



WHERE TAFT AND DIAZ WILL MEET

WHEN President Taft and President Porfirio Diaz meet, sometime next Fall, on the international bridge that connects El Paso with Ciudad Juarez, it is probable that the ceremonies will eclipse anything ever seen along the historic Rio Grande.

All Texas is taking a deep interest in the meeting of the Presidents, and not less interest is manifested by the better classes of Mexicans on the other side of the border. It is planned to have the Presidents meet on the international bridge, across the Rio Grande River, connecting the American city of El Paso with the Mexican city of Juarez. The bridge, across which thousands of American tourists go every year to witness the bull fights which are a feature of Juarez life, will be daily decorated. The Presidents will be seated exactly in the center. President Diaz, on his side, will be surrounded by Mexican dignitaries, while President Taft will have no lack of gold lace and epaulettes to counteract the dazzling display made by the officials from Mexico. A banquet on the bridge is part of the plans under way, American and Mexican bands will vie with each other in making music, the National hymn of both countries being featured. Soldiers, Texas Rangers, Mexican Rurales, Indians from the Southwest and Mexico, cowboys right off our own ranges, and vaqueros from the Mexican cattle ranches, and bullfighters from the celebrated rings of President Diaz's country will add life and color to the festivities that will follow the friendly exchange of greetings by the two Presidents. And the invitations will be delivered to both President Taft and President Diaz by two American cow-punchers who will act as pony express riders.

It will be the first time an American and a Mexican President have met, and it will be one of the few times in history that rulers have clasped hands across the border line dividing their respective countries. El Paso has entertained many Presidents, but never under circumstances that hint of international peace and good will—and consequently El Paso is going to see that nothing is left undone to make the proposed meeting something to be long remembered by the people of the United States and Mexico.

There is no more interesting city in the United States than El Paso. Like Santa Fe, it holds a strange mingling of the old and the new. One finds every evidence of American rush and enterprise in the heart of the city, but in the outskirts—unless one excepts the fashionable residence section of Sunny Top—there is a pronounced Mexican air to everything. Along the white roads that lead one through the high, barren mountains to the parched desert, one finds the square, one-storyed houses of adobe that tell of Spanish architectural ideals. Dark-skinned men and women sun themselves against the white wall in the Spring and Fall, or smoke the cigarette in the cool and shady courtyards in Summer—for nearly every house in El Paso has its courtyard. Here one hears Spanish and Spanish only. All the white men in this part of the country can "pat" the lingo—some of them like natives, but a majority just well enough to get along.

One of the greatest smelters in the West is located at El Paso, and in recent years many manufacturing institutions have located in the city. Mining men make their headquarters here, and the American residents are proud of the way El Paso is "booming." But the average visitor does not care so much for the fine business blocks, and the rattle of the electric cars along the paved streets, as for the lazy slouch of the Mexican burro drivers bringing in their loads of wood, and the windows where sit the Mexican lapidaries at their wheels, polishing beautiful turquoise which come in from the gem mines at Huerfania and Silver City, New Mexico. El Paso is the center of the turquoise industry of the United States, most of these beautiful gems, which are found in such profusion in Southern New Mexico being brought in for polishing. Artisans who possess a high degree of skill are required for the work of converting the rough turquoise into marketable gems, and it is always interesting to watch the El Paso turquoise polishers at their endless task.

