

Little Lessons from the School of Experience.

Glad, Free Life of the Plains

BY JIM NASIM.

THE red sun was sinking into the dry wastes of the New Mexico desert. I do not chronicle this as anything startlingly new, as for untold centuries the red sun has been known to pull off this event every 24 hours in New Mexico. The sun does not sink into the dry wastes of the New Mexico desert as a matter of choice, but it is down on the hills to do the daily sinking act, and there is nothing else in New Mexico for it to sink into.

Our tired ponies picked their way through the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo range, and we went into camp at the edge of an arroyo which contained a dampness that we had lately acquired the habit of calling water. On the New Mexico desert anything which contains enough moisture to keep it from sending up a cloud of dust when you kick it is called water. Water is the one thing needed to make New Mexico a great country. Incidentally, it might be said in passing that Hades is in the same fix. Real water is so scarce that one of our party who ventured too close to the business end of a bronco and contracted water-on-the-knee as a result, was tickled to death. He was glad to know that there was water on something down there, anyway.

As the setting sun dipped into a sea of blood on the western horizon, the sandy plains were bathed in a flood of harmoniously blending colors. Ah, what a comfort to know that something in this God-forsaken country could afford the luxury of a bath! Long golden bars shot athwart the dreary waste and tinged the distant crags with golden glory. Oh, if they had only been the kind of bars that we had once been intimately acquainted with! If they had only been the kind of bars which lead men to paint things red, instead of monopolizing the whole painting business as these bars were doing. If they had only been even a little one-horse soda fountain, any old kind of a bar from which a man might coax a little moisture. But, no, they were only bars of tinted atmosphere, which shifted o'er the landscape in colorful changes like the lost blush on an old maid's cheek.

The picture spread before our eyes would have made the fortune of any artist who could have reproduced it on canvas and taken it to some civilized country where it would be possible to view it from the vicinity of a mint julep. As it was, however, at that psychological moment, any piker could have bought the whole blamed original outfit, gold-tinted crags, purple distance and harmoniously colored foreground, with the setting sun thrown in, from the four thirsty travelers who viewed it for a scuttle of suds, an ice cream soda, or even a glass of diluted spring water.

As the twilight deepened into evening, and the stars came out in the desert night, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and retired to rest. That

is, we advertised to rest. It was only a bluff. After several vain attempts to get along harmoniously with the horned toad and desert lizard family, I arose in my wrath and a few other clothes to pump airholes into a prowling coyote and I very impolitely refused to go back to the company of the horned toad. I sat down on the downy fluff and bloom of a cactus instead, but somehow I seemed hard to please and I got up again. Then I hunted up a pack saddle, climbed into it and lit my pipe; and fell to reviewing a little recent past history with which I was directly connected.

Here we were, four tenderfeet, from the effete East, who had come down to the Great Southwest to enjoy the glad, free life on the boundless plains, unfettered with the manacles of formality and all that stuff you read about. At Santa Fe we had purchased a quartet of cayuse plugs and a couple of little blue burros, and packing up some gumdrops and frosted cake and a phonograph, and a reflex camera, and cigarettes, and chewing gum, and some ice cream cones, we hit the trail across the Great American Desert. Some of the boys wanted to bring along an upright piano and a folding bed, but I obstinately held out that we should take nothing but necessities. This was to be purely a pleasure trip of ours, through a country famed in song and story, the cradle of American civilization, and which splattered American history full of romance before Laura Jean Libby took the job off its hands. A land where the Aztec youth wooed the dusky maiden according to the up-to-date forms prescribed by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, years before Columbus had poked his nose into San Salvador. As we filed out onto the great plains we were so full of lavender-colored tranquillity and effervescent joy at the prospect of our communion with nature that we had to stand up in our stirrups to keep it from slopping over.

That was in the dim, distant past. Not so far back according to the calendar, but a long, long ways when viewed in retrospect after a taste of the real article. We had commuted with nature, and it was about the driest communion service we had ever attended. We had been basely deceived by the poet who loves to write soothing lines about contentful ease and soothing soft winds, of cool eases and boundless freedom.

