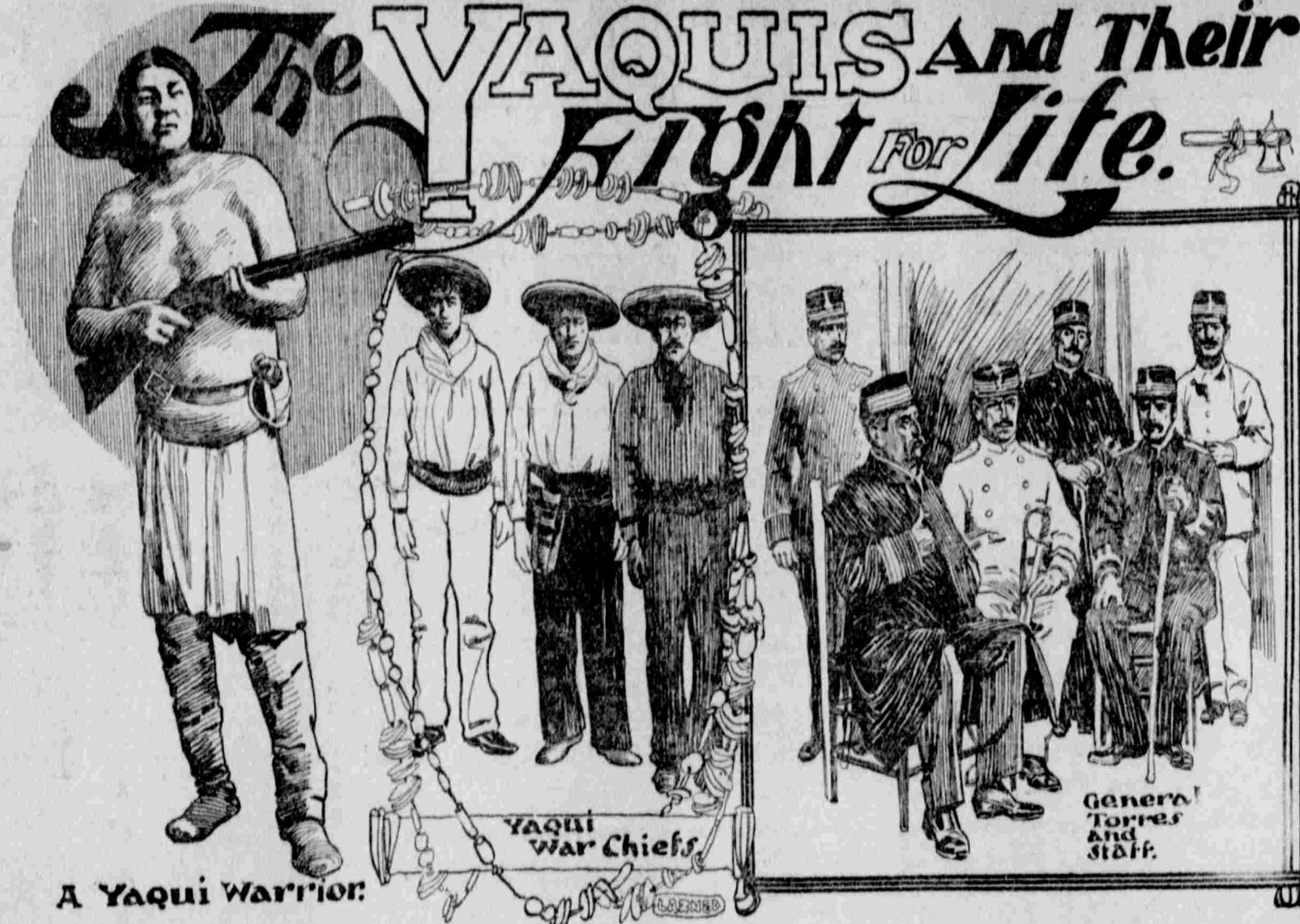


It is safe to say that the annals of warfare show no more heroic deeds than have been performed by the Yaquis of Mexico in their long struggle with organized government. They have been known as fighters ever since the advent of white men in Mexico, nearly 400 years ago. When Cortes made his exploration of the gulf of California after he had conquered the Aztecs and subdued a great portion of southern Mexico, he found the Yaquis dwelling in pretty much the same territory they are fighting for today, only extending much farther to the southward and eastward. At the present time they are confined to the southeastern part of Mexico's northwestern state, Sonora, where a river and a vast fertile valley bearing their name proclaim the antiquity of their title. They were anciently estimated at about 350,000, but today they number less than a thousand warriors and boys capable of bearing arms. Their resistance to Spanish oppression began in the time of Coronado, the discoverer of New Mexico, and has continued intermittently ever since. The Spaniards of that period wore steel armor and carried firearms, while the Yaquis, like their congeners in the south of Mexico, the Aztecs and the Mayas, were half naked, wearing when in battle merely defensive breastplates of quilted cotton and being armed only with stone headed spears, lances, bows, arrows and knives. They lost 20,000 warriors in their first encounters with the Spaniards and have ever since cherished the traditions of hatred those defeats engendered.

When the Mexicans rose against the Spaniards in 1821, the Yaquis, then reduced to less than 40,000, joined their heart and soul and were among the best soldiers in the ranks of the deliverers. They then returned to their farms and devoted themselves to agriculture as they understood it, raising just enough for their subsistence from the fertile soil, and developing in a crude way the rich silver and copper mines in the sierras of southeastern Sonora. They enjoyed a quarter century of peace,



A Yaqui Warrior

The Yaquis refused to reward them for their services, and they went on the warpath for redress. Though now reduced almost to the verge of extermination, they have caused Mexico a loss of more than 30,000 soldiers. From 1886 to 1897 there was almost constant fighting, which was finally terminated

by a brief truce. Hostilities broke out again in 1898 and have continued ever since, with only short intermissions of peace.

