

A Pacific Port in Republic of Mexico

THE completion of the Mexican Central to Manzanillo on the shores of the Pacific will undoubtedly open up the most beautiful and picturesque region of Mexico.

The Guadalajara Branch of which the new line is an extension—has in itself become famous for its scenic beauty; but here on this new line that limbs hills, bores through mountains and crosses fathomless barrancas, till it reaches the unknown shores of the Pacific, is to be seen a panorama of such rugged grandeur and picturesque beauty as to be entirely beyond comparison with any other region.

From La Junta, where the two lines converge and enter Guadalajara on a double track, the country, aptly called the "Granary of Mexico," is rich and well cultivated. Hills to the left mark the boundaries of Lake Chapala, and just beyond is the lake of Sayula, parched during the dry season, but beautiful during the period of rains. Beyond Sayula the railroad climbs into the hills, and the wide-stretching, beautiful valley with its haciendas—all highly cultivated—the hacienda buildings, and the lakes and hills, make the climb very attractive.

On a wide plateau stands the City of Zapotlan, the most important trade centre of this mountain region. Here is obtained the first view of Colima; rising above the middle foreground of dark, dun-colored hills, with its wreaths of clouds which seem to detach the summit from all earthly connection. The next station is Tuxpan, and from here the line passes through a tunnel and crosses the Tuxpan River, a stream of some little size that rises in the mountain of Jalisco near Lake Chapala. Now begins the truly scenic part of the line, where construction was difficult and expensive, and the mountains and barrancas began to assert themselves. A big purple cut in the side of a brown hill allows for a complete turn to follow the bed of the Tuxpan River.

Here Colima is lost to the eye till another curve brings the train to the other side of the river. It rises again far back among the cliffs that edge the streams.

There are two volcanoes really, the ancient

and extinct cone now called the "Nevado" because of its almost perpetual snow, and Colima, the active volcano, to the left as one looks from this side. The Nevado is higher than Colima, having an altitude of 4,334 meters from the sea level, but it looks a trifle lower from this view point, the 3,960 metres of Colima, seeming to rise above those of its neighbor. On a clear day the white steam that comes from the crater of Colima floats off against the blue sky like a cloud, quiet and still. Sometimes the puffs of steam go up to a considerable height, but always the cloud seems more like a pillar of white smoke than like a moving cloud, fed from below, for it shows little movement at the great distance from which it is observed.

The interest that always attaches to great and strange natural phenomena, attracts one to the volcano. Sometimes its cloud mantle wraps it from base to summit, but the realization that it is there and that the curtain may, at any time, be lifted, only adds to the attraction.

The clouds seem always to be for the mountain alone, no matter how thickly overcast the rest of the sky may be, and one is always expecting to see the cone rising up through the gauzy mantle.

Colima itself has never been ascended, at least not since the eruption in 1869. The cone is formed of loose ashes and pumice stone making the ascent difficult, if not impossible, above the low timber line. Small craters can be distinguished at various points, and one situated on the northwest side is particularly large and easily visible from Tuxpan.

On the other hand the Nevado has been ascended many times, the ascent not being considered in any way difficult. It is wooded up to a height of 4,200 meters, and above this comes the snow, which is generally present the year round.

The view from the summit of the Nevado is very fine, extending from the Pacific to the hills that encircle the Valley of Mexico. A French expedition, organized by Maximilian, reported that Popocatepetl was easily discernable from this point. The whole of the states of Colima and Michoacan and parts of Jalisco,

including Lake Chapala and the Rio Grande, are spread out like a map from this point of vantage.

From the cones of the two mountains hundreds of arroyos radiate, which carry down to the Tuxpan River and its tributaries, water condensed from the steam and from the clouds that cover the volcanoes for a considerable portion of the day. These streams have in the ages of their existence, cut great, deep barrancas in the rock, volcanic, sedimentary and igneous, until now all the distance about the volcanoes is cut up by deep chasms which extend to the Tuxpan River or its tributaries.

