

LAUNDRY IN MEXICO

Every Clear Brook Serves Its Purpose as a Washtub.

A Country in Which Every Day Is Monday—Cleanliness Without Modern Conveniences—The Cost of Clean Linen.

The Mexican housewife has no troublesome laundry question to vex her placid soul. The day of stationary tubs, patent wringers and omnipotent washing fluids has not yet dawned upon the lavadero of Montezuma's people.

Every day is Monday in Mexico; when there is clothing to be washed—that day it is done, whether it be Monday or Sunday, to-day or a month from now.

The means that served our forefathers are the ones in use to-day, and nature furnishes all the appliances.

Throughout the country the method of the washerwoman is the



WASHING IN A CLEAR BROOK.

sane—though in the larger towns the authorities are attempting to establish a more sanitary condition.

Every river, ditch or pond is a washtub, and the rubbing is done upon the flat stones that lie about the brink.

When the women are at their work they stand in the shallow water or kneel upon the bank. The clothes are first dipped into the stream, then thrown upon the stone; each piece is patted and pounded, rubbed with a sort of soap-bark or fibre, wet with handfuls of water scooped up in a cup or in the hand, then for a final rinsing it is trailed and beaten in the stream.

One might doubt the efficiency of this treatment did he not see the snowy whiteness of the linen bleaching in the sun.

Among the natives the term "family washing" is certainly used in its most literal sense, for the family and the clothes have one common washing day. After the garments have been spread to dry the babies are set upon the washing stone and handfuls of water poured over them till the little brown bodies shine like satin. At last the mother has her turn and, standing or sitting in the stream, she slips out of one garment and into another as the bath proceeds.

In the cities there is more of a system used. A woman will come to the house or hotel and take the washing; this she delivers to the overseer of a crowd of regular washerwomen who work all day at the public washing ground.

This open laundry is a plot of ground set apart by the town for the convenience and assistance of these women; here is a long row of washing stones rudely cut and placed about two feet apart over a cemented ditch or trough, through which clear water runs from some nearby spring or water course. The regular charge for this luxury is one penny a day.

The method of washing is about the same as at the river.

Here these poor creatures kneel, hour after hour, under the rays of a tropical sun, and their daily wage amounts to about 30 cents of our money.

As it is the custom to wait until nearly everything is soiled before a regular washing is done, it sometimes happens that a few articles must be done up at home; then is used a shallow stone basin, oblong in shape and resting with one end propped a little higher than the other. With a jar of water and a cup to pour on a little at a time, the accoutrement is complete.

An American woman living in the City of Mexico bought a wooden tub and a washboard, showing her Mexican servant how to use them; imagine her surprise some days later at seeing the washboard covered with charcoal crosses and the maid kneeling at the tub, which was placed on the floor, using the old water cup and rubbing the clothes on the bottom of the tub.

W. CLARK.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

The Turf.

At the great American Derby, recently run at the Washington park track, at Chicago, The Picket, who won the event, performed a feat that is remarkable. The colt is of Kentucky breed, owned by Middleton & Jungbluth, and up to the finish of the great Derby had never pushed its nose under the wire a winner. As a two-year-old the colt



Jockey Helgesen.

made 13 starts without winning a race, finishing second four times, third twice, and being unplaced seven times. The only start of The Picket as a three-year-old was in the M. Lewis Clark stakes, when he finished third to Savable and Bernays.

Although second in value to the futurity race for two-year-olds, which is run annually at the Sheepshead Bay track in New York, the American derby is in reality the premier turf event in America. It draws greater crowds by many thousands than ever have been seen on a New York race track, and in spectacular features of crowd and grounds at the time of the race none of the big metropolitan features is to be compared with it. The attendance at the Grand Prix at Paris recently was said to be close to 200,000. This race, however, is run on Sunday, so that the comparisons are hardly fair in the matter of public interest in the race. England is the great race loving nation. Its Epsom derby is the greatest race of the world, and in many particulars the most spectacular. Australia, for its population, is the greatest thoroughbred racing province in the world. Crowds of 150,000 turn out to see the Melbourne cup, which is contested on magnificently equipped grounds, and under the auspices of a jockey club composed of wealthy men of social and political importance. The American derby seems to be keeping pace with the growth of interest in racing in this country, although it is the one race which draws patronage largely from a class which seldom pays attention to any other race of the year.