Until quite recently they have proved more than a match for the Mexican soldiers, for they have been trained to war for centuries and are among the

most expert bushwhackers in the world. As they had to be hunted out in the fastnesses of the sierras, where they were particularly at home and where they could prepare ambushes into which their enemies frequently fell, they held the Mexicans at bay for many years. Still they have steadily

diminished, having no vast reserve from which to make good their losses, like the Mexicans, and losing one stronghold after another in the protracted warfare. But every man and boy is a fighter, his highest ambition being a chance to kill a Mexican. He subsists for weeks and months on ponies, a mixture of parched corn, sugar and spices; he can climb peaks and precipices that hardly a goat could scale, he is sleepless at night and ever alert by day to catch his foe unawares. It is difficult to separate the peaceful Yaquis from the hostiles, since men, women, boys and girls who are this week working on Mexican plantations may next week be scurrying to the front loaded with guns and ammunition for the warriors. They have always been accumulating arms and ammunition and are supposed to have caches in the mountains containing sufficient munitions of war to last them for years. A Yaqui's first thought when he shoots a Mexican soldier is to secure his rifle and cartridges, which he values more than all the gold in the sierras.

From the manner in which the conflict is now conducted against the Yaquis, it is undoubtedly to be a war of extermination, and it cannot be denied that the Mexicans have some warrant for their present methods of carrying on hostilities, accepting the lessons that the Yaquis themselves have taught them and following the example set by General Miles and others this side the border in their campaigns against the Apaches (whom, by the way, the Yaquis somewhat resemble). General Torres, now in command, has resolved to destroy all the hostiles he finds and to segregate and remove from Sonora all the noncombatants he can capture. Cruel as it may seem, this appears to be the only method that can succeed with the wily Yaquis, who are now reduced to scattered bands of bushwhackers bent on the murder of all whites of whatever nationality they come across in the sierras. So long as they are at large there can be no assurance of safety to miner or agriculturist in Sonora.