History has it that Colima has been active in 1750, 1611, 1806, 1808, 1818 and 1869, the activity of the present time, though slight, being a continuation of the last great eruption. Five years ago the volcano was very active as far as visible results go, for smoke and steam were thrown up to great heights and clouded the sky for miles around. Since that time the activity has been gradually lessening, but is still noticeable, and at times very beautiful, for the eruptions of steam now come usually in the twilight, and the white steam against the darkening sky gives a stirring effect of luminous beauty.

Just before the train crosses the Tuxpan River for the second time, some twenty-six kilometers below the City of Tuxpan, it runs on one of the stretches of the lower mesa, from which there is a splendid view in all directions; to the brown hills on this side of the river, back of the mesa, and around to the turn of the river, then across the jutting point of the mesa about which the crossing comes gracefully to avoid the higher land. The bridge rises high above the river, and here is obtained a view of such rugged picturesqueness as to entirely baffle description. The mountains come down to the river, forming a dark abyss at the bottom of which runs the stream, patched here and there with glistening white foam, as it clears the rapids. Through the gloom is seen a flood of light where the lower mesa shelves to the water's brink.

Here are signs of tiny milpas, or a grove of banana trees, and further in the distance the

unmistakable bright light green of the fields of sugar cane, or the smooth brownness of a plowed field. It is easy to imagine the wide extent of cultivation on these mesas, now hidden away from view, but soon to be revealed to the outer world by the branch lines of the railroad.

Bridge after bridge, crossing barrancas after barrancas, reveal through the rifts, glimpses up the river with mountains to the very edge of the other side, and the stretch of the rolling mesa between luminous in the bright sunshine, or dark in the shade of overhanging crags all wonderful, calm and soothing.

Over all broods Colima, its head erect, surmounting the cloud mantle in impassive majesty.

Just beyond Los Yucos comes the crossing of the deepest barranca Santa Rosa, by a large cantilever bridge. The road here comes suddenly out from between the hills on to the bridge, and the long vista up the gorge to the river, is exceedingly picturesque.

At kilometer 210 comes the longest tunnel on the line, after which a succession of curves brings one to the large bridge over the Capentera barranca. Another tunnel is passed, and at kilometer 238 lie the wide stretches of the lower mesa, and the train takes a straight tangent across parti-colored fields and pastures filled with cattle and dotted with hacienda buildings towards the City of Colima.

The volcano comes into view again after being hidden for many miles, standing serenely half hidden by its ever present curtain of clouds. The country now is rather flat, but every once in a while a short, hollow reverberation of the train indicates a bridge over a small barranca.

Hacienda buildings appear at shorter intervals, and a quick turn around a jutting spur of the hills brings the domes of Colima in sight.

Colima is one of the most attractive of the hot country cities. Vera Cruz is larger and does more business, but Colima is a close second for size, although its business is as yet, largely local. It is a beautiful, healthy city with a prosperous looking and clean set of inhabitants, numbering some 20,000.

The line from Colima to Manzanilla skirts the left bank of the Armeria River and renders a pleasing view across the low valley of the stream.

Approaching the coast, it cuts away from the hills, although they are always in sight, even to the very edge of the ocean. For twenty-five kilometers the line runs along the narrow peninsula which separates the great dead lake of Cuyutlan from the Pacific, at several points running along the edge of that body of water.

Though the sea is some distance away and separated from the track by a range of high sand dunes, the sea breeze can be distinguished. The sight of the new City of Manzanillo is reached just as the rocky hills surrounding the harbor rise ahead, and extends from lake to ocean, which booms and breaks into great waves along the steep shore back of the dunes of black volcanic sand.

Three centuries ago the port of Manzanillo was visited by the troops of Hernando Cortez, and here they built their little ships for the exploration of the Pacific. It was in sight of this port that Pedro Alvarado, the Chief Lieutenant of the Conquistador, was killed by falling with his horse over the cliffs of the trail.

