

INAUGURATION OF DIAZ.

WILL BEGIN SEVENTH TERM AS MEXICAN PRESIDENT.

THE FIRST VICE PRESIDENT.

Ramon Corral, Who May Become President, Is Fifty Years Old, Has Been a Reporter, Editor, Soldier, and Government Official—Admires Pluck of an American Woman—Charming Wives.

"Great men have been only too often great destroyers, but we are gaining a truer insight and reserving our praise and admiration for those who have built greatly, and among these President Diaz is assured of high and lasting renown."

In these words we find the epitome of Porfirio Diaz's work, and the inaugural fiestas of Dec. 1st were the nation's stamp of its approval. The ceremony of December 1 marked the beginning of Diaz's seventh term, a period of service unparalleled in the history of republics. He has served six terms, five of which have been consecutive. If he lives to finish the present term he will have ruled twenty-seven years.

Ramon Corral, who will be sworn in as Vice President, is the first man to serve Mexico in that capacity. Never before during the long period of his Presidency has Porfirio Diaz been willing to admit the necessity of a coadjutor.

For a week the city was "en fiesta," arches garlanded with foliage and flowers spanned the principal streets of the capital; the whole scene was transformed into a fairyland of nightfall, and interspersed with the tropical luxuriance of the decorations were thousands of red, white, and green incandescent lamps.

The National Palace, where the grand inaugural ball was held in the evening, was ablaze with electric lights. On the facade of the cathedral, under the great clock towers, were two large portraits of Diaz and Corral, outlined with incandescent lights in the national colors. A huge flag of red, white, and green electric lights, in the regulation stripes, were hoisted on the palace cupola above Hidalgo's Liberty Bell.

The fiestas continued a week, and the Indians from the hills, the tiera caliente and the coast, flocked into the city to display and sell their baskets, pottery, drawn and feather work, comestibles, and delicacies.

And the air was filled with sweet tunes, for the Mexican dearly loves his sweet music. Every park, glorieta, and square in the city had its concert at some hour during the day. Diaz, who is part Indian, is ruler of the land; once more he has declared himself elected President of the republic, and the whole nation rejoices.

Premiere of Americans. Upon first arrival one is impressed, perhaps, with Mexico's Americanism to the overshadowing of the more important strides made in other directions by the republic on the other side of the Rio Grande. Yet, this is not so strange when one remembers the proximity of the two republics and the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race over the Latin.

As one rides in American-built trolleys, over American asphalted streets, once canals on which Montezuma's subjects rowed, and flies by a tablet marked Puente de Alvarado, and is told it was here that Cortez's young lieutenant made his perilous leap on the "Noche Triste," and further along on the same trolley line one passes the garbled and twisted "Noche Triste Tree" itself, under whose low-hanging boughs Cortez wept that miserable night at the downfall of his dream of Western empire, one needs an immense amount of faith in Prescott to reconcile the up-to-dateness of parts of Mexico to-day with the relics of sixteenth century ignorance and fanaticism one finds at every turn.

Ten years ago, if you did not speak Spanish, you could not buy anything in any of the shops, inquire a direction, or get around any part of Mexico without an interpreter. To-day every shop has its English-speaking clerks, and in the streets there is always some one only too willing to direct you, and thus show off his knowledge of "Ingles."

English is in the curriculum of the public schools, in the grades above the primary. The boys and girls of the wealthy are sent to the States to be educated, and in consequence the growing generation of Mexicans has thrown off the yoke of Mexican restrictions and assumed those of American liberty. Some

times (it is to be regretted) a pronounced extreme is the consequence.

Gives Social Standing.

"The American element so predominates that if you had a hack and a driver, somewhat smartly garbed, the driver will inquire, as a matter of course, 'Colonial American?'"

If, unfortunately, you are not well enough to reside in this new quarter, you fall 5 per cent. in his estimation, and you rather apologetically give him your less fashionable address. If, on the contrary, you are one of the elite, and tell him Londres, or Liverpool, or Puentes Brontantes, or Roma, or Marsella, he assumes an air of dignity and whips up his horses in great style.

And so you dash up the Avenida Juarez, along the Alameda; sometimes you turn up Burearelli, but oftener you go by way of the Paseo, that beautiful driveway from the city to Chapultepec, which Mexico owes to the ill-fated Carlotta. Finally you turn into a section of the city which five years ago was an expanse of fields given over to underbrush and mosquitoes, which is to-day a new town of asphalted streets, water mains, electric lights, perfect sewer systems, and covered with beautiful mansions. Here reside the wealthy members of the foreign colonies.

