

# Our Sister Republic, Now in Revolution

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**M**ONTEREY, Mexico.—Stand with me on one of Monterey's three-story skyscrapers and take a look at the Pittsburgh of the Mexican republic. That might stack off at the right belongs to the biggest steel plant south of the United States boundary. It has a capital of \$10,000,000 and is now turning out steel rails for the new roads which are building. In another direction are the huge smelters, controlled by the Guggenheims, which represent a capital of millions, and still farther over is a great brewery which looks as though it might have been lifted bodily up from Milwaukee or St. Louis and dropped down here on this Mexican plateau.

Monterey lies in a rich mineral country. The mountains about it yield silver and gold and its railroad facilities are such that it has coal and iron. The most of its industries are highly protected, and the steel it makes costs almost double what the price would be if no duty were paid.

### Metropolis of Northern Mexico.

Now take a look at the city itself. Monterey is the metropolis of northern Mexico, and it is a fair sample of an up-to-date city this side of the line. It takes six hours by train from the United States boundary. In a beautiful valley, which is as high above the sea as the top of the Blue Ridge.

The valley is surrounded by mountains as rugged as those of the Rockies, which now shine in opalescent hues under the rays of the semi-tropical sun. One of the peaks looks just like the hump of a gigantic camel and another has a head like a bishop's mitre. The Sierra Madre, or Mother range, in this clear air, seems to be a great etching cut by the stencils of the gods.

The slopes of these mountains are thrifty and dry, but the valley is green and the Santa Catarina river, which runs through it, gives it irrigated fields. It also brings floods which, at times, carry away buildings and drown hundreds of people. This river flows right through the town. Only about three years ago it swept away hundreds of houses and destroyed over 5,000 people.

Monterey lies on both sides of the river. It is a flat city of perhaps 30,000, mostly made up of one or two-story buildings, built close to the streets, the rooms running around courts or patios, in which are all sorts of vegetation. A little American boy here, in writing back home about Mexico's buildings, said:

"In the United States we put a yard around the house. Here in Monterey the people build the house around the yard. This well expresses the slight we have from the house top. Every building incloses a yard, and we can see bananas (trees, bushes and other vegetation growing out of the houses. The roofs are all flat, and the city is more like one of the orient than of the North American continent. At first sight it reminds one of the Spain of 300 years ago, but this impression fades as you see that far from the principal plaza a \$1,000,000 hotel of reinforced concrete and some big business blocks of the same material, while further out are many new villas of American style.

Now turn your eyes to the streets. They are narrow and they cross each other at right angles, with plazas or parks here and there. The town is paved with brick and it has a brick factory which is turning out tens of millions of brick every year. In some sections American buildings are going up made of brick, and the use of brick and concrete seems to be crowding that of adobe and stucco. The concrete construction is largely the work of an American architectural engineer, J. P. Woodyard, who has been installing such buildings all over Mexico.

### Fat Investments for Canadians.

As we look at the streets we can see the electric cars flying through them, and this reminds me of the fat contract which McKenzie & Mann, the Toronto capitalists, have gotten out of this town. They came here four or five years ago and obtained a concession for putting in water works, sewers, electric lights and the street railways, and in payment made a contract with the government for bonds equal to the amount invested at 10 per cent interest for ninety-nine years. The contract was so worded that the more money they spent the better the bargain, and I am told that the improvements were made regardless of cost. The money was borrowed in England at low rates of interest, and remittance men and other second sons of the lenders were sent over and given fat jobs. Not a few of these hired men lived in state, having their own saddle horses, and among the crowd prowling the streets at night could be seen these men stride about in their riding clothes and puttees.

McKenzie & Mann also planned the building of a big hotel at the Topo Chico Springs, near here, and they have also a farm of over a thousand acres which they are fertilizing with the city sewage. I understand that they are experimenting with Egyptian cotton, and that the estate promises to be a valuable one.

As to the debt incurred for these public works, Monterey will be loaded with this interest for a long time to come, and whether it will be able to pay the principal remains to be seen.

### Americans in Mexico.

There are several thousand Americans here in Monterey. They are interested in the stores, in plantations and in other businesses. There is a newspaper published in English and Spanish, and a number of our citizens have bought land along the road from here to Tampico. I had a long talk with Consul General Philip C. Hanna, who has had charge of our foreign business in northern Mexico for the last thirteen years. He has his office in this city and has twelve consuls under him, stationed in different parts of the northern half of the republic, from whom he receives frequent reports. He tells me that Mexico was on the edge of a boom at the time the revolution broke out, and that the republic had then at least 30,000 Americans who were engaged in business of one kind or another. There were 30,000 to 30,000 in northern Mexico and little colonies in every city of size. Since the revolution some of these people have left, but the exodus was composed chiefly of the wives and children of those Americans who lived in out-of-the-way districts and of Americans who have gone away on account of the depressed business state which the unsettled conditions have caused. There are still many American business men scattered all over Mexico. General Hanna thinks the number is perhaps 50 per cent of that before the revolution began. He tells me that the opportunities here are great for the investment of American capital, and predicts that there will be an Ameri-



can invasion as soon as the country is stable.

