

Amazons of Manless Tehuantepec

I TRAVELED for a month through the heart of Mexico looking for the women of beauty and romance of whom I had heard so much. In all that month I saw not one of them. Instead, there was always a horde of mad creatures, child-laden, prematurely old, who hung about the railway stations and repeated the plaint, "Un centavo, un centavo," always begging for a more penny. And further back there was the hovel where the mother presided over the festivities of a large family and attempted to make ends meet on the small and irregular earnings of her men folks, writes W. A. Du Puy in the Detroit Free Press.

There are two dominating ideas in the mind of the resident of the United States with reference to the people of Mexico. Light opera is responsible for both. The first is the picture of the man—a creature of an inconceivably wide hat, of trousers skin tight to the ankles, of flowering, scarlet sash and colorful blanket. And the picture is true in its minutest details. No stager of light opera has ever exaggerated the man of Mexico. He loafs today in magnificent ennui about the railway stations at Chihuahua, and Saltillo and San Luis Potosi so arrayed as to defy exaggeration.

The second Mexican idea of the man from the states is of the senorita, gay clad, bespangled, jangling her tambourine and with a dagger, for jealousy, hidden in her bosom. But this maiden is as conspicuous for her absence as is the male of the species for his omnipresence.

Poverty Prevents.
For it must be remembered that the people of Mexico are inexpressibly poor. It is of the masses I am writing, the 98 per cent. When Diaz became president there was an occasional opportunity for the native to earn 15 cents a day at hard labor. Diaz let in foreign capital for the development of industry and in 30 years these same men could earn 60 cents a day and had more opportunity to work. Yet even this was not luxury.

And the boys and girls grew up as

has won an international reputation. When the traveler alights in Tehuantepec he is met by peddlers of opals and beads beaten out by native goldsmiths from the metal of tribal mines, and the fruits of the "tierra caliente." Soon he notices that these peddlers are all women and that many of them are young and beautiful. He passes into the market place, where he finds innumerable stalls, also presided over by women. There is the appearance of immaculate cleanliness and the air of business efficiency. Near by are native stores, also presided over by women. There is hardly a male creature anywhere to be seen.

Eventually the traveler learns that this is a city of pretty women. There are 3,000 of them and but 500 men. They have assumed the reins of government and the responsibility of providing for their own support. They have done both so effectively that Tehuantepec is the cleanest, best governed, most prosperous community between the Rio Grande and Guatemala.

And the beauty of these self-governing, self-supporting women lifts the traveler out of his boots. They are a remnant of the unadorned blood of the Aztecs, that race of high civilization that suffered so tragically when it fell under the all-blighting domination of Spain. They are a remnant of the people who built pyramids that rival those of Egypt and temples of such decorative beauty as to draw students from the world around into the jungles of Yucatan. And these women have a classic delicacy of feature and a dignity that is in accord with this ancestry.

A Diaz Tragedy.
This manless Eden is also a heritage from the Diaz regime. President Diaz sent his younger brother to Tehuantepec as governor. This latter was but an unlettered Indian and possessed none of the unusual qualities of Porfirio. He governed his Aztec subjects with aboriginal cruelty and stupidity. His many atrocities came to a climax when, one day, he shot and



SCENE IN SOUTHERN MEXICO

do the herds in the fields and mated long before they had reached maturity. Sometimes there was the formality of marriage, but more often there was not, for the fees were prohibitive. It was rare that a peon girl passed the age of fourteen without having found herself a mate.

This same girl at twenty was the mother of four children. At that age she should have just been coming into her maturity, blossoming into whatever of beauty lay within her. But the girl of twenty who, in poverty, has brought into the world four youngsters and cared for them, has had little chance for the flowering forth of the latent beauty that may have been her birthright.

This is the condition that is almost universal among the people of the masses. It is because of this condition that one looks in vain for the dream maiden of Mexico who burns up her soul in jealousy for her sweetheart and slips the stiletto between his ribs rather than lose him.

