

BANDIT IS A HERO

Reasons Why Mexican Is at War With Madero.

Was Victim of the Diaz Tyranny—Became Agitator When His Property Was Confiscated and He Had to Labor as Peon.

Cuernavaca, Mex.—"Zapata, the bandit," "Zapata, the liberator"—these are the two public estimates placed upon the man who for more than a year has been carrying on a continuous warfare against the constituted government in this part of southern Mexico.

It is distinctly a war of the classes. "The Tiger of Ayala," as Zapata is called by his hundreds of admiring followers, claims to be fighting for the freedom of the peon element and the small property holders, who he declares have long suffered from the tyrannical acts and policies of the government. He also has personal grievances and wrongs which he wants to avenge.

Zapata is a product of the Diaz rule. He was one of the victims of the system that oppressed many of the lower class all over the country during the Diaz regime. It happened in his case that there existed in him an element of fighting power and relentless cruelty which marked him for the leadership of the people who had suffered similar wrongs. He is now paying the government back for the injuries it did him.

In the days of Diaz men who did not agree with the government were quickly put where they could do no harm. Zapata was arrested and sentenced to a long term of exile in the hot lands of Quintana Roo. It was to that remote region that most of the political prisoners were sent. Few of them survived their terms of exile. But Zapata had a constitution of iron. Even in the distressing circumstances under which he then labored he planned the vengeance that he has been inflicting on his oppressors for the last twelve months. He lived through his term of exile and returned to his home in Ayala. The years went by slowly and Zapata quietly fomented a spirit of retaliation against the government among the people of his class. This was before Madero started his revolution, and it is now known that even had the latter not inaugurated his revolt against the Diaz government Zapata would have soon started one of his own.

Zapata did not quit fighting when the peace compact was signed between Madero and the Diaz government. He had wrongs still to avenge, and the petty municipal and district officers who had carried out the orders of the government were the special objects of his vengeance. He and his men have shown special hatred and cruelty toward the land owners who dispossessed them of their small farms.

Emiliano Zapata is the hero of the common people, not only of the states that are now in actual revolt, but of all portions of the country. The seeds of revolt that have been sown by Zapata are likely to continue to bear fruit for years to come, unless the government is able quickly to grant the demands of the lower class for a division among them of the vast estates which have for the most part been established by the merging of small properties taken either by force or by semblance of law.

Zapata is a man of fine physique. He was married only a few months ago to a pretty mountain girl, and she has been his constant companion ever since.

CHURCH LEFT TO TOURISTS

Death of Builder Deprived English Village of Contemplated House of Worship.

There is a curious history regarding an unfinished church which stands at Hassall, near Sandbach, England. A former resident at the local hall, a Mr. Lowndes, painfully conscious of the lack of provision for the spiritual wants of the people in the neighborhood determined to build a church at his own expense. After carefully choosing a site, he gave instructions for the erection of a structure in the modern style capable of seating 400 or 500 persons. Work on it was begun in the summer of 1836, and was pushed on steadily till the day on which Queen Victoria was crowned, by which time the building was well advanced. The crypts, about ten in number, had been put in, the walls and roofs were complete, and the scantlings for the floor were fixed. Indeed, partly in consequence of the national rejoicings, and partly to celebrate the progress which had been made, the building was smothered in flags and decorations, and was the center of the local festivities. Next day Mr. Lowndes was seized with an illness which quickly proved fatal, and with his passing all work on the church ceased. Though the building could have been finished at comparatively small cost, it was abandoned; and it has not been used since, except by tourists, whose names "hallow and adorn it," as Mark Twain said of those on the ruins of Cain's Altar, by the thousand.—Wide World Magazine.

SWEET SOUNDS A MYSTERY

Remarkable Hindu Musical Instrument Puzzles Those Who Hear It for the First Time.

The Hindus have a number of musical instruments for which great antiquity is claimed. Of these there is one that is very curious, not so much by reason of its form or structure, but because of the fact that it is played in a very peculiar manner. It is not a stringed instrument, it is not a wind instrument, and it is not an instrument of percussion. It consists of two small silver trumpets with a very delicate apparatus within.

When the natives play upon this instrument they invariably excite the greatest wonder in the foreigner, who is perplexed to determine how the player produces the sounds, for he does not place the instrument to his lips, but adjusts it to his neck. Foreigners have thought that a player of such an instrument must be a ventriloquist, employing the trumpets to convey a false impression.

