

EL PASO MEXICAN SAYS HE FIRED SHOT THAT ENDED LIFE OF EMPEROR

AGED MAN IN EL PASO SAYS HE KNEW DIAZ WHEN HE WAS CAPTAIN.

Is Now Living in El Paso in Poverty and Thinks President of Mexico Recognized Him When He Was on His Visit Here to Meet Mr. Taft—Was One of the Four Who Fired the Shots That Killed Maximilian.

"Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin. The gods they serve, the vintage that they drink; Nor by the way they love, or fight, or sin— But by the quality of thought they think."

When the great Diaz came to El Paso, on that recent and brilliant occasion when two presidents met in the sister cities of the border, an incident occurred which was not recorded, perhaps unnoticed except by two very old men. An old Mexican, a very old man in shabby workman's garb, saluted the president from the curb stone of Santa Fe street as the carriage sped past.

Now this very old and workman Mexican raised his hand to a weather beaten hat in the military salute of a half century ago, not as the soldiers of any country do today. And the great Diaz as he passed, seeing the man, raised his hat in answer to the antique salute. The great Mexican bowed very deeply, the carriage sped on, and the incident was ended.

Whether the great Diaz recognized in the very old man on the curb stone the person of Juan Menna, old soldier of the republic, is not known—except to Diaz himself—and probably never will be. Perhaps the president merely acknowledged, with presidential democracy, the military salute of his country. But the man who raised his hand in the old salute of the Mexican army believes that he was recognized by Don Porfirio, whom he knew and

last saw as Capt. Diaz, of Mexican cavalry, nearly a half century ago.

The Old Soldier.

Down in a Mexican tenement at 512 South Kansas street, room 5, to be exact, lives Juan Menna, passed by one cycle his four score of years, bent by years of war and work—bent but unbroken. Despite his age and infirmity, Juan Menna never has broken the habit of work. But a few months ago he was working in the street, a laborer with a shovel. Now he is out of work, seeking employment at the age of 81 years.

But Juan Menna as a workman bears less interest than Juan Menna as a soldier, although that was many years ago. He likes least to talk of himself as a soldier, for Juan Menna is a man of work. When he speaks of the days of war his half-Indian face, deeply lined and kindly, displays no pleasure, nothing but horror at what he tells. Juan Menna is a natural humanitarian, humble and ignorant, true, but a humanitarian because he is soft and gentle, not for logic or theory.

Although it is not recorded in any history, and known by few survivors of a cruel war, Juan Menna, who here in El Paso lives in poverty and kindness, was one of the executioners who shot the emperor Maximilian, invader of Mexico. Fighting with the liberal forces through that bloody war which preceded the alleged treachery of Lopez and the fall of the great European invader, Juan Menna could tell, if he would, of many things unwritten in his-

tory and yet of interest to Mexico and the world. All through that bloody war, senior I do not know exactly. Perhaps I would go, they would find me, and give me another rifle, and tell me to be a soldier. For Diaz, what could one do? It was not in my heart to fight, but there over my shoulder was the rifle.

The Story of Maximilian.

But Juan Menna, after much priming, has told of the shooting of Maximilian, of his part in the slaughter of the man who, to many, was the liberator and friend of the American republic. Here is the story, fresh from the halting lips of Juan Menna, soldier.

"Will the senior forgive the memory of a very old man? I will tell you. It was a long time ago, and I do not read books to remember what I have forgotten, like some people do. If the senior will forgive me, I will tell you. It was a long time ago, and I do not read books to remember what I have forgotten, like some people do.

"They made me to be a soldier. I did not want to kill. Yes, there were many in the army of Mexico like me. They took me from my heart in Parral, and made me a soldier of the French. I was a soldier except in my heart. I did not want to kill any man, and yet I was never afraid. Does the senior understand?"

"Yes, I was in many battles. I do not know how many. Many times I was captured by the French soldiers. They always let me go free. Why? Well, senior, I do not know exactly. Perhaps they knew that I was made to be a soldier. I did not have to tell them that. They let me free, and no matter where I would go, they would find me, and give me another rifle, and tell me to be a soldier. Per Dios, what could one do? It was not in my heart to fight, but there over my shoulder was the rifle.

Knew Diaz.

"It was under Gen. Blanco that I was a soldier. No, I had known Diaz long before, when he was a captain and a soldier, although that was many years ago. I fought all through those battles until the French left Mexico, and left Maximilian behind. We heard that Maximilian had not gone, and that made us very sorry. Many of the men who fought with me liked the French and thought the emperor a good man. And that gave me the more pain when I had to kill. It always gave me pain to kill.

