

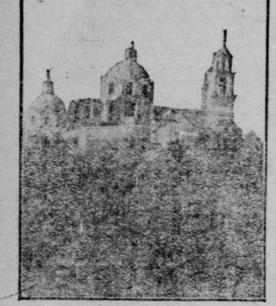
# Stately Mexican City

(Special Correspondence.)

Puebla, Mexico, ancient and noble city, sometimes called "the Boston of Mexico," by reason of its solidity, grandeur and opulence, is almost a century older than the other Boston far away in the north, by the shores of Massachusetts bay. It was founded in April, 1532, by the order of the Audiencia Real, which had been so petitioned by the Franciscans, that early missionary society in New Spain.

You can come to Puebla in five or six hours from the City of Mexico, either over the Mexican railway or via the Inter-oceanic; but on this occasion, though I had made the direct trip several times, I chose to take a roundabout way, stopping at several towns on the journey. Hence I left the San Lazara station in Mexico City and went first to the sleepy, languid, hot-country little city of Cuautla, the winter home of many fashionable folk from the federal capital, and delighted in by European diplomats resident there.

Ride Through Hot Country.



Pyramid of Cholula.

But I wanted a warmer place than Cuautla; so, after a few days I took train down the Inter-oceanic to the region roundabout Atencingo and Matamoros. We passed over, in a few miles, to the old Matamoros-Zucar railway, now belonging to the Inter-oceanic, and came to the center of a famous sugar region at Matamoros, a town as hot, as sleepy in the siesta hours, as anything in Africa. High rose the ancient towers and domes of churches resembling mosques, and great palms stood in streets, plazas and courtyards. The air was very warm, and the people walked slowly. Yet all about were signs of the sugar-making industry, for which the region is notable. Matamoros is famous for some thorns from the crown of Christ.

The enormous plain of Atlixco, abounding in water and with a rich soil, was soon reached. It is as productive as any valley in Mexico, and one notes signs of opulence in the vast hacienda houses, for all the world like feudal castles, the seats of families grown rich in growing corn and wheat. Miles on miles of well irrigated land, milpas of Indian corn extending almost as far as the eye can



Mexican Women and Children.

reach; everywhere signs of agricultural wealth and a high degree of prosperity. One German settled here some thirty years row owns three great haciendas. Other men have great estates and their families have been educated in France and Germany, in the City of Mexico.

It is the feudal system—the great abuse of the master, the huts of the laborers, a rigid caste system, and general contentment. The brown peons in the fields are gravely polite, and their faces show no signs of worry or anxiety. So closely is the land of this great valley held that you can't get enough of it to plant a seed of corn in. The irrigation system is centuries old, for this reason has been cultivated by white men nearly 100 years. At present a federal government hydrographic commission is studying the system with a view to defining water rights and preventing waste.

Atlixco's People and Buildings.

The sun was fast declining, when, to the left, rose more domes and towers and a great hill shaped much like a pyramid, the "cerroto," or hill, of San Miguel, with a chapel dedicated to that saint on its very top, a place for pious pilgrimage. Atlixco is as picturesque as any old Italian town in the Apennines, and when we had alighted at the little station and could look up into the town it seemed centuries old. It is all on a hill, and the streets slope down to the station. Our train, in modern fashion, had depart-

ed up the road to Puebla, making only a low whistle and without any bell ringing. One of the pleasures here is to take horse and ride through the suburban lanes, and I was surprised to find in the finquitas of the Indians the orange, the lime and coffee trees, a proof palpable of the mildness of the climate at this elevation of some 5,500 feet above sea level.

I was glad to tarry in Atlixco, so kindly were its people, so delicious was the air, and so agreeable the tone of the place. And when I left for Puebla I went around to say "adios" to new-made friends.

Stately City of Puebla.

