

SIDE LIGHTS ON OLD MEXICO AND ON HER NEW REVOLUTION

SENOR DON JOSE YVES LIMANTOUR, Mexican finance minister, who recently left New York rather secretly and hurriedly, seemed disposed to charge the insurrection in his country to our muckrakers. Said Don Jose:

"It may seem untrue, but I am nevertheless convinced that, except for the sensational articles relative to Mexico which were printed in your newspapers and magazines for a year or more before the insurrectionary movement developed there never would have been the trouble that has existed in my country for several months. For years President Diaz has told writers visiting Mexico that all he desired to be said about his country was the truth and has discouraged fulsome praise as much as the 'muck-raking.' I believe you call it, which has been so much in evidence for some time.

"And this is all that I ask of the press of the United States or of any country in dealing with Mexico—the truth. You are familiar in a general way with the extent of foreign investments in my country, chief of which are American. If your papers have any regard for the interests of Americans with large sums of money in enterprises in Mexico and for the possibilities for the further investment of foreign capital there, it is difficult for me to understand how they can longer print sensational matter regarding Mexico. You may not 'kill the goose that lays the golden egg,' but you certainly will not help the interests of your own people in Mexico.

"Seemingly the Americans who by allying themselves directly or indirectly with that movement have hoped to avenge some alleged grievances against my government have failed to realize that the injury done so far has been as much to American as to Mexican interests. You are probably aware that in the two states to which the trouble has been almost exclusively confined there are several thousand Americans and millions of American money invested. The mining and kindred industries in Chihuahua and Sonora are largely in the hands of Americans.

"Just now those industries are crippled to a great extent, and this—must I say it?—more because of the activities of irresponsible Americans in my country and the support which they have received from this side of the border than because of the initiative of Mexicans resident in Mexico. Your people have taught my people many things they never should have known."

en years in which to complete their payments.

"In order that settlers may become attached to their properties and induced to take a personal interest in their cultivation they will be forbidden to mortgage or sell their lots until they shall have paid for them in full."

An amusing incident happened in Guadalupe not long ago. Two citizens of that place whose estates adjoined were constantly engaged in a wordy war. One of them was a chicken fancier, and the other prided himself on his vegetable garden.

A vagrant chicken which had wandered beyond the precincts of the fancier's chicken run invaded the vegetable garden of his neighbor. The chicken enjoyed itself hugely among the lettuce and tender sprouts of the garden until discovered by the proprietor, who immediately called in the services of a gendarme.

The officer of the law thereupon arrested the chicken and haled it before the comisario of the district, who entered on the police blotter a charge against the fowl and incarcerated it in the jail. Notification was then sent to the owner of the chicken setting forth the tale of its depredations and informing him he might release his fowl and reclaim it by the payment of \$40. The chicken is still in durance vile.

A man was knocked down by a trolley car recently and was immediately arrested for injuring the car, as in falling the buttons of his coat scratched the varnished surface of the vehicle.

The City of Mexico is possibly the best policed metropolis in the world, but its officers, while vigilant, take every instruction given them in a literal sense. They will arrest anybody or anything that violates a city ordinance.

A short time ago there was a collision between two automobiles, one of the machines being so badly damaged that it had to be left at the place where the accident occurred. The persons occupying the machine were promptly bundled into the auto which was able to proceed, and the entire party went to the police station.

But that did not excuse the broken car. It was formally arrested on the spot and an officer detailed to see that it did not get up and limp back to its garage. By some chance the broken automobile was forgotten for two days, at the end of which time the police captain discovered that he was shy one gendarme. Investigation discovered the gendarme asleep in the machine, where he had camped out ever since charged with its care. And it is very cold up on this Mexican plateau at night, as the City of Mexico is more than a mile above sea level.

Fires are few and far between in the City of Mexico, as most of the buildings are built either of stone or adobe, with walls two feet or more in thickness. The fire department is therefore elementary in character, and when it turns out on parade it resembles a dog and pony circus. The engine is about the size of a teakettle and is spiritedly dragged around by a little long eared burro.

There was a fire in a photograph gallery not long ago, and the department was called out. The gallery was situated on the third floor, and the totally inadequate engine was unable to get a stream that high. When the fire company arrived at the scene the jefe in charge lined all of his men up along the sidewalk and carefully called the roll before they were permitted to get busy with the fire. The jefe, of course, took every advantage of this opportunity, and by the time the firemen got on the job it was beyond control.

Among the fire fighting equipment was a small extension ladder, and it required fifteen minutes to erect it, and then no one seemed to care to ascend it, and they cannot be blamed in view of what happened afterward. Finally, some five minutes after the ladder had been set in place, one brave soul essayed the ascent, and just as he reached the top of the ladder it collapsed and slid together. This landed the daring fireman opposite the second story balcony.

He stepped off on the balcony into safety and was rewarded with a thunder of "bravos" from the spectators below. Tipping his hat in appreciation of the applause, he stood there, the "admired of all beholders," while his companions in arms below cheered as wildly as the rest. Having faithfully performed their duty, they watched the fire burn itself out and then called a policeman and arrested it, also the proprietor, because in Mexico if a fire occurs in your establishment you must tell the authorities all about it, give your real name and be glad to escape with a life sentence.

Raising Toads For Market. A wide awake Rocky mountain hunter out in Greeley, Colo., is raising for sale garden toads to catch garden insects and pests—25 cents a toad. The toad is guaranteed to catch several thousand insects, worms, etc., a month.

Danes to Doom Agriculture. Nearly \$3,000,000 will be spent for the encouragement of agriculture by the Danish government this year.

Less Food, Clothes and Fuel Make It "Poor Man's Land."

Representative Champ Clark of Missouri, the coming speaker of the national house of representatives, has amended the famous saying of Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man—go west!" and made it read, "Go south, my boy—go south!"

