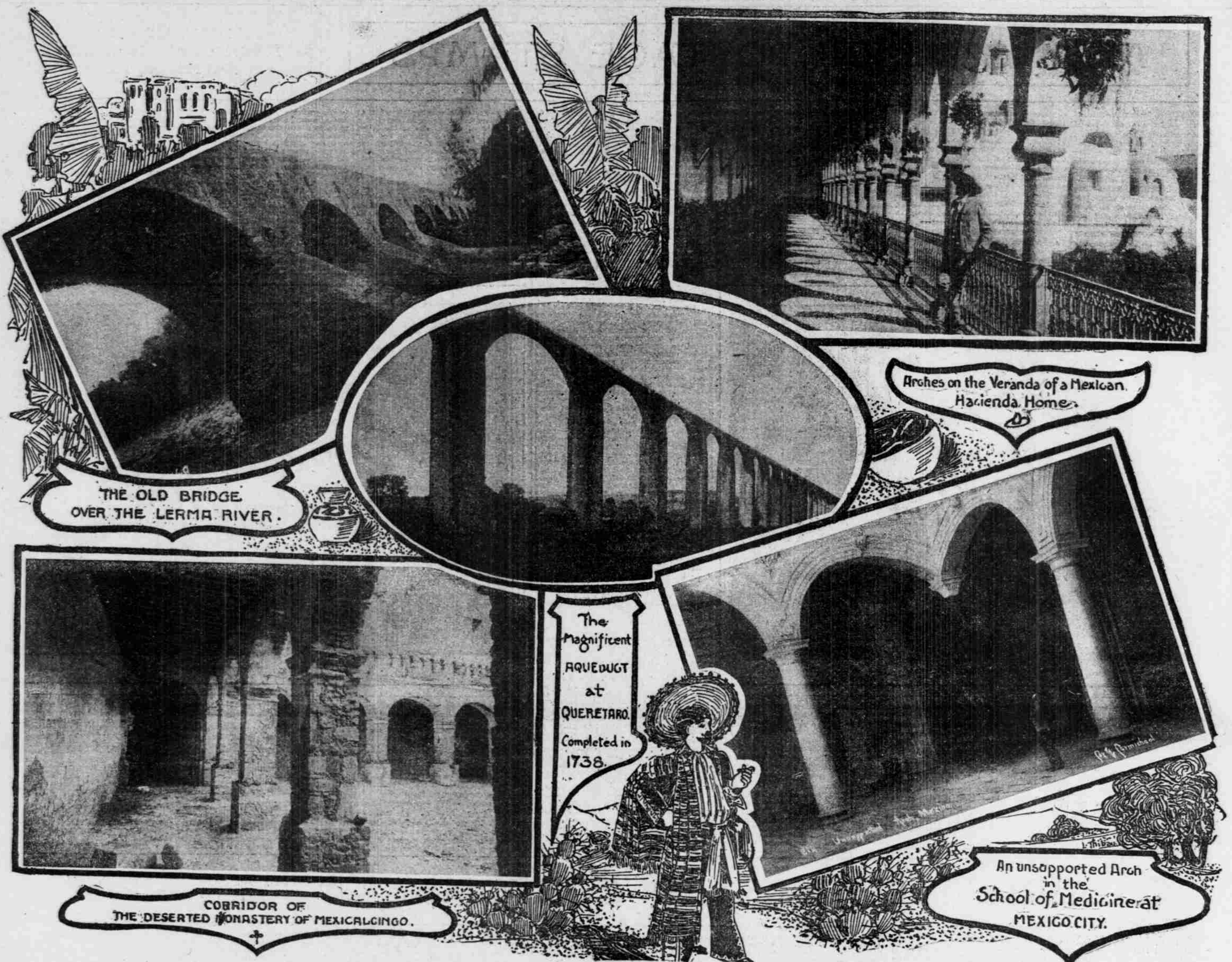


BEAUTIFUL ARCHES OF OLD MEXICO

FINE STRUCTURES THAT
HAVE ENDURED FOR CENTURIES.
INTERESTING RUINS.