General Luis E. Torres, who has been fighting the Yaquis for the past fifteen

years and is in charge of the present campaign, is said to be a man of humane sensibilities. He has been governor of Sonora and of Lower California, was a representative from Sonora in the Mexican congress, speaks English fluently and is highly respected as a man, a soldier and a diplomat.

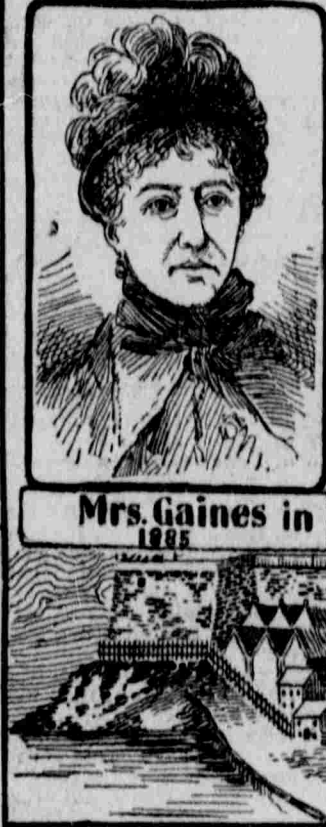
The question which now confronts the Mexican government is, Who shall control the richest part of northwestern Mexico? The Yaquis have been set on reservations repeatedly and as repeatedly have wandered off on the warpath. They once enjoyed the most fertile region of Mexico and still lay claim to it, but now have probably forfeited all rights which the government feels bound to respect. Neither Mexicans nor Yaquis are free from the stain of cruelty, on the one side being the conquerors and on the other the aboriginal savages. To bring the Yaqui into the court of last appeal has set himself against the advancing forces of civilization, and even though the Mexican type of it is not the highest in the world, it is immeasurably ahead of what the Indian stands for. In brief, he must submit to assimilation and possible effacement of tribal organization or else "get off the footstool."

FREDERICK A. OBER.

MOTORS VERSUS HORSES.

Of the many points of superiority which the motor car possesses over the horse drawn vehicle one to which attention is seldom called is that of the capacity for descending hills at a fair pace. So excellent are the brake systems on motor cars generally and so completely are they under the driver's control that it is perfectly feasible for them to run down hill at the same speed as on the level or even faster at times. The average horse drawn vehicle, on the other hand, when arriving at the top of a steep pitch has to be pulled up to a walking pace, and the horse crawls down with slow and cautious step, digging its toes into the ground in order to prevent the vehicle behind it from obtaining too great a momentum for the animal itself to check.

FORTUNE HUNTERS IN GREAT LAND TITLE CONTESTS



Mrs. Gaines in 1885



The Jennings Claimant



Myra Gaines

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast," wrote the poet long ago, and it wells up eternally in the expectant fortune claimant, notwithstanding the repeated warnings in the press of both England and America that there are very few fortunes

awaiting forgotten heirs in either country. Great Britain is the happy ground of the "lost heirs" claimant, for it is not a matter of common report that there are innumerable fortunes in chancery there only awaiting claimants to be turned over with eagerness and dispatch? The story comes up every

few months and is copied all over the land. A book is advertised in the British press that contains hundreds of names of putative heirs, and this book, which is yours for the small sum of one shilling sixpence, asks pertinently, "Is your name in the list?"

Well, it may be, but if so do not rush

off at once and hire a lawyer to run over to England and search the records, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the trail will be found defective—something like the road in the woods that diminished to a lane, then to a path, then to a squirrel track, which ran up a tree and into a knothole.

The latest claimant to publicly appear and announce his intention of proceeding in search of a fortune is Mr. David Jennings, direct descendant of one William Jennings of Acton, England, who was so wealthy as to be known as "William the Rich," the present value of the property he left being estimated at about \$10,000,000. The original Jennings died in 1798 after gathering to himself nearly all of the most valuable realty in Birmingham, and though there are numerous other claimants as heirs, they have for the present waived their claims in favor of the gentleman referred to, who asserts that his claim is first class and without a flaw. "My pedigree," he says, "comes right up from the roots. I have documentary evidence which shows that I am the only heir at law, and I expect before many weeks to see my rights established by the courts. My credentials are so good that all the other Jenningses have stepped back and have told me to go ahead, volunteering to borrow money of me after I have won."

