

# Tragedy of Nelly, the Juarez Vice Queen



**HER GREAT GRIEF**  
 "The firing squad stood with uplifted rifles as Nelly dashed into the enclosure. She sprang to Juan, threw her arms around him, and dared the soldiers to fire. After a struggle, she was torn away. Then she heard the shots."

**CALLE DIABLO.** "The Street of the Devil," and sink of iniquity on the Mexican border, is without a ruler. Nelly Medina is dead. The beautiful eyes which were worshiped by generals and high government officials in and out of the cabarets and dives of Juarez, have been closed forever by a bullet from the gun of a jealousy-mad bartender.

Queen Nelly lived a life worthy of the pen of a Zola or a Balzac. Even in the underworld of Juarez, in which nearly every character was unique, Queen Nelly was the one men didn't forget.

But there was once a Nelly Medina unlike the ruler of the border cabarets. This was the Nelly of San Antonio, Texas, and later of Mexico City. This was the beautiful daughter of an American father and a Mexican mother—the little girl of the cloisters—the dignified young woman who studied for the nunnery at the Sacred Heart Convent.

This was the Nelly who forsook the life of a Sister of Charity to marry a young barber named Medina. This was the Nelly Medina of the years before 1922—all that a wife could be—constant and beautiful. There was a



**HER PROPER SETTING**  
 At Left: Even in Dives Like This in the

Underworld of Juarez, Queen Nelly Was the Only One Men Couldn't Forget. She Is Shown at the Bar, Sixth from Left.

baby. There was happiness—until—

There were many barbers in Mexico City, so the Medinas moved to Juarez in 1922 and opened the Oasis Barber Shop.

In Juarez, Mexican generals, wealthy tourists, glib-tongued American newspaper correspondents covering the revolutions instantly realized that Nelly was easily the most beautiful girl on the border. They told her so. They told her, too, that she deserved more of the luxuries of the world than any

mere barber could provide.

In a few weeks her eyes were famous the length and breadth of the gay Mexican border.

Then came the young Mexican general, Juan Guatilla. The Latin blood in his veins lit up his handsome, dark face. He protested his love for her in words of incomparable eloquence. He mortgaged his income for a year to buy her a string of pearls.

The romance thrilled Nelly. Her barber-husband pleaded with her, im-

*How a Jealous Adorer's Bullet Ended Her Hectic Career of Wild Love, Drugs and Fading Beauty*



**WITH HER SLAYER**

Queen Nelly, With Pablo Salcedo, Who Loved and Killed Her. At the Start, This Bartender, Wounded With Small Progress, but as Nelly's Looks Faded and Men Came Less Often Into Her Life, She Accepted Him. When She Spurned Him Later, He Shot Her.

plored in vain. In a few days he sadly took his child to San Diego, California, the loser in a battle of border love.

Nelly yielded to the handsome general and to the gay life with abandon. Then he came to her one day and showed her an order of the government decreeing his execution. He was to be shot by a firing squad the next morning at sunrise.

Nelly was stricken with grief. Together through the long hours she sobbed in the arms of the handsome Juan, showering him with kisses, clutching at him madly as the dawn grew near. Then they marched him off, and Nelly lay on the ground, crying, for a few minutes. Then, her dark eyes flashing, she headed for the place of execution.

The firing squad stood with uplifted rifles as Nelly dashed into the enclosure. She sprang toward Juan, threw both arms around him, and dared the soldiers to fire. After a struggle, she was torn away. Then she heard the shots.

After that, Nelly became the sweetheart of many. She was adored by a successful run-runner. She was involved with the leader of a counterfeiting ring, who was sent to the penitentiary after he attempted to shower her with valuables bought with money of his own manufacture.

Love ceased to thrill the beautiful siren of the cabarets. She accepted it, but did not return it.

Finally Nelly grew bored, faded, Champagne no longer thrilled the convent-educated young woman. She turned to narcotics.

Drugs gave her the thrills for which she had prayed, but took from her most of the beauty which men worshiped. The flashing beauty of her eyes drifted away with the smoke of the opium pipe. Her face took on an unhealthy pallor.

Men who had not dared to do so aspired to her company. Among these was Pablo Salcedo, a bartender who had fled to Mexico after escaping from the Arizona State Penitentiary. At first he made small progress, but as Nelly's looks faded and men came less often into her twisted life, she accepted



**THE QUEEN OF CALLE DIABLO**

"Of course she was beautiful. In a few weeks her eyes were famous the length and breadth of the gay Mexican border. Her long, black lashes were alluring her form divine, bewitching; every movement was one of grace—every gesture one of loveliness—"

him. So far did she swallow her once-naughty pride that she even posed for a picture with her arm around this insignificant man.

The old restlessness flashed back. Nelly told Salcedo that she was through. There was a bitter quarrel. Nelly went to a cabaret in the company of another man.