It is a condition almost universal, but not quite. There is the town of Tehuantepec that saves the day, for Tehuantepec is the home of women who throw down the gauntlet to all the world for beauty and for those characteristics of leadership that dominate all around them.

Where Mexico grows narrowest toward the southern end the Isthmus of Tehuantepec separates the main body of the country from Yucatan. A railroad crosses this isthmus and makes a short cut between New York and the Orient. At the top of the divide there is a native Indian town and here reside Mexico's amazons. Here are found those rare natives with the stuted and extraordinary headgear that

killed one of these women of Tehuantepec as she passed his dwelling. The shooting was done on a wager and merely to prove his marksmanship. There is a touch of cruelty in even the Aztec when aroused. The people rose as a man and went for Governor Diaz. When they had captured him they performed an operation that is not unpopular in Mexico. They skinned the bottoms of his feet and then forced him to walk to his execution.

To avenge the death of his younger brother President Diaz dispatched an army to Tehuantepec with instructions to kill every male in the village. The orders were so effectually carried out that the only men left were those who fled to the mountains.

Since then the town has been a community almost without men. As I walked the streets of this native city of the tropics one of the most peculiar of the efforts of Nature to keep her balance was thrust upon me. The male children of the Tehuanas go stark naked, but the little girls wear a skirt about their waists. I noticed that there seemed to be many more male children than female. So great was the apparent difference in numbers between the sexes that I began to keep a tally. At the end of the day I had seen four times as many boys as girls.

Patented by Woman.
Once in a while a woman patents something that one would only expect a man to know anything about. An example of this is the patent of Miss Anna R. Tye of St. Joseph, who has patented an automatic stop for trolleys on overhead wires, combined with a switch to move the stop.

VIBRATOR IS DEMOUNTABLE

Electric Apparatus Easily Taken Apart and Cleaned—Vibrations Stimulate Tissues.

This electric vibrator can be taken apart, merely by the turn of a couple of thumb screws and put together again just as easily. The vibrator, so constructed, is believed to be the first to incorporate this valuable feature.

Users of electric vibrators will understand at a glance the value of being able to take the machine apart and assemble it again. Such a machine may be easily examined and cleaned. Any excess of oil may be wiped away and the brushes kept free from matter which might cause slowing up of the motor.

The vibrations are strong enough to stimulate but not strong enough to do



New Electric Vibrator.

any harm. They are strong enough to reach locally any point deeply situated in the tissues.

ELECTRIC TIMBER SEASONING

Effect of Current is to Produce Chemical Changes in Cellulose and Sap to Prevent Decay.

In describing his latest researches in the electrical seasoning of timber, says the Electrical Review of London, Doctor Nodon claims that his process can be applied in the forest where the trees are felled, since no cumbersome or costly equipment is required. The process depends on the electrolysis of cellulose and its derivatives. The newly-felled trees are sawn into thick planks and laid on a false flooring, one on top of the other, with the interposition, however, of moistened matting, or similar material between each layer, to act as electrodes for introduction of an alternating current which is passed for ten hours or so.

The effect of the current is to produce chemical changes in the cellulose and the sap, rendering them impervious to decay. Further, the sap loses those gummy and hygroscopic characteristics which normally prevent rapid drying. It is claimed that timber thus treated is ready for use a few weeks after it is felled and is harder, stronger, more homogeneous, easier to work, and less warped by moisture than timber which has been seasoned by the ordinary air drying process.

Paving blocks treated by the Nodon process are said to have been in use at Bordeaux for six years without showing appreciable deterioration.

Electricity in Japan.
Within ten years the electric mileage of Japan has increased from less than ten thousand to more than thirty-five thousand, the electric railway mileage from less than one hundred to more than seven hundred and the power production from less than forty-five thousand to more than three hundred and forty-five thousand kilowatts.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

Phenol and formaldehyde are compressed together to form a new insulator for electrical purposes.

Dump cars for electric railroads, which are emptied by motors, thus saving labor, have been invented by a Connecticut man.

Among the new electric cigar lighters for automobilists is one inclosed in a watchcase, which can be hung up by the ring.