It is only two hours up to Puebla, and, if you ever make the journey, take the morning train, leaving at 6:45, and enjoy the scenery as you climb up some 2,000 feet to the great valley of Puebla, where you come to the ancient town of Cholula, about which, and the terrible massacre there of the Indians by the conquistadores, consult your Prescott. Cholula, with its many great churches and ancient convents, and its real pyramid topped by a fine church, is well worth a day. From Cholula the city of Puebla, capital of the great and fertile state of the same name, is soon reached, and it is a fair sight to see the handsome and stately city in the early light, the towers of its great cathedral rising from among the mass of flat roofs. In this valley are some 355 churches and domed chapels, one for every day in the year. It is a very clerical city, and, therefore, good mannered, and, also, another clerical city characteristic, abounding in street stalls, or "puestos," for the sale of sweetmeats. Piety and sweets go hand in hand in Mexico.

A "norther" had blown up from the Gulf of Mexico, bringing a fine chilly rain, but within the cathedral the air was soft and warm, a temperature of its own. I could have passed days in the cathedral, and other days in viewing the marvels and exquisite beauty of the famous chapel of the Rosario in the old church of Santa Domingo, a chapel which foreign artists say is unsurpassed for richness and splendor in all Europe, and surely it is divine! That is the only word. The Church of La Compania is notable, and some great paintings are there to be observed. In the Church of San Jose is the image of that saint, who protects the city from lightning stroke, all carved from the wood of a riven tree. Santa Clara church has a shrine for some thorns from the crown of Christ.

The Catholic American will find in Puebla endless delight, so grand are the churches, and so notable the ancient edifices, built when the church was in the prime of its splendor in this country. Here the ancient faith is strongly held, and it is charming to see the devotion of the people even on weekdays, when they throng the old churches, and amid the glories of the past, under roofs of gold, say their prayers before many an ancient altar. Miss not Puebla when you make the adventure of Mexico; it is worth a long journey to see its marvels and its ancient churches.

Raising Tea in the South.

Dr. Charles A. Shepard of South Carolina has proved on his own plantation at Summerville, twenty miles out of Charleston, that the growing of tea can be carried on successfully and



# Rules Little Kingdom

(Special Correspondence.)

She is a gentle and venerable potentate, and her little kingdom, Inishkea, lies out in the stormy ocean off the remote western coast of Ireland.

In olden times that wild western district had some notable female rulers of the amazon type, who helped to make some lurid Irish history. There was the celebrated Queen Meva, her heart hot with passion and her person flashing with gold and steel, who led the forces of Connaught against the northerners in the quarrel, in the first century, about the coveted White Bull of Cooley. And there was the famous sea-queen Grana O'Malley, who in the sixteenth century levied what she delicately called her "trade of maintenance" on merchant ships sailing these waters and with her war galleys visited Queen Elizabeth at Hampton court. But of a different type to these warlike Celtic heroines of the past is the kindly snowy-haired old lady who now holds the title of Queen of Inishkea.

A few miles out from the Irish mainland lie the two islets of Inishkea, both together about three miles long, a narrow strait separating them. More desolate little islands it would be hard to find. They are ledgy extremities of the oldest geological



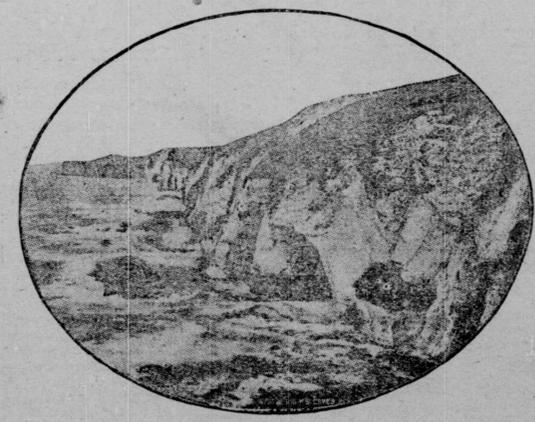
Barren and Eleak Shore.

formation in Europe, inhabited by a scanty remnant of the most ancient race. There is nothing but the heaving ocean between them and America, and the sea breeze sweeps in over 3,000 sheer miles of brine.