It appears, however, that the variations of tone are produced by the variation in the quantity of air propelled through the instrument by the pulsations of the neck.

Nothing could be more curious, it is said, than to witness a performance upon this instrument and to hear the soft, sweet, musical sounds that emanate from the silver trumpets.—Harper's Weekly.

Misdirected Books.

The post office sale of misdirected books, which formed no inconsiderable part of the \$10,000 worth of miscellaneous articles disposed of by auction in last year's clearance sale of postal matter of unascertainable ownership, amounted to 1,222 packages.

Nearly every language spoken in our broad land was represented in the collection, which included, as a special curiosity, a Choctaw version of the Book of Psalms. In the entire lot Bibles and books on religious topics predominated.

If more than 1,000 books were misdirected, how many thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, must have been carried by the mails! And how many times that number would be thus carried every year if we had what many another country has, a thorough-going parcels post system.—Dial.

One-Man Structure.

The biggest one-man structure in England is St. Michael's church, near Coventry. James Green, a native of that city, not only worked the stones used in it, but with the help of a single laborer, placed them all in position, and, in fact, constructed the whole of it, from foundation to turret. How long it took him to accomplish this feat is not clear. He is said to have been engaged on the task for 40 years, but the interval which elapsed between the demolition of the old church and the opening of the present one was only seven years. At all events, Green's "record" like many others in connection with building, will, we may be sure, stand for generations.—Wide World Magazine.

Jupiter's Moons.

One of the greatest discoveries of science is due to observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. It was found that when the earth was in the part of its orbit nearest to Jupiter these eclipses occurred 16 minutes earlier than when it was in the furthest part; whereas by all rules of astronomy they should have occurred at the same minute each time. It was deduced from this that light was not instantaneous, and consequently took 16 minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, a distance of about 200,000,000 miles, thus giving to light a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, which was accurately shown later by other experiments.

IMPATIENCE CALLED A SIN

Worse Than Folly, Inasmuch as It Does Harm to Others as Well as to the Unfortunate Possessor.

The word patience is not mentioned in the Old Testament. It seems to have come with the Christian delusion and to have taken its place among the virtues after Christ came. This is strange, for impatience is one of the implacable enemies of man's peace and joy. It is the easiest sin there is. It is always ready to break out in revolt against the peace and dignity of the individual.

It is mighty unfortunate for a person to be easily afflicted with impatience. It is a real suffering. It is a bad spirit that grabs a man and squeezes the reason out of him. A man is sort of crazy who is impatient. He lets go of faith in God and the logic of events and gets mad at both. It does no good to anybody, and nine cases out of ten a man is ashamed of himself when he lets this sin get the better of him.

As proof that impatience is downright wickedness, notice how a victim of it will swear, insult his friend, snub his wife, kick the cat, slam down whatever is in his hand, and make everybody around him as miserable as himself. Such are the evil associations of impatience.—Ohio State Journal.

BOOBY BIRD IS WELL NAMED

Most Stupid of All Feathered Creatures, Though Its Eggs Are Pronounced Good.

Doubtless the term "booby," signifying a stupid creature, has been misapplied in some cases, but it correctly describes several varieties of birds of the gannet species common to certain islands of the Caribbean sea.

The booby is a small water fowl, and in spring and summer millions of its kind flock to seven little islands of Jamaica. The booby bird is so called because of its stupidity, since it has absolutely no fear of man. The islands frequented by these birds are leased to private individuals who derive a large income from the collection and sale of booby eggs. Nearly 60,000 dozen booby eggs were taken from the seven little islands to Jamaica last year, where they were sold at the rate of about \$3.25 for a case containing 500.

An American consular officer familiar with the subject states that while booby eggs are only about two-thirds as large as hen's eggs they are but little inferior in quality. There might be a market in this country for the booby product.

Celebrated Armorers.

In olden times the armorer's work was not of a rough and ready description, but generally bore the signs of highly wrought workmanship. The various pieces of a suit fit into their positions to a nicety, there are no rough edges, and as a rule very little that is merely careless decorative work. Fashion and reputation have left their hall mark on the armor of each period, and like most other industries it had its distinguished masters. The name of Jacob Topf is, for example, still famous in England, and such names as those of Lorenzo Colman of Augsburg, a German armorer of the sixteenth century, Lucio Pinocchio, a Milanese, and the Wolfs of Landshut, a family of armorers that are supposed to have worked for Philip II. of Spain, are celebrated in their own countries.