Supplementing his amendment, Mr. Clark said:

"The south is the place, and my advice is to go there. You won't eat so much as you do here in the north. If you do you'll die. Your clothing must be lighter and therefore less expensive. You won't have to buy fuel to speak of, and you can allow your horses and cattle to graze out of doors the year round.

"Believe me, the south is the poor man's land, and you'll live to see the day when the south is going to be the richest part of the United States.

"Why, say, I know a man who made \$15,000 in one year off three acres of lettuce. Sounds fishy, doesn't it? True though, for I took the pains to find out. It's a great country, boys, and if you want a good tip follow my advice. That is, go early to the south-land and grow up with its progress."

CHAMP SAYS, "GO SOUTH."

FOREIGN MINISTER GREY FOR TAFT PEACE PLAN.

British Foreign Secretary's Speech For It Arouses Enthusiasm.

Sir Edward Grey, British foreign secretary, recently evoked cheers by unqualifiedly endorsing the peace proposals submitted by President Taft and Secretary Knox, which contemplated a permanent treaty for the arbitration of all questions between England and America.

When Sir Edward referred to the possibility of the adoption of President Taft's proposal he was listened to in tense silence. If, he said, two of the greatest nations should thus make it clear that in no circumstances were they going to war again the effect of their example on the world must have beneficent consequences.

Nations entering such an agreement, continued the secretary, might be exposed to attack by a third nation. This would probably lead to their making another agreement to join each other in any case of quarrel with a third power in which arbitration was refused.

"In entering an agreement of this kind," said Sir Edward, "there would be risks, and you must be prepared for some sacrifice of national pride. I know that to produce such change of public opinion must reach very high ideals, higher than some think possible, but men's minds are working in this direction, and history affords instances of reaching such an ideal point. It was so in the case of slavery when the United States rose up, not counting the cost in blood or money or the risk of national existence."

In conclusion the secretary said, "The general adoption of such a system might leave some armies and navies still in existence, but they would remain not in rivalry, but as the world's police."

Utopian as his hopes might seem to some, he believed that he would live long enough to see some progress toward their realization. "Nations," he said in a grave peroration, "are in bondage to army and navy expenditures. May the time soon come when they shall realize that the law is a better remedy than force."

The foreign secretary's speech was loudly cheered and created a deep impression.

One Legged Men to Race.

A Chance For All of the Peg Legs in the Nation.

A challenge to all the one legged men in the country to participate in an endurance foot race from Minneapolis to St. Louis, beginning April 2, has been issued by Harry Meyers of the first named city. He has begun training.

Meyers has been trying out a new artificial racing leg. He thinks the record he plans to make will cause many sound men to hustle to equal it.

Contestants who take up his proposition must deposit a side bet of \$1,000 each. He said he hoped there would be at least twenty.

The walk is to be over the route of the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad. There are to be no handicaps. Strict rules will not be observed, however, except to make sure that no contestant rides.

ONE LEGGED MEN TO RACE.

DEPEW IS STILL AMBITIOUS.

Tells an Old Friend He Has His Eyes on the "Golden Stairs."

Chauncey M. Depew was met in a hallway of the Grand Central station by an old friend who had not seen him since his term as United States senator expired.

"How do you feel, senator, and how are you passing your time now?" inquired the friend.

"I feel first rate," cheerily replied Depew, "and I find myself sitting on my front steps every night with a telescope in hand trying to get a glimpse of the golden stairs up which I realize I am to climb pretty soon."

X Rays For Pearl Oysters.

A new use for X rays has been suggested—to ascertain whether there is a pearl in an oyster. If not the oyster can be put back into the sea so as to continue to grow and give it another chance.

DEPEW IS STILL AMBITIOUS.

Between Octogenarians.

"I understand they sentenced him to life imprisonment!"

"Well, no; it wasn't as bad as that. He got only ninety-nine years!"—Puck.

A Good Joke.

"What is a good joke?"

"Any joke you have read that makes you sore because you didn't think of it yourself."—Exchange.

The Vacant Literary Throne.

There is, we must admit, today no monarch in any tongue upon the literary throne, no sovereign world name in poetry or prose, in whom, as has happened before now, not so many generations ago, in royal succession to Scott, Byron, Goethe, Hugo, Tolstoy, all the civilized world—Teuton, Latin, Celt, Slav, oriental—is interested, for whose new works it looks or where it seeks the gospel of the day. Nabocchish, to use an Irish word that became a favorite with Sir Walter Scott, it does not matter. Do not let us nurse the rumor of the despondent editor who mournfully told his readers, "No new epic this month."

Nobody can tell how the wonders of language are performed nor how a book comes into the world. Genius is genius. The lamp that today some may think burns low will be replenished. New orbs will bring light. Literature may be trusted to take care of itself, for it is the transcript of the drama of life, with all its actors, moods and strange flashing fortunes. The curiosity that it meets is perpetual and insatiable, and the impulses that inspire it can never be extinguished.—John Morley.

Thought It Was Serious.

The burning of the famous Greyfriars church in Edinburgh occurred one Sunday morning, and the young people of a house which backed upon the churchyard were among the first, as they were preparing to start for church, to observe the flames. It was the household's Sunday out, and old Kitty, the cook, was that day responsible for her duties. Hearing unwonted commotion and excited utterances upstairs, she came panting and hobbling up from her basement kitchen, crying anxiously at each stair:

"Oh, what is it? What is it?"

"Oh, Kitty, look here!" cried one of the girls from a window. "Greyfriars church is burning up."

Kitty dropped limply on a settee.

"Is that a' miss?" she grumbled between gasps. "What a fright ye geed me! I thicht ye said the parlor fire was out!"—Youth's Companion.

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