Manzanillo is the practical centre of the most productive portion of the west coast from Guaymas to Salina Cruz, and is most favorably located for receiving the major portion of the trade of that vast area no matter what other parts may be opened in the future by through railway lines.

Manzanillo is located, like Naples on a bay circled by hills. The hills which come down to the coast from the mountains here are of considerable size, and the highest, the Vegia Grande, stands 217 meters above the ocean which laps its base. The other hills, while lower, still go to form a landlocked harbor of no mean advantage.

In 1900 the work of making a safe harbor of Manzanillo was begun. The plan calls for the construction, by means of a breakwater 441 metres or 1,446 feet long, of a protected harbor covering 165 acres or 67 hectares, a harbor protected from the wash of the waves which enter the wide mouth of the bay.

Stead Rebukes Tolstoy

R. W. T. STEAD rebukes Count Tolstoy for his recent article, part of which was published in Public Opinion. Writing in the Daily Chronicle, he says:

"Count Tolstoy's appeal reached me an hour or two before a landlord from the south of Russia looked in at my hotel. My friend is a landed proprietor, a journalist who speaks English perfectly, and has been a very frequent visitor to London.

"Reactionary?" he exclaimed, in reply to a question. "No one who has lived in my district can be other than reactionary. You in England have no idea of the devastation that has taken place in rural Russia. All round me hundreds of the country residences of the landlords have been wrecked. Here and there, where there was a resident landlord who could hold his own against the predatory peasants, a country house has been spared. But every absentee landlord's place has been looted and buried. Picture galleries, statuary, libraries, precious heirlooms have been given to the flames.

"Nor is that all. Agricultural machinery, thoroughbred stock, the whole apparatus of scientific farming, have shared the same fate. The peasants did this believing they would get the land for nothing. That expectation has been disappointed. But they are getting it for next to nothing. For the Land Bank buys the wrecked estate at little more than prairie value prices, and sells it in lots to the peasants, who promise to pay 4 1/2 per cent interest and sinking fund, but who know very well that no power on earth can compel them to keep their word. We are confronted with blue ruin."

"It was a grim picture, and may be taken as a pendant to Count Tolstoy's description of the hanging of a dozen of the marauders who have devastated a country side.

"Everyone respects Count Tolstoy, admires his genius, and is grateful for much of his teaching. But when we come to look into matters, there are few men who are more directly responsible for these hangings, and the murders which provoked the hangings than Count Tolstoy himself. It is true that he has always deprecated any appeal to force, much as a man deprecates the outbreak of fire when he thrusts a lighted match into the thatch of his neighbor's cottage. He has constantly and passionately proclaimed in the hearing of an ignorant, starving, and excitable peasantry that they are robbed by their richer neighbors. He has quoted with approval the peasant's saying that no man but a thief can live in a house with a celled roof.

"Even in this last appeal he reasserts in the most uncompromising terms 'the demand of most elementary justice advanced by Russia's whole agricultural population, viz., the demand for the abolition of private property in land.' There is no such unanimity of demand, for hundreds of thousands of peasants are eagerly pressing to be converted into freeholders with a title for eternity, as they say. But let that

pass. When a man like Count Tolstoy—a man revered for his sanctity and his genius—proclaims in the hearing of the whole nation, with all the fervor and authority of a prophet, that no individual has any right to own land, the logical peasant at once proceeds to seize the land that belongs to his neighbor.

"The peasant may fairly reply to Count Tolstoy's protest against this high-handed method of procedure that if every landlord is a thief, it cannot but be a right and just thing to restore the stolen property to its rightful owner. We know that they did argue in this fashion, and that as a result vast districts in many provinces in Russia were given over to fire and pillage. That Count Tolstoy's own house at Yasnaya Polyana and his own land there and elsewhere did not share the desolation which he more than any other man helped to let loose upon his neighbors was due to the fact that it was near enough to the railway, and to a garrison town for the marauders to leave him alone. Hence Russians say, with no small degree of truth, that Count Tolstoy himself enjoys the protection of the Government—he denounces as 'Government by murder,' while his words and his teachings have let loose fire and destruction upon the unfortunate landlords whose country houses lie too far away to command the timely help of the Cossacks and the troops.