This is what Mr. Jennings is alleged to have said, and the remarks have the old familiar ring. "There's millions in it," declared the renowned Colonel Sellers, but he never got them out. Fortune hunters are somewhat alike the world over, and it matters not much what sort of a fortune they are after. There is the element of chance in hunting in lands which have increased in value to fabulous amounts, or whether it be pirates' gold or buccaners' treasure. And, in point of fact, there have been just enough instances of lost estates as well as buried treasure recovered to justify a belief in some sanguine souls that still more awaits the persistent seeker.

One of the claims which seems to

have been dipped in the fountain of perpetual youth is that of the Anneke Jans heirs. Every ten years or so we read in the papers that the Anneke Jans heirs scattered over the country have held a meeting and resolved to send an attorney to New York to collect a bill from the Trinity Church corporation amounting to several millions of dollars. Respecting the origin of this claim there is one of the most romantic stories attached to the early settlement of New York, to which came a certain Roelof Jansen and his wife Anneke in 1639 from Holland. In 1658 the governor of New Amsterdam gave them a tract of sixty-two acres, now comprising a valuable portion of New York city in the business district. Roelof Jansen died, and in 1658 his widow Anneke married the second minister in the colony, Dominie Bogardus, who was drowned in 1671. After the death of Anneke in 1684 the grant of land was confirmed to her children (four by her first husband and four by the second) by the English government, as may be verified by the ancient "patent book" in Albany, N. Y. But it said that all but one of them—Cornelius Bogardus—united in conveying the farm to the governor of the province in 1671. In 1705 this estate, then known as the Queen's farm, was either leased or granted to Trinity church, which, by the way, has held it ever since, enjoying vast revenues from its holdings for nearly 200 years, the annual income being placed at about \$500,000, and the value of its properties at not less than \$15,000,000.

The Anneke Jans heirs assert that Trinity held a lease only for ninety-nine years, which has, of course, long since expired, but the corporation retorts that it has gained a right by possession even if its original title was defective. However, the heirs have been bringing suit against the Trinity corporation for the last 150 years, beginning with that of one Nicholas Brower in 1750. He was unsuccessful, but brought another in 1760 and was beaten again. In 1807 a Colonel Malcolm brought an unsuccessful suit in the New York supreme court, and in 1839 three other heirs had no better luck, the same fate

meeting others who brought suit in 1834 and 1847.

There were about 800 heirs of the original Anneke Bogardus and Jans at last accounts scattered pretty well over the United States, the nearest of kin to Anneke Jans being the Keyes of New Albany, Ind. There are few if any bearing the name of Jans, the most prominent of the claimants being named Smith, Williams, Bolton, Quackenbush, Guernsey, Whitmore, Marsh, Kepler, Jameson, Moore, Hyde and Bogardus. They are all united by the tie of litigation through which they hope to force old Trinity to let go of what she has held in her grip so long. As a precedent the Jans heirs have that successful lawsuit of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, which acquired a worldwide celebrity as "the most remarkable case ever brought to court and the most prolonged litigation known to the judicial history of this country."

Myra Clark, the disowned daughter of a millionaire, brought suit after she had attained to womanhood for the property then enjoyed by the city of New Orleans or in possession of those to whom the city had sold it under guaranty of title. It is well known that Mrs. Gaines survived two husbands and nearly all her numerous lawyers and died in 1885 at the age of eighty without having secured all she had fought for so long and persistently. This case was fifty-five years in the courts, involved the expenditure of millions, and Mrs. Gaines' heirs finally obtained less than a million dollars by the supreme court decision four years after her death.

TRISTRAM W. ALBERTS.

BRITISH ARMY TITLES.