Swiss railways use an ambulance car completely equipped with electrical appliances that are supplied with current by a generator mounted on one axle.

In a New York church there is an incandescent lamp that has been used seven hours a day for more than seven years, which is believed to be the world's record.

Two Illinois inventors have patented a trap which attracts insects within it by a lighted lamp so that they come into contact with electrically charged wires and are killed.

Jealous refrigerators for household use, in which ammonia, circulated by electric motors, is used, have been invented, which are said to be more economical than those requiring ice.

A new portable electric lamp has a base that may be fastened to furniture with a spring clip or to any smooth surface by a suction cup, while a spring takes up the slack of the feed wire.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Turkey Got His Beard
By JOHN M. OSKISON



Children, Color Up This Picture.

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Long time ago, when the hunters brought in wild turkey from the hunt and the little boys stood round to see how big it was, or tried to swing it over their shoulders as the hunters did, the old men would come into the group and ask the boys if they knew how the turkey got his beard.

Now, what the old men called the beard of the turkey was the long, red strip of flesh which hangs under its head; and because of it the boys knew that they were not allowed to eat any meat from the turkey's neck. So the boys would ask how the turkey got his beard, and the old men would tell this story:

It was after the terrapin had won his race from the rabbit that the turkey met the terrapin on the trail. And he stopped to ask the terrapin how it was that he could beat the rabbit. But the terrapin would not tell about the trick he had played on the boastful rabbit; and he pretended that he could really run very fast.

"Well," said the turkey, "you may be able to outrun the rabbit, but I think I could beat you."

"Ho! ho!" said the terrapin, and he wouldn't talk about the race any more. So the turkey stood on one leg for a while and looked around, and then he stood on the other leg and looked around. Then he yawned and said to the terrapin:

"What is that you have hanging from your belt?"

"That is a fresh scalp," said the terrapin.

"It doesn't look very well there," said the turkey.

HEALTH HINTS FOR THE BOYS

Young Fellows Should Have Eight or Nine Hours of Sleep—Always Rest on Right Side.

(By DR. GORDON STAPLES.)
First about sleep and early rising. Well, my own best time for work is from seven in the morning, when I turn out and tub, till 1 p. m.

You should have eight hours sleep, or even nine; but if possible two of these hours should be taken before midnight.

Young fellows should sleep on a hard mattress and with just as few bedclothes as possible. Mothers are greatly to blame in heaping their boys' beds with heavy blankets. By so doing they are simply making softies of their boys and prevent them from growing up into strong, hardy men.

Sleeping under a weight of bedclothes not only softens and weakens the muscles, but in the young oftentimes leads to bad dreams, even bringing on what are universally called nightmares.

As to food: Eat nothing that is likely to disagree or cause indigestion, flatulence or heartburn. Eat but little meat, as this is exciting. Live for a time on plenty of milk, eggs, fish, pudding and porridge, if you can get them.

Take a large draft of hot, or even cold, water half an hour before breakfast.

Never eat a late supper, but do not go to bed hungry.

I have told you the mattress should be hard and the bedclothes light. Well, you must cultivate the habit of lying on your right side, not on the back. Sleeping on the back brings on bad dreams. Go early to bed, and rise at seven.

Take a hot bath every week and a cold sponge bath every morning. You won't like it at first, but, as Scotch folk say, "Ye maun thole (bear) a pain for a profit."

Rub very well down with rough towels. Take a short spell of light dumbbells, then ten minutes' walk, and go in to a hearty breakfast. Look upon cold water and fresh air as your dearest friends and real physicians.

"Where would it look better?" asked the terrapin.

"Let me show you how well it would look around my neck," said the turkey. And the terrapin handed over the fresh, red scalp.

With a string the turkey tied it under his chin.

"Now," said the turkey, "I will walk a little way and you can tell me how it looks." So he walked a little way and the terrapin called out that it looked very well.

"Now I will fix it a different way and you can tell me how it looks." And he walked farther away.

"Oh, that looks still better!" cried the terrapin. When he heard that, the turkey just kept on walking, and when the terrapin called to him to come back the turkey didn't even turn his head.