These long-haired poetic persons who delight to ornament pages with flowery language and euphonious phrases, whatever that might happen to be, had taken an unfair advantage of their poetic license. I know that a poetic license is more elastic than a saloon license, but I don't think that it should give the licensee the privilege of usurping the prerogative of the Almighty and introducing an "ether of contentful ease" into a bed of tarantulas, horned toads, lizards and rattlesnakes, nor should it permit



VIEWED THE PUEBLO INDIAN AND WERE SATISFIED. BECAUSE WE KNEW THAT WE WOULD NOT HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN.

him to call a mudhole surrounded by a scabby growth of cottonwoods and cactus a cool oasis. Such a poet should have his license revoked. And there should be a heavy penalty placed upon the act of painting eloquent word chronos, of soft winds sighing over sand piles where there is nary a sough.

These sighing zephyrs belong in the apple orchards and pasturals of the old homestead "way down East." And any literary light who tries to introduce them into a climate with Fourth of July weather on Christmas and where in the Summer months you have to take hold of the doorknobs and merrily and decisively dealt with. Whatever that is, he should get it. I would suggest that the editors and publishers wrap up his manuscript with the annual supply of Spring poems and use them to reduce the coal bill during the long Winter months, and publish nothing but truthful essays such as those written by myself, so the public would not be deceived and grow up in ignorance.

The unscrupulous poet can no longer deceive me in regard to the effervescent joy and freedom of life in the open in the Southwest. I am onto him now. Those balmy breezes with a pair of lungs, should be laden with the perfume of the plains

is a delusion and a snare. When the balmy breezes balm on the plains of the "Sad Southwest" they come in from the four points of the compass all redolent with the perfume of the sinkhole, the Mexican goat and the Pueblo Indian, and forming into 7,280,999 distinct and separate whirlpools of sand, hunt out the innermost recesses of your pink underwear in which to go out of business. When you see the sighing zephyrs beginning to sough down there you don't want to be loafing around writing odes to the freedom of the plains, but you want to get on the leeward side of something more substantial than a writing pad.

In the past I had read many touching poetic apostrophes to the noble red man, and as I read my heart would bleed large copious bleeds at the way he had been mistreated by our pioneer forefathers. I had been wont to grow indignant and say nasty mean things about the pioneers for the way they had driven the noble red man with his back to the wall, and then cooped him up on a small and desolate portion of the land which had formerly all been his.

I had now visited several Indian pueblos, Taos, Tesque, Santo Domingo, Santa Clara and San Ildefonso, and I desire to take back all the mean things that I ever said about the pioneers of the Great West. The only criticism which I now have to make is that they were not thorough enough in their work. Away back in the dim, distant past, when a kid in the old red schoolhouse I remember of having a burning ambition to go West and kill Indians. It was the dream of my young life. And now that I had viewed the Indian on his native heath and smelled him in all his odoriferous redolence, I found that the old desire to kill him had grown more intense. History tells us that these Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are still living in their original state, and in their original houses, as discovered by the early Spanish conquerors. History might have gone further and said that they are still living in their original covering of 50 per cent grease and 50 per cent grime. After viewing the Pueblo Indian, I invariably hunted up a car-dump to get relief for my olfactory organs. If they would only erect a good, healthy glue factory on the waste land in the vicinity of these Indian pueblos it would purify the atmosphere somewhat.

We had watched the Pueblo Indian tramp the sun-baked earth on the plaza of his little mud town during his annual religious dance to his god Montezuma. All day long in the heat of the desert sun, in costumes so all-fired decollete, they yelled, and perspired, and thickened up the atmosphere, beseeching Montezuma to return. We don't blame Montezuma for staying away. Montezuma is a wise man. We had long wanted to view the romantic and historic Pueblo Indian on his native heath. Now that we have been permitted to do so, we are satisfied, because we know that we will not have to do it again.

Then we visited the ancient cliff dwellings because we were ambitious to delve into the hidden secrets of a forgotten people. We wanted to dig up relics of past ages, and perhaps we might unearth something of value to ethnology. The romance of searching among the buried archives of a lost race appealed strongly to us. In a canyon, about 10 miles out of San Juan, we went to work on the ruins of a cliff castle.

We had worked and perspired some little time, when finally we struck a pile of bones. As we penetrated deeper into the vast sarcophagus, the thought that we were desecrating the burying place of a dead race came to me and almost overwhelmed me. It was too much. I thought of the glad free life these people had lived before they had been wiped off the face of the earth by cruel enemies, and I refused to desecrate any further. I hunted up a shady nook where I could rest and weep alone.

When we gathered up our collection of scapulas, ribs and vertebrae, I dropped a tear for this lost and romantic people on each rib. As we journeyed back to town with our collection of valued treasures, my thoughts were with the ancient race who had dug their little potholes in the cliff side to catch the few seattering raindrops, and to think that I had been a party to the desecration of the last resting place of these suffering people was too much. At San Juan they looked at our valued collection, and then told us that we had



been digging up a sheep graveyard.