Before Arising.

Never jump out of bed with a hop, skip and jump if you have any regard for your heart. Oh, yes, it is all right to have the spirit and the feeling that you can do it; but don't. Take a lesson from the cat. Begin by stretching the entire body while lying flat on the back. Tense your arm muscles, leg muscles, abdominal and back muscles, chest muscles. First tense, then relax; tense again and again, following each tensing or stretching with a complete relaxing. This increases heart action gradually. It has been working on half time all night unless you have retired with a stomach full of undigested food, and, at the same time, cause arterial distention in the most natural and effective manner. This is in full accord with physiological law.

Fortune From Watercress.

Mrs. James is said to have amassed a fortune of \$400,000 by selling watercress at Covent Garden market, London. Mrs. James has been well; watercress ever since she was five years old, beginning with two small basketsful. "Hard work is the secret of success," Mrs. James declares. "I stand out in the open every morning from three o'clock till ten, and after that I have to look after the fresh cut watercress which arrives from my farm by every passenger train. Study your customers, never disappoint them, give them the best and you must succeed." Mrs. James has a handsome house in London, a house in the country, a watercress farm, and keeps a motor launch.

Elaborate Apology.

"What do you mean by waving that red flag and stopping the train?" asked the irate engineer. "You wrong us," replied Meandering Mike. "We was holdin' a little meetin'." "What you saw was de new architect version of de Chautauque salute."

DESCENDED FROM OLD ADAM

Blue-Eyed, Innocent-Looking Youngster by No Means the Safest He Seemed to Be.

A little incident came up in discussing boys at the Y. M. C. A. the other night that brought forth a story from a man who had once been a director of the Boys' club.

"I was standing in the door of the Boys' club," said he, "extolling the perfect disposition of a little blue-eyed youngster who was sitting in a window a few feet away from us. The woman member of the board of directors to whom I was doing the extolling had remarked how nice the little boy seemed, such a placid face, such pretty blue eyes. She was sure he had a lovely disposition. I agreed with her lovingly. And I might have thought so yet, but for a rude awakening. A small boy leaned out of the window above the model youngster. He had a medicine ball—one of those big leather bags, much like a round football, except that it was stuffed with cotton. The ball had lost most of its filling. Little Algernon or Jimmie, or whatever his name happened to be, leaned out of the window, and taking deadly aim, he dropped the dilapidated ball square on little Blue Eyes' head. The effect was volcanic. Little Boy Blue poured out a string of street English that would have shamed a professional.

"Say, you mutt, I'm after you! When I get up there I'll tear your bloomin' block off!" Then followed a stream of unedited profanity. I turned sadly to the board member. Both of us were disappointed.—Indianapolis News.

HAVE ALMOST HUMAN BRAIN

Intelligence of the Elephant Proved to Be Developed to a Marked Degree.

The elephant looks stupid enough, but his intelligence is developed to a marked degree. Dr. Romanes tells several interesting stories of these animals. A man was one day feeding a tame elephant with potatoes which the elephant took from his hand. A small round potato fell on the ground just out of reach.

After several unsuccessful attempts to get the animal to blow it strong a blast of breath against it that it was dashed against a wall, from which it rebounded so far that he easily reached it. It is said that an elephant will often blow just beyond small objects out of reach so that the reflected current of air will drive them toward him.

Dr. Romanes repeats the story of an elephant that was chained to a tree near a little oven in which his driver had just baked some rice cakes. When the driver went away, leaving his cakes to cool, the elephant fastened the chain from his leg, uncovered the oven, opened it, ate the cakes, and covered the oven with earth and stones as he had found it. He then returned to his place, and wound the chain about his leg as it was before, although he could not fasten it. The driver on his return, found the elephant with his back toward the oven, and looking innocent, but the cakes had completely disappeared.—Youth's Companion.

Historic Churchyard.

The Church of St. George the Martyr, whose crypt it is proposed to fit up for the church scouts, is famous for the eminent men buried in its churchyard. For this was for many years the burial place of prisoners in the Marshalsea and King's Bench, and illustrious prisoners were common there. Bonner, Bishop of London, died in the Marshalsea, and was buried in St. George's churchyard, and here, too, are buried Rushworth, clerk of parliament in the days of Charles I. and the famous Cooker, whose arithmetic book went through a hundred editions. The parish register records the marriages of Lilly, the astrologer, and General Monk. This parish register narrowly escaped destruction, for at a public vestry in 1776 it was resolved to "sell to Mr. Samuel Carter all the parish papers in a lump at three halfpence per pound."—London Chronicle.

