

PLAN TO TAKE MEXICO.

HOW UNITED STATES WILL GO ABOUT TASK OF INTERVENTION.

Regular Army Will Invade Country While Militia Holds Border and Navy Closes the Ports.

A staff correspondent of the New York Sun sends from El Paso a review of the present state of affairs in Mexico, predicting intervention by the United States and makes a forecast of the American plan of campaign, following the first invasion. He says:

While Mr. Bryan may assert that he can conceive of nothing which could bring about intervention, it may be said that today the War Department and the Navy Department are not only ready to go into Mexico, but they have worked out plans, they have made arrangements to carry out those plans and they can begin to move inside of a half hour. It is again safe to say that within two hours after the sending of telegraphic instructions from Washington the guns of Uncle Sam's field artillery would be in a position to wipe Juarez off the map in a case of no surrender and to raze Matamoros, Nuevo Laredo, Naco, Cananea and every other Mexican town along the border.

American troops would hold all these outlets within half a day, if that were necessary, and control the termini of the railroads, national or private, while fleets of warships in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Lower California would be moving up to capture every Mexican port.

A full day would see 10,000 infantrymen and artillerymen—a full division—at Texas City on transports which are now waiting for them, bound for Vera Cruz, the first important strategic point toward Mexico City. The following day would see every United States soldier on the mainland on train from Washington, on the Western coast, and Vermont, in the East, moving toward the posts assigned to them. This is no guesswork, and no prophecy; the plans are made, the trains arranged for and tested, the supplies provided for. It only required six hours to start for Cuba in the last intervention and it will not take so long in Mexico.

As the situation stands today there are six regiments of cavalry—about 3,500 men—guarding the frontier from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego, Cal. The Second and Third Cavalry are at El Paso, the Fifth and Ninth in Arizona, the 13th in New Mexico and the 14th from opposite Nuevo Laredo to Marfa, Texas. There are in addition companies of field artillery stationed at every point near an important Mexican border town.

Gen. Scott in Command.
Brig. Gen. Hugh L. Scott, at El Paso is in command of the border patrol, and upon him will fall the responsibility of the first move. Gen. Scott, who has fought along the border for years, is ready for it. His command can move on call with the quickness of a fire company and he knows exactly what to do.

There are 10,000 infantrymen at Texas City and Galveston, under the command of Major Gen. William H. Carter, all as hard as hard service can make them, and within call are six transports lying along the wharves of Galveston ready to take them out.

The infantrymen belong to the Central Department, which has headquarters at Chicago, but Gen. Scott and his men are under the command of the Southern Department, the head of which is Brig. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, where is stationed another large force of men. The Fourth, Seventh and Eighth Cavalry are in the Philippines or Honolulu. The First Field Artillery is in Honolulu and Second in the Philippines; the other four organizations are all within reach. The First, Third, Eighth and 15th Infantry are in the Philippines, the 25th is in Honolulu, while the 10th is at Panama. All the others are ready either on the east or west coast.

The United States army has available for service as a mobile army in Mexico about 65,000 men of all arms. This does not include the 20,000 coast artillery nor the soldiers now in the Philippines, Hawaii and the Canal Zone. A month will see the mobile army increased, for the coast artillery could be drawn upon by the field artillery, and veterans of other campaigns, with new recruits, would come in to raise the strength to 89,000 without impairing the efficiency.

Probable Plan of Attack.
Of course it is given to no one in private life to say that such and such is the definite authorized plan of the United States. That is known only to the War College and the General Staff at Washington and to the heads of the navy, but enough of the general plan is known to say that there will be no repetition of Cuba in the Mexican campaign, if intervention comes. No horde made up of trained soldiers, untrained militia and irregular troops will make the campaign. We are not going to inundate Mexico with United

States soldiers; we are going to embargo Mexico.

Every available warship of the United States is going to blockade and patrol Mexican waters until not a steamship or boat of any kind can land a rifle or a cartridge on its coast. In this way we will have the moral assistance of practically every world power, except, perhaps, Japan. Japan has been doing a thriving business selling supplies to the Mexican Federals on the west coast, and some of her enterprising skippers may endeavor to continue in that trade. On the east coast there will be no trouble either from the countries to the south or from Europe. Europe has too much at stake in Mexico to render any assistance.

The navy will have no fights. A single battleship can take care of anything that floats in either ocean under the Mexican flag. Then across the 2,200 more miles of border from Matamoros to Yuma and along the gulf south of San Diego there will be thrown a line of 150,000 or more militiamen, border guards, whose only duty will be the defending of the American border towns, the prevention of raids and smuggling and the protecting of the various bases.