Jockey Arthur Helgesen, who rode The Picket to victory, is but 17 years old, and has been riding about two years. He is a model young man, as he neither smokes, drinks or keeps late hours.

For the first time in its history the Brooklyn suburban handicap was won by a three-year-old, when the game Africaner, giving weight to most of the field, captured the event. Fuller, the New Orleans jockey, piloted the colt to victory.

Lou Dillon, owned by C. K. Billings, recently made a new world's record to wagon for the mile, of 2:06 1/4, breaking the record of 2:07, held by Lucille.

Baseball.

The following story of Ed Delehanty, at the present time playing right field for the Washington club, in the American league, is by common consent the most remarkable thing that ever happened on a ball field. It is no doubt familiar to many readers, and is of the great batting streak he displayed in a game against the Philadelphias in the national league in '97. The game was played at Chicago, and "Adonis Bill" Terry was pitching for Chicago. Altogether the Philadelphias made just eight hits off Terry, and of the eight Delehanty made no less than five out of five times at bat.

The first time up Delehanty lines out a home run to the left field bleachers. The second he hit for four bases to right field. On his third effort he sent a sizzling liner out to Dahlen, who was playing shortstop. Dahlen got under it and stuck up his hands, but the ball was going so fast that it almost amputated both of his hands. Delehanty got to first on it. The fourth time to bat Delehanty sent one right straight for center and cantered clear around to home without trouble. When he walked to the plate for the fifth time the fans were all crazy with excitement. "Another home run, Del!" they shouted. Delehanty hit the first ball that was pitched. It went sailing out into left, hit the roof of the clubhouse on that side and bounded off on the roof of the other. Meanwhile, "Del" walked leisurely around the bases and scored his fourth home run. But in spite of Delehanty's marvelous record of our home runs and a single out of five times at bat his team lost the game by a score of eight to six.



Ed Delehanty.

THE FARMER DAIRYMAN.

If He Raises His Own Feed He Can Make His Cows Pay a Handsome Profit.

Perhaps nine-tenths of the dairy products of this country are produced from farms where dairying is but one of several branches of agriculture carried on, and it is best that this should be so, for mixed farming is the most profitable system, and dairying in connection with the growing of field crops and other stock is best for the land as well as for the man who owns it, says Dairy and Creamery.

There are farms in this country which have actually been impoverished and very much reduced in value because for a long series of years cows have been kept on them and the milk from them sold to cities or condensing factories or taken off the farm for some other purpose.

There is a vast difference between selling the butter fat to a creamery and returning the skim-milk to the farm and selling the whole milk. But very little fertility is taken off the farm when butter alone is sold. The butter is produced from sun and air, the elements being taken up by growing plants and transformed into feed for the cows and then returned in the way of butter fat.

The mineral elements in the milk and the nitrogen in it in the shape of protein are the things we want to keep on the farm, and but a trifling quantity of these is carried away when butter fat alone is sold.

The farmer who keeps a few cows and raises his own feed is the one who gets the best price for his feed and the most money from his cows, providing he sells only the butter fat.

This being true, it follows that every such dairy farm should plan to produce on his own farm as large a quantity of the best feed he can, and the capacity of the farm will increase in the course of years in exactly the same ratio that the farmer takes advantage of the means at his command to make his farm more fertile and his crops greater.

We have not yet reached that looked for period when we can keep a cow on every acre of land, but it is entirely within the limits of possibility to do this.

