

VOICE OF THE MOB.

Its Muffled Rise, Its Swell and Roar in the City of Mexico.

They were sitting about the tables in the patio of the Hotel de Jardine, sipping their afternoon coffee and turning the pages of the latest extras, ink smeared with hectic headlines. Two children pushed a tin train of cars over one of the graveled paths beneath the patio oaks, writes Robert Welles Ritchie in Harper's Magazine. Waiters drowsed by the kitchen corner, and the porter at the high doors giving on to the street had his head on his breast.

Then the voice came, a murmur, far removed, muffled and indefinite, a murmur hardly to be distinguished above the plashing of the fountain; a minute and the timbre of it had strengthened and deepened; another minute and a crackling syncopation broke the monotony of sound. From afar the voice came stronger and in a strange, anxious note. Folk dropped their papers and started, heads cocked, to catch the meaning of the unwonted sound. Waiters moved away from the kitchen door out into the patio so that they could hear better. The children piloted their train of cars into the station by the gold pond, then sat with questioning eyes on the elders about them. Searer and louder, louder, louder, louder the voice.

A nurse stepped out on the balcony above the patio and screamed as she ran down the stairs to the kitchen. She gathered them into her arms and stumbled blindly back up the stairs, along the balcony and into one of the suits opening thereon. Her screams, the agitation of her flying skirts, awoke the porter at the gate. For just an instant he sat still, his face puckered in puzzlement; then he jumped to the two high wooden gates giving onto the street and slammed them shut. He slipped an oak beam through the hasps and double braced the doors by other beams upended against the cobbles of the courtyard. The maitre d'hotel had rushed out of his little glass office meanwhile and was calling excitedly to the waiters. They sped through passageways, and their disappearances were followed by the banging of wooden shutters over windows, the slamming of doors, the frantic trundling of barricades into place. Then high over the clatter and the pounding the voice snarled—a vicious, bestial snarl that was ear filling and terrible.

The voice was of the mob. On an afternoon in late May of 1911 the City of Mexico was rising against its master. Out of the kennels of mean streets, whose meaner marble palaces and flowering gardens screen, the canaille of the capital had come pouring, had whirled into mob coalescence and now were baying and coursing the streets to seek the life of that master. Don Porfirio, the once beloved—Don Porfirio Diaz, dictator and builder of Mexico for more than thirty years—was the master.

A Bottomless Pit.

There is a bottomless pit in the mountains of Hualalai, back of Kailua, in the Hawaiian Islands. It is about four feet in diameter. The pit is peculiar from the fact that it sucks in the air with remarkable force. Pieces of paper placed over the mouth do not float gently down, but are suddenly drawn in and disappear with startling rapidity. The air rushing into the pit can be distinctly felt by people standing on the edge. Strange sounds are heard also. Every night the inhabitants of the locality distinctly hear a noise similar to the blowing of a deep steamship whistle. The noise is heard for about five seconds and then subsides for a space of about ten minutes and then resumes for another five seconds.

CITY OF GOLDEN DOMES.

Beauties of Peter the Great's "Paradise" of the Swamps.

"The City of Golden Domes"—such is the name so often applied to the metropolis of Russia, St. Petersburg. It was Peter the Great who founded the city and built it on a veritable swamp. The waters of the Neva river overflowed the lowlands all about where the beautiful city of the czar now flourishes, but it was at the expense of many thousands of lives that the founda-

tion of the present metropolis was built. It is said that even now one may see the moisture underlying the city oozing up between the paving blocks on the Nevsky prospect, a busy thoroughfare. The city is not only built over water, but the heavens seem to frown upon human beings having intruded there, for it rains or snows at least 200 days of the year and sometimes a little more. The city is practically surrounded by water, for swamps abound on two sides, the sea and the river on another.

At the very beginning of the building of St. Petersburg every one seemed to hate the place, all save Peter the Great. And, in view of the dislike expressed by nobles and peasants alike, the ruler set thousands at work, "under compulsion of the knout," to build dikes and reclaim the land for the city. He called the city his "paradise" and forbade the use of stone in building elsewhere, ordering all the stone accessible to be brought to St. Petersburg. Any peasant who wished to enter the city could do so by fetching a cartload of stone. This was his passport. Indeed, people did not have to beg to enter St. Petersburg. They were forced by the czar's command to abandon other places and come to dwell in his "pet" city. The consequence was a crowded quarter, where the poor herded together like so many rats, living in squalor and misery. Even to this day the Russian metropolis is the most unhealthy capital of Europe.

But St. Petersburg has become a beautiful and a majestic city nevertheless. There is something imposing about her streets. The Winter palace is splendid, as are also entire streets of beautiful buildings. It might be called a city of space, for the streets are so wide, and nowhere, save in the slums, does one find crowding.

Nevsky prospect is the fashionable street of St. Petersburg. It is only three miles in length, but it is as celebrated a highway as Regent street, London, or Fifth avenue, New York.

During the winter months the days are very short, artificial light being turned on at 3:30 in the afternoon and daylight not coming in

full till about 10 in the morning. But during the summer months—June and July—one will see the sun at 2 o'clock in the morning and easily read a book at 10 o'clock at night by nature's own light. Thus the summer recompenses one for the dreariness of winter.—Boston Globe.

A Glow Journey.

Jones was taking a walk in the country just outside Warrington when he was surprised to find a man perched on the top of a signpost which bore this inscription, "This will take you to Liverpool."

Jones was quite unable to make out who the man sat there, so he called out, "What are you up there for?"

"Begorra," the man replied, "I've been sittin' here for two hours, and I'm wonderin' what time it starts."—London Ideas.

HUMAN ALARM CLOCKS.

Rattle and Roar That Waken North of England Mill Hands.

The alarm clock, apparently so indispensable to the early rising population of America, is seldom used by the workers in the textile mills, iron foundries and other industries of the north of England (men and women have to arise in time to start work at 6 o'clock each morning). Instead, being only human and liable to a fine of an hour's pay if only a few minutes late, they are aroused by men many of whom make their livelihood by that means. These men, of whom there are several in each city or town, the number depending on the size of the community, are known as "knockers up." And the "knocker up" is more of an institution in the north of England than is the alarm clock among the early risers of America.

To arouse his sleeping "client" the "knocker up" uses a long pole, to one end of which are attached a number of strong wires. Armed with this, the "knocker up" makes his "round" in the early morning hours, rattling on the windows of his clientele with the wires, which make a tremendous din in the sleeper's room, and, what is more effective than the alarm clock, he keeps rattling until the occupant

climbs out of bed and signifies his wakefulness by rapping on the window.

The "knocker up" would have a much harder job in America than he has in England, for there he is favored by purely local conditions. In the first place, the houses in the industrial sections are closely packed together in long rows, like the buildings in the business sections of American cities, and are very seldom more than two stories high. Thus the "knocker up" is able to quickly arouse an entire street of workers, the rattle and roar of his stick bringing the men and women promptly to their beds. And his work is expedited by the fact that many of the sleepers hear him while he is a dozen houses away and are out of bed and rapping on their windows in reply by the time he reaches them.—New York Press.

Origin of Texts.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law and, after a prayer, "read in the book in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading." Previous to the time of Ezra the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions, and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them.

The Cure.

"Ah, I am blind!" wailed Love. "Why don't you consult a doctor?" asked Experience. "I know a famous specialist who could cure you." "What is his name?" asked Love. "Marriage," replied Experience.—Philadelphia Record.

Conjugal Amenities.

She—I was a fool when I married you. He—Aren't you a fool still? She—No, I am not. He—Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you.—London Tit Bits.

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