There will not be much attempted in the way of smuggling. The country is tapped only by about five railroads and war supplies are manufactured only by a limited number of concerns in the country. The manufacturing concern which will place its profits above its patriotism will soon learn something about emergency methods, besides which they will be working overtime anyway. The railroads will simply not carry the freight, and that practically ends any chance of interior Mexico fighting on anything more deadly than bows and arrows.

Rough Riders to Front.
The United States army, not the militia, aided by irregular forces composed of men with special knowledge of the kind of fighting there will be, will do the first heavy work in intervention. An important organization in this connection will be the First Volunteer Cavalry, familiar as the Rough Riders, and their commander will be their first lieutenant colonel, Theodore Roosevelt. The Rough Riders have preserved a veteran organization since 1898. Two years ago when its members, most of whom live along the border, realized that some time the United States would have to go over the line, they laid their plans. A tentative organization which can be stretched from a regiment to a brigade was laid out and at the first call to arms its recruiting offices will be opened for men able to speak the English language, with a knowledge of the country and its people, to say nothing of an entire willingness and ability to fight. Similar organizations will spring up along the border and they will be most valuable as scouts and guides, although the regular army today knows exactly where it is going, and what it is to try and do when it gets there.

The plans of the United States are so well forecast that Mexican Federals themselves discuss them. They have long since stopped expressing possibility or probability in the invasion as they call it, and discuss it as an assured fact. It was agreed by Federal officers at a luncheon in Juarez on the Sunday before election that the United States warships will straightaway blockade and capture Tampico, Vera Cruz, Campeche and some minor ports on the east coast. It is agreed that there will be no fight. On the west coast they will promptly take Guaymas, Mazanillo, Culican and other important ports. There may be a show of resistance, but no real opposition.

Invade Five States.
Transports will follow ships and after the regular army has settled the towns the militia will be installed on garrison duty. The land invasions will be made through the five northernmost Mexican States—Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua and Sonora. The United States troops will advance to the capitals of these States, take them and then the principal cities. The militia as it is worked into shape will be utilized to protect the line from the base.

The principal movement will be through Vera Cruz along the line of advance of the Mexican war and the objective will be Mexico City. This will be taken, and as soon as the other larger cities of the country are captured the second step of the campaign will be taken. The main army for the capital may be 40,000. Ten thousand men will suffice for the other work.

Statesmen with no special knowledge of the subject have dwelt feelingly on the enormous cost in life and money of intervention. Men along the border admit that the cost will be great, but they do not agree as to the cost of lives. There will be two battles between Vera Cruz and Mexico City and one from Juarez to Zacatecas, south from Juarez. This is the way the campaign pictures itself to experts who have given it much study.

The first Vera Cruz encounter will be little more than a skirmish and the second will be decisive, ending in

the fall of the capital. Against the United States will be arrayed the joined forces of Federals and the present rebels in both instances. Immediately thereafter, acknowledging the uselessness of further struggle, the Mexican merchant, banker, business men, miner, ranchman will counsel peace and turn to the United States.

The Constitutionals, declaring themselves true patriots, will suddenly discover that the motives of the United States are pure and will join in pacifying their unhappy country. Jesus Carranza, brother of the Constitutional leader, made a little slip of the tongue in September when intervention was bruted. "My brother will welcome intervention, which will bring about peace," he said. Later, after he had been told of it, he denied the statement.

The better class of Mexican business men will then join with the United States after assurances that no territorial aggrandizement is sought. The big men of the five northern States will not care so much about the latter after they have swallowed national pride. So far as the great host of foreign inhabitants—representatives of about \$1,500,000,000 in the richest mines of the world, in ranches, in cast lumber operations, in rubber concessions, public works, electric light, street railways, steam railroads, water powers—they will be heart and soul with the campaign which will bring about the peaceful occupation of their property.

Peons Want to Fight.

Such is the best informed appraisal of the outlook. The peon, however, will be the trouble. Indian and half Indian, persuaded that they will be worse enslaved than they have been, will want to fight, and they will fight until they learn something by experience. The poor man pays Mexico's taxes today, and the poor man is the peon. His wages are scant and his living precarious. A big mine owner from the neighborhood of Parral, Chihuahua, prophesied the other day how this will work out:

"We had 4,000 men at work and all are out of jobs, out of food and out of homes now. Many have joined one side or the other and fight with their brothers. Those men will fight as best they can at first, but soon they will learn that intervention means their old jobs back, means relief from taxes, means sure wages and freedom from molestation. It will not take them long to quit fighting and settle down to peace and comfort."