The land should be drained. The farmer who has a well-drained farm is, to a large extent, independent of abnormal weather conditions, whether it be too wet or too dry. Well-drained land produces a better crop in any kind of a year than does land not drained.

UNIQUE YANKEE NOTION.

Thrifty Connecticut Farmer Makes Automobile Do Service as a Farm Pump.

That the typical "down east" yankee is a hard man to down has long been generally understood, but was perhaps never better demonstrated than by the manner in which Andrew



AUTO DOING DUTY AS PUMP.

Waters, of Hartford, Conn., turned his auto into a pump.

Mr. Waters' stationary engine attached to the water supply was broken mysteriously just at a time of day when a large quantity of water was required to satisfy the thirst of his cattle. To repair the engine would take several days, and Mr. Waters needed a substitute at once.

In his emergency he backed his automobile up to the well-house, elevated the rear wheels clear of the ground, affixed a belt, and applied the juice.

Answer: Plenty of water, satisfied cattle, and a contented farmer.

And yet some people think an auto has no good use.—Chicago Journal.

Lime as an Insecticide.

Lime is in general use as a fertilizer, and to a limited extent, also, as an insecticide. Testimony as to its value is conflicting, and this is due to its condition when applied. Lime as an insecticide ought to be in the form of a dry hydrate. To shell lime or limestone just enough water is to be added to slake; then sift through a moderately fine sieve and dust on the insects when they are wet. Only soft-bodied insects can be reached by this substance, and the application must be made so that the caustic properties of the lime may have a chance. The larvae of the potato beetle and asparagus beetle are good subjects, and the testimony of its effectiveness on the cabbage worm is not wanting.

ADIRONDACK FIRES EVANGELISTIC TOUR

Methods Used in Fighting These Destroyers of Forests.

How They Were Started—A Peculiar Story Told by State Fire Warden Emmons—Heroism Displayed by the Workers.

The great Adirondack fires, which have just been extinguished by the aid of a timely rain which came after a public meeting at Newcomb, N. Y., in which the people united their prayers for rain, have furnished an endless amount of thrilling incidents, acts of heroism and methods of fighting the fires. Some of the finest virgin forest preserves were burned over. Ten thousand acres of the estate of W. Seward Webb, around Nahasane, was swept over by the flames; Rockefeller's 60,000 acres was two-thirds burned over; and property owned by the brother of Mayor Low, of New York, William C. Whitney, the St. Regis, International



LOOKING INTO THE FIRE.

and other pulp companies suffered extensively.

There are varying stories as to how these fires started, some openly charging that many of the fires were deliberately set by Adirondack squatters, who had real or fancied grievances against the owners. Chief State Fire Warden L. S. Emmons is authority for the story that the first of the fires was caused by an empty beer bottle through whose convex bottom the hot rays of the May sun were concentrated as in a burning glass. The long drought had dried the leaves until they were like tinder, and readily burst into flame. It was a herculean task which soon confronted the fire fighters, and the silent deeds of personal heroism wrought by them, far from the stimulus of public applause, must be for the greater part forever unknown.

During calm weather a forest fire is dispiriting rather than terrifying. Contrary to the common idea, the trees are the last to burn. All that can be seen is a thin line of insignificant flame, advancing lazily among the dry underbrush. Occasionally a young balsam, the only tree that burns readily, will catch fire from the heat below and flare up into a huge torch for a minute or two, but, on the whole, the flames seem amazingly feeble and easy to control. That is because the real fire is far down out of sight. The soil of these virgin forests for several feet down is composed of decayed leaves, which has taken on the consistency of peat, and which once ignited, burns deeply and creeps steadily on, and on, and on, waiting for the rushing wind to fan it into a roaring sea of flames, sweeping everything before it.

It is a comparatively easy task to extinguish the fire in the timber and underbrush, but when this peatlike soil gets to burning it is a different matter. It will slowly eat its way for months into the green forest lying ahead, and leave behind a path marked by the layer of white ashes covering the ground and dead trees standing as ghastly reminders of the fire which has been gnawing at its roots.