But the terrapin had his bow and arrows with him, so he took one of the arrows which had been made by the medicine people and shot it at the turkey as he was running away.

Now the arrow struck the legs of the turkey and broke into a great number of pieces, like cane splints. And that is the reason why the legs of the turkey have such a lot of small bones in them.

Of course, the turkey, even after he was crippled by the arrow, was able to run away from the terrapin, and so he has kept the beard he stole.

And, of course, when the little boys found out what the turkey's beard really was they knew why they were never allowed to eat any of the neck of the turkeys which the hunters brought in.

MAKING FLINT ARROW HEADS

Old Indian Art Not So Difficult as Many Supposed—Now Made for Commercial Purposes.

The old Indian art of making flint arrow heads was not so difficult as is usually imagined—white men are making "old and genuine" Indian arrow heads now for commercial purposes and by the old Indian methods. Flint is not chipped with stone or with metal, but with water. When an In-



An Indian Using Fire and Water to Shape a Piece of Flint into an Arrow Head.

dian wished to make an arrow head, he held a piece of flint in a fire until it was very hot, and then allowed a drop of water to drip from the end of a stick upon the spot to be chipped away. The sudden cooling made the flint chip off immediately. Some cunning is of course necessary in the shaping of the arrow head, but the old Indian method is the best that has been found.

Happy or Brave.

When you cannot be happy, you can be brave. There are things nobody can especially enjoy, aches, pains, disappointments, unkindnesses, and things of that sort. Nobody expects that you girls can be just as happy over your troubles as you are over your blessings. But that does not excuse you for fretting and whimpering. Just as soon as things go wrong, if you cannot be happy, you can be brave.

CAP and BELLS



ONE WAY TO HARNESS HORSE

Two Superior Town Youths Recuperating in Country Experienced Difficulty in Placing Bit.

"If you fellows care to go for a spin in the dogcart do so with pleasure," said the farmer to the two superior town youths who were recuperating in the country.

"Not had sport, that," said one to the other when the farmer had set off for his turnip fields.

"Easy thing to harness a horse, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite simple, dear boy."

Nevertheless, both seemed a little doubtful on reaching the stable as to whether the animal's head or tail was the correct point at which to start.

Argument decided that the latter end of the wretched animal was the starting point, and after much snorting and stamping, they reached the head, where their chief difficulty lay in adjusting the bit.

"There's only one thing to do—wait," said one despairingly.

"Wait? For what?"

"Why, wait for the wretched beast to yawn."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

IN DAYS OF OLD.



Sir Walter Raleigh—The king can do no wrong.
Queen Elizabeth—Yes, but what a wearisome life a king's must be.

Housewife Instinct.
Woman Election Inspector—There are three spoiled ballots.
Ditto—Oh, dear; but then, I suppose we can make them over into something else.—Puck.

What It Goes For.
"To most people a nickel means one of three things."
"Well?"
"A glass of beer, a trolley ride or a moving-picture show."

Drawing.
Gabe—What does your friend do for a living?
Steve—He draws from real life.
Gabe—Oh, he's an artist!
Steve—No; he's a dentist.

Literary.
"And what do you do for a living, Alexis?"
"I write."
"What?"
"Letters to my father."

Showed Him.
"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business."
"Did he take it kindly?"
"He threw me out of the office."

Persuasive.
"You've heard the old saying that Satan finds work for idle hands to do."
"Oh, yes. And not only that, but he often induces busy hands to make a radical change in the kind of work they do."

No Team Work.
Husband—I can't understand why they haven't sent some one to meet us, unless your letter went astray.
Wife—My letter! Why, Frank, I distinctly understood that you had written.—Judge.

The Ostrich.
"Why are you puffing like a steam engine and raising that cloud of smoke?"
"Sh-h-h! There's a man over there I owe money and I don't want him to see me."—Judge.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, are a man and his wife one?
Paw—Yes, my son.
Willie—Then how many was Solomon?
Paw—You go to bed, young man.