As questions of army rank or precedence are not only the subject of continual controversy in all countries and are being constantly referred to the military authorities for decision, it is very little matter for surprise that the average civilian often finds himself in doubt as to the exact status of this or that particular officer.

HOW THE JAPS DRAW TEETH.

The Japanese dentist does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand.

The skill necessary to do this is acquired only after long practice, but when once it is obtained the operator is able to extract half a dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth.

The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of plugs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a heavy mallet.

THE DANGERS OF A BURN.

An extensive burn, though superficial throughout, is a deadly accident. Death within forty-eight hours is highly probable if two-thirds of the surface of the body be involved, even though the burn has locally produced little more than an erythema (redness).

MATTHEW ARNOTT.

THE DEADLY DEER HUNTING SEASON

THE hunting season for deer is now open, and from Maine and New Brunswick to California and Oregon is heard the crack of the hunter's rifle; at least it ought to be a rifle, though some hunters, having no sense of the eternal fitness of things, use a shotgun, much to the disgust of the genuine sportsman. One of the latest fatal accidents, in fact, was caused primarily by the hunting of deer and secondarily by a shotgun in the hands of a hunter more eager than discreet. The coroner's verdict on the fatal shooting in the Adirondacks which occurred the first week in September was "accidentally shot in the back with buckshot."

Now that the season is opened we may expect to hear of frequent accidents of this sort. In Maine, where the shooting of game has been reduced to an exact science, fatalities of this kind became so common a few years ago that a law was passed providing imprisonment for not more than ten years or a fine not exceeding \$1,000 for those who shoot a human being in mistake for a deer or moose.

The frequent fatalities illustrate and emphasize the ardor of the hunter, especially of the hunter of big game. Max O'Rell says the first thought of an Englishman on rising in the morning is: "It's a fine day. Let's go out and kill something." The desire to kill is in the blood, and the bigger the game the more eager are the hunters to get after it. As furnishing the largest game so universally distributed, deer have been objects of search by hunters, not only in this country, but in Europe and Asia, from time immemorial. A strange fact in this connection is that they are apparently more numerous in the United States today than at the coming of Columbus or the landing of the pilgrim fathers. There was a time when they were threatened with extinction, but the enactment of wisely framed game laws for their conservation and their vigorous enforcement have caused the



A DEER IN SIGHT

CAUGHT BY FLASHLIGHT

THE RUSH FOR COVER

deer to increase within the past score of years.

Deer are not, as a rule, dwellers in deep forests or in regions remote from civilization. If man would permit, they would be more familiar visitors to his homes than almost any other wild

animals, being, like the grouse and quail, hangers on at the borders of clearings and dwellers in the proximity of farms and settlements.

It is an evidence of an advanced state of civilization that all, or nearly all, states and territories have game laws

more or less approaching perfection, which are fairly well enforced. In some states, like Maine and New York, for example, they have been enforced so rigidly that wild game of all sorts, and especially deer, have increased amazingly. Maine is perhaps the most con-

spicuous example of a state that has made the wild game within its limits a source of profit, as it is estimated that at least a million dollars is taken there and left behind by its 5,000 visiting sportsmen. The deer are estimated at more than 100,000, of which from 15,000

to 20,000 are annually shot. But deer hunting in Maine is so hedged about with rules and regulations that sportsmen are looking about for a field in which they may hunt with fewer oppressive restrictions. One must have a guide, who has to be paid, of course; he must pay a certain price for every deer or moose or brace of birds that he takes out of the state, and the number is strictly limited; so it is reckoned that seldom is a deer obtained at less cost than \$200 and moose at not less than \$400. But they can be obtained by a hunter of average skill, and he seldom returns home empty handed.