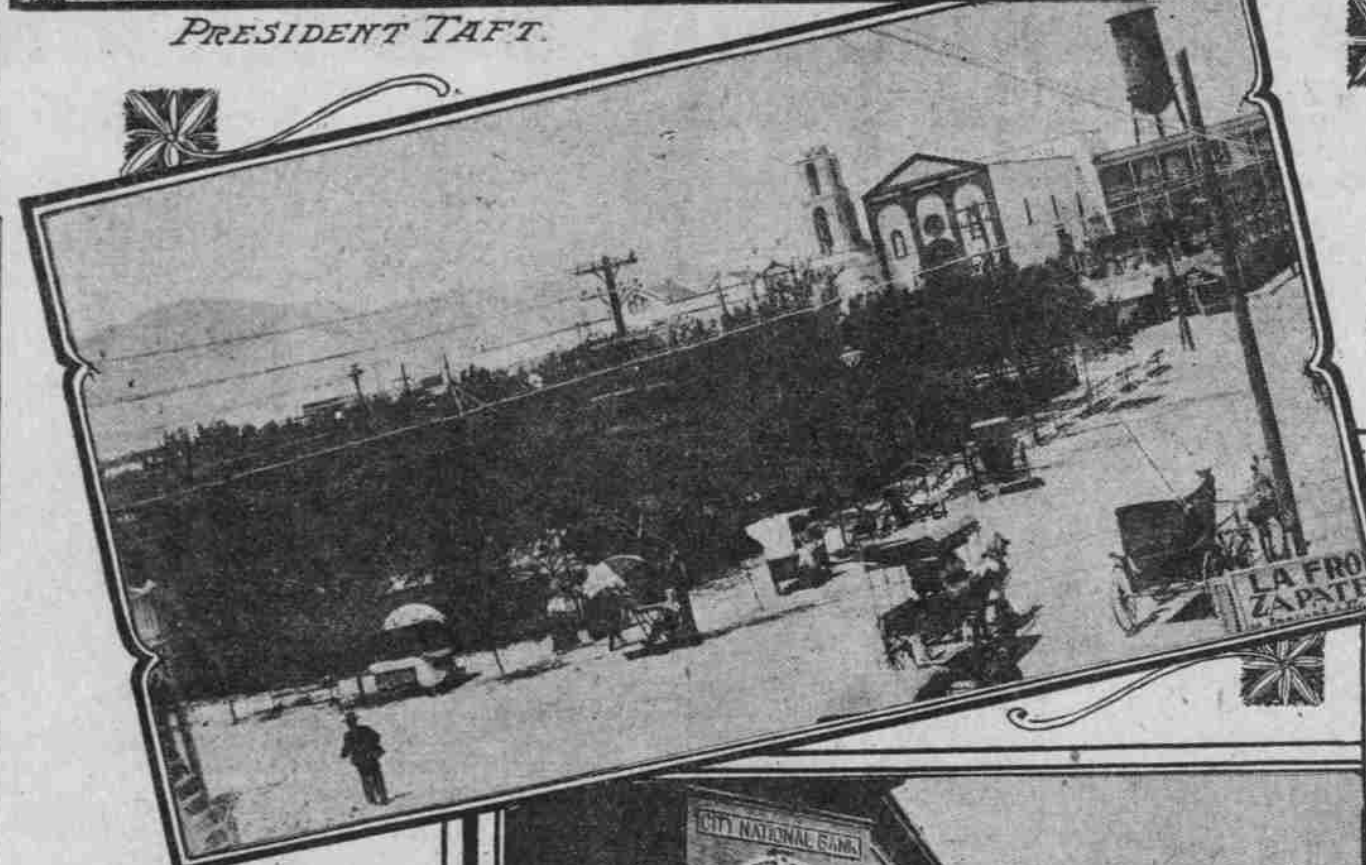
At El Paso is the headquarters of the officials who guard the border line between Mexico and the United States and prevent smugglers from bringing their goods into this country duty free. The late "Pat" Garrett, the celebrated slayer of the outlaw, Billy the Kid, was for several years customs collector at El Paso, and the mourning in town was general when "Pat" was shot and killed not many months ago by a New Mexican ranchman who "got the drop" on the noted gunfighter. The Texas Rangers, much of whose work consists in patrolling the Rio Grande, clutter into town every once in a while—sineyed, bronzed chaps, who ride with the cowboy's easy grace, and who are never without a veritable arsenal of weapons. The rangers travel in twos and threes, except on special occasions when more are required. It is found, however, that the presence of a Ranger or two on the scene of trouble is just as effective as an army.

The bridge that spans the Rio Grande at El Paso is a wide, uncovered structure. Tram cars rush across it, and here one is halted by the customs officials with their everlasting inquiries about your personal effects. The Rio Grande, except in flood time, is the most disappointing stream in the world. The high-sounding Spanish name causes one to conjure up a picture of a broad and mighty torrent, whereas the opposite is the case. Generally the stream is small and sickly, and crawls along between the sun-baked banks like a sluggish snake.

Ciudad Juarez, at the other end of the international bridge, is a typical Mexican village. There is nothing American about Juarez, save on holidays, when the Yankees flock across to take in the bullfights. Then the plaza is alive with all kinds and conditions of men. Indolent Mexicans wake up and manifest surprising vigor. Strains from "Carmen" float



PRESIDENT TAFT.



PLAZA, CIUDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO, ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE FROM EL PASO.

across the plaza, and the shouts of thousands come from the bull ring, where the contests are enjoyed "to the limit" by the natives. Most of the Yankee tourists who enter so bravely soon sicken of the bull-ring sights, and it is nothing unusual to see one of them come staggering from the entrance, deathly pale, and cured for all time of his curiosity concerning bullfights.