A few miles north of Inishkea is the Islet of Inishgilly, whence in the sixth century St. Brendan the Navigator, the Celtic discoverer of America, sailed with his monks on his celebrated voyage. Not far away, behind a long and low peninsula, lies the magnificent harbor of Blacksod, where the whole British fleet might ride safely at anchor and which has been repeatedly proposed as a port for transatlantic liners, to shorten the journey between the New and Old worlds.

Island Cut Off by Storms.

For days and weeks at a time, especially in the winter season, Inishkea is cut off from the world by the raging sea, which prevents the approach of any craft to its poor harbor. In long lost ages its remote and inaccessible character made it an ideal place of retreat not only for Christian anchorites, but for their little-known predecessors, the ministers of the pagan cults. The relics of the latter are



Where Waves Dash High.

still to be seen there graven on slabs in strange curves and circles that vainly now try to convey the language and symbolism of some prehistoric faith. To the pagan priests succeeded in the sixth century an establishment of Christian nuns, presided over by the abbess Saint Kea or Ce, from whom the island takes its name, Inish-Kea, meaning the Island of Kea.

She was a contemporary and friend of the celebrated Saint Columbkille, who converted the Picts of Scotland to the Christian religion and in whose memory there is a holy well named in Inishkea. Other contemporaries of hers were the Virgins Carra and Der-villa, for whom "hermons" or ancient church lands are named on the mainland. These three religious women did effective Christian pioneer work in those western wilds.

Palace of the Queen.

At present these rocky and treeless islets support several families, gentle, modest, hardy people, who supplement the scanty harvest of their stony fields with the fenny harvest of the sea. They live in one-story stony-built cottages and cabins, thatched and whitewashed, the thatched roofs being weighted down by lines of stones slung from ropes to prevent their being blown away by the frequent fierce gales from the Atlantic.

One of those humble habitations constitutes the palace of the aged queen of the island, widow of the late King of Inishkea and successor of a long and unrecorded line of female potentates running far back into the

mists of history. Most gentle and democratic of sovereigns is that dear old Irish mother, her diadem the starched and snowy cap that covers her silvery hair, her only robe of state her plaid woolen kerchief and matronly apron. She has a large and healthy progeny, splendid of physique and sound of morals. Lavelle is the family name of the dynasty of Inish-kea, the members of which compare favorably in many respects with those of any other royal family of Europe. The functions of the hereditary ruler of Inishkea lay chiefly in adjusting disputes between the inhabitants as to the boundaries of their tiny farms, arranging as to tillage and pasture rights, partnership in fishing boats and other matters of local interest.

Delightful Climate.

The climate of Inishkea is delightful, this being due to the neighborhood of the gulf stream, which here goes sweeping northward, its warm waters tempering the atmosphere and occasionally bearing some valuable fletsam and jetsam to those remote shores. Occasionally piles of valuable lumber are washed in by the billows. Even hogheads of rum have been borne hither by the strange mid ocean river, possibly rolled all the way from the scene of some wreck in the Gulf of Mexico.

Inishkea was once noted for the manufacture of "poten," or Irish moonshine whisky, for the ostensible purpose of stopping which a police station was established on the island. Naturally it is not an envied station, with members of the royal Irish constabulary, who feel a chill at the prospect of a sojourn on spray-sweet Inish-kea.

And so, far from the madding crowd, the last Irish queen maintains her gentle rule, while the wild gusts shake the little windows of the thatched palace and the white billows chafe around the gray shore of lonely Inishkea.

Slightly Mixed.

An author who was his own publisher advertised a book of his as follows: "Send \$1 for my new book, with autograph."

Shortly afterward he received this order from a rural reader: "I enclose \$1. If the autograph is one of them talkin' machines send it on by freight. I don't want the book."

"I and I is 2, and 1 to Carry is 3." "Gimme one of those self-lighting gas burners that you pull up and down with a chain," said a Jersey Central commuter, stopping at a hardware stall in Vesey street.

"Want a nursery burner, eh?" remarked the salesman.