"It was not long before the general of the enemy—the enemy of good friends to me—were all killed. And Maximilian was a prisoner, they told us. God had it that I was near Queretaro. They told me that I was to be one of the murderers of the prisoners. I wanted to run away. But what could I do, senior? I loved life more than I loved to kill others. But surely you do not want to hear of how the emperor was killed, murdered by me, yes?"

Execution of Maximilian.

"It was on the corral de la Campana that it happened, very near a little church. I have heard that brother of mine built the little church. Perhaps that was why they killed him there—why they made me kill him. The emperor stepped out of a carriage. He was smoking a cigar, and was very quiet. With him were two men, Mejia and Miramon, both generals, I heard later.

"They had chosen me and four other soldiers to kill these good men. Not one of us wanted to do it, but they told me, this was true. He was glad to die, was Maximilian. He died with much gusto, the last he was to fall. I was afraid not to shoot straight, as the captain told me. Someone else would have killed him had he not, and I wanted to live as he did. As the three men wanted to die, so they said. But I was equal for a common man, to kill Maximilian—an emperor?"

"It was very early in the morning when we murdered the emperor and his two generals. It might have been that date; I do not even remember the year. Figures do not stay in my old head. But it was a very long time ago. We shot him, and I fired and killed the emperor and the two generals. The emperor was the last. I do not remember everything, but he was the last, that I know. And then we went away, and the war was over. I had helped a great man. It does not matter if he was a Mexican, have not we all the same good God, senior?"

Hard Life for an Old Man.

"It was 14 years that I fought with Gen. Blanco. And then they freed me from my uniform and my rifle. And then I was happy and went to work. I married and had two children. But when my wife died, and my children grew to be men and then died, too, I came away from Mexico. They told me that there was much work to do in the country of the Americans. For more than 20 years I have lived in Texas. In San Antonio, senior, and now it has been four years here in El Paso.

"When I can not find work, sometimes, I go out on the pampas, and live without a house. No, I can work still, oh yes, senior, I am not so old as that. No, never have I received money for what I did in the war. Perhaps they know that I did not want to do it. I do not want the money anyway. In my life only have I been paid for work—not for killing people. Does that not prove that it is bad to kill? Goodbye, senior, forgive the memory of an old man; goodbye."

Old Juan Menna, soldier, workman, bowed his shaggy head in farewell—

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Indians Butcher Family Of Man Now Living At Nogales

Story of the Hard Luck of a Citizen of the Border Town.

Nogales, Ariz., Jan. 8.—A. L. Peck, who is conducting mining and livery interests in Nogales, has achieved his success in the territory by experiences unusually discouraging.

In early youth Mr. Peck came west from the state of New York and, after a period of prospecting in different parts of the southwest and Sonora, Mexico, he settled on a ranch near Calabasas, a village ten miles north of the town of Nogales, Ariz. In what is now Santa Cruz county. Here he carried on extensive cattle and horse interests.

This settlement was made in 1884, and two years after this, early one morning in April, Mr. Peck and Charlie Owen, a friend and fellow cattleman, saddled their horses and went out on the range as usual.

Owen had roped a cow and they were just about to make ready for branding her when a nearby report of a gun was heard.

"Run for your life; it is Apaches," said Peck in terrified tones.

And both men mounted their horses and fled as fast as horse flesh could take them, in different directions, however, and right after them, riding as only wild Indians can, dashed the Apaches. Owen was murdered and his body recovered some days later in the hills.

Peck was quickly overtaken and surrounded in that magical, steady Indian way of springing up on all sides in a flash. His horse was shot in the head and fell from under him dead. The Indians approached him, removed his boots, his hat and his coat, leaving him barefoot and with little clothing on and, during these perilous moments, expecting every breath to be his last, one of the Apaches, who could speak English, said to him: "You gave a pair of shoes once to an Apache child and because of that act, we are not going to kill you."

It had been some months before this that Mr. Peck was returning from Nogales with a pair of shoes tied to his saddle for his own child and, seeing a little Apache tramping along with bleeding feet, had given the shoes to the child, and the incident was forgotten by the Indians and saved his life.

Released by Indians.

After removing most of his clothing the Indians took them and gave Mr. Peck a small piece of silver, about ten

bent his head until the face was hidden in a matted plenty of hair, and a bush of beard. Only was the beard touched with gray. The head of Juan Menna is black, quite black, and unbleached with age.

Wants Work—No Beggar.

"A little moment, senior—with permission. Could not you tell the people that old Juan Menna seeks work, that he has no children to work for him? I know very well how to grow grass, and work in gardens. Will the senior ask?"

Such is the story Juan Menna tells of the killing of the emperor, invader of Mexico, long ago. It is not exactly in accordance with the historians. But perhaps the scribes may be at fault in the detail.

At any rate that is the story from the lips of Juan Menna, a man there, who saw, who acted, a guiltless murderer of a great man.

