

Mexico Sells Sulphur from Its Volcanoes

MEXICO CITY—Do you want to buy a volcano?
If so, come to Mexico and see up Popocatepetl. You may have to take your life in your hands on account of the Zapotecans and other rebels camped near its foot, but you will be moderately safe at the top. Popocatepetl is the highest smoking volcano on the North American continent, and I am told that as soon as matters are quiet it can be made to pay dividends on the price now asked for it. The old mountain has been for sale off and on, for the last twenty-five years. It was bought in 1914 by a syndicate of Americans, headed by Captain Charles Holt of New York. The consideration was \$10,000,000 in Mexican money, and the American syndicate had an authorized capital of \$10,000,000 in gold. The plan was to work the enormous sulphur resources of the volcano and at the same time to supply ice to Mexico from the low fields which cover the peak. The principal forests about the base of the mountain were also to be converted into a beautiful park and an inclined railway to the top was to bring tourists here from all over the world. This sale was only half consummated. The title was disputed and the Mexicans could not deliver the goods. After several years the project was abandoned and the mountain came back to General Sanchez Ochoa, one of the great mining engineers of Mexico, who has owned it these many years. I am told that the Pearson syndicate, headed by Lord Cowdray, has since considered the purchase and that its plans include cogged railroads, not only to the top of old "Popo," but also to the top of Ixtaccihuatl, or "The White Woman," that mighty extinct volcano which rises into the clouds only a few miles away.



Inside the crater of Popocatepetl



Tobogganing down Popocatepetl

Sulphur for All the World.
Popocatepetl itself is a live volcano, or at best, it is only sleeping. Since the time of Cortez it has had ten mighty eruptions. It is the Volcanus of America, and is liable to break out any time in another great burst of fire and lava. Its last eruption was in 1823, but it is still breathing brimstone fumes from the great holes in its crater. These holes are from seven to twelve inches in diameter, and they ooze liquid sulphur, making the crater a great brimstone factory.

The crater of old Popo is about a mile wide at the top and something like 1,000 feet deep. It is shaped like a bell, the diameter of the top being one-fourth of a mile and the floor, which is pure sulphur, going down, it is said, 1,000 feet deeper. The mountain is spitting out sulphur at the rate of more than 1,000,000 tons per annum. Since the conquest of Mexico more than 100,000,000 tons have been taken out of it, and it is estimated that there is half as much more on the floor of the crater, running down to a depth of 600 feet.

The sulphur is for beyond the demands of all the world, and it could be marketed it represents wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The annual consumption of sulphur in the United States and Europe is perhaps 600,000 or 700,000 tons. The most of the product comes from Italy, and it sells for \$20 a ton. If it could be supplied by Mexico, it would mean a gross income of \$4,000,000 a year, and the sulphur is worth at half of above rate would be worth \$1,000,000,000.

Mining the Sulphur.
In case the mountain is sold, the mining of this sulphur will be by modern machinery, and the cost of bringing it to the market will be comparatively small. The millions of tons already produced have been dug up by the Indians and carried in bags by means of rope ladders out of the crater to a point where it could be drawn up with a windlass and rope, worked from the rim.

The World's Greatest Volcanoes.
Popocatepetl is next to the highest point on the Mexican uplands, being only surpassed by Mount Orizaba. It is the fourth highest mountain in North America, rising the clouds at 17,000 feet above the sea. The only mountains on our continent that are higher are Mount St. Elias and Mount McKinley in Alaska, the latter being over 20,000 feet. Pike's Peak is more than 2,000 feet lower and Mount Washington not much more than one-third as high.

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Our Volcano Park.
Some of the finest volcanoes are those of the Hawaiian Islands, and the most wonderful volcano park that can be imagined is the one which the Sam is now making on the island of Hawaii. That island is composed of volcanic materials, and it has been built up from the sea bottom. This mass of lava is now 14,000 feet above the sea level and it extends from the bed of the ocean up to the surface of the water, a distance of 16,000 feet more. Therefore, the volcanic pile which ends in the crater of Mauna Loa is really 30,000 feet high, or higher than Mount Everest in the Himalayas, is the highest mountain on earth. The crater of Mauna Loa, in our new park, is three miles long, two miles wide and a 1,000 feet deep. The floor is hard, but quite hot; and there are cracks through which you can see the hot liquid rock far beneath.