The commuter looked up guiltily and smiled as he handed over a quarter in payment. "Easy enough to see what has happened in that household," said the salesman to another customer. "One and one is two, and one to carry makes three. That young chap has been calling here, off and on, for a year or more, buying screw-drivers, padlocks, tacks and things of that sort naïvely to have about the house. But up to this time the gas burners that were in his home when he took it seem to have done well enough. Now he has a nursery burner."

"They are no more self-lighting than any other burner. You have got to get out of bed to reach them when baby cries in the night. But it is a mighty sight easier to pull a chair than to crawl around in the dark for

# Luxury for Statesmen

(Special Correspondence.)

The annual housecleaning at the United States capitol has been unusually thorough this year, and it is not too much to say that the great white-domed building at Washington is just now a little cleaner and more attractive than it has been at any previous time in history. The legislative headquarters is more modern, too, for many improvements have been made in the big structure since the national lawmakers went home last spring.

Few persons, not excepting the senators and representatives themselves, have any conception of what a herculean task it is to put the capitol in apple-pie order for a session of congress. The huge building has an area of more than three and a half acres, and inasmuch as it is three stories in height there is an aggregate of more than ten acres of floors to be scrubbed. There are 430 separate rooms the walls of which have to be cleaned and the woodwork touched up, to say nothing of the renovation of carpets and upholstered furniture, and twenty-eight apartments—all committee rooms of good size—have been completely transformed, the work embracing the redecoration of walls and ceiling and refurbishing with new carpets and new mahogany furniture.

Huge Housecleaning Task.

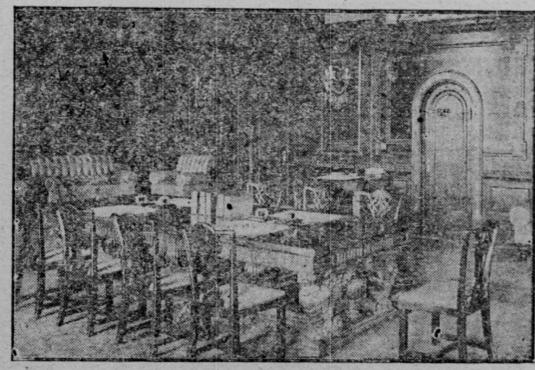
Let the average housewife try to imagine what it would mean to wash



West Front of Capitol.

700 windows each twice as large as any window in an ordinary house, and to clean the woodwork of 550 doors, and she may gain a slight conception of the immensity of housecleaning at the nation's capitol. And in addition there is more than an acre of glass skylights to be washed inside and out; 140 fireplaces to be set in order; 290 wash basins to be scoured, and an infinite number of other tasks calculated to keep a large force of workers busy for weeks before the date for the assembling of the legislators.

When the members of congress came back to work, after their long vacation, they found that electricity is, to a greater extent than ever, king of the capitol. The magic current plays the most important part in heating, lighting and ventilating the monster building, and has lately enabled marvelous advances in the facilities for quick communication between the various parts of this official city under one roof. Just a hint of the conveniences afforded by the utilization of the twentieth-century power is found in the operation of the new electric bell system which has been installed



Senatorial Reading Room.

throughout the big building for the benefit of members temporarily absent from the floor while the legislative body is in session. By means of one or another of these 100 bells, a lawmaker, no matter in what part of the building he may be, is warned when any important action is to be taken in the legislative chamber, so that it is his own fault if he does not vote on every measure which comes up.

Arrangements of the Best.

The visitor to the capitol under this new regime may be surprised to note the total absence of lighting fixtures, and yet at the first suggestion of dusk the chambers of the senate and house of representatives are flooded with light. More than 25,000 incandescent lamps, each of sixteen candle power, tucked away in unobtrusive places, give the illumination. Similarly, not a single coil of steam pipe nor so much as one radiator is visible, and yet no person can ever complain of cold so long as he is within the walls of the huge pile on Capitol hill. Finally, 75,000 cubic feet of fresh air is poured into the hall of the house, and 26,000 cubic feet of clean atmosphere is forced into the senate chamber each minute, and yet the novel task is performed so scientifically that there is not the suggestion of a draught in any part of these vast rooms.