As I sat doubled up in the pack saddle this night in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, I thought over all these things, and I thought of the glad free life we had been leading in the open of the great Southwest. It was a glad free life, just like having a tooth pulled. You don't appreciate it till it's all over. In the rosy future, perhaps, when the hand of time has colored up the bum spots, we will sit and tell envious friends of the glorious time we had on the plains of the Southwest. They all do it, and I suppose we will not prove an exception.

Just then the long-drawn-out wail of a narrow-gauge mule broke the stillness of the desert night, and I had to interrupt my reveries long enough to shoot him. I had shot that mule at least three hundred times since we left Santa Fe, but he didn't seem to mind it much. This shooting at burros has a penchant for stealing up in the dead of night and pouring sixteen gallons of melody into your ear while you are asleep is one of the pleasant diversions of life on the open in the Southwest.

The man who has never been awakened from pleasant dreams by the wail of a narrow-gauge Mexican burro has missed something. It is so pleasant and soul-inspiring. The glad free life on the plains is chuck full of these pleasant and soul-inspiring incidents. Everything seems to conspire in furnishing you food for thought. Perhaps they are thus at

tempting to make up for the deficiency in food for the stomach. It is such a care-free and untrammelled existence, this life on the plains. It is such a hilarious and happy way to spend a vacation to go out West and chase a little blue donkey or a pack horse through the sagebrush and sands all day with the thermometer 9990 in the shade and no shade, and eat baking powder biscuit washed down with steaming-hot alkali water that tastes like a cheese cocktail.

Whenever I felt lonesome and sad I would always go and put a double cinch saddle on my bronco. It always relieved the monotony and prevented ennui, whatever that might be. That is, I think I put a double cinch saddle on the bronco. There was always a haziness about the subsequent proceedings which prevents accuracy of statement as to what I actually accomplished. The saddling of a bronco is one of the most pleasant little pastimes connected with the glad free life of the plains.

I had purchased a scraggy little cayuse with a downcast look as if his life's ambition had been crushed, because he looked so quiet and safe. I pitied the poor little beast and mentally resolved to treat him well and show him that there was still much in life for him to live for. I have faithfully fulfilled that resolve, as I know that little plug has extracted a great deal of pleasure out of life since his acquaintance with me.

The boys soon named him Delay, because they had read somewhere that "delay is dangerous." Delay could give one of the most perfect impersonations of "The sleeping beauty" ever presented, until someone crawled onto his quarter-deck, then he seemed to suddenly remember that he was Master of Transportation on the air line to Kingdom Come, and the rider would wander aimlessly through the clear atmosphere until he was in danger of clashing with some meteoric body. When he returned to the center of activity, Delay was usually quietly eating bunchgrass.

These performances exasperated me at first, but I soon learned that it was only one of the little pleasures of life on the great plains, and I thereafter gave my undivided attention to extracting what pleasure I could from the diversion. It's wonderful what pleasure there is in this glad free life of the plains when you get to fully understand all the little details. Some other year, perhaps, I will pack up some smelling salts and sachet powder, and get a tank car filled with real water, and I'll take a trip across the plains and have a real gladsome time, because now I understand what these little pleasures are. I will not waste my time in swearing at things which I should be enjoying. When I'm thirsty and hungry I will laugh and think of what a gladsome time I am having, while the boys at home have nothing to do but eat porterhouse steaks and drink ale. I say perhaps. But I don't think I will. (Copyright, 1908, by E. F. Wolfe.)

Mexican Financier Type of Useful Citizen

JOSE YVES LIMANTOUR, minister of the treasury of Mexico, is the type of citizen whom all democracies are seeking. He is a man of great inherited wealth, possessing unusual executive ability, who willingly assumes heavy cares and burdens that his country may be benefitted. So significant have been the accomplishments of this famous Mexican that during the month of May of the past year he was elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences, the first Mexican to receive this honor.

Widespread and vital as the personal achievements of the great President Diaz have been, securing to the country a firm financial basis was beyond his individual accomplishment. The choice of Jose Limantour as secretary of finance, in 1892, resulted in the financial rehabilitation of Mexico and her ultimate prosperity. By his keen understanding of Mexican affairs, genius for finance and work, serene courage and persistency, Senator Limantour has accomplished more in the 14 years of his ministry than all the rulers and ministers of Mexico have performed in the course of a century. Today Jose Limantour is recognized as one of the saviors of Mexico, as well as one of the greatest financiers in the world.