At the luncheon in Juarez, at which the Mexican Federal officers, regulars and irregulars, were present, it was admitted that all the ports will be blockaded, all the land lines cut off and the supply of ammunition shut off.

"You have done all that and we are in the mountains," said an officer of Salazar's command: "how are you going to get at us? We know the country, we know every waterhole, the places of the forage, the securest hiding places. We will be able to live where none of you Gringos can last; what are you going to do then?"

That has been answered by the forecasts of the government plan. The Mexicans in the mountains—the Zapatas, the Salazars, the Orozcocs, the Villas and all the other half bandits, half revolutionists, now on one side and now on the other—will be fought by their compatriots. Sure pay, good clothing, comfortable surroundings and fair treatment will have a marvelous effect in a short time. An efficient constabulary properly equipped and backed will do the work and the troops of the United States will garrison the cities.

Peace will come far sooner than those who do not know the country or its people think for, and with equal taxation, fair laws and an iron hand hovering over the shoulder, the country will have its opportunity for development which will reveal the richest land in the world.

A SINLESS TOWN.

It's Blackwell in England's Coal Mining District.

All America knows of the existence of a "Spotless Town," but who from Maine to Texas or from Washington to Florida ever heard of a "Sinless Village?" There is one in England, and it is a mining town, too—the little town of Blackwell, in the colliery district, where one would naturally suspect riotousness and vice, says London correspondence in New York Tribune. Instead of vice owning Blackwell, virtue triumphs, almost to a degree, the visitors say, of monotony.

"I just won't allow any sin or wickedness; that's all," says the King of Blackwell, who is in private life J. T. Todd, manager of the Blackwell Colliery Company.

The sojourner and sociological investigator tramps, a mile and a half from the railway station to Blackwell, only to find a town built in small, compact rows, fashioned with a precision that absolutely reflects its righteousness. At one corner there is a public house, as a saloon is called in England, but this is the neatest and trimmest of resorts and turns its face

in shamefaced fashion away from the main thoroughfare. Inside a few quiet spirits sit and discuss Home Rule and football, the two predominant subjects in England, without the slightest rancor and in almost subdued tones.

Under a September moon, and with the faint incense of field and hedgerow stirring through the streets, Blackwell looks to be the best place in the whole world, if the adjective is applied in the right way. The wayfarer walks along, and only his footsteps break the stillness. No lights show in the fronts of the tiny houses, and this is soon explained when it is found that the occupants sit in their kitchens, so that the streets will not be garish at night.

A cat slinks out from a doorway, trying to be wicked, as is the natural wont of a cat, but before it reaches the next shadow a shocked and reproachful voice calls, "Now, Tabby, come right in," and the cat slinks hopelessly back.

"And everybody is good in Blackwell?" The Tribune correspondent asked Mr. Todd.

"They are," succinctly responded his majesty, who, pressed to account for it, explained, "We don't allow them to be anything else," and Mrs. Todd put in, in kindest fashion, "I think it is because we take such an interest in them."

"Perhaps it is," rather reluctantly admitted Mr. Todd.

This benevolent despot went on to say that the collieries owned everything in Blackwell, employed every man and boy, about 5,000 workers, to whom \$30,000 is paid weekly, and controlled everything in the village, "except the public house, which we don't notice."

"We have the best cricket grounds in England and on it we've played 42 matches this year, losing only 6. We have tennis, bowls and football, besides, and musical evenings too," said Mr. Todd.

"And during the tennis season we have teas on the grounds," interpolated Mrs. Todd, "the wives acting as hostesses."

"We have a first-class band and a boys' brigade," proudly said the King.

"I tell you, sir, they're a fine class of people here; the nicest and most respectable colliers in the country," he went on. "You see, I don't allow anyone here to be prosecuted. We have one policeman, and I object to his prosecuting anybody whatsoever. If anybody is bad the policeman reports him, and I deal with him, and if he is very bad I send him away."

Mr. Todd did not admit that the policeman's lot was merry and gay, and on the way back to the station The Tribune correspondent met two men coming homeward with a walk more like a sailor's than a collier's. But even if they were a bit worse for wear, they had a cheery greeting.

On the bridge stood a lonely figure, as austere and majestic as the ghost in "Hamlet." A street lamp glinted on his helmet.

