

*New York Tribune*  
May 3, 1914

***Davis Finds Huerta Men True To Type***

***Tribune Correspondent Gets His First Sight of a Federal Soldier***

***He's Brigand, Polite As He Is Unkempt***

***Clothed in Uniform of Calico Pajamas, He Acts as Escort to French Consul***

Once every day through the Refugee Special Vera Cruz completes the circuit with Mexico City. When the navy was in control this train was in charge of Lieutenant Fletcher.

When he turned over his command to the army, his brother officers, in recognition of his services, presented him with a conductor's punch. Today was the first time the train was run by the army.

Lieutenant Richardson, of the 19th Infantry, was in charge, and to assist him he had a junior lieutenant, a Pullman car conductor, a wireless outfit, bluejackets and a train guard with ball cartridges. The train schedule is to run beyond our outposts to where the track for three miles is torn up and to where the ties are on fire to Sartillio. Beyond that, to Orizaba, the Federals are supposed to have employed the idle hours of mediation in undermining trestles and bridges, but as that is given on evidence only of refugees it is hardly worth cable tolls.

Today the French Consul, M. Ouiset, went with us to arrange with General Maas for a mail service between the consuls here and the foreign ministers in Mexico City, and he went beyond our outposts. From our place of observation on the cowcatcher of the locomotive we saw him returning with a handkerchief for a flag of truce and two brigands for his escort.

They were the first of the enemy we had seen, and not even the French Consul's full dress uniform could wrest from them the centre of the stage. It always is a surprise when people look exactly as they appear in their photographs. It was almost as though the brigands had dressed for the part, as though they had made up for the "movies." Each wore a felt sombrero, trimmed with silver, and a uniform of calico pajamas, while over his shoulders was slung a belt of cartridges and, for good measure, the saddle blanket was entirely covered with cartridges.

With utter indifference, with unseeing eyes, they sat in their saddles, while with gaping interest the train guard surrounded them. These, then, were the men they had come to fight; these cowboy Indians, ferocious looking, savage, unwashed, unkempt, in their armor plate of cartridges.

In comparison, our own infantrymen, clear eyed, clean shaven, with white skins showing below the collar line and with red and sandy hair, looked like young Vikings in khaki. Three hundred years ago Dane and Norseman touched this continent. Slowly before him the Anglo-Saxon has driven to the south the red man and exiled the Spaniard, and today his descendants, from the steps of a Pullman car, came to native Mexico, the Indian still savage and ignorant and as yet unsubdued.

The French consul, with graceful gesture, offered to his escort a bundle of bills, but with gesture equally graceful the first brigand waved the money aside, and, bending from his pony, offered his hand. And then, without once having let his eyes fall upon the American soldiers, he galloped back to his general. He was the first Federal we had seen. We very much would like to know if he will be the last.

(Source: *Chronicling America*, <http://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/lccn/sn83030214/1914-05-03/ed-1/seq-2/>)