He also estimates that there are something like 200,000 Mexicans in the United States, and that there are perhaps 130,000 in Texas. There are many in Arizona and New Mexico. The sons and daughters of the better Mexican families of the republic are now being sent to our country for their education, and there is scarcely an American college which has not its Mexican students. Many of the boys are taking engineering and agricultural courses, and at the same time many agricultural experts are being brought here from the United States to give advice to the farmers and to show how to make the big estate pay. Some of these are ex-clerks of our agricultural department, who are paid double the salaries they have been getting at home, and others have come from our state agricultural colleges.

### Mexico in 1913.

I am surprised how little the average citizen of the United States knows about Mexico. We send 150,000 Americans to Europe every year, and they spend an average of \$1,000 apiece, or a total of \$150,000,000. They tramp themselves tired in the galleries, and scratch Holland, France, Germany and Italy as with a fine tooth comb for strange customs and costumes. They do not find them. The truth is the Europe of today is all one. It is practically the same as the United States, and if one would see the big things of travel he had better go to the lower part of our own continent.

This Mexico is a world in itself, and it is a world of strange sights and strange people. It has a population of more than 15,000,000, and of these at least 13,000,000 are Indians, the descendants of the Aztecs. They cannot read or write, and in many respects are about the same as the Aztecs of the Montezumas. The other 2,000,000 Mexicans are the descendants of the Spaniards or of those with a large admixture of Indian blood. They also have their queer costumes, and as one rides through the country he sees a new picture at every turn of the eye.

### Picturesque Scenes.

Coming here from the Rio Grande, I saw last night brigandage men wearing great sombreros, the crowns of which rose a foot above their heads and whose brims were a foot wide all the way around. Some of these hats had hoops of silver about them as thick as your wrist and gorgeous in trimmings of silver and gold. Not a few wore coats or short jackets, ornamented with bright silver buttons. The trousers of some of the men were striped with silver braid, while not a few had silver-mounted revolvers hung to their hips. At some of the stations men so dressed galloped up on horses also gayly appareled, and, looking across the country, we now and then saw troops of cavalry dashing over the fields.

The lower classes were even more picturesque. The Indians wore high hats of straw and blankets or serapes of all colors of the rainbow, and the women had dark blue cotton shawls over their heads, so draped that only the upper half of the face showed. Not a few had bright red skirts and bright waists and some were barefooted, showing a little more of the ankle than the pruders of America allow.

### World of Mexico.

This is one of the human phases of this world of Mexico, a world which was born when the Spaniards began to marry the Aztecs in the days of the Montezumas. Physically there is no fairer world in this universe of matter, and in natural resources there is none richer. Let me give you some idea of its extent. There are only four other republics on this hemisphere which have as much land. Mexico is equal to the whole United States east of the Mississippi river and its coast line, on the Atlantic and the Pacific is so great that if it could be joined it would extend from San Francisco to London and leave some to spare. It would more than reach from Los Angeles to Manila in the Philippine Islands. The country is about as long as from New York to Salt Lake City, and its breadth at the top is as great as the distance between Philadelphia and Indianapolis. The land is shaped like a great horn, the roots of which are fastened to the United States, and the tip of which is Yucatan. It slopes from both sides to the top, and there are ridges with great mountains upholding a vast rolling tableland, the most of which is a mile above the sea. The mountains comprise some of the highest of the Rocky mountain system. Mount Orizaba being over 15,000 feet high and Popocatepetl only a few hundred feet lower. Mexico has volcanoes as high as Pike's Peak, the names of which we hardly know, and it has more than thirteen which range from two miles to three and one-half miles in altitude.

### Crops All the Year Round.

The land is one of many climates, and of almost every crop desired by man. In the low coast lands are all the fruits of the tropics, and American companies are now setting out banana plantations now far from the Mexican gulf. A little higher up coffee grows, and in other sections rubber can be profitably raised. Here on the plateau the climate is like an Ohio June all the year round. The air is pure as the winter winds which sweep over Egypt from the Libyan desert, and



Consul-General P. C. Hanna

Greece can furnish no more beautiful skies.

Where I am now writing is only about 1,500 feet above sea level, but in the past I have traveled over the whole of this Mexican plateau, and I doubt whether there is a more beautiful country anywhere upon earth. The air is so rare that one can see many miles farther than in the eastern parts of the United States, and it is so filled with ozone that you seem to be breathing champagne. The skies seem closer to the earth than at home, the moon shines with a greater brilliancy, and the diamond-like stars remind me of the lustrous heavens which hang low at night over the Amazon of the Gulf of Siam.

