

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Sixty languages are spoken in Russia.

The Norwegian army includes a corps on skates.

England's food importations average about \$16 for each inhabitant.

With all its possessions considered, there are six colored persons to every white in the British empire.

The first alarm of fire by an electric telegraph system was given at 8:30 p. m. April 29, 1852, in Boston.

Street sweepers of Chicago and Boston carry a tiny electric lamp on their caps to keep from being run over.

Stockholm, Christiania, Berlin and London in the order named have the lowest death rates of all the cities of Europe.

Of the races of the world, 600,000,000 are white, 700,000,000 yellow, 215,000,000 black, 35,000,000 brown or Malayan, and 15,000,000 red, or American Indians.

The first application of electric heating for household use was the electric flatiron. Now there are hundreds of thousands of electric flatirons in use in private homes and laundries.

Experiments made in Germany prove that the germs of cholera or typhoid may endanger not only those who live below stream, but also those above the polluted point, as fish carry the germs upstream.

The first rotary converted in America, as well as the largest, was built by the General Electric Company. These machines are used to change alternating current into direct current for street railway service.

Rhodes, the city of the Colossus, still survives, a medieval city in all its defensive war gear of tower and curtain and keep. It is the city which the Knights of St. John erected in the midst of the Byzantines, after being driven out of Jerusalem in the early fourteenth century.

Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the city hall, when he heard a laborer accost another thus: "That's Josiah Quincy." "An' who's Josiah Quincy?" the other asked. "I never see such ignorance," rejoined the other. "He's the grandson of the statute you see in the yard."

A sailor enters a livery stable to hire a horse for the day, to take some friends into the country. The proprietor has one brought out for inspection, and begins: "There's a beauty for you! Small head, clean legs, short back—" "Short back be blowed! We want one with a long back. It's to carry nine."

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of one great novelist and godson of another, has lost his seat in the Parliament of New South Wales, Australia, through the discovery of rich silver mines at Broken Hills, a thousand miles northwest of Sydney. The new-comers, miners, elected a labor candidate.

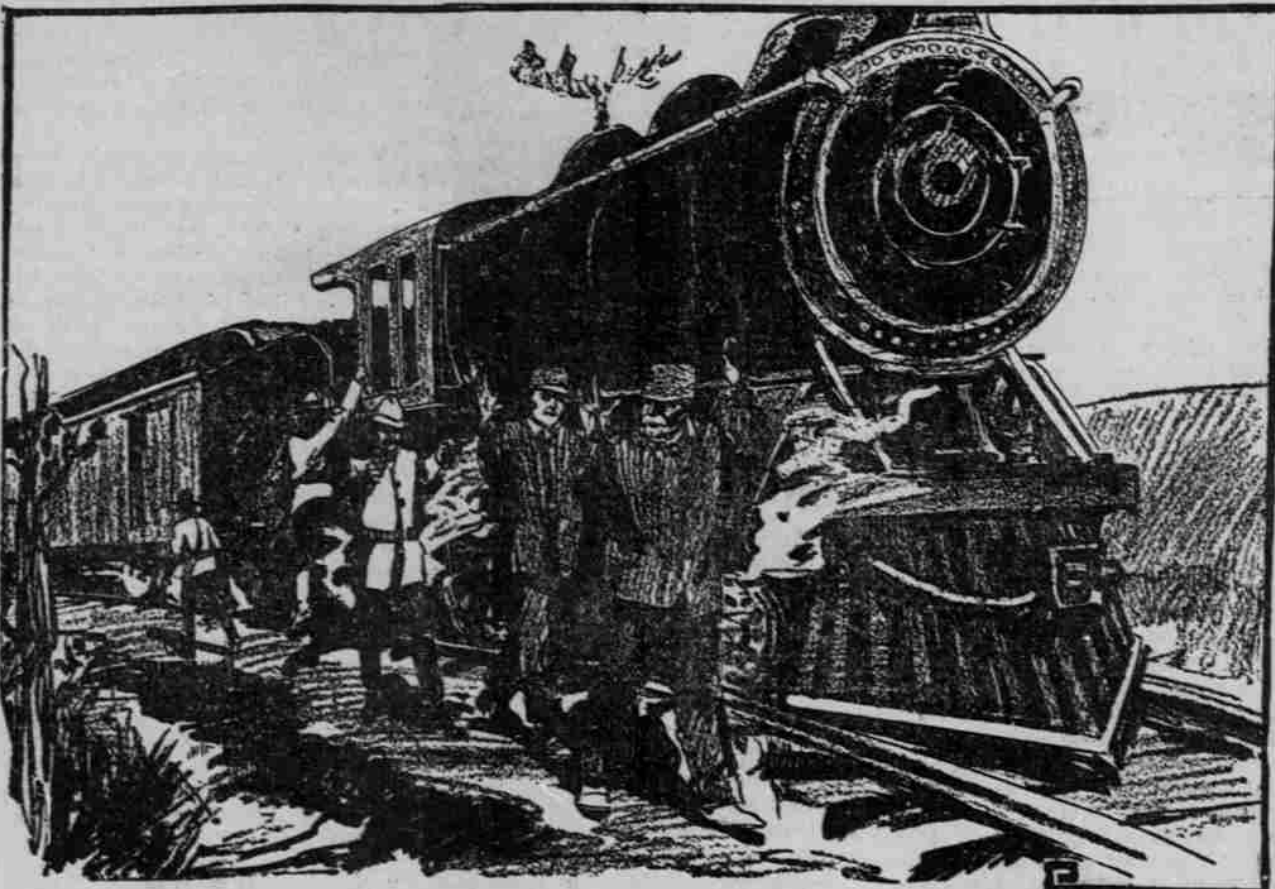
Two French-Canadians were talking. "Ah, Antoina," one of them exclaimed, "eef you 'ave h'only been at dees wedding of Pierre Coubertin an' Emille La Roche you shall nevaire forget heem. So gentil! So mooch luxury! H'every one so 'appy an' so grand an' fine Theenk of eet, Antoina! H'every one wear de Prince h'Albert pants an' dreenk de real ginger ale!"