Recently the authorities dealt the bullfighting element of Juarez a cruel blow. Some inkling of Dr. Wiley's pure food campaign must have come to the Juarez officials, who determined to be reformers on their own accord. It has long been the practice to sell the carcasses of the bulls and horses killed in the Juarez bullring to the eager public as food. But it was found that this was inimical to public health. The bulls are killed under the worst possible circumstances, sometimes the flesh being so bruised by the repeated falls of the animal in the ring that the meat will not keep an hour, even on ice. The authorities decided to stop the practice of selling this meat, and the promoters of the bullfights immediately filled the air with their protests, claiming that the profits from the entertainments were so small that no more fights could be given if the bull meat could not be disposed of after the contests. The authorities remained firm, however, and it remains to be seen if the bull fight promoters were in earnest or were merely making a "bluff."

The bullfights at Juarez are generally tame affairs, but occasionally some celebrated bullfighter visits the border town. His coming is heralded far and wide, and the ranges of Northern New Mexico are searched for "broncho" bulls whose dispositions are warranted to be fiery. Many fighters have met with accidents and there have been one or two deaths in the Juarez ring. Occasionally, just for variation, the public is invited to see a

contest between a lion and a bull, or something else calculated to stir the blood of the most blasé Mexican.

Juarez used to be called El Paso Del Norte, but was renamed in honor of Juarez, who at this place began his march to the South, which resulted in the overthrow of Maximilian. There is plenty of interest in the visitor in Juarez. Here one sees an occasional Rurale—the counterpart of our American rangers on the other side of the Rio Grande. The Rurales are President Diaz's most dependable military body. They are all-round fighters, and are the only ones who can cope with the terrible Yaquis and come off victorious. They patrol the border line in search of smugglers and other criminals, and render efficient service. In co-operation with the American patrol, they make an effective border guard. In

BUSINESS CENTRE OF EL PASO

all probability their leader, Colonel Koschitzky, a Polish soldier of fortune, will be at the head of President Diaz's bodyguard when the meeting with President Taft takes place.

"In the vicinity of Juarez are many American cattlemen, who have been driven to Old Mexico by the rapid settlement of the cattle ranges in the United States. The mining interests of Northern Mexico are generally passing into the hands of Americans. In fact, there is such a vast American influence in Mexico that the celebration attending the meeting of Presidents will be decidedly more American than Mexican in tone. President Diaz has always encouraged American settlements in Mexico, and his greeting is bound to be most friendly. At present the 'iron man' of Mexico is engaged in a campaign for re-election. The election does not take

place till next year, and the public is concerned chiefly in the Vice-Presidency, as it is conceded that the man who gets this post will succeed Diaz when that official retires at the end of his next term. Rifting in the interests of General Reyes, who opposes the present Vice-President, Ramon Corral, has even now been a feature of the campaign. And in El Paso it is hinted that if the Reyes-Corral factions "start something" at the international function that is being planned, a bullfight will be a tame affair to the argument that will follow. No such feature is looked for, however, and all along the border two great nations are primping themselves and making ready for one of the greatest international lovefeasts in history.

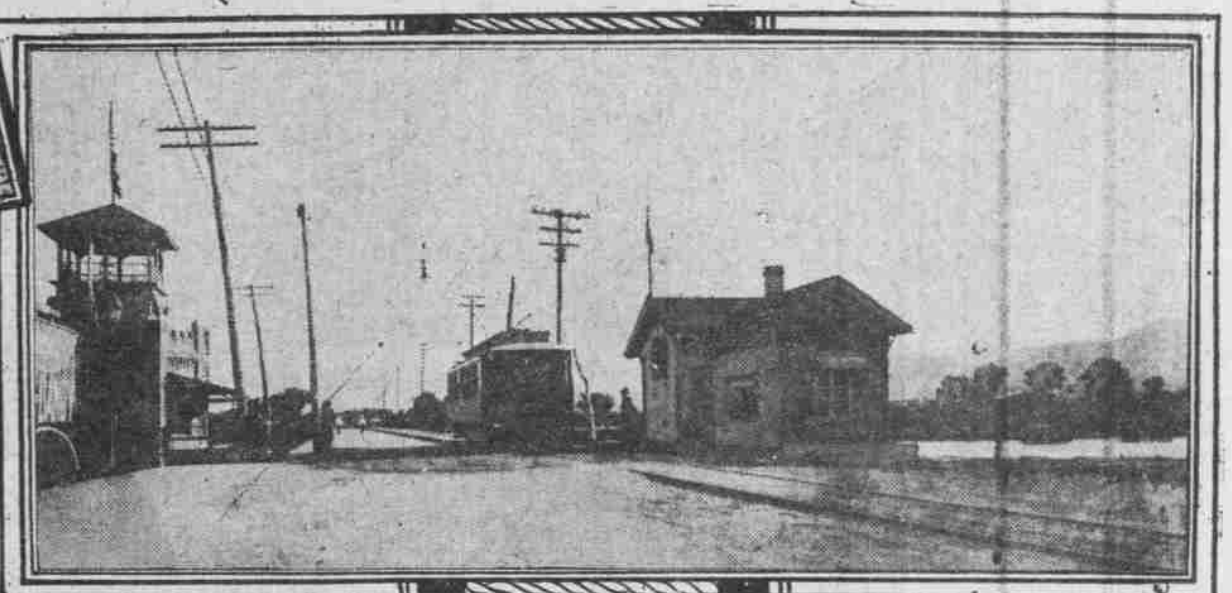
El Paso, Texas.

