He has to dress in a certain way. He is forbidden to make any display of his wealth if he happens to be wealthy. If he has an automobile he is supposed to offer it in turn to every officer of the regiment. They are supposed to refuse. His horse must not be worth more than a certain amount. He cannot marry without the permission of his colonel, and this permission is given only when it is known that the bride has a considerable income. Certain debts he must pay immediately, the expenses connected with the service. He is permitted to run other bills as long as he pleases, and, presumably, to run through civilian creditors who present bills. He is taught that he has but one business on earth, and that is to do the will of the Kaiser, who is his superior officer. If this is done all is done. All is forgiven if this principle is adhered to.

Appeal for Women.

The Minister of Munitions appeals for women volunteers to be trained for munition-making. With the London County Council and other educational authorities the Ministry has established nearly 70 free training centres throughout the kingdom. In six weeks, at the rate of four hours a day, learners are prepared for the lighter varieties of munition work. During this time they acquire the "machine sense," and the elementary knowledge of tools and metals demanded for the manufacture of shell fuses, bombs, cartridge cases, and other materials of war.

Suitable employment is then found for them in munition factories at wages that average at the beginning at least £1 (\$5) a week and after the first few weeks considerably more.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson III.—Third Quarter, For July 16, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

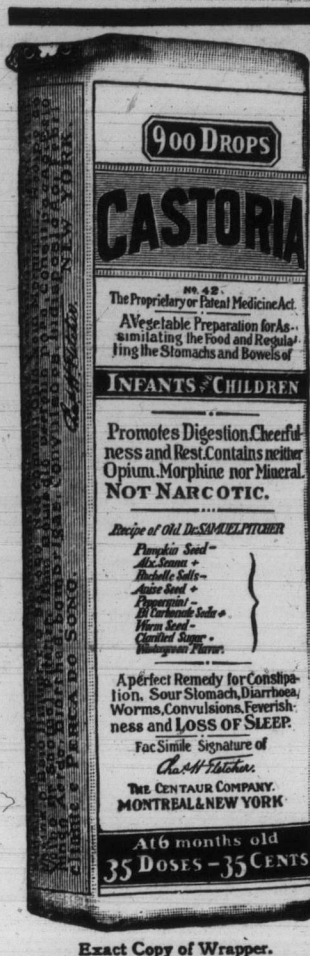
Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 22-34. Memory Verses, 22, 23—Golden Text, Acts xvii, 28—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

While Paul waited at Athens for the coming of Silas and Timothy he was so stirred by the idolatry which he saw that not only in the synagogue did he talk to the Jews, but daily in the market place he preached Jesus and the resurrection to all who would listen to him. And as they delighted in any new thing, this was certainly the newest they ever heard, and they desired to hear more. So they brought him to a public place where he could tell them more fully of this, to them, new doctrine (verses 16-21). The thought of the dead coming to life again was too much for them, and while there were some who believed others mocked, even as they do to this day (verses 32-34). The newest thing to this very day is the old, old story of salvation by the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, as told so vigorously by Rev. William Sunday and others, but as strenuously opposed as in the long ago by the enemies of Christ. Seemingly intelligent men still scoff at the resurrection of the body and the thought of a body of flesh and bones without blood. Ministers everywhere do not believe that the kingdom cannot come till Christ comes again, but speak of it as now here, to be advanced or extended, and the truths of last week's lesson in reference to His coming and with His saints are simply ridiculed. But there are some who believe God.

The people of Athens were very superstitious, or, as in the R. V., margin, religious, and seemed to worship all the gods they had ever heard of, and lest they might have omitted one they had an altar with the inscription, "To the unknown god," and this gave Paul his topic. It is one of the saddest truths of the ages and even of our own time that the true God is largely unknown. "Israel doth not know," "They know not the thoughts of the Lord," "Hast thou not known me, Philip?" "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee" (Isa. 1, 3; Mic. iv, 2; John xiv, 9; xlvii, 25). God can be known only in Jesus Christ, and therefore all who will not receive Jesus Christ as God do not know the true God. Speaking to gentiles, Paul began at the beginning and told them of Him who created all things and who therefore needed nothing from the creatures whom He had made, as only in Him do all live and move and have their being, and He giveth to all life and breath and all things (verses 22-28). It must have been humiliating to these proud and wise Greeks to be told that they were of the same blood as other nations and that God their Creator had placed them on the earth just where they were (verse 29).