A SORRY day it will be for Mexico when the old arches are destroyed in the interest of modernization, or permitted to fall into decay because the iron girder has superseded them in usefulness—or cheapness. Now, over all the country, the traveler whose eye is attuned to beauty is delighted with the springing arch, the true beauty-line of architecture. The arch in Mexico is often massive rather than light, even cumbersome, perhaps, but it is always graceful. Many of them make up in masonry what they lack in scientific proportion and construction, like the old, old Roman arches, but by this means they have stood for two or three centuries and will be a grateful relief to the landscape as many more if they are permitted

by the newcomer to endure so long. There are arches in Mexico that are as true as architectural principles could make them, and more are being built in many parts of the republic, but it is for the preservation of the old and the picturesque that a plea should be entered at once. The old arched bridges, with a rude buttress propping each pier, are among the most interesting ruins of rural Mexico. The buttresses were almost invariably covered with plaster, as indeed is a great part of the old masonry in Mexico, but much of that has now fallen away, revealing the peculiar stone work, some of it made up of irregular boulders, deftly packed together with a good cement, as in the old bridge over the Lerma River. In the magnificent aqueduct at Quer-

etaro, a series of beautiful arches stretches across the valley for a mile and a half, carrying to the town the pure water that its winding bed has guided from the mountains three or four miles away. It will be observed that the corners of the huge supporting columns of this aqueduct are of cut stone all filled with a flat surface outward. The Mexican Central Railway passes through one of these arches that is about 80 feet high. The whole magnificent structure, nearly five miles in length was presented to the town of Queretaro chiefly through the generosity of one man—the benefactor whose statue stands in the pretty plaza, the Marquis de la Villa del Villar de la Aguilera. There is a fountain arch at the corner of the market place in Queretaro. In the

picture of the corridors of the deserted monastery at Mexicalcingo the alteration of large and small stones is seen in all the masonry. It is probable that examination of the upper part of the arch would show three layers of thin stones where the under portion shows two, thus making the spring or curve without wedge-shaping the large stones. The long row of arches that rest upon the curious urn-like capitals are on the second story veranda of a Mexican hacienda home, overlooking the pretty green patio. It is interesting to note the elaborate floral decorations in the way of hanging baskets, orchids and potted plants. A glimpse of the chapel, with which every large hacienda is provided, is to be seen as a background of this picture.

The triumphal arch is to be a new feature in Mexico City in the near future—an arch in honor of peace. It is proposed to erect this monument to the peaceful and prosperous condition of the Mexican people and the republic under President Diaz at the entrance of the Paseo de la Reforma, or at some point on that famous fashionable drive between the city entrance of the Paseo and the castle of Chapultepec, the President's Summer home. The quadruple arch without a support at the center is somewhat of a delusion, inasmuch as there are not really four arches, as there appear to be, but only two, each running from a wall to one of the pillars. The central keystone is long and square and drops down to a point at the center where it has a collar upon

which the false work fills in the middle halves of the four small arches rests. This arch is one that attracts the attention of architects. It is in the present School of Medicine patio. The building is in the plaza of Santo Domingo and was one of the chief buildings of the Inquisition. There are prehistoric arches in Yucatan that resemble the arches of ancient Egypt, and the peculiar pointed entrance to the pyramid of Gizeh. The stones forming the arch are not quite horizontal, but stand nearly, though not quite at right angles with the line of the arch, showing how near an approach was made by these ancients to the true principle of the arch as used today, and for so many centuries. Mexico is well known as a rich field for the architect as well as the archaeologist,

but her treasures for workers in these fields have not been half revealed. More money and time are being expended each year in the study of these interesting ruins, but there is yet no organization comparable to the Landmarks Club, of California, whose object is the restoration and preservation of the ruins of the Indian and Spanish buildings erected centuries ago. The arches best known to visitors to Mexico are in that beautiful aqueduct that reaches from the capital city to the hill of Chapultepec. It was built in 1600, and today lends an indefinable charm to the city and country, but is rapidly being sacrificed to the demand for the space it occupies, and the encroachment of modern innovations. More's the pity. J. K. HUDSON.