How to Pronounce "Automobile." New York Press. Battle rages in the Bookman over the pronunciation of "automobile," which

SCENES IN EL PASO AND CIUDAD JUAREZ, YANKEE AND MEXICAN TOWNS THAT FACE EACH OTHER ON THE RIO GRANDE



PORFIRIO DIAZ



INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE, EL PASO.

Woman of 86 an Expert Swimmer.

Portsmouth, N. H., Dispatch to New York Press. Mrs. Patrick Burns, 86 years old, of Dover, is today reckoned as the most expert swimmer on the Rye Beach Coast. Mrs. Burns takes a dip in the water at Wallis Sands every day, and her aquatic powers are a source of amazement to the hundreds of Summer visitors. The daily sea bath has been her custom for years, and no lifesaver on the coast can teach her anything about cleaving the water.

She is an artist at floating, diving and swimming on her back. She delights mostly in diving, and can make as pretty a plunge as the instructor of a swimming pool. Recently a girl bather at one of the beaches lost a valuable back comb from her hair and several of the men in the water attempted to recover it, but failed. Mrs. Burns then came on the scene, and after a few dives brought up the lost article, while the crowd on shore vigorously applauded her act. Her life is marked with works of charity, and she is credited with being the best in-

Webster's and the Century say ought to have the accent on the "mo." The Bookman reckons that these orthoepists are the sort of persons who always "smell of fried things," just as, according to another authority, the man who writes "whilat" is pictured in the mind's eye as wearing a grease spot on his waistcoat. Our arbiters contend for "AU-tomobile," as the pronunciation sanctioned by the cultivated, the enlightened, the remnant, the very few.

We agree with this verdict only conditionally. Usage makes pronunciation, and usage both common and cultured alike shuns AU-tomobile, Au-to-MO-bl and auto-MO-BEL. The best ways to pronounce automobile are "imchine," "buz-wagon," "motor car" and plain "car."

formed person relative to the Catholic history of New Hampshire.

Nerve of Theater Deadhead. Tit-Bits. Oscar Asche, who, with his wife, Miss Lily Brayton, is on his way to Australia, his native land, which he left 18 years ago, remarked just before he set sail, apropos of the slump in theaters, that the deadhead is a destroyer of drama. "While I was touring with a certain highly respected manager we were playing at a long-famous old playhouse in an ancient town. We had billed 'Macbeth' for Friday night, but during that day the theater burned down. For our next week there our chief contrived to borrow a playhouse a little way out of the district. On reaching there to rehearse on the Monday the manager received a letter saying that the writer had been given two dress circle orders for the performance of 'Macbeth,' but as that play was not performed owing to the destruction of the theater, the writer surmised that the manager would remit the money value of those orders."

A SONG OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

If I could sail over the seas away To a land where 'tis always Spring, I'd sit on the grass through the living day And hear the songbirds sing. When I was hungry I'd go to a palm And shake till the coconuts fell; Then I'd eat my dinner all quiet and calm. With no other dish but the shell. When I was thirsty I'd find a brook, And lying down on the strand I'd drink from the grass through the living day. I'd drink a drink off from the sand. When I was sleepy I'd seek repose; I'd sleep all night with my chin on my knee And cling to the bough with my toes. When I was feeble and old and fat And my time had come to die, I'd hitch my soul to a vampire bat And fly with him up to the sky.