Larger than Niagara is the cataract of the Iguazu falls, almost at the intersection of the three frontiers of Paraguay, Brazil and the Argentine Republic. The river takes its name from a Spanish word meaning great waters. Few sightseers ever catch a glimpse of Iguazu falls because it takes six days to make the picturesque journey of about 1,250 miles from Buenos Aires.

Goats, more than any other thing, have assisted the rural inhabitants of Asia Minor to destroy the magnificent forests which once extended from Smyrna through to Konla, the ancient capital of Karamania. Not only have the peasants and nomads destroyed the timber for the sake of firewood, but they destroyed it also in order that their goats might obtain suitable pasture. And the goats in their turn prevented the new shoots ever after from replacing the trees which had been cut down.

One of the leading comedians of the Frankfurt Theater, in Germany, the other evening went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn and the director said "No." "Very good," said the actor, "then I shall refuse to go on to-night." The director saw that it was dangerously near curtain time and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Remember, sir, this is nothing short of extortion and a cowardly one at that." "Not a all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket, "my name is not on the bill for to-night, anyway."

BOLD BANDITS GET BIG BOOTY



Jesse James a Patmobile, Jesse James under the noses of a garrison of United States soldiers, a twentieth century Jesse James, with one lone helper, holding up a train within twelve miles of a great city, the capital of a great State, is the lurid story that recently came from Colorado, where a one tall man of the Jesse James type, with a short and chunky man for a helper, held up and robbed the Atlantic express of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway at Military Junction, twelve miles from Denver, and less than a mile and a half from the fort, where Uncle Sam's boys in blue were sleeping peacefully. The imitators of the James boys, the Quantrells and the Daltons got away with an unknown amount of treasure, but it is estimated by conservative persons who know what was in the registered bags taken by the robbers that the Youngers in their palmy days never made such a haul, as the smallest figure is set at something over \$50,000.

It would seem from this hold-up that all the daring robbers have not yet died, and that the old days of the red, red West were coming back again. Again we may look for lurid stories from real life rivaling the doings of Diamond Dick, Dare Devil Harry, "the Terror of Raw-Hide Gulch," "Dead Shot" Jimmy, the Man-eater of Bloody Mountain, and other heroes of our long gone boyhood days.

The Colorado incident comes as the culmination of a series of train robberies during the past decade which indicate that the West is by no means the decadent and effete land which many of us had almost become ready to believe. The series began with the comic hold-up in Missouri some years ago, when a country school teacher with a broken horse pistol held up the train which was carrying the Governor of the state to the capital and got away with the express bags. This robber also performed his work at the gates of a great city, the train being only a few miles out of St. Louis when the robbery occurred. The Denver robbers, however, adjured the broken horse pistol and did their work with the aid of an automobile.

NEW MEXICO.

Old Order of Things is Now Yielding to the New.

The Territory of New Mexico, which has been knocking for admission into the sisterhood of States, has witnessed a great struggle in the last few years between the old and the new order of things, and the old has been forced to give way. The ancient adobe churches erected by the Spanish friars when the 13 colonies were in their swaddling clothes, still stand, and the old bells that were cast in Spain at the height of that nation's glory still call devout worshippers to service. But next to these old churches one is apt to stand in the shadow of a modern, steam-heated office building. The an-

new post offices are being opened in New Mexico, in proportion to the population, than in any other State or Territory. Not alone are thousands of acres being reclaimed under irrigation schemes, but "dry farmers" are wresting crops, without irrigation, from lands that heretofore have been regarded as irredeemable desert.