In this betterment of things in general at the capitol, there has, as may be imagined, been no special effort for economy. The men in charge have gone on the theory that there can be nothing too good for a "billion-dollar congress," and the men who, as the

result of the recent election, come back to congress after an absence of some years, will be very likely to open their eyes in amazement. The twentieth-century congressman sits in a chair that cost \$25; has his shoes shined free of charge at a bootblack stand that cost \$55; and is served with drinking water from coolers which cost \$26 apiece, and each of which will hold \$17 worth of mineral water. The speaker of the house of representatives has a new mahogany desk that cost \$120, and may rest on a leather couch for which Uncle Sam paid out \$60. There are ninety toilet rooms in the capitol, and fourteen bathtubs have been installed for the use of congressmen. These tubs are all cut from blocks of solid marble, and are equipped with shower apparatus and other up-to-date adjuncts.

Capitol to Be Extended.

This session of congress will in all probability authorize an extension of the United States capitol which will cost several million dollars, and increase the size of the building fully one-third. Under the old conditions such an expansion of the already spacious structure would probably have appalled the men who are frequently called upon to communicate with widely-separated points in Uncle Sam's biggest office building. Now they can regard the growth with serenity, for the capitol has, all its own, as complete a telephone system as is to be found in the average city of 10,000 inhabitants, the exchange being connected with more than 300 telephones throughout the building.

Steps are also to be taken to give the capitol a more efficient system of fire protection, for, whereas, the massive structure is, in its construction, well safeguarded against fire, its rooms contain vast quantities of records, books and documents of value which would be rapidly consumed were not means at hand for quickly extinguishing the flames. The provision of a modern fire department is all that is needed to make the congressional community a little city by itself, for it already boasts a police department that numbers more men than are on the pay roll of the average small city; a postoffice that does a tremendous business, and an institution—the office of the sergeant-at-arms—which performs all the functions of a bank. When the new office buildings are completed, the capitol will also have its own underground railway system.

Remember the Pleasant Things.

A cheerful face is as good for an invalid as pleasant weather. Cheerfulness is health, melancholy is disease. Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in sound moral and physical health as color is to his cheeks, and whenever we see habitual gloom we may be sure there is something radically wrong in the animal economy, or the moral sense.

Sydney Smith once gave a lady twenty and twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire, another to remember all the pleasant things said to her, another to keep a box of sweets on the mantelpiece and a kettle simmering on the hob. These are trivial things in themselves, but life is made up of the little pleasures, and none should be neglected because of their seemingly trifling nature.—London Answers.

A Strange Disappearance.

The German on his native heath has some peculiar notions about wit



Jury's Verdict Hard to Foresee.

When Joseph H. Choate, present ambassador to Great Britain, was a young man and during his early legal experience he was engaged as counsel for the defense in a case where affairs seemed very one-sided, his being the right side. The jury of good men and true at the conclusion of the testimony took but a few minutes to come to a decision. The evidence had been so conclusive and the decision so quickly reached that Mr. Choate was perfectly dumfounded to hear their verdict, which was against him. "Well," said he, turning to his client, "this proves it. If there be anything in the world which surpasses the knowledge of the Almighty it is the finding of a petit jury."

Antarctic Exhibition.

Capt. Scott, R. N., and the officers of the Discovery Antarctic expedition were present at the opening of the Antarctic exposition of water colors, photographs and other articles of interest, used in the South Polar regions during their recent expedition, which took place at the Bruton Galleries. Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society opened the exhibition.

Crafty Man.

"But," protested Phoxy's young bride, "you promised me when we were married you would give me anything I wanted." "No, dear," replied Phoxy. "I was careful to say 'anything you were in want of.' You are not in want of a sealskin sacque."

# BROWN GUN IS A WONDER.

Fighting Machine Said to Have a Range of One Hundred Miles.