The next great field, proceeding westward, is in the Adirondacks, where the number is estimated at about 30,000, with an annual killing of about 5,000. The season in New York opens the 1st of September and lasts till mid-November; in Maine the season lasts from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Other states have their open seasons, extending from as early as August in California, Texas, Tennessee, etc., to October, November, December, January and even as late as March. Taken as an average, the months of October, November and December are the best in which to hunt, not only for the sportsman, but for the deer. Beginning with September, however, one may hunt deer until well into the winter by changing his ground to different states. Some of the states, though, demand a license fee from non-residents, and nearly all insist upon the wise provision that neither "fire hunting" or the pursuit of game with dogs shall be indulged in. Fire hunting, or the pursuit of deer with artificial light by means of the "jack" or helmet lamp or lighted pine knots carried in a frying pan, is frequently prohibited, even in Florida, where it was formerly carried on to a great extent.

"Still hunting" is the most sportsmanlike method, though some still persist in "licking"—that is, in roosting in a tree near a salt lick and shooting the creatures as they come to lick the saline deposit in the earth. Some still pursue the deer furtively with hounds, and the most of them indulge in fire hunting. The last named is the most

HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

The skipper was a man who had a good opinion of himself and his notions. He had pulled through shipwreck, mutiny and other perils of the deep, but he came a cropper once.

For one of his voyages he had shipped a boatswain's mate who bore something of a reputation. One day the skipper ordered him aloft to examine a sail on the royal yard.

"Tain't safe, cap'n," protested the boatswain's mate. "The footropes has got to be fixed fust."

"Do as I tell you!" thundered the captain. "The footropes are all right. I know they are."

The man went up. Five minutes later he came tumbling down through the rigging from the top of the mast, a distance of over 100 feet.

With a bang, he landed on the belly of the mainsail and bounded into one of the canvas covered boats. The sailors, thinking him dead, crowded about him in a circle. To their amazement, he sat up. His eyes wandered vacantly about until they rested on the leathery face of the skipper, when they lighted up with intelligence.

"Cap'n," he said slowly, "you was mistaken about them footropes!"

"KISSING THE BOOK."

A Bible with celluloid covers has been introduced in a New York police court, and every time the book is kissed a policeman removes with a wet sponge all possible disease germs.

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Africa has very nearly 700 languages or dialects.

Statistics show that the longest lived people have generally been those who made breakfast the principal meal of the day.

A continental physician has been inquiring into the effect of examinations upon the health of students. Eighty

per cent lost weight during the days of the ordeal, and the loss in several instances amounted to as much as eleven pounds.

A peculiar incident happened at the Yarran (Victoria) rifle ranges. A man was taking aim at 400 yards, and just as he fired several magpies flew in front of him about 200 yards distant.

The bullet struck one of the magpies and brought it to the ground and a bulleye was registered by the marker for the shot. A bulleye and "magpie" were thus scored for one shot.

One of the largest belts for machinery that have ever been produced was recently finished by the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing company of Toronto. The belt was of rubber and measured 3.529 feet in length—over two-

thirds of a mile. Its weight was nine tons. This mammoth belt was made for the grain elevator of the Intercolonial railway at St. John, N. B., and is now in use there.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a notable English divine, preached his first sermon in a tiny seaside cottage in Wales to a congregation of half a dozen hearers. The sermon, Mr. Hughes recalls with amusement, was punctuated

by heartrending groans from an old, crippled sailor, while one of the ladies sustained her patience by taking frequent pinches of snuff.

Henry Stenikewicz, the author of "Gus Vadis," has a somewhat peculiar habit. He invariably uses red ink when writing his manuscripts and cannot be induced to use ink of any other color. Almost as curious is the fact that Henrik Ibsen will never sit down

to write unless his table contains a number of hideous little idols, which, he says, bring him good luck.

A remarkable record is that held by the ex-Empress Eugenie, who can claim to have stood godparent to a greater number of children than any person living. When the late prince Imperial was born, the ex-empress and her husband undertook to stand sponsors for every child born in France on the same

day. No fewer than 2,600 children were thus enabled to claim the privilege of possessing imperial godparents. A list of all these children still living is in the possession of the royal widow.

In a Berlin insane asylum is a patient, it is said, whose hair changes color with her temperature. When she is cool and quiet, her hair is a light yellow, but when she is restless and excited it becomes auburn.