When you alight, your caddy, with bold effrontery, demands 6 reales (equal to about 65 cents of our money) for a ride for which a Mexican would pay 4 reales. There is no use arguing the question with him. You live in the colony, you are an American, you have money (that goes without saying), and you are the natural prey of the native. Being an American and computing inwardly that it is only 65 cents in gold, you naturally compare the price you would pay home—and well it is really not worth quarreling over, and you give him 6 reales and think no more about it.

Charming Senora Carmen.

Senora Diaz—Senora Carmen, as the people love to call her—was educated in a convent in New Orleans. She is much younger than the President, and it is said that her influence has done much to soften the sternness of his military nature. She speaks English perfectly, and was very amiable and charming during the audience which she granted the writer.

I was fortunate in seeing her at Chapultepec, the castle which crowns the historic "Hill of the Grasshopper." It was a perfect morning in early September. The heavy rains of the night before had imparted a freshness and coolness to the atmosphere which was very refreshing, and the bright sunshine of that land of flowers and tropical luxuriance shone on a scene of unsurpassed beauty.

Senora Diaz has never had any children, spends most of her time in charitable works, and is patroness of many industrial schools and orphanages, where young girls are taught to be self-supporting. She is deeply interested in the methods of settlement work and industrial schools as conducted in the United States, and asked me many questions which proved that she has been studying the problem of elevating the status of women in Mexico. And yet her life is a restricted one. She belongs to the old regime, in a measure, which hedges woman and dwarfs her nature with old-fashioned conventionalities. Her charities are her only break in the dull routine of Mexican home life.

The First Vice President.

Last spring the constitution of Mexico, which is modeled on our own, was amended to admit of the election of a Vice President. To one conversant with the social and domestic situation in Mexico this step was pregnant. While Diaz lived and ruled the foreign colonies felt secure. Every one knew that if he died without a legally appointed successor the country, like other Latin-American governments, might be rent and disrupted by revolution.

The outcome of the first national convention held under the amended constitution was the selection of Ramon Corral, minister of the interior, as the candidate of the Nationalist party for the Vice Presidency. His "election" followed as matter of course as surely and mysteriously as that of the President himself.

Ramon Corral was born fifty years ago in the State of Sonora. He was a reporter, then editor, then soldier, then a member of the state legislature, twice governor of his native state, governor of the federal district, and finally minister of the interior. Sonora, bordering as it does on the United States, is more Americanized than many others in the republic. Corral is much of an American. He

realizes fully that to develop the wonderful mineral and agricultural resources of his country American methods and American money are needed; therefore, he encourages American enterprises, promotes their protection, and stands today as an ambassador from Mexico to the United States of the safeguarded interests of his letter, and a bulwark against lawlessness in the event of President Diaz's death.

Man of Magnetism.

He is a man of wonderful magnetism. His piercing black eye seems to look straight into the deepest recess of your mind, but gives you back nothing in return. He speaks English, but since his nomination as Vice President, following Diaz's example, he uses it seldom. He is frequently to be seen in the streets of the city dashing along at a high rate of speed in his French automobile, and has the appearance of a successful American business man.

His wife is a beautiful woman, who was educated in a convent at San Antonio. She speaks English perfectly, and is much more progressive than Senora Carmen. Corral is a man after President Roosevelt's heart. He cannot be accused of race snobbery, as he is the father of nine children, ranging from a daughter of twenty to a boy of perhaps eighteen months. All the children old enough to attend school are being educated in the United States, and all speak English fluently.

While I was in Mexico last summer I conceived the idea of obtaining an interview with the man of the hour. Among my immediate family and friends I rather often think I lost. My conception was so utterly at variance with the narrow horizon of woman's life, foreign or native, in Mexico. Realizing that I had an almost impossible task before me, I naturally turned to high quarters, and calling upon our own Ambassador, Gen. Clayton, enlisted his influence on my side.

Armed with the Ambassador's personal card and my own letter of guarantee, I went to the office of the minister of the interior. Corral still retained his position as minister and only resigned on the 1st of October. The department of the interior is an old Mexican mansion in 2A Humboldt. I alighted at the foot of the broad stairs in the inner patio, and climbed to the second floor. There I was met by an attendant who politely inquired my business—unfortunately in Spanish. Not knowing much of the language, I explained as well as I could that I wished to see Senor Corral.

Looked Upon as a Freak.