SMILEY AN ALASKA DOG

HOW A CANINE WITHOUT A PEDIGREE BECAME A HERO

Most of the dogs whose biography has found its way to newspapers and magazines have been dogs of high pedigree and great mental as well as physical prowess, who at some time in their lives have performed a remarkable and almost superhuman feat of skill, intelligence or faithfulness. None of these qualities, however, can be attributed to Smiley (except that of faithfulness), for he is generally conceded to be the most useless dog that ever lived. The only thing that entitles Smiley to be mentioned at all is that he once in his life did a heroic deed. But that is enough, for any one who, even once, endangers his or her life to save that of another is a hero, and ought to have due credit, be it a dog or a human being. If it had not been for this one heroic deed Smiley would have been a dead dog now on account of his uselessness. Instead of living in ease and luxury, and you would never have heard of him. Had this fact been known to Smiley it would, of course, have dimmed his reputation as a hero, but he had not the faintest idea that he was a useless dog and that some people plotted against his life on that account.

But I must go on and tell you the story. Of Smiley's pedigree nothing is known, except that he is a cross between an Alaska "hunk" and some other dog, and looks for all the world like a little cub bear. He has a fine, thick brown fur that makes you long for his hide as a foot rug, and very short legs, and besides he has a most remarkable talent for a dog. He can smile. This is no joke. When he gets acquainted with people, and especially if he takes a liking to them, he will come towards them, his head and tail all in a wag, and his lips parted wide, showing a fine gleaming row of white teeth. This is, of course, what earned him the name Smiley. These teeth are a terror to his fellow dogs, but on no provocation whatever will he use them on any human being, for Smiley is the most good-natured dog you ever saw, and you cannot help liking him when you get to know him. His happy childhood days Smiley spent at a place called Katmay, on the south side of the Alaskan Peninsula. To this place arrived one day last March. Just a year ago now, a man who had been sent out by a company here in Portland to secure a site for a cannery on Nushagak River, in Bristol Bay. This man had to travel about 200 miles overland to get to Nushagak, and was in need of a dog team. So Smiley was offered for sale with some other native huskies. The man did not like the looks of Smiley, as his legs were too short to travel through the snow, but Smiley, who, perhaps, longed for a change of surroundings, and, perhaps, took a liking to the man, gave him his most engaging smile and wag, and the man won over, and Smiley was bought for \$1.

After he had been hitched up with the other dogs, and the long journey over the bleak mountains and moors had commenced, the man's prejudice against Smiley only proved too well founded. His legs were entirely too short, and instead of helping to pull the sled, Smiley had all he could do to pull himself out of the snow. Most of the time he was out in the way for the other dogs, who, of course, got down on him and growled and snapped at him all the time. It was all Smiley could do to keep his temper. If his owner had not been such a humane man as he was he would have shot poor Smiley and fed him to the other dogs, who would have been delighted to eat him, for in Alaska there is no sympathy with a dog whose legs are too short to pull a sled, and least of all among his fellow-dogs. But, as I said before, the man was very humane, and when Smiley, after his day's travel, came towards him, his tail all wag and his face all smiles, as if he was going to say, "I know my legs are too short, but I cannot help it; I am doing the best I can; please have patience with me," the man took pity on him and patting him on his brown fur instead of shooting him.

After 10 days' travel they arrived in Nushagak, and Smiley's troubles were over for the present. Here he found plenty of companions among dozens of other dogs, both native and foreign, and Smiley's life was a long, blissful dream, spent in eating, sleeping and fighting, things that he enjoyed much more than work. There was not a bloody brawl among the dogs of the place in which Smiley did not take a leading part, for he was brave and could fight like a Boer, and somehow he always came out without a scratch. He managed to keep the good will of his master by his affectionate smile, but the other white men, who had lived there for many years and had become insensible to the smiles even of a dog, had no use for Smiley at all, and often made fun of him for his short legs and told him he wasn't worth his hash and would never be permitted to live through another winter. It would have looked very blue for Smiley if an incident had not happened that changed his fortunes, and put him in the class with dog heroes. In other words, Smiley found his opportunity, and rose on the tide that carried him on to popular favor, just like most of the heroes you read about. It happened thus: Among the dog fraternity of the place was a beautiful gray and white mother, with nine of the prettiest pups you ever saw. They were about three months old, just in the age when pups are most attractive. Now it often happens in Alaska that dogs go mad, especially in hot weather, therefore the mother and her family had to be kept in a pen, as these mad dogs always attack all the other dogs