In the fiscal year of 1908 there were 14,962 homestead entries, covering 2,288,704 acres and 970 desert entries, covering 162,430 acres. Four-fifths of these entries were made by "homesteaders" from other parts of the country—men and women attracted to the southwest by its fine climate and its farming possibilities. In two years there have been 30,000 homestead entries in the Territory, cover-

Santa Fe, the ancient capital of the Territory, is one of the most interesting cities in America. It had been an Indian pueblo at the time of its discovery and occupation by the Spaniards in the latter half of the sixteenth century and has remained the seat of government ever since. In 1680 the Indians revolted and drove out the Spaniards, but after fourteen years the latter regained the ascendancy and the Spaniards and their descendants, the Mexicans, continued to govern the Territory from Santa Fe until the Americans, under General Kearney, took possession, in 1846.

Two-thirds of the present population of Santa Fe is Mexican. The boys who drive the wood-laden burros from the distant mountains are Mexicans. The man who sells you groceries would rather talk Spanish than "United States," and official documents are printed in the language of the Doux as well as in our own unornate means of communication. The influence of the Spanish pioneers is everywhere visible. One sits in the plaza in the center of town, and looks upon the long, one-storied structure that was graced with the name of "palace" by the long line of Spanish governors that lived in it.

One hears the silver tinkle of an ancient bell, and it calls him to old San Miguel Church—the hoariest religious structure in the country, save one. The adobe walls of the old church have been repaired, but in general outlines it is the same as when the old Spanish pioneers built it. A little way from the old church one is directed to the oldest house in the country—and so one wanders through the streets of Santa Fe, sometimes amused, but always fascinated.

Calling the Deaf.

"To waken a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against," said a member of that fraternity. "To ring the telephone is useless, because the man can't hear. Knocking, for the same reason, is futile. Now and then a guest who has lost his hearing suggests that he leave his door open so we can walk right in and shake him, but even if he does appear to be dead game there are so many chances of somebody less gulleless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient. It seems to me the man who can patent a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."

Fortunate is the woman who remembers that frowns beget more wrinkles than smiles.

Leave the latchstring out for the next room.

ROMANTIC TALE OF A CITY.

Began on Rafts of Tree Trunks in a Lake, Now a Metropolis.

The story of the founding of the City of Mexico is one of the most extraordinary tales in history. It happened in 1325, at least it began a long time before that, but was an accomplished fact about 600 years ago.

In the first place, says the Rosary Magazine, imagine an almost inaccessible mountain, crowned with a valley at the height of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the center of this valley was an immense lake. When the Aztecs arrived, led by the priests of the god of war, they found it in the possession of hostile tribes.

For that reason and because the priests declared that in a certain part of the lake where there stood an elevation of stones an eagle had been seen devouring a serpent, they began the construction of the city on the spot, immediately over the deepest waters of the lake. There had long existed a prophecy among the Aztecs that their wanderings would end when they should have reached a place where the priests would behold an eagle resting on a cactus plant devouring a serpent.

Confident that they had found the spot ordained to be their abiding home, they began to construct rafts of the trunks of trees, covering them with thick layers of earth, upon which they built rude huts of more or less solidity. Groups of dwellings soon began to form themselves in regular order, thus determining the primitive streets of the new city.

They also constructed boats and oars of different sizes, useful in peace and war, and, while certain of their number occupied themselves in defending their homes and brethren from the onslaughts of hostile tribes, others continued to improve and enlarge the new city. Gradually the lake was filled up and terraces arose, one after another, in the place once occupied by the deep waters.

This was in itself a herculean labor, unsurpassed in ingenuity and durability by any similar work of ancient or modern times. Upon the first of these terraces was constructed the Teocalli, or sacrificial temple. It was begun in 1216 and not completed until 1325, a period of 109 years, from which time may be dated the official foundation of Tenochtitlan, to-day the modern city of Mexico.

Man Money.

The system of atoning for death or bodily injuries inflicted on others by paying damages is as old as the earliest Teutonic laws, praised by Tacitus. The trespasser was always required to make peace with the aggrieved family of the victim by "Wer-Geld."

"Wer" is the ancient German for man. "Geld," now, as in the days of Wotan, means money.

Damages were assessed in accordance with the rank and wealth of the injured party, and the money was paid over in the presence of the whole community, its acceptance forestalling feuds. Indeed, the recognition of Wer-Geld ("money for the man" killed) by law precluded further bloodshed or other forms of revenge.