Mother Earth's Volcano Belts.
All of the Sandwich Islands are volcanoes, and indeed two-thirds of the volcanoes of the world are said to be upon islands. They seem to run in certain belts over the globe. One belt nearly encircles the Pacific, girdling that ocean, as it were, with mighty smokestacks, from which pours forth steam. This belt begins with the southern part of South America, and runs up through the Andes to the Oulebra out, where steam has been oozing out of the great gash made for our canal. From there the belt goes northward through Central America and Mexico. I saw some of its steaming craters last winter while I was in Costa Rica and Guatemala, and we have it again here in Popocatepetl and the now steaming volcano of Colima not far away.

The belt widens in the United States, but there are no active volcanoes there, and it narrows again when it gets to Alaska. At it reaches Asia, it has smoldering eruptions now and then throwing an island up in the sea, only to take it away a few months or years later. The volcano zone seems more active as it goes south through Japan to the Philippine Islands, and thence on to the Dutch East Indies, New Guinea and New Zealand. The volcanoes of the West Indies are said to be one of its branches, but those of the Mediterranean are apparently independent of it or of any other volcanic zone.

There are some volcanoes in Africa and many extinct ones in Asia. Among the most beautiful volcanoes of the world are Fujiyama, Japan; Mount Etna, in New Zealand, and the Moynon on Luzon, in the Philippine Islands. They are all perfect cones.

The Fire Island of Java.
The island of Java is made up of 20 many volcanoes, the fires of which you can see as you go along the coast, that it is called the fire island. Between it and Sumatra is Krakatoa, the top of which blew off about twenty-seven years ago with an explosion which was heard in southern Australia, 2,300 miles away.

A Love Story of the Gods.
According to the Aztec tradition, in the days of the beginning of things a mighty god named Popocatepetl came to earth, and there fell in love with one of the prettiest of the Aztec maidens. The girl had a perfect form, and her skin was as white as the driven snow. "Old Popo" made her his wife and took her to heaven to reign with him. She proved too handsome, however, and soon all of the young gods were running after her.

Climbing Popocatepetl.
The ascent of Popocatepetl can be made in about three days, at a cost of \$25 or \$30 in gold. One needs warm clothing, strong shoes and several good guides. You can ride on the railroad to the foot of the mountain, stopping at Amecameca, a town of 14,000, which is about a mile and a half above the sea. Here you can get your outfit and horses and by nightfall can reach a rest house where you may sleep. This is Tlanacas, at about 12,900 feet above the sea. You will find it bitter cold about midnight and colder still toward morning. You rise early and at 7 a. m. are again upon horseback. Two hours later you have gone up 3,000 feet and are at about the altitude of Pike's Peak or Fujiyama in Japan. Your breath is now thin. You debate the worth of your thoughts and whether it will pay to use the strength needed to utter them. Your feet have grown heavy and you cannot walk fast.

The first part of your way is through loose shifting black sand, and the latter part is all snow. You are soon far up in the clouds above the rest of the world, and if the day is clear you have magnificent views of the valley of Mexico and the great capital, which lies in a basin surrounded by mountains. Higher still and the "White Woman" lies below you, and all around are the great hills which form the most striking features of the Mexican plateau. Most of the time you are in the clouds and now and then you can see the clouds both above and below you. They look like live things and you can watch them crawling to your feet and chasing each other from mountain to mountain. Now they envelop you in a mist and then pass onward and upward until they are lost in the crater.

In the Crater.
If you are very venturesome you can crawl down a short distance in the crater and peep over. The walls are steep and which may be so easily ascended, and which pay so well for the trip. Both mountains are covered with snow, and standing on the cathedral here in Mexico City any evening you can see this snow top to silver and then to burnished copper by the rays of the setting sun. Popo is a little more than 1,000 feet higher than this sister, Old Etna, and his form is, perhaps, more majestic. The Ixtaccihuatl is called the "White Woman" because the top of the mountain is shaped like the gigantic snowflake figure of a woman who lies on her back with her feet facing "Old Popo." As one stands on the cathedral he can plainly see the outlines of the head, with its protruding eyes, the swelling breasts covered with snow and the rest of the snow-clad covering through which the mighty knees and feet seem to peep. The mountain is over 16,000 feet high, and the figure makes one think of a giantess lying on a mighty bed and covered with white.