When Senator Limantour succeeded Romero as minister of finance, in 1892, the task before him would have staggered a whole host of brilliant men. Only a financial genius could have coped with such difficulties as beset the country. Long periods of misadministration and war had culminated in upsetting the finances of the country. The department had been so poorly conducted that even the official figures were unreliable and could not be accepted as correct without several verifications. There seemed to be no remedy for the years of chronic deficit. From 1864 to 1894 the annual deficit

amounted to \$3,000,000 each year. The exterior debt of 1888 alone amounted to \$50,000,000 and paid an interest of 6 per cent. The country was without credit, and loans were subscribed under the most humiliating conditions. Senator Limantour had scarcely taken his place as minister of finance when the panic of 1893 came and an unprecedented decline in silver and a crisis throughout the country. Then to make good the old saw, "it never rains but it pours," there was a general failure in crops.

During his second year in office, the whole country was astonished when besides paying deficits he announced a surplus of \$1,113,046, the first surplus since the War of Independence in 1810. Small wonder that the people rejoiced, for their financial independence was an accomplished fact, and Mexico could at last take her place with dignity among the prosperous nations of the world. The business men credited Senator Limantour with the new era of prosperity which prevailed in the republic.

The year which marked the settlement of the usurped property claims was an important one to Mexico. History, for during that twelve months the interior debt was consolidated after a series of remarkable financial feats. To understand the insuperable difficulties encountered, it is only necessary to state that the interest paid on the interior debt, and the expenses attached thereto, amounted to about 43 per cent of the estimate of 1893-94. Bonds were emitted bearing interest at 3 per cent. Again the country rejoiced at the cleverness of that minister of finance. And the world showered him with congratulations and medals. In the simple cabinet standing in the library in his home in Mexico City, more than 40 medals testify to the world's recognition of his service to his country and humanity.

Jose Limantour had firmly made up his mind that his country must have a different financial standard if prosperity was to remain permanent. He knew how this much-desired standard could

be obtained and he had courage enough to hold to his judgment against two Mexicos or a world. His ideas were so well conceived that the President, at his request, appointed a commission to assist him in settling this perplexing question. Eminent financiers, jurists, and a few foreign residents were asked to join the minister of finance, who was placed at the head of the commission and directed its proceedings.

November 14, 1894, Senator Limantour brought the volcanic money question before the chambers. Anticipating the event, the Mexican money market was on the verge of a panic. This feeling was changed to one of peaceful satisfaction when the minister of finance told the representatives of the country: "In order to give the coin a value independent of that it derives from the metal, it is indispensable to enhance its intrinsic value. There are no means known to us other than to render that same coin convertible at the owner's will, in another coin of superior value or to provoke a higher price by a relative scarcity of that same metal." Precious metal was to be prohibited in order to raise the price of the metal. Then the representatives of the mineowners made their protest. Senator Limantour replied immediately: "The production of silver is not the most important part of the nation's business and other interests should not be made subservient to it." The bill as he had framed it, passed, and the republic owed what it had so long needed, a stable financial standard. The peso was made equivalent to 50 cents gold.

No sooner was the monetary question settled than the people realized the tremendous importance of the event. When Senator Limantour was seen on the streets of Mexico City he received ovation after ovation and the people whistled, "Diaz successor. There is no man in the country so eminently qualified to succeed our great President." But the minister of finance quickly sup-

pressed this talk. He has always enjoyed the president's closest friendship and more than any other person has a minute knowledge of his chief's accomplishments. He knows that no man in Mexico is so capable of filling his position as the present incumbent of the Mexican executive chair.—RUBY DANENBAUM IN THE WORLD TODAY.

Advice About Advice.

The best advice that can be given probably is: Take all the advice you can get, and then do as you please. The successful person, or the one whom the crowd counts successful, is being constantly besieged with applications for advice how to succeed. He is generally incapable of giving it.

The same advice, outside of a few maxims generally applicable, is seldom good for two persons.

Advice, as a rule, is cheap, and about as valuable as most cheap things. To be constantly following advice without stopping to consider its source is the plain mark of weakness. The person of power is the one who neither gives nor takes advice in generous quantities.

The world would be better off if advice were much less plentiful. Then perhaps its quality might rise in proportion to its scarcity.

Down in Texas,
By "Sunshine" Hawk,
On the heels are the bluest,
Down in Texas,
And the friends are the truest,
Down in Texas,
And the homes are the neatest,
The sweetest and completest,
Way down in Texas.