On reaching the scene a more appalling sight still, met the eyes of the father. Lying dead in the yard were the wife and infant child—the child in the mother's arms, and as was evidenced by the piercing of the bullet, the mother was standing with the child in her arms when shot, for the bullet entered her left arm, then the body of the child and finally her body.

The bodies were frightfully mutilated. The little golden head of the baby was beaten into a perfect mass of jelly. And to add to the atrociousness of their crime, the Indians had emptied the hot contents of the cooking vessels—potatoes, etc., which were being cooked at the time—over the bodies and then covered all with a cloth.

The Bodies Rescued.

Mr. Peck immediately set out afoot for Calabasas, it being the nearest point, and from there the story was wired to Nogales. A posse was at once formed to go out and bring in the bodies for burial. Mr. Peck having been forced to walk miles over cactus and brush without shoes, besides the intense mental suffering, was not allowed to accompany the posse to the spot. The bodies were buried in Nogales.

Besides laying waste his home and murdering his family, the Apaches robbed Mr. Peck of a large number of cattle and horses.

Bad Luck With Property.

After this heartrending experience he came to Nogales and bought property valued at \$10,000 on the International line, which was ordered removed by the United States government, together with all other buildings on the line. In 1888, later his present business was established.

Mr. Peck was appointed on the first board of supervisors of this county, having been active in securing its separation from Pima county.

Fraternally he is a member of the Masons, the Knights of Pythias and No. 9 I. O. O. F., all of Nogales.

RENE BACHE'S BUDGET

FOLLIES OF THE CAPITAL

FREAKS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE IN THE NEW WASHINGTON.

Rapidly Becoming the Most Luxurious City in World. Winter Home of the Multi-Millionaires—Dwellings That Are Like Hotels—Business of Being "In the Swim."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8.—There is no question of the fact that Washington is rapidly becoming the fashionable center of the United States. Not only are multi-millionaires from all over the country coming here to live, but the very rich New York people, such as the Vanderbilts and Belmonts, are building palaces at the capital for winter occupancy. The Perry Belmont mansion, at the junction of Eighteenth street and New Hampshire avenue, is almost finished, and it is understood that the George Vanderbilt will begin to put up the palace, a couple of blocks further up the same avenue, in the spring.

In a social sense, the Washington of 15 years ago was a village compared with what it is today. The letters, leading the movement of the multi-millionaires in this direction, had then but newly arrived from Chicago, and were erecting their huge white brick residence on Dupont Circle. It was the first of the great private palaces, which since then have been rapidly multiplying, so that today they are numbered by scores. Nineteen servants are employed in the Belmont mansion; but the Larr Andersons have 25, and the Scott Townsends (nearly opposite the Andersons on Massachusetts avenue) are unable to get along with fewer than 20. The expense of running one of these huge establishments—merely to keep it in commission, that is to say—is from \$75,000 to \$150,000 a year.

Home Like Hotels.

They are rather like hotels than like private houses. Indeed, the new palace of Thomas F. Walsh, on Massachusetts avenue, is larger than a good many city hotels. The lives of the occupants are obliged to lead are necessarily somewhat artificial. It is hardly possible to cultivate a home atmosphere under such conditions. Kathryn Elkins (daughter of the multi-millionaire sen-

ator from West Virginia) was heard to complain bitterly, on a recent occasion, that letters and even telegrams that came to the house were commonly unsealed and read by the servants, and that even the telephone calls had auditors in the butler's department, where pampered menials enjoyed the luxury of "listening in."

If one is to enjoy all the advantages of wealth and fashion, however, one must make up one's mind to relinquish certain comforts—among others, that of privacy. Inevitably, too, there is in the private palaces enormous extravagance and waste, especially where food supplies are concerned. An intimate friend, permitted by a multi-millionaire's wife to glance over some of her household accounts, chanced to notice that the mistress of the establishment was paying \$1 a pound for every breakfast purchased. But what is one to do? A lady in Mrs. Belmont's position is fully occupied with social affairs; she has no time to bother with the business of running the domestic hotel.

Chaperons for Girls.

The young girl who lives in the private palace is never allowed to go out alone, up to the time when she makes her debut in society. A governess, or a chaperon hired by the hour, always accompanies her. This is rather a new idea. After "coming out," of course, it is different. But that event merely marks the beginning of a period during which the endurance of the physical feminine machine is tried to the utmost. Nothing short of scientific management will enable even the healthiest young woman to go through two or three seasons of "smart" update social dissipation without losing the bloom of her youth and the better part of her beauty.