He evidently thought me some freak in the "new woman" order, but ushered me most graciously into the waiting room, fitted with fine specimens of antique Spanish furnishings and decorations. Presently a dapper little man in irreproachable attire entered. Just as you would listen to the vagaries of a lunatic he heard my request to be shown into Senor Corral's presence. He paid little attention to my cards, but bowing to the ground so obsequiously that he was positively in danger of breaking his back, he explained:

"I am sorry, but the minister has been called to an important audience with the President. Would you be gracious enough to come back on Monday at 10 o'clock?"

There was nothing else for me to do but to return on Monday, so I left my bowing friend, who I am sure was delighted to be rid of me so quietly.

On Monday at 10 I presented myself at the house in Calle Humboldt to find the place deserted. It was Juarez day, and a national holiday. Then the Yankee in me flared up when I found how my little man had fooled me, and I determined to see Corral or die in the attempt.

In the afternoon I wrote him a letter explaining my wish to see him, telling him how I had been misinformed, and inclosed my two cards. This I sent by my own maid to his home on Calle d'Artes. In an hour I had his reply, appointing the next day at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

When I reached the department of the interior the following day I was received like a queen. I was ushered into the great man's presence by my dapper little friend, walking backward and bowing so low that I was sorely tempted to beg him to desist if I would maintain my dignity during the approaching interview.

Admires American Women.

When I reached the private room the vice president-elect received me in a thoroughly American manner, giving me a hearty handclasp. I apologized for my persistency in trying to see him.

"Ah, Senora," he exclaimed in the only English he used during the visit, and his inscrutable eyes had a gleam of humor in them, "I admire your pluck. You are decidedly an American woman."

I did not just know whether to take that as a compliment or not. It was during the course of our conversation—in reply to my assertion: "Senor, the American people are naturally anxious to know all they can about the man who will be the next President of Mexico."

He made the following frequent reply: "Ah, Senora, I am not yet President of Mexico. Gen. Diaz is a very strong man, with many years of life before him. I may never be Mexico's President."

And as I listened to him the broad features of Porfirio Diaz, as I had seen him the day before on his way to the ceremonies at the grave of Juarez, the liberator, came before me, and, involuntarily I re-echoed the vice president's words—but as I gazed upon the face of the man who uttered them somehow I believed in his destiny and I knew that he would one day be President of Mexico, for he could not help himself; he was but an instrument in the hands of a higher power.—B. M. Sherman in Wash. Post.

Now is the time to Advertise!

A NEW TIMBER SEASONING PROCESS.

The Bureau of Forestry Will Seek Poles in Water and Then Investigate Their Rate of Seasoning.

The Bureau of Forestry, at its new experiment stations in Wisconsin and Michigan, will make seasoning tests of cedar and tamarack telephone and telegraph poles which have been submerged in water for varying lengths of time. This is an entirely new line of experiment. That immersion in water seems to affect the rate of seasoning has often been noticed. Rattling is said by many lumbermen to improve timber, and logs which have lain for a long time in swamps are in some places eagerly sought for their superiority for certain uses. But just why this should be true, and what practical use can be made of the fact in seasoning generally, are matters which have never been thoroughly ascertained.

It is known that the sap of green wood contains certain soluble substances—gummen, starch, sugars, tannin, etc.—which undoubtedly are leached out of timber immersed in water to a greater or less extent. In ordinary seasoning these substances are left behind as the water evaporates and are deposited on the cell walls. As seasoning begins on the outside these deposits must act as a check which virtually settle up to a certain degree the water in the interior. It is possible also that chemical changes in the wood cells are produced by soaking.

Timber seasoning is at best tedious and slow work. It can be done fairly well in ten or twelve months, but thorough seasoning requires from eighteen to twenty-four months, the time varying with the different kinds of wood. If the Bureau of Forestry realizes its expectations from these new experiments, the time required for seasoning poles will be reduced one third, and possibly much more. This would prove an exceedingly valuable economy. If, in addition, the durability of the poles can be increased in this way, the saving both to users of poles and to the cause of forest preservation will be enormous. For every year added to the service of poles cut off a proportionate demand upon the forests for their renewal.

In these new tests the poles will be submerged in water for different periods, from one week up, to decide what length of time will give the best results. They will then be placed on skids about 2 feet above the ground and left to dry. They will touch each other, but will be laid only one layer deep. At the expiration of every thirty days each pole will be weighed, and also measured to ascertain any shrinkage of its circumference. Unsoured poles have furnished a circumference shrinkage of one-sixteenth to one-eighth inch in thirty days, and of one-fourth inch in six months.