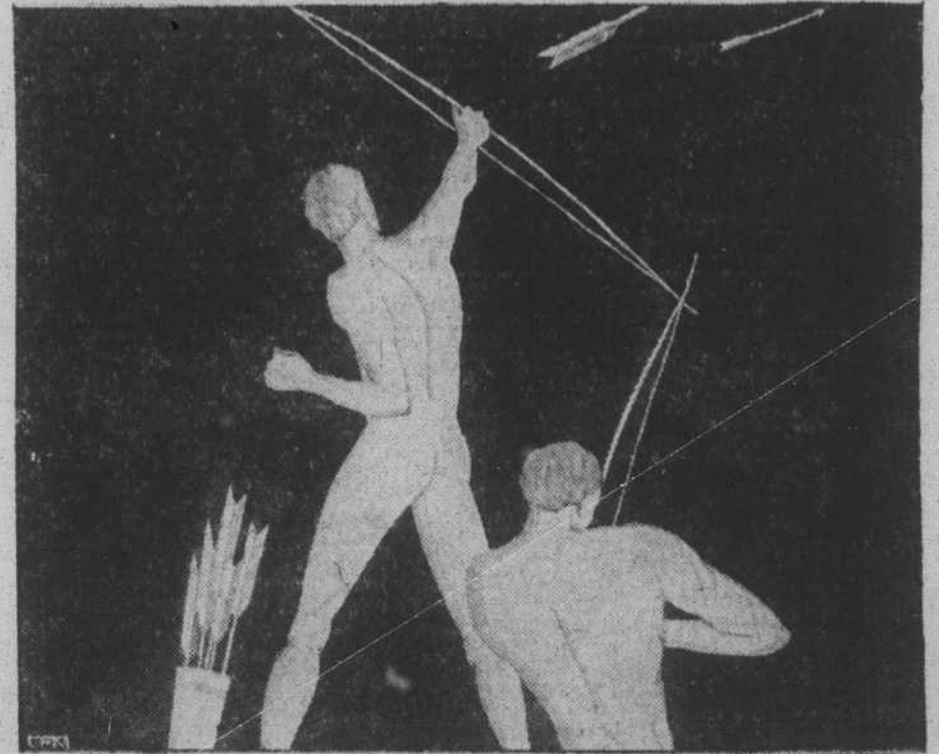
Hot with rage, Pablo Salcedo followed her. While she was dancing, he approached her, drew his pistol, and sent a bullet crashing through her forehead. The missile nearly demol-

ished her skull. It emerged from her left temple and continued on, striking another dancer in the back.

The Queen of "The Street of the Devil" fell to the floor. "The siren of Calle Diablo was dead."

A little cross, marked "Perfect Peace," stands above a rocky grave near Juarez. Perhaps beneath the sand-swept earth, where the beautiful eyes flash no more, and the tempestuous heart lies at rest forever, there is a perfect peace there never was before—for Nelly Medina.

*By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist*  
**Too Thin a Veil**



"... Aiming many barbed and curious darts."

**D**EFIANTLY they publish, full of pride,  
 Their free soul's faithlessness and sweet unrest,  
 Their joy in battering tempests with bared breast,  
 And striking with bold stroke against the tide.

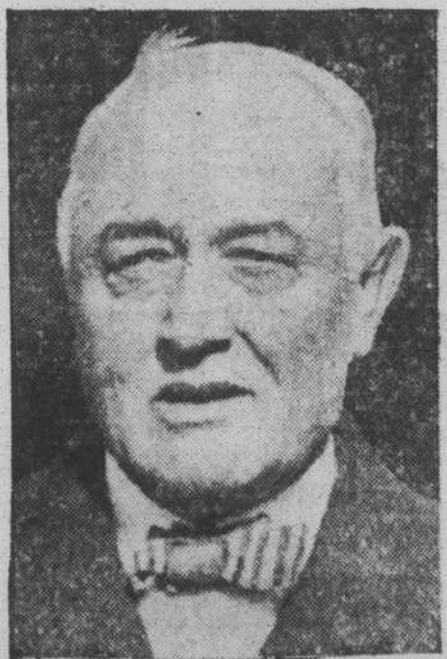
They scorn familiar routes, they feel the urge  
 To follow perilous pathways through the wood.  
 They hold it dull to value what is good  
 And sing to virtuous youth a mocking dirge.  
 All love, to them, is just a passing thing—

**B**EFORE it proves a bitter source of woe,  
 It must be seized and drained, and then let go,  
 And bright new love pursued, quick vanishing.

Thus busy flinging challenge to the skies  
 And aiming many barbed and curious darts,  
 They fail to see the faithful happy hearts  
 Who gaze on them with grave and wondering eyes.

For this protested credo, right or wrong,  
 Is far too thin a veil not to reveal  
 The faint, frustrated soul that must conceal  
 Its wishfulness beneath a ribald song...