The inventor of the new American gun is a man named J. Hamilton Brown, though the work of constructing this particular six-inch experimental piece is in charge of Col. John M. Ingalls, retired U. S. A., an artist of high standing and reputation. Despite the incredulity of contemporary gun-builders, says a writer in Everybody's, Col. Ingalls and the officers with him assert that this six-inch gun will throw thirty miles a projectile weighing 100 pounds which will pierce a six-inch steel target.

A ten-inch gun of this construction, with a powder chamber of 14,259 cubic inches and using 360 pounds of smoke-powder, would hurl a 600-pound projectile a distance of four-nine miles. Increasing this ratio a 16-inch gun would have an extreme range of more than 100 miles and equipped with such coast-defense rifles England and France could shell each other across the channel.

The important new principle in the Brown gun is the winding of a tube of involute steel plates with polished steel wire, thus securing both longitudinal and circumferential strength. The gun is 313 inches long and weighs 20,000 pounds. On a forged-steel lining tube thirty-four flat steel sheets, one-seventh of an inch in thickness and 308 inches in length, are laid in the same fashion that shingles are put on a roof, one under the other. But in this case they curl around the lining tube, fitting exactly and form the true tapering cylinder. On the outside of these plates is wound, back and forth, just as thread is wound on a spool, twenty-one miles of steel wire which is so tightly stretched by a special machine that every inch is tested to stand 2,500 pounds of tension.

There are seven layers of wound wire at the muzzle and twenty-one at the breech. On the outside of the wire for a distance of twelve feet from the breech, is shrunk a forged steel jacket to cover the power chamber. It is believed that no possible powder pressure in explosion could burst this gun.

# HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

Sample of Tragedies Now Being Enacted in the East.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when we saw coming out from their hiding places a small band of Russian soldiers, writes a Japanese Magazine. That was the beginning of the fierce onslaught. It was as if somebody had revived in this civilized day of ours the scenes from the old story books, when swords, spears, bows and arrows were the only weapons of war, and men slashed away at each other. It was just at this time that we saw a Russian officer rise from the ranks, and leaping over the dead bodies of his men and comrades and putting himself at the head of the ranks, try by his daring example to revive the spirits of his men. Against the lurid background of blood and fire he made a superb figure, always rushing in front of his men, his sword gleaming ever over the heads of the fighting men.

At last this officer rushed out, calling always and loudly upon his men to follow. When he was within a few feet of our men he turned his head to see whether his men were obeying his order. Instead of following in at his heels his soldiers were trampling upon each other in the mad effort to run away. The sight broke his heart, evidently. He turned the point of his sword he had held against himself. An instant later he fell with his heart pierced through.

The Real Issue.

There are two issues after all. Above the ones that speech may call Or wisdom utter; Are most important—and the two Are bread and butter.

Let patriotic banners wave, Let economic speakers rave; 'Tis not potential The Art proclaim or Music sing; The Lead is after all the thing That's most essential.

Truth seeks some broader meeting place For breed or clan or tribe or race For saint and sinner; But after all the noise and fuss The issue paramount with us Is—What for dinner?

New theories we may evolve, Old governments we may dissolve, New flags float o'er us, And Truth may search and Wisdom think, Still these two planks of meat and drink Are yet before us.

So let contention holly wage, And let the wars of logic rage In discourse fretted; When all the clamor is complete The issue still is what to eat— And how to get it! —New York Times.

Shares Over Half a Million Each.

The highest-priced shares of stock in the world were the shares in the New River company, recently taken over by the municipality of London.

In 1690 the first sod of the "New River" was turned, and stock in the undertaking consisted of 72 shares, divided into King's and Adventurer's, which originally brought only \$25 apiece. On July 17, 1899, an entire Adventurer's share was bought at auction by the Prudential Assurance Company for \$114,000.—Stray Stories.

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Indian Priest.

The Rev. Father Albert Nechaquet completed his four years' course in the Propaganda at Rome this year. He said his first mass in August in Oklahoma City, and is now assistant pastor at Muskogee, I. T. He is a full-blooded Potawatomi and the first Indian priest.