An important matter in seasoning is the loss in weight. Past experiments with white cedar poles have shown a loss in weight of about one-third after sixty days of drying. In the case of chestnut poles the same length of time showed a 10 per cent loss. These poles are long and very heavy, and such a large weight reduction means a decided saving in freight charges, and increased ease in handling. But this advantage, though important, is small in comparison with the gain in lengthened service. Further, with greater resistance to decay it will be possible to lower the present butt diameter requirement, which is now based on the certainty that rot will soon weaken the power of the pole to withstand strain at the surface of the ground. Altogether, if the soaking process fulfills what it seems to promise, it will have a notable bearing on one of the large branches of timber consumption, as a moment's thought of the number of poles in use in the entire country will show.

NOVELTIES IN NAMES.

"Mysophobia" is one of the latest additions to the English language. It is the name of a complaint which most people will recognize. Probably its commonest name is morbid fastidiousness. Persons who suffer from mysophobia become very fussy in their manner. They are very particular that there is not even a spot on the tablecloth's snowy surface. Every plate and dish and glass that is brought to them is eagerly scanned for any trace of dirty fingers. Everything must be unsouled and immaculate. In the advanced stage of mysophobia the sufferer is unable to resist the temptation to wipe every article that is placed before him. It does not matter how clean or pure it may be, the wiping process has to be gone through.

"Uncinariasis" is another novel complaint, or, rather, it is a novel name for an old complaint. It is the disease which causes the existence, in certain States, of degenerates known as "crackers" or "poor whites"; in fact, it is the germ of laziness which has been isolated. In advanced stages the sufferer eats clay, beside being unusually lazy. At one of the London police courts the magistrate was sorely pained by a witness describing the prisoner as a "crack." It turned out eventually that a "crack" is a man who is given a lift from the country in a market cart, in return for which he assists the cartman to unload. "A dead honer" was another curious expression used in a London police court. The detective said it was a well known expression used by a person when he could not very well free himself from a charge which was hanging over his head. In the case in question the charge was that of stealing lead. It was, unfortunately for the prisoner that he was a "dead honer."

The "gawwrodger," "scrammy," "caggy," and a "cudlyppaw" are all different English names for a left-handed man. But a "jambiste" is about the latest name. This came out in a case in which a person was sued for lessons given in dancing. The defendant denied that he received any lessons, but said that he simply attended the dancing class as a jambiste. A jambiste, it is explained, is a young society man who occupies his leisure hours by acting as an auxiliary at a school of dancing. He is there for the purpose of dancing with any of the women who are in want of a partner. It appears that he furnishes his services at the dancing school gratuitously. His hope of reward usually is that he may meet a rich young heiress at the school and be able to marry her.

"Electrofanite" is a peculiar kind of indisposition produced by the draught from an electric fan or ventilator. A "kitchen piano" is a name which might puzzle a good many people. It appeared in a case tried at the Clerkenwell County Court that among furniture removed a wringer or mangle is invariably known as a "kitchen piano." The "dotter" is an instrument which has not been adopted by the Admiralty. By the use of this instrument the firing accuracy of the weapons is enhanced greatly. With its aid a gunner has been able to hit a target at 2,000 yards eight times with eight shells in one minute. After all, the dotter has a good homely ring about it.

A terrible new name is "Thymacetin-pyruvylactamidothymol." It is highly recommended as a medicament to people who suffer from "nerves." It has been found, however, that in a few cases it falls in its effect, in which case an excellent substitute is stated to be Acetyl-hydroxythymol. An excellent thing for the nerves!—The London Hour Glass.

THE ST. NICHOAS LEAGUE.

Membership is Entirely Free—How to Become a Member To-day.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization to bind St. Nicholas readers in closer personal sympathy, and to encourage and develop literary and artistic talent by means of monthly competitions, with gold and silver badges and cash rewards. With the November issue the St. Nicholas League began its sixth year. During the past five years there have been nearly three hundred competitions, that is to say, nearly three hundred practical lessons to young readers in art and literary composition, with the result that a considerable number of those who began in the early days of the League have graduated from its ranks into those of the adult art and literary workers. The League has never been so strong nor so useful as it is to-day. The membership is larger than ever and the standard of work has never been higher.

The regular competitor for the monthly prizes is sure to be benefited by the conscientious effort to win recognition, whether successful or not, and the comparative study of the work done by the successful ones each month is of greater value to the really ambitious young aspirant than almost any other form of instruction, as has been repeatedly proven by the fact that many of those who began almost hopelessly have persevered and attained the highest honors, with excellent promise of success in a wider field.