## "To Get Ahead—Get In Debt"



**LOUIS F. SWIFT**

President of Swift & Co., of Chicago.

"To the young man or woman just starting in business, I can only say: Don't be afraid of the bottom rung of the ladder. It is easier to start there than it is to take a running jump and land half way up, and it is easier to keep your balance."

Louis F. Swift, multi-millionaire president of Swift & Co., of Chicago, and one of the greatest business men in America, gives this advice. Both he and his son, Louis F. Swift, Jr., started at the very bottom, and the name of the company and its world-wide reputation attest the wisdom of their course.

Mr. Swift adds:  
 "The man who starts at the bottom gets in on the ground floor. He is building the foundation of his future life and if he builds the proper sort of a foundation he will see to it that the superstructure is up to specifications.  
 "Another thing is this: Get in debt.

Everyone, particularly young men, should be in debt. Not in debt for clothes or drinks or such things, but for some investment of tangible value that is worth saving for. Few persons will save anything unless they have the incentive for saving. The best incentive is debt—to be paying for something of value. Getting married may be an incentive, but that is hardly fair to the other person, who must assume half the risk. Paying for a house, for a bond, for anything of worth, is an incentive."

Louis F. Swift was born at Sagamore, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, in

1861. From his earliest years his entire interest was wrapped up in the packing business founded by his father, Gustavus Swift.

He started in the business as a boy, selected and purchased cattle, and worked his way through the various departments until, in 1903, he succeeded to the presidency.

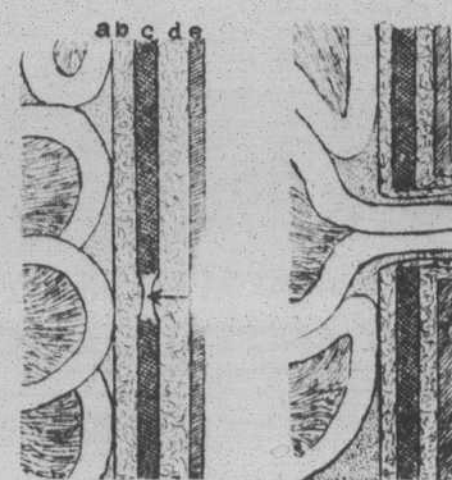
At that time, Swift & Company was doing a business of approximately \$150,000,000 a year. Under Louis Swift's direction it grew until at the present time its business exceeds \$1,000,000,000 a year and employs more than 60,000 people.

## HUMAN MECHANICS Causes of Rupture or Hernia and the Methods of Treatment

BY HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN  
 (Physician and Surgeon)

THE term "rupture," or hernia, is commonly used to designate a protrusion of a loop of intestine through the muscular layer of the abdominal wall. Almost always, this takes place where there is a lack of muscular tone or a natural weakness. (Fig. 1.) Such places, for example, are the navel and the groin. A previous operation, especially where complications have occurred, is often responsible for a certain amount of loss in strength of the muscles which were cut through. Particularly is this true in people who are stout, the muscles being flabby and without normal tone.

The protruding loop of bowel pushes the skin and underlying layer of fat with it (Fig. 2). The bulging which results may be very small, perhaps no larger than an almond, or it may reach enormous sizes, even larger than a grapefruit. As a rule the hernia can be reduced, that is, pushed back into the abdomen. This can be accomplished more easily when the person is lying down. Sometimes the opening in the muscular layer is so small that the hernia can be reduced only with great difficulty, or perhaps not at all. Coughing, sneezing and the lifting up of heavy objects all tend to increase the size of the rupture.



The Sketch at the Left is of a Section of the Abdominal Wall Showing the Various Layers: (a) Bowel, (b) Fat, (c) Muscle; (d) Skin; (e) Weak Spot in a Muscle. The Sketch at Right Shows a Typical Rupture.

The wearing of a truss for a prolonged period may aid in restoring the natural tone of the muscles and curing the rupture. However, the quickest and most certain cure is found in a successful operation. The hernia is reduced, the opening in the muscles of the abdomen located, and then the

muscles sewn together in such a manner, usually overlapping, that the opening responsible for the rupture is completely obliterated. It is uncommon for a rupture to recur following such an operation. If, by chance, it should, it would most likely happen within a year.

A serious complication of a rupture is strangulation. This means that the loop of bowel which has forced its way through the layer of muscles in the abdomen has become so tightly pinched at the opening through which it has passed, that the blood supply of the intestine is shut off. Fortunately, this is extremely painful, calling it to the attention of the individual. The protrusion must be immediately reduced, either very gently by the fingers, or, as is usually the case, by surgical means. Should the strangulated hernia go untreated, gangrene of the bowel would set in due to the lack of a sufficient blood supply and the result would be rapidly fatal.

One of the consequences of advancing age is a gradual loss in tone of all the muscles in the body. For this reason, a person who continues to be active in physical work in the later years of life can develop a hernia more easily than a younger person doing the same type of work.