On Mount Orizaba.
I stopped at Orizaba on my way from Mexico to Vera Cruz. The town lies on the slope of the highest peak on our continent, south of Alaska. This is Mount Orizaba, which is surpassed only by Mount McKinley. Orizaba City itself is as high as the top of the Alleghenies, but it is surrounded by coffee plantations, and the thermometer there was ninety degrees in the shade, while the hot, humid air was that of the tropics. The preparation stood on my face as I looked up at the top of the mountain above me and saw

LIVELY YOUTH OF 90 YEARS
Knocked Down by Auto on Daily Street, He Asks Only for a Whiskobroom.

its mantle of perpetual snow. Mount Orizaba is over 16,000 feet high and it is harder to ascend than Popocatepetl. The first men who ever reached the top were some of our American officers during the Mexican war, and the next man who went up was a Frenchman. He made the ascent in 1861 and found on the peak a tattered American flag floating from a staff in which was cut the date, 1848. A few years later this same Frenchman attempted a second ascent and nearly lost his life while doing so.

Mexico's Smoking Mountains.
In addition to these mountains Mexico has many other volcanoes, the most of them extinct, but some liable to break out into action. The region about Guadalupe has been recently troubled with earthquakes and many think it only a question of time when that, one of the largest cities in Mexico, will disappear. The volcano of Colima, which is more than two miles in height, is perpetually active, and nearby is a splendid volcanic peak, El Nevado, which is as tall as Fujiyama and almost as beautiful. Colima is frequently hidden by the dense masses of steam which are always rolling out of its crater and at night the steam is colored with flames. The crater is almost circular and it has a diameter of about one-third of a mile. It is more than 100 feet deep.

Banishing Unpleasantness.
The engine had gone to pieces, the screw revolved no more, and the yacht of the millionaire rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea. Anxiously signaling for help was the wireless operator. He was approached by the owner of the craft. "I wish," said the latter, "that you would advise my wife, in Brooklyn, of our accident."

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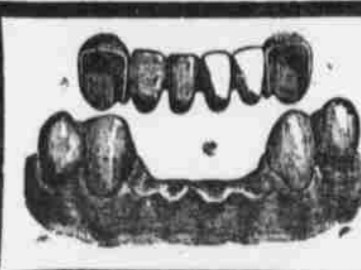
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The DOCTOR'S ADVICE by Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature. Those wishing further advice free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Kilwood Sta., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

Answer: Take the tonic prescribed and you will be strong in a very short time. You will gain natural strength, get sleep of hypophosphites and cod liver oil. (not cod liver oil.) (not cod liver oil.) (not cod liver oil.)

Miss Haly asks: "I am sorely afflicted and want your best advice. I am troubled with a pain in my chest and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature. Those wishing further advice free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Kilwood Sta., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler."

"Agnes K." writes: "I am so dull and lifeless most of the time that I can scarcely accomplish my duties. I am nervous and have little appetite, suffer with headache and am far below normal weight. At one time I was quite plump and then I felt good all the time, so if you can prescribe something to increase my weight I think I shall soon be myself again."

Answer: For anyone in your condition there is nothing I can give that would be so effective as thorough course of three grains Hypophosphites. This little tablet supplies elements which increase the red blood supply and aid to extract the nutrition from food, improve the appetite, overcome nervousness, and plumpness with healthy color and strength return. They are packed in sealed boxes with full directions.

"Friend" writes: "Please give me a prescription for my rheumatism. I suffer greatly from the first three prescriptions, was cured, but can't remember it."

Answer: Here is my favorite prescription for rheumatism. Iodine of potassium, 2 drams; sodium salicylate, 4 drams; wine of colchicum, one-half ounce; drop of orange oil; 100 grains fluid extract. (not cod liver oil.) (not cod liver oil.) (not cod liver oil.)

"W. E." writes: "I have such a very severe cough and cold and have not been able to get anything to help me. It is weakening my system."

Answer: Use the following and your cold and cough will vanish and you will soon be strong again. Get a 24-oz. bottle of concentrated essence menthastrum and take every hour or two. This can be taken pure or made into a full pint of home-made syrup. Full directions to use will be found on bottle. This is a mild laxative and will drive the cold from the system.

"Helen J." writes: "What would you advise me to take? I suffer with indigestion, constipation, gas on my stomach and my breath is bad. I am afraid of appendicitis."

Answer: Many cases of appendicitis are caused by indigestion. Iodine of potassium, 2 drams; sodium salicylate, 4 drams; wine of colchicum, one-half ounce; drop of orange oil; 100 grains fluid extract. (not cod liver oil.) (not cod liver oil.) (not cod liver oil.)

"Missie" says: "I am on the verge of nervous prostration and the doctor's medicines do not seem to help me. I am very thin and am getting thinner every day. What would you prescribe?"