"Are you one Policeman and are you truly happy?" began The Tribune correspondent, but just then the train to Nottingham busily bustled into the doll's house of a station and the policeman's answer was drowned in the clatter.

A Remarkable Newspaper.

In British Columbia there is a little newspaper, the Kamloops Wawa, circulating among several tribes of North American Indians. The unique feature of this journal is that it is printed in shorthand. Its story is a remarkable one. Some years ago the Rev. J. M. Le Jeune, a Breton missionary, arrived in British Columbia to take charge of a territory some fifty miles square. He found the great obstacle to his work to be the absence of any means of written communication, as the natives had no written language of their own. His repeated efforts to teach them to read and write by ordinary methods failed entirely. The missionary was acquainted with the simple French D'Nealian shorthand, and then conceived the novel idea of teaching the Indians to write their own language phonetically by means of the shorthand characters. He adopted the stenographic signs to the Chinook language, and the experiment proved a complete success. There are today three thousand Indians able to write and read their own language by no other means than shorthand. "Wawa" means "talk" in the Chinook, hence the title of the little newspaper which has been the natural outcome of the missionary's undertaking.

Declare War on Colds.

A crusade of education which aims "that common colds may become uncommon within the next generation" has been begun by prominent New York physicians. Here is a list of the "don'ts" which the doctors say will prevent the annual visitation of the cold:

- "Don't sit in a draughty car."
- "Don't sleep in hot rooms."
- "Don't avoid the fresh air."
- "Don't stuff yourself at meal time. Overeating reduces your resistance."
- "To which we would add—when you take a cold get rid of it as quickly as possible. To accomplish that you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy most excellent. Sold by all dealers.—Adv't.

GEN. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

New Leader of Salvation Army Received Long Training.

Gen. Bramwell Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, arrived in New York last week on board the Cunarder Lusitania, and after a tour in Canada will return to address his first audience in New York at Carnegie Hall on November 23, says the New York Evening Post. He will spend two weeks in the United States, speaking in many cities, where his father, the founder of the movement, was well known.

When Gen. Bramwell Booth is introduced for the first time to a New York audience, he will speak as the head of an organization with which he has been identified since his early school days. He will speak with the authority of one fully cognizant of all the important events in the history of the movement since he became his father's chief supporter and first aide.

He is in command of an organization which tells its message to the world in 34 languages. Gen. Booth is in command of 15,000 officers and cadets, and 5,000 employees who have no official rank accept him as their commander. He also commands, through the delegated agencies, more than 25,000 bandmen, 10,000 songsters and 55,000 local non-commissioned officers.

More than 9,000 corps and outposts are commanded by Gen. Booth and by his authority, sustained by the Salvation Army International Cabinet. Under his jurisdiction, 82 periodicals are issued, while scores of industrial homes, shelters for women, homes for children, hotels for men, industrial schools, slum posts, prison gates farms and other establishments exist in every land.

For the post he now occupies, Gen. Booth has had 40 years of careful training. His mother, who was also the mother of the Salvation Army, watched over him at home, kept in constant correspondence with him while at school, and used all the agencies at her command to mould his character so as to fit him for the command of the army when the baton should fall from the hands of his father. When a boy of 12 he wrote letters to his mother that are still preserved in the archives of the organization. They were in diction which the average boy of 18 seldom masters.

In his earliest youth, the new general evinced a lively interest in the wrongs of women. Chivalrous and deferential by nature, he imbibed his father's teachings, and accepted without protest the conclusion that she "is the equal of man in everything but physical power." Animated by this conviction, and indignant because of the apparent unwillingness of Europeans, and especially the people of his own country, to recognize the truths enunciated by his father and accepted and promulgated by himself, Booth began a crusade that resulted ultimately in a change of the organic law of the land. Today the child in years, who a little more than a quarter of a century ago was regarded as legitimate prey, is protected by the laws of Great Britain. It is not too much to say that this crusade was the beginning of an organized worldwide protest against white slavery.

In this campaign, the then chief of staff found himself opposed by interests both stubborn and powerful—interests that were entrenched politically, socially and financially. But after a prolonged fight, in which the very existence of the Salvation Army was at stake, Bramwell Booth emerged a victor. The Salvation Army was in its infancy in those days, and the tendency among so many millions of persons to regard it as a "joke" did not add to its strength. But he had put his hand to the plough, and resolutely declined to withdraw.