This is why the fashionable debutante of the season of 1909-1910 is treated in important respects as if she were a doll. She is put to bed like a doll, by her maid, and got up and dressed like a doll. Her bath is drawn for her, when she wants it. She does not know how to "do" her own hair. She never does anything useful from the time she gets up in the morning until the time she goes to bed. She never takes any care of anything. If a dress, or any other article is to be put away, the maid does it. If a handkerchief is needed, the maid gets it.

Being a Millionaire's Child.

All of this is part of the business of being the daughter of a modern multi-

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Both Phones.

millionaire. The young lady is not taught the value of anything. She knows nothing that is really worth knowing—though she is well acquainted with many things she ought not to know. What education she has acquired at a fashionable school, before "coming out," is a false fabric—a mere pretense. But she does not need education; her work in life is to be ornamental, to amuse, and to be amused. She gets up at noon, usually, and is rubbed down by a professional masseuse. Just like a horse. This is to remove all traces of the fatigue arising from the dissipation of the day before. Her neck is rubbed to make it plump, and her face likewise, to discourage commencing wrinkles. As a rule, she is manicured in bed, and regularly once a week her pretty toe-nails receive similar attention.

Three Hours to Get Ready.

It takes her not less than three hours to be made ready for the day. The dressing of her hair is in itself a great affair—there is so much of it to be put on. Indeed, the average society woman today wears much more hair than ever grew on one human head. Not one. The proper thing is to wear a coiffure that is in the main artificial, but wholly composed of real hair of the most beautiful and expensive kind. The young lady's own hair is combed straight back from her forehead, and upon it is superimposed a circular, or semi-circular, arrangement of real hair, soft and lovely. Puffs are then added, with here and there a coquettish plume. It is safe to say that no woman that ever lived wore so artificial, in a physical sense, as the fashionable women of today. As for the hair, dyes have never been so generally used. But they are much better dyes than were formerly obtainable, and so the employment of them is not likely to be suspected. Some of these dyes are bought in the shape of powders, which are brushed into the hair. They produce a very beautiful effect.

Women's Figures.

The fashionable woman of today has a much better figure than her prototype of a generation ago, or of any bygone period. Her shape may not be better, but figure is an entirely different matter, being determined largely by the corset-maker and the dressmaker. The woman of fashion 30 years ago thought \$5 a high price for a pair of corsets; today she thinks nothing of paying \$75, and has them specially fitted. Often they are uncomfortable, it is true, and she finds it difficult to sit down, because the stays come nearly to her knees; but they give to her body the seeming contour which she desires, and are well worth all the suffering endured.

The fresh-air treatment, which is doing so much for consumptives, is applied to the fashionable woman of today for the preservation and improvement of her beauty—especially for complexion. The use of a certain kind of vapor is essential to the modern idea of beauty. The "weary" girl of the Dunderberg play—the "maid with the delicate air" of the old ballad—is out of date. Hence it is that the present-day woman of fashion spends much time out of doors.

Exercise and Beauty.

Exercise is all-important for beauty. Accordingly, she rides a great deal, and plays golf and tennis. But when it is a question of avoidance, my! how she works. In the privacy of her boudoir, she goes through all sorts of bothersome "stunts," such as picking up something 100 times in succession, or tying down one's back with a kicking. Anything to discourage an increase of the waist measure or over much fat in the abdominal region. These are days when the fashionable woman of middle age expects still to retain at least some thing of her youthful appearance; but how is she going to do it if that fatal spread at the hips, with the consequent waddle, arrives?

The latest fashionable fad for discouraging adipose deposit is to stand 20 minutes after each meal. This is supposed to prevent the above-mentioned tendency to accumulation of flesh about the hips. Less wine, too, is drunk at dinner. Physicians say that alcohol in any shape encourages fat. At some very "savory" dinners whiskey and soda is served instead of wine, and a liquor instead of the after-dinner coffee. This latter is a recent innovation.

The most fashionable Washington people are now dining at 9 p. m. If they expect to go to the theater, the meal is served at 7. Even so, they do

not expect to arrive at the theater until 9, or half past 9—the really modern idea being that the latter half of a play or an opera is always the best part of it. As a matter of detail, the fashionable woman should have 40 or 50 pairs of shoes. To change them frequently rests the feet. Of course, she must have different pair of shoes for every costume she wears. Calls are made after the theater. This is another new idea. And yet another is to be "at home" to one's friends on Sundays. An informal reception on Sunday makes the day much less dull.

Where do the children come in? The answer is that in fashionable life nowadays they don't come in at all. At all events, their mothers do not bother much with them. If little Charlie, or his sister Jane, sees mamma once a day, for a few minutes before dinner perhaps, that ought to be sufficient. Next will do the rest. But the deputy mother nowadays, in the gay world, is required to be a professional trained nurse, who wears a uniform. She gets \$25 a week, and is cheap at the price.

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