Burglars Aid Collections.

"Being a moral member of the community, naturally I deplore burglaries," said the church treasurer. "If I studied the welfare of the church alone I should encourage them, for next to the burglars themselves, the people who profit most from an epidemic of small robberies are the churches.

"With peace and safety reigning in a neighborhood, householders leave most of their money at home when they go to church, consequently they contribute in dribslets, but just let that same locality become infested with burglars and everybody takes his money to church and increases his contributions proportionately."

Barred From Hamburg Bourse.

The public rooms of the Hamburg bourse, subject to very mild rules conducive to good order, are open to all, with very few exceptions. Their use is definitely forbidden "to all female persons," to individuals who have been deprived of their civic rights, who are under some form of judicial restraint, who have been adjudged guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, persons adjudged to be in simple bankruptcy, those unable to meet their obligations, and such as are forbidden the use of the bourse through the decision of the court of honor.

EXPRESSION IN MODERN HAND

Denotes Thoughtfulness to the Observer, as Well as Some of the New Virtues.

There is no doubt that the expression of the hand in higher civilized races has changed, in a hundred years, said an observant woman the other day, quite as much as that of the face. "The perfect hand of the painter," says Richard Pryce in his novel, "Christopher," "the Hand Beautiful of convention, lacked subtleties." Now these subtleties may be perceived any night at any dinner table where Superior Persons are gathered together. The modern hand is a thoughtful hand, and makes use of gestures which denote the new virtues of pity and altruism, as well as an extraordinary feeling for the arts, especially that of music. If you look at an audience as one of the classical concerts and examined their hands, you would hardly find one of the old, blunt, square-fingered, brutal type among them. Sir Henry Irving had beautiful and essentially "modern hands" and he used them with extraordinary effect in his acting. How often his hand would look at his hands instead of his face in some great scene—so expressive were they of his emotions. In medieval times the kind of a hand which you see nowadays belonging to a high school teacher or a celebrated physician. Yet Mr. Pryce's heroine believes her intellectual hands. She is an ardent coquette, and, in spite of her superior and modern emotions, contrives to treat the hero very shabbily. These modern hands, with all their subtleties, are therefore not to be trusted. Indeed, their very complexities are a snare to the unwary observer.

NEVER FIGHT WITH BURGLAR

Upset a Chair and Frighten Him Away—That Is the Advice of a City Policeman.

"Don't ever 'hunt' a burglar. Make a noise and frighten him away. Upset a chair or slam a door.

"Almost all burglars carry revolvers of the finest kind. A 'pete man' or safe blower, the most dangerous kind of criminal, usually carries an automatic revolver, as it gives the quickest action.

"Every household should have a weapon in the house, but he should never use it unless to save his life.

"It is the inexperienced man whose use of the revolver makes it dangerous.

"A professional or expert burglar will never shoot unless to avoid capture. A safe blower will shoot at a policeman or any intruder, as for them capture means a long term in prison."

Special Officer Edward Brophy, an expert, made these statements, says the Pittsburgh Post. It is only on the very rarest occasions that he can be induced to talk about himself, but it is a fact that he is a crack shot with a pistol. He has made a study of weapons, and has a collection of them at his home ranging from little "baby chamberless" revolvers to huge Winchester rifles, a shot from which will move a heavy safe. He has always been interested in guns, and has taken special pains to learn about the guns burglars and other criminals carry.

School Land Ship.

One of the features of their public school training which the boys of Berlin, Germany, enjoy most is the "land ship," on which young sailors go through a regular daily training. The title is the name of the land ship which has been built and which has a crew of 120 boys. The larger boys act as officers. When they are at work on the land ship the boys dress in mid-dy blouses and caps. There is gun practice on the land ship every day, and a naval drill, and all the usual work of a ship is done by the boys. They have the greatest fun in climbing the spars and hoisting the sails, and life on the Itis is so popular that there are always more applicants for the crew than there are places to be filled.

Value of Good Manners.

The woman who amounts to anything these days must have good manners. There are exceptions, but the woman who would make friends for herself or business for her firm will have a lot easier time and be more successful if she has acquired personal charm. An unfortunate manner neutralizes the good a woman does. The capable woman need not grow slack in her work because she leads, not drives; because she is soft of voice, suave of tongue, kindly of heart, and gracious to all. The reason most of the women are otherwise than suave is that the turmoil of life gets the upper hand. They let their nerves go and good breeding follows.