The most intelligent and progressive children in the world compose the St. Nicholas League. The League membership is entirely free. A League badge and certificate, also full instructions, will be sent to any reader, or to any one desiring to become a reader of the St. Nicholas Magazine, whether a subscriber or not.

THE PRODUCTION OF NATURAL GAS IN 1903.

THE PRODUCTION OF NATURAL GAS IN 1903.

Never before has the production of natural gas in the United States been so great as it was in the year 1903. This is the opening statement made in Mr. Olliphant's report entitled "The Production of Natural Gas in 1903," which the United States Geological Survey has just published. The year's product was valued at \$35,815,360. This is an increase in value of \$4,947,497, or 16 per cent, as compared with 1902. The increase in Pennsylvania and Ohio was especially remarkable, amounting respectively to \$1,830,451 and \$2,123,582. The value of the product of West Virginia also showed an increase of \$1,192,178. Four States, namely, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, and Ohio produced 91 per cent of the value of natural gas in 1903. Of these States Indiana alone had a decreased production in 1903 as compared with 1902.

The volume of natural gas produced in 1903 amounted to 238,769,067,000 cubic feet at atmospheric pressure and represented approximately 5,968,725 tons. If the density should remain the same throughout, this quantity would fill a reservoir that was 1.62 miles high and covered a square mile of ground, or it would fill a pipe that encircled the earth at the equator and that had an internal diameter of 49 feet. Its heating value would equal that of 11,938,453 tons of bituminous coal.

The Worst Kind

After Piles have existed for a long time and passed through different stages, the suffering is intense—pain, itching, throbbing, tumors form, filled with bursting with black blood.

Symptoms indicating other troubles may appear to a thoroughly Pile-sick person.

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It is to be had for \$1.00 at the drug store, or from Dr. Leonhardt Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For sale in Delevan, N. Y., by G. U. Saxton; Little Valley, N. Y., by C. L. McLouth; Maches, N. Y., by G. M. Jewell; Mayville, N. Y., by Paul H. Kieseewetter; Frindschip, N. Y., by F. H. Mascen.

Natural Gas was burned during 1903 by 627,047 domestic consumers and 7222 manufacturers, a total of 634,269 persons, firms and corporations that were supplied with light, heat, and power. A careful estimate puts the number of individuals benefited at not less than 4,500,000.

A large amount of money was expended in 1903 in building mains for conveying natural gas, in equipping new compressing stations, and in drilling gas wells, mainly in Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Kansas.

It is interesting to note that the United States produced 99 1-3 per cent of the entire world's product of natural gas.

Mr. Olliphant discusses the natural-gas industry by States. The report also contains a variety of interesting facts relating to the wide distribution of natural gas in the United States, its illuminating properties and calorific value, the application and economy of the natural-gas engine, and the number of companies in the various States and the value of the gas consumed in each. A record of well and pipe lines is also added. The report, which is published separately as an extract from the Survey's forthcoming publication, "Mineral Resources of the United States, 1903," may be obtained, free of charge, on application to the Director of the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

Santos Dumont's Lunatic.

Santos Dumont was discussing with a reporter the charge that he had mutilated his own air-ship at St. Louis.

"Why should I have done that?" he said. "Either I was crazy to have done it, or they were crazy who charged me with doing it. The whole thing reminds me of an episode that happened before a lunatic asylum."

"A lunatic," continued the aeronaut, "leaned over the fence of the asylum grounds, watching a repair job that was going on. Finally he took the pipe from his mouth, blew a fragrant cloud of smoke into the air, and said with languid interest to the middle-aged man who was digging a hole with a spade in the hard, stony soil:

"What wages do you get, friend?"

"Six dollars a week," said the laborer, and he unknotted the red handkerchief that encircled his neck, and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you married?" continued the lunatic.

"I am," said the laborer, "and I am father of eleven young children besides."

"The lunatic, puffing his pipe, mused a little while. Then he said:

"I'm thinking, friend, you're on the wrong side of the fence."

"George, dear," she said, with a blush, "do you know that Mr. Simpson asked me last night to be his wife?"

"Well, I like his impudence. The idea of proposing to an engaged young lady! What did you say to him?"

"I told him that I was very sorry indeed, but he was too late."—Tit-Bits.

"Her beauty is of a striking type, isn't it?"

"It doesn't strike me."

"Doesn't it? Well how about her father's physical proportions? Did you ever see such an arm and fist?"

"They never struck me either."

"Good thing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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