"Before he began his apostolate proclaiming the gospel that every landlord was a thief, and that the first and most natural right of every man was a right to use the land on which he was born, there was no capital punishment in Russia. When rare occasions arose in which a hangman was required, it was almost impossible to find a Russian willing to undertake the hateful task. Now, when Russians compete for the hangman's office, Count Tolstoy is agast. He does not seem to realize even yet that the improved moral and social status of the executioner is the direct result of his own teaching when proclaimed in the ears of peasantry too simple to follow his example by evading the logical consequences of his own doctrine."

Mr. Stead also published in the Times a four-column interview with M. Stolypin, the Russian premier.

"Returning to Russia after an absence of three years," he says, "I find on every hand evidence of a change so complete as to seem almost incredible. To all outward appearance Russia, after the birth-throes of the revolutionary years, has now resumed her normal life. Everyone asserts—the revolutionists more emphatically than anyone else—that the revolutionary fever has spent itself, and that for years to come, provided that the great political evolution represented by the Duma is allowed regular development, there is no reason to apprehend a recurrence of the disturbances of 1905 and 1906.

"The most remarkable evidence which is afforded of this transformation is the fact that at last the Czar has a prime minister whom everyone trusts. Three years ago the most

dangerous symptom of the situation was the fact that nobody seemed willing to trust anybody. It was enough for any Russian to be placed in a position of authority for all other Russians to discover that he was the most untrustworthy man in the empire. Today M. Stolypin is universally admitted to be worthy of the confidence of the Czar and of the nation. 'Un brave homme et un parfait gentleman' was the twice-repeated description given of the prime minister by his predecessor, Count Witte.

"I asked M. Stolypin," continues Mr. Stead, "to explain to me briefly what had been done in the direction of land reform.

"The first thing that has been done," he replied, "has been to assert the principle that the peasants must everywhere as rapidly as possible be converted into freeholders; that is to say, we regard the institution of the Mir, with its communal ownership, under which no peasant is secure that the labor which he has invested in his holding may not be transferred to his neighbor, as fatal to economic progress. The foundation-stone of our agrarian policy is the substitution of private for collective ownership, for experience shows that communal holding weakens the sense of property and develops anarchical notions. This is a great task, and one which cannot be carried out in a moment. The mere necessity of surveying the lands entails great delay. There are only a certain number of surveyors whom we can employ, and the task is one that requires time.

"Then, again, we have transferred to the peasants great quantities of land that belonged to the government, and also we have transferred to them much land that formed part of the imperial appanages. The Land Bank advances often as much as 100 per cent of the purchase-money requisite for the purchase of this additional land, and the peasants repay it in small annual instalments. All this work is a progress. It occupies the minds of the peasants, convinces them that serious and earnest effort is being made to improve their conditions. Their minds being occupied with this practical question, they are no longer the prey to revolutionary agitators, who promise them impossible things."—Public Opinion.

A PEERAGE ROMANCE

There is an interesting romance connected with Lord Denbigh's family which shows that even in the reign of James I. young ladies sometimes had wills of their own. That monarch was very anxious to arrange a marriage between the daughter and heiress of one of his favorites, Richard Preston, Viscount Dingwall, whom he had created Earl of Desmond, and George Fielding, the handsome nephew of the Duke of Buckingham. In anticipation of the marriage Fielding was given the reversion of the Earldom of Desmond on the death of Preston. But the lady's affections were placed elsewhere, and she refused the king's choice with scorn. Her father was drowned while crossing the Irish Sea, and the Dingwall Barony went to her, while the Earldom of Desmond went to Fielding, whose son succeeded to the Denbigh Earldom, since when the Denbigh and Desmond titles have been united.