Honor Utterer of Epigrams.

The Japanese are great admirers of epigrams and apt phrases. Their love of such things is carried so far that when a guest says something unusual, brilliant, the host or hostess will beg him to write down his remark in large ornamental script. The sentence is then mounted and hung on the wall as a permanent addition to its ornaments, much as we might hang up a text or motto. Naturally the author of a bon mot treated in this way feels himself highly honored to be thus placed on record. But the sentences are selected more for their wisdom than their humor; so that the funny man is not much in evidence.

NEVER WILL BEAR REPETITION

Business Man Has Found That He Cannot Repeat Verbal Castigation Over Phone.

When the telephone bell rang the junior partner said to the junior partner:

"If that is that man Bailey, just you tell him what you think of him, even if you lay yourself liable to a fine for violent language."

The junior partner relieved himself of a few abusive epithets, but presently, after a brief pause, he expressed the same sentiments couched in much milder terms. Said the junior partner:

"There you go, crawling again. Why can't you stick to what you said in the first place?"

The junior partner dropped the receiver.

"Supposing you come and say it yourself," he said.

The senior partner did so, but after a little he, too, repeated his harangue with all the backbone left out.

"It's no use," he said. "You can't curse a man twice over the phone who answers your first outburst with 'I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch that.' Say it again, please. That is Bailey's way. You try to say it again, but the second time it sounds pretty rank even in your own ears and your temper of rage moderates into a tranquil breeze."

QUICK WIT SAVED SOLDIER

Ready Answer Pleased Napoleon and Disarmed Indignation of Man Whose Name He Assumed.

In the French campaign in Italy, in which Napoleon I. first began to win the laurels which subsequently so abundantly crowned his career, a young Italian cavalry officer was taken prisoner. Having serious doubts about his safety, it occurred to him to pretend he was a great personage. He promised rewards to his captors if they would insure his good treatment, adding confidentially that he was the duke of Modena. He was exceedingly well cared for, and early next morning was called before Napoleon, who was somewhat puzzled at finding two dukes of Modena among his prisoners for the real duke was also a prisoner. The real duke angrily said he would forfeit by what authority he had assumed the title of duke of Modena. The young officer answered: "Your grace, the perils of my situation yesterday was such that had I known a more illustrious title I would not have assumed yours."

Sympathize With the Child.

Never laugh at your little one's confidences. Sympathize with his plans, no matter how wild they may seem. If you think his imagination is carrying him too far, administer a slight check by asking if such and such a plan seems the best thing to do.

It is to a gentle mother of his kind that the son will carry his hopes and fears when he is a man full grown.

Few mothers consider the real importance of having their children's perfect confidence when they are young. It means to them that they can feel perfect trust in their sons and daughters when they are grown. It means that the mother need not worry about where Tom is if he is absent from the home for a few hours, because he will tell her all about it tomorrow.

The fact that a boy knows that his mother expects his confidence and that she places her trust in him will be his surest incentive toward an upright, honorable manhood.

Idea Exploded Long Ago.

In the search for a cure for consumption a Maryland physician thinks he has found one in snake poison. His procedure is to sterilize it and use it as an injection, the poison immediately killing the bacilli, according to program.

Our old friend Colonel Macaroni, to whose memoirs we are indebted, wrote nearly a hundred years ago:

"Naples, like other places, has its 'old school' in medicine. According to the olden pharmacopoeia viper broth is recommended as most restorative and nutritious to debilitated and consumptive persons. Hence, every apothecary's shop is furnished with large chests, containing some scores of living vipers, and, of course, there is such a trade as that of viper catchers. "I need not inform my intelligent readers that the virtue of viper broth exists alone in the imaginations, or, rather, in the moidly writings, of the long since departed prescribers."

His Definition.

A southern congressman recently met for the first time in some years an aged dandy who was formerly in the representative's service. During their converse the congressman learned the interesting fact that his old servant had, in his advanced age, learned to read.

"Well, now, Sam," remarked the former master, "that makes things interesting for you, doesn't it? You should find pleasant companionship in books and papers."

"Yessah," oracularly assented the old man. "Readin' is shore a great thing sah. I has given de matter considerable consideration, sah, an' I is prepared to say, sah, dat readin' is de power of heartin' with de eyes."—Lippincott's.