This high plateau grows all the crops of the temperate zone. It has irrigated regions which produce large quantities of cotton, a fiber which was used by the Aztecs when Cortez first came. It yields Indian corn, which is the staple food of the people, and it is claimed that Mexico is the original home of this plant. I have seen soil which produces two crops of wheat in one year, and where the grain is pulled root and all from the ground. There is no manure; and the sun, the air and the mud furnish all the plant food. As to fruits, we have all those of the tropics and temperate zones, and that every month. I have had strawberries in Mexico at Christmas, and even now they are brought to the trains by peddlers and sold at a few cents a basket. Sugar cane is grown farther south and tobacco is a favorite crop with the natives. Altogether the soil and meat produce which Mexico is now producing annually amount to something like \$200,000,000. This is more than comes from the mines. I am told that the live stock industry is growing, and that Mexico is about our only hope for cheap meats in these days of high prices.

Everyone knows of the Mexican mines. They have been producing millions ever since Cortez robbed the treasures of the Montezumas, and they are now turning out nearly \$80,000,000 worth of minerals every twelve months. In this I include only gold, silver, copper and lead. But

### The Niagara of Mexico

Mexico also has mountains of iron; it has coal fields which have hardly been touched, and it has the greatest oil fields now being operated in any part of the world. Of all of these things I will write in the future.

### Railroads and Electric Plants.

The Mexico of 1913, although now in the turmoil of a revolution, is enclosed in a network of modern civilization. It is one of the chief railroad countries of the earth, and its trunk lines if stretched end to end would reach more than half way around the globe. It has about 15,000 miles in operation and there are over a thousand miles more under construction. It has been said that the disorder which has reigned during the last two years has stopped the building of railroads. This is true only of certain sections. The National railways have considerable track under construction and I saw men excavating all along the line for new tracks on my way to Monterey.

As to electric plants, the water powers of the country are being gradually harnessed, and with others the falls of Juanaacatlan, the Niagara of Mexico, are generating electricity. Hiding south over the plateau I saw the steel posts of high-power transportation lines running for miles through the desert; and I am told that this branch of industry is on the edge of its beginning.

In this connection come the new factories which are springing up over the republic. The steel plant here is now paying dividends, and there are other steel works of smaller size. Cotton mills have been constructed in many parts of the republic, and there are now 142 such factories in operation. There are many large smelters in the chief mining districts, and oil refineries will be erected in the new petroleum fields along the gulf coast.

I am told that almost all the cities are growing, and I find that the country is a far different Mexico from that which I first visited, now more than twenty years ago.

Just now foreign investment is at a standstill on account of the revolutionary troubles, but before they broke out, Consul General Hanna tells me, the trains passing through Monterey were full of Americans on their way south to the various sections. Many of them expected to raise coffee, cacao, fruit and other things along the gulf coast, and others were to engage in the oil development that is going on between Tampico and Vera Cruz.

### FRATITUDE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Effie, ill you run to the door and call Fido, please?"

"I can't mamma, 'cos I aren't speakin' to Fido since he broke my doll!"

One day Stella accompanied her mother on a shopping tour. They sighted the candy department in a large store, and Stella said:

"Mamma, I'm afraid you'll have to buy

me some peppermints—I feel awfully faint."

A change of tenors had been made in the church choir. Upon little Lola's return from morning services she exclaimed, Oh, mamma, they've got a new terror in the choir!"

"What does it mean to cast your bread upon the waters?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"It means that the fishes has to be fed," replied small Sadie.

"Do you ever see the president?" asked Willie of his uncle, who lived in Washington.

"Yes, nearly every day," was the reply.

"And does he ever see you?" queried the little fellow.

"Don't mind, Willie, don't mind," said a sympathetic little girl to her small brother, who had been chastised by their father.

"I d-d-d-d-d," sobbed the little fellow. "That's w-why I got l-l-l-icked."

Small Edgar happened to see the new moon. "Mamma," he queried, "did it make that moon?"

"What did he do with the old one," queried the youthful inquirer. "Did he cut it up into stars?"

Mother (entering bedroom)—Why, children, what are you crying for? Bobby—I wanna drink.

Mother—Well, I'll get you a drink. Kissie, what are you crying for? Kissie—You didn't hear Bobby, mamma, so I was hearing him cry.

Pointed Paragraphs. The only way to avoid trouble in this old world is to avoid being born. Here's the first guide post on the road to success. Mind your own business. A mother is always surprised to learn that her daughters are as old as they are. Take a few minutes off to think it over and you will be surprised at the amount of time you devote to foolishness. —Chicago News.

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