they meet, and take particular delight in chewing up little pups, but, strange to say, they will never molest a human being. It was a fine, clear night in July, after all the men had come up and the cannery had been built, that the whole camp was awakened by a frightful racket among the dogs; there was a chorus of long, mournful howls and a vicious barking and running to and fro that made you think of a pack of coyotes on a Western prairie. As soon as we heard the racket we all knew that another dog had gone crazy, and some of us ran out with guns to shoot him. As we got out, we found the whole colony of dogs congregated around the pen where the mother and her family lived, and all were howling most pitifully. And well they might, for there inside the pen was the mad dog, who we found to be one named Sullivan, on account of his pugnacious nature, fighting the poor mother in the most cruel way. Through a broken slot in the pen he had managed to get in there and had already badly mutilated two of the pups, before the mother could come to their assistance. It was a most pitiful sight to look on and a helpless case for the poor mother, for although she fought with the despair of maternal love for her offspring, we knew she was no match for the mighty Sullivan, mad as he was. We dared not shoot for fear we might hit the wrong

dog, and two of us were already looking for a piece of scuffling or something, so we could break in and club Sullivan to death, which we discovered to our surprise that there was a new party to the fight. And who should it be but the much despised Smiley! The two dogs had always been enemies and rivals, and there was a grudge of long standing between them. Now their opportunity had come to square it. The mother soon broke loose and retired to a corner to watch over her pups and to be on hand in case of emergency. Smiley and Sullivan now went at it in dead earnest, and you may be sure they did not fight according to Queensberry rules or any other rules. It was a fight to a finish, and the finish meant death to the loser. Both dogs, no doubt, realized this, so neither of them gave any quarter, every opening was taken advantage of, fair or foul. Sullivan was the bigger and the stronger of the two, but Smiley was fully as active, and his unusually heavy fur gave him good protection against his enemy's teeth; besides, Smiley came fresh to the fight, while the other dog already had had a round. This made matters comparatively even, though few would have cared to bet money on Smiley. For some time we could not tell which dog had the best of it, as they were fighting so fast and furious that we could only see a live mass of dog, tumbling and rolling around in the dust, and now and then the savage glare of their eyes and two vicious rows

of teeth gleaming in the rising sunlight, while brown and gray bits of hair were flying in all directions. After a while it became apparent that Sullivan was bleeding profusely from his mouth and was trying to bear himself away from the enemy, but this only gave Smiley more courage, and he buried his fangs time and again in his enemy's exposed parts. At last, bleeding and howling pitifully with pain, Sullivan rolled over on the ground and was unable to rise again. At this stage of the game one of the men broke into the pen and bore Smiley away, but not without his protest, and a merciful bullet dispatched Sullivan into the happy hunting ground. Smiley's wounds were not very serious, thanks to his generous fur. After a good wash with carbolic acid and water and a good breakfast he was as fresh as ever, and his smile this time was a broad grin of pride and satisfaction. As a reward for his bravery Smiley was taken along on the company's vessel to Astoria to taste the sweets of a civilized life, and if anybody wishes to make his closer acquaintance he can be found in the cellar of the superintendent's house, where he holds a position as a family pet. Here he lies on the floor all day long, and dreams of his happy childhood days in Alaska, and though he has all the comforts any dog can wish for, I am sure he feels lonesome and often longs for his old friends and for a good scrap with them. And his longing will be gratified, for he is going to be taken back to Alaska again this Spring on the company's vessel. Civilization does not agree with Smiley. ED LUND.