He was born at Halifax, England, in 1856. At that time the Salvation Army had not even taken hazy form in his father's mind. The Rev. William Booth was then a minister of the Methodist New Connection. Nine years later the founder of the Army began his evangelistic work at Mile End. This was the forerunner of the Christian Mission, which "retired" later in favor of "The Salvation Army."

Although he was quickly chosen as his father's chief lieutenant, Bramwell Booth's initiation into the work was accompanied by discipline as severe as obtains at West Point or Sandhurst. Every moment, except those devoted to rest and worship, was occupied in some kind of work. At the office he was obliged to do work that is today assigned to the janitor or scrubwoman. He cleaned out inkwells and in other ways made himself generally useful. In the evenings he preached to howling mobs in the worst sections of London. The natural desire of an Englishman to defend himself against insult, contumely, and assault he was obliged to repress. Cobblestones, ancient eggs, bad fruit and vegetables and fish were the favorite missiles of the mob in those days.

Schooled as he was, it was no difficult task in after years for him to put

himself in the place of the humblest worker in the ranks of the organization. When a raw and undeveloped youth he was fired with zeal for the work his father began, and at no time has his ardor cooled. He had all a young man's enthusiasm. But he had the mental poise and perspective of a well-balanced student of human nature, and he has always insisted that nothing "less than the best" will do.

Although the new general has never been in America before, he is in close touch with everything that is occurring on this side of the Atlantic. He has always been deeply interested in the progress of the "war," as he terms it, in the United States. Through his sister, Commander Eva Booth, he is kept constantly informed of all the current events in Army circles here. Like his father, the new general looks to the United States and Canada for big accomplishments in the future.

A well-known publicist has said that as a man of business acumen, Bramwell Booth would be worth to a corporation at least \$20,000 a year. Calm, cool, methodical and systematic, he is able to attend to large business affairs of the organization and dispose of an immense amount of work in a short space of time. In addition to overseeing the spiritual enterprises of the movement, he must take an interest in hundreds of other matters, which, while not exclusively spiritual in their nature, depend for their existence upon the devotion of men and women. These enterprises include a bank, an insurance company, an immigration company, and scores of other industries.

The insurance company is largely the product of the brain and heart of Bramwell Booth. He is said to have conceived the idea many years ago. The matter was submitted to his father, discussed by heads of departments, and finally adopted. The British government has approved the organization and officially testified from year to year that it is a sound and flourishing institution. He co-operated with his father in the production of "In Darkest England," a book that unfolds a vast and world-wide plan for the social, moral and material betterment of the "submerged tenth." While all the schemes evolved by the founder of the organization and presented to the world in that book have not yet been made practically effective, step by step the officers are translating into beneficent action what many critics 20 years ago denounced as the "fairy product of a dreamer." The materials for this work were gathered under the general direction of Bramwell Booth, who commanded a trained efficient staff.

He was largely instrumental in formulating plans for the restoration to society of discharged prisoners. In England this branch of the work is more difficult than in the United States, Australia, Canada and other Anglo-Saxon countries. It is more difficult because the established Church of England has the entree to all the prisons, and because it is established, has a legal standing in the prisons which enables it to take precedence of any other religious organization. Nevertheless, the Salvation Army has not only succeeded in securing a standing in the penal establishments of Great Britain, but, through the efforts of Bramwell Booth and his staff it is able, with the hearty consent of that organization, to co-operate with the Church of England.

Now that Connie Mack has explained how he won the pennant, it will be unnecessary for Muggsy McGraw to tell how he didn't.—Washington Post.

Or Diaz may agree with the discreet dandy in the story: 'I'd rather they'd say 'Theh he goes' than 'Theh he lays.'—Kansas City Star.

Cause of Insomnia.
The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach and constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

Great Britain is so much obliged to us for accepting Mrs. Pankhurst that she is going to back us up in our Mexican policy.—Washington Herald.

Tonight.
Tonight, if you feel dull and stupid, or bilious and constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets and you will feel all right tomorrow. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.

Governor Foss has at least one enthusiastic admirer in Massachusetts in the person of Eugene Noble Foss. He modestly admits that he is "a better Republican than Gardner, a better Democrat than Walsh and a better Progressive than Bird."—Manchester Union.

A Night of Terror.
Few nights are more terrible than that of a mother looking on her child choking and gasping for breath during an attack of croup, and nothing in the house to relieve it. Many mothers have passed nights of terror in this situation. A little forethought will enable you to avoid all this. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Keep it at hand. For sale by all dealers.—Adv't.