If the slayer was not rich enough to pay the required sum, he turned over to the injured parties his sons as slaves. If his sons were not sufficient guarantee for the payment of the debt, the slayer himself had to turn bondsman, both the letter and the spirit of the law requiring that the full amount of damage inflicted be recovered by the aggrieved parties.—New York World.

Scotch Thrift.

"Hey, mon," exclaimed the braw, bonnie north countryman, "thrift is a wunnerful thing!"

"Yes," replied his English traveling companion. "You're right there. Now, I gave my wife a ten-pound note to manage on last time I was away, and—would you believe it?—instead of exceeding it she saved nearly a sovereign out of it to buy herself a hat!"

"That's nowt," replied the Scotsman. "My wife gives the kids ha'pennies apiece to go to bed supperless; when they're asleep she takes the ha'pennies off on 'em agean, and then she makes 'em do wi'out any breakfasts for losin' 'em! Hey, mon, that's thrift!"—London Scraps.

Heaven's First Law.

The Rev. Dr. Frank Crane tells of a bride who refused to answer the question, "Will you love, honor and obey?" Her friends interceded, but it was of no use. Finally the intended bridegroom gathered up his hat and started for the door. Instantly she sprang after him, and, leading him back, looked up meekly and said, "I will."—From Success Magazine.

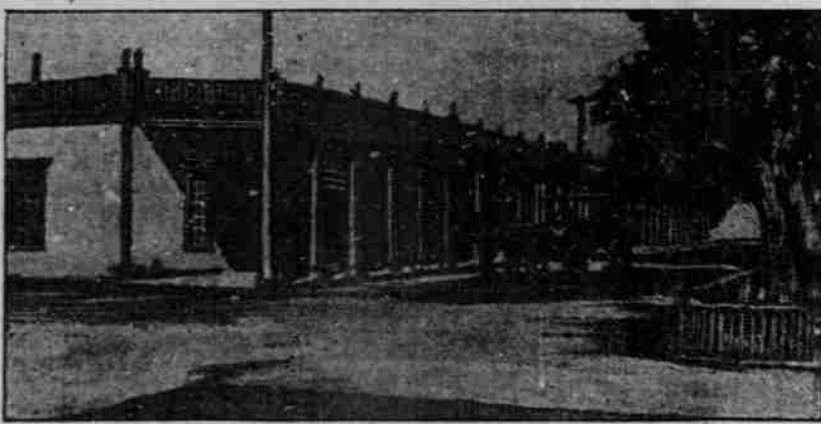
Good Food for Stock.

"Do you think alfalfa muffins could be appetizing?"

"I don't see why they shouldn't, be—to horses and mules."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

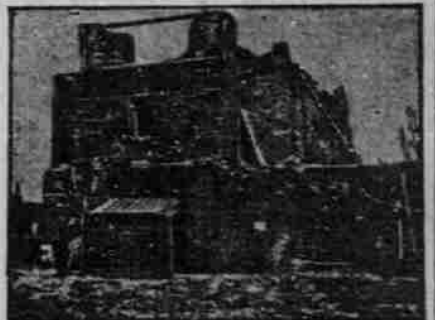
Our idea of a good cook is one who keeps her temper from boiling over.

Don't try to flatter one woman by complimenting another.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SANTA FE.

cient Governor's palace, at Santa Fe, has been abandoned for a Capitol building and a mansion that are the last word of modern utilitarianism. The patient burro—New Mexico's chief means of transportation for generations—is being met on the highways by automobiles, and Jose, the burro



SAN MIGUEL CHURCH, SANTA FE.

driver, has gazed with mild wonder upon the goggle-eyed chauffeur. And out on the broad plains, that have known only sheepherders and cowboys since the days of Coronado and de Vaca, homesteaders have made a veritable checkerboard of ranches.

According to the Postal Guide, more

ing more than 5,000,000 acres, and Gov. George Curry estimates that New Mexico now has a population of more than 450,000. In five years Roosevelt County, in the southeastern part of the Territory, which was regarded as hopeless desert a decade ago, has grown from 5,000 population to 30,000.

Not alone is New Mexico being dotted with homesteads, under private irrigation enterprises and in the "dry farming" districts, where no water can be secured, but the United States government is constructing some of its greatest reclamation works in the Territory. The Carlisbad, Hondo and Elephant Butte projects, under the reclamation service, are well under way, and will reclaim over 500,000 acres, at a cost of something like \$15,000,000. These government projects rival in importance the work the British government has done in the valley of the Nile. New Mexico also has an artesian belt which is proving a wonderful source of wealth, in the matter of water supply. Chaves and Eddy Counties alone have 650 of these gushing wells, and cultivation under artesian irrigation has reached more than 25,000 acres, and is increasing rapidly.