It is another great truth, and but little considered, that when the Most High, the possessor of heaven and earth, divided to the nations their inheritance He did it with reference to the children of Israel, although they were not then in existence (Gen. x, 25; Deut. xxxii, 8); so that, as one has said, both historically and geographically, Israel is the great center. That, however, was not a truth for the people of Athens just then, for Paul desired to lead them to the true God and to repentance. He told them of Him whom God raised from the dead, the Creator who had come to the world which He had made, but was unknown in it and rejected by it and crucified, but now alive forevermore and appointed to be the judge of all mankind; and not only was the judge appointed, but also the day, which we learn elsewhere would cover a thousand years, for one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day (II Pet. iii, 8). This whole age through which we are passing since Christ was crucified is spoken of as an hour, and a day, and an acceptable year (John v, 25; II Cor. vi, 2; Luke iv, 19). The next thousand years is also called an hour, beginning and ending with a resurrection (John v, 28).

There shall be a resurrection both of the just and unjust, but a thousand years shall intervene between the two (Acts xxiv, 15; Rev. xx, 5, 6). All who have ever lived shall come into judgment before the same Judge, but not all at the same time. All who truly receive the Lord Jesus can say, "I am crucified with Christ" (Gal. ii, 20), and have passed from death to life and shall not come into judgment for sin (John v, 24). But all such must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, where only saved people shall appear, to have their works approved or disapproved, to be rewarded or suffer loss and to be appointed to their places in His kingdom (Rom. xiv, 10; II Cor. v, 10). Then we shall come with Him to judge the living nations, according to Matt. xxv, 31, with Joel iii, 1, 2; Zech. xiv, and set up His kingdom. The rest of the dead who did not rise in the first resurrection shall be judged at the great white throne after the thousand years (Rev. xx, 11-15). In the face of such plain statements I cannot understand how any who read their Bibles with ordinary carefulness can think or speak of all people that have ever lived standing before the great white throne. We only need to allow the thoughts of God to displace our thoughts.



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It is perhaps too much to expect that a universal meridian or universal time will ever be established, still less that we shall have universal money or a universal secondary language. All these things might be brought about if we could only get rid of our prejudices.

It is not, however, too much to hope that the present confusion of place names should be got rid of. Why the English and the French should persistently describe as Cologne and Mayence, cities which their own inhabitants never call anything but Köln and Mainz, it is difficult to understand, and there is certainly no excuse for our pronouncing the name of the Bavarian capital as "Munich," as if in scorn of the dwellers therein, who call it, as nearly as English letters will reproduce the sound, "Minchen." Why should an Italian gratuitously misname London "Londra?" We really ought to know how our own capital should be called.

As to Polish place names, also Przemysl and the like, only an international commission could decide.—London Globe.

A Street in Moscow.

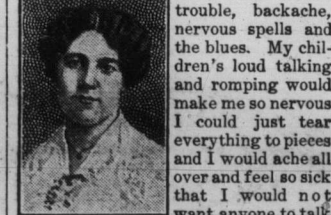
One street in Moscow, Miasnikovskaya Ulitsa, is devoted almost entirely to stores selling machinery. The windows of these shops are large and of plate glass and display the various wares to good advantage. Many windows are devoted to large exhibits of various mechanisms, and at a certain hour in the afternoon these machines are, so far as possible, set in motion to give practical illustration of their workings.

I OWE MY HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

—Mrs. ROBT. STORIEL, Moore Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.



We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

THE GOOD WIFE.

A Treasure, Holding In Her Hands the Destiny of Posterity.

When a woman enters the marriage relation her sphere of influence is as once extended, and her horizon is no longer bounded by the people and circumstances of the moment.

She is building for posterity. In the joy and thoughtfulness which characterize her mind in the new relation there is a prophecy of unborn generations. Her life is to color other lives; her aspirations are to fix to a great extent the position and future of husband and family.

If she is cultured, pure and refined these qualities will characterize the home which she creates. The higher the degree of her culture, her purity, her refinement, the more will these qualities characterize the home of which she is the center.

The personality that a woman takes with her in her marriage is her real dowry. If her dowry can be reckoned in numerals only, no matter how many they be, wrecked indeed will be her husband, impoverished her children.

But if she possesses industry, gentleness, self abnegation, purity and intelligence, combined with capability, she is in herself a treasure of treasures.

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