I have taken many trips
Down in Texas,
Many friends come out to meet me,
And loving lips to greet me,
Way down in Texas.

Texas always gives me flowers,
Blossoming Texas,
Days are filled with happy hours,
Glorious Texas,
And I never leave the blues,
For I always have The News,
When, in Texas.

Tradition Against Third Term Almost Broken

REPRESENTATIVE SERENO PAYNE, of New York, who usually speaks emphatically about the event, thinks that had the Civil War continued far into the second term of Abraham Lincoln, the people of the North would have insisted that he remain at the helm of the Ship of State for a third term and that the tradition of George Washington would thereby have been broken. Persons who recall Lincoln's position in the critical Summer of 1864 may have doubts as to his popularity's surviving a prolongation of the war, but, nevertheless, Mr. Payne presents a supposition worth thinking about when we are speculating on the possibility of a President being elected three times in succession.

Historically, it may be said that Washington's precedent has not always been respected unanimously as a binding obligation on the American people. Within less than 15 years of his death a movement to give a popular President who had served two terms a third one acquired sufficient proportions to compel Jefferson to define his position for a second time. In the gloomiest days of Madison's administration the thoughts of many men turned toward Jefferson, as still popular, and as one who would lift the fortunes of his party, which then seemed waning.

Jefferson's correspondence shows that while he put aside the proffered honor, his manner did not express indignation. He apparently was not grieved. He rejected the suggestion as unjust to Jefferson, as politically inexpedient, but he seems nevertheless to have stood in no governing awe of Washington's precedent.

Jefferson occupied a peculiar position, one which has hardly a parallel in our history. The "Age of Monticello" was such an adviser of Presidents that he may be considered almost "the power behind the throne." Constantly questions were referred to him from the White

House, and we know now from his papers that Monroe solicited his advice and judgment on the famous "doctrine" itself. A man so honored with the substance, Jefferson was distinguished philosophically to reach after the trappings of power, and Monticello was a seat of authority (all the more honored for the absence of its public responsibilities).

The most dramatic appearance of the third-term idea in our history is, of course, the movement to give General Grant this exceptional honor after his return from his famous tour around the world. Five years before there had been enough third-term talk to induce the Democratic House of Representatives to pass a resolution denouncing any departure from the Washington precedent, a declaration in which some distinguished Republicans still living concurred. But in 1880 this resolution was simply so much paper and ink to the third-term boomers. General Grant was an avowed candidate. He was eager for "rehabilitation," he had among his advocates some of the most resourceful of the Republican leaders.

In the early Winter and Spring of 1883, conservative adherents of "the Washington precedent" had to fight hard for delegates even in some New England districts. The convention assembled with the certainty that at least 200 of its members would do their utmost to secure the nomination for the silent soldier; and Conkling's eloquence was admitted even by those who repudiated his sentiments. Garfield's nomination came as a relief to the conservative sentiment of the country, but even then the third-term sentiment was a factor of disquiet, as anybody will admit who remembers how anxiously Republicans watched the tents in which Grant and Cookling sulled for a time, before they came forth to announce their acceptance of the situation.

Since then we have had no third-term movement which a word of repudiation from the White House could not extinguish; nor one which even approached the proportions of that for which "the

306" stood, and fell. The American people are conservative in their traditions to an extent that resents anything smacking of forporting effort to perpetuate an administration.—Boston Transcript.

The Longest Day at Various Places.

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18 1/2 hours.
At London, England, and Bremen 16 1/2 hours.
At Spitzbergen the longest day is 5 1/2 months.
At Hamburg and Danzig the longest day has 17 hours.
At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22.
At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk it is 19 hours and the shortest 5.
At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 23 hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.
At New York the longest day is about 15 hours.
At Montreal the longest day is 14 hours.

A City Vision.

Broadway Magazine
A bit of fern upon a window-sill,
A bit of field transplanted to the town,
And striving hard to keep its emerald
A glow.
As fresh and bright as when beside a rill
That wanders down a wood-embroidered
hill
It wore upon its head a dew-wet crown—
And now so pallid, near the austere
frown
Of iron skies that wither, blight and kill.
Dear bit of green! By thee my thoughts
are turned
To field and forest, meadow, lane and brook—
How often
I dream of thee for the sight my soul has
restored!
Dear native land! Afar to thee I look,
As one who with world-weary heart and
eyes
Might gaze o'er walls of death at Paradise!