A man named Gallagher was the first to evolve a scientific plan for the fighting of this soil fire. In advance of the firefighters he would blaze a wide trail along the front of the fire. Men with axes came behind and felled every tree and bush on the fire side. Then came men with shovels, who dug deep, getting below the peat bed and throwing the dirt as a rampart against the flames. This method never failed to check, except when the great wind swept through the forest and fanned the fires into a seething furnace.

The Yale summer school of forestry which opens soon at Milford, Pa., where ways and means of preventing floods and fires will be considered, will find a fund of acts and information in these fires, which have made the Adirondacks one of the hottest places this side of the accredited confines of his satanic majesty's royal domains.

E. L. RILEY.

What They Mean.

Sweet Girl—What do the papers mean when they talk about a womanly woman?

Father—They mean one who knows how to make pumpkin pies.—N. Y. Weekly.

That of Rev. R. A. Torrey Has Been a Record Breaker.

Has Preached the Gospel Around the World with Wonderful Success—Classed as a New Evangelistic Leader.

Not since the days of St. Paul, the apostle, whose fervid missionary spirit drew him to every part of the world, as known at that time, to preach the Gospel, has the world witnessed such an evangelistic tour as that which Rev. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles Alexander have just completed. There have been great revivals under Luther, Knox, Wesley, and many others down to the great revival wave which swept over America and England under the preaching and singing of Moody and Sankey, but none have been marked by the remarkable characteristics of the Torrey-Alexander meetings, which have extended pretty much around the world. The work of other evangelists has been confined to one or two countries at most, and while vast in the number of people reached and converts won, still they have not been on as broad a scope as the tour just ended by the return to Chicago of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander.

After preaching in Hawaii, spending a month in Japan, and preaching 74 times at different places, after spending three weeks in China, six months in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, where meetings of tremendous size and power were held, and thousands upon thousands of conversions, after passing through Ceylon and India, and preaching the Word and singing the Gospel in those places, after meetings in London and a great revival work throughout Scotland, Mr. Torrey comes back with these words upon his lips: "We are on the dawn of a world-wide revival." Surely the mantle of Mr. Moody and a double portion of his spirit has fallen upon the man whom Mr. Moody, 13 years ago, sought out and placed over the Bible Institute at Chicago, which stands today as one of the greatest monuments to the sacred memory of the great evangelist.

We dare not attempt to estimate the miles traveled, number of meetings held, multitudes of people preached to, and number of converts won, for fear if we came near to the actual figures we should be accused of gross exaggeration or for fear we gave statistics which would be considered reasonable, we would fall so very far below the true figures as to miserably fail to do credit to the great evangel-



REV. R. A. TORREY.

istic tour. Mr. Torrey left Chicago, December 23, 1901, and returned on June 17 of this year, being gone nearly a year and six months. During this time the globe has been circled with the simple Gospel by preaching and singing. The methods of conducting the meetings were not unlike those which proved so effective in the Moody meetings of years ago. A great deal was made of the singing, and Mr. Alexander captured the people of Australia, with his singing and successful leadership of large choruses, organized in the places where the meetings were held. At Melbourne, where the greatest success was realized, he had 1,200 in the chorus, and with the 7,000 people who crowded nightly into the vast exposition building to help the singing of the Gospel songs, the effect was simply marvelous. The "Glory" song has flooded Australia, and the common greeting there of Christian workers now is II. Tim. 2:15.

Mr. Torrey's tour was the outgrowth of an urgent call in 1899 from religious workers of all denominations of Australia to Mr. Moody to come and undertake an extensive campaign there. Circumstances prevented Mr. Moody from responding, and the matter was dropped. Later Mr. Torrey came to the attention of the Evangelization Society of Australasia, which had previously sent the call to Mr. Moody, and he was invited to visit the island. Out of this grew the world-wide tour which has been so successfully completed.

A VOICE