On Germany's Position

R. THEODOR BARTH, a distinguished German, who has written on the United States, writes in the Independent a striking and important article on "Germany's Political Position," which will be read with interest in conjunction with Mr. Hyndman's article on "Germany and War."

"Old Europe remains in the semi-barbarous state of armed peace. Everybody, from the penny-a-liner to the powerful monarch, praises peace, speaks of its benefits, of its necessity; but almost everybody doubts the sincerity of everybody's peaceful declarations. Therefore the constant increase of armies and battleships for the maintenance of the blessings of peace. It is somewhat expensive, this mutual distrust. Germany's burden of the armed peace amounts to \$325,000,000 annually. The average German family of five heads has to pay, year after year, at least 100 marks to enjoy this armed peace. More than half a million of men in their best years are constantly under arms.

"This intellectual and moral unrest is the inner reason for the continued talk on triple alliances, dual alliances, ententes and detentes. Monarchs and statesmen seem engaged always in manoeuvres on the diplomatic chessboard, in order to isolate one Power and to combine others. All this looks very serious for innocent observers. Diplomacy is a secret game, and, therefore, always over-estimated. There is less wisdom and less intrigue in all these Royal visits and diplomatic conferences than the ever-alert imagination of newspapers is accustomed to make the readers believe.

"Just now the diplomatic isolation of Germany is treated as one of the chief topics of the year. The German Emperor, reviewing his troops some weeks ago, spoke to his generals of such an isolation as a dangerous experiment. 'They, the other Powers,' he exclaimed, 'may try it; we are prepared.' In reality the isolation of Germany, if it would be more than a mere phrase, might become a serious danger for the peace of Europe. A Power like Germany cannot be ignored; only the utmost folly could believe that a European Concert can be played without the German instrument. Times of Cabinet wars have passed away. Every sovereign in Europe risks to lose his crown in an unhappy war. Only national interests of the first order could provoke a European war, a struggle for life and death. Such national interests are not at stake. Therefore, the disturbance of European peace is just as unlikely as a war between the United States and Japan.

"There are other perils which threaten Germany— dangers arising from the internal policy.

"Make good politics and I will make you good finances.' If there is truth in these famous words of a French statesman, German politics cannot be good, because the finances of the Empire are very unsatisfactory. During the last five years the Reichstag has accepted two great revenue measures. In 1903 a tariff reform increased the burden of the consuming masses enormously; duties on breadstuffs, on meat, on butter, on lard, on all the necessities

and commodities of life became higher than ever before. The tariff reform was, in the first place, a protective measure. The revenue from these duties represents only a small part of the consumer's burden. For instance, on wheat and rye the consumers have to pay at least 500,000,000 marks annually. Only the fifth part of this sum goes as duty on foreign corn into the Imperial treasury, four-fifths go into the pockets of the great landowners who raise in Germany wheat and rye for the market.

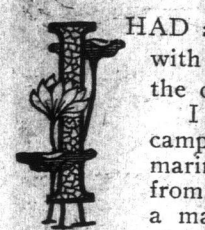
"Our protective system is principally based on agricultural products. The agrarians, especially the Prussian junkers, govern our Government, and have been for many years, even in the Imperial Parliament, a leading influence. The tariff reform of 1903 has overburdened the consumer, making everything artificially expensive; but the revenue derived from it has been like a drop of water on a hot stone. Therefore, three years later new taxes became inevitable. In 1906 a series of new taxes was introduced.

"We were blessed by taxes on inheritances, as well as on cigarettes, on automobiles and railway tickets, etc. All these taxes proved insufficient for the financial embarrassments of the empire. Debts increased by hundreds of millions. The courses of our rent went down, till the credit of the Empire has become worse than that of Italy. Now, two years after the last tax reform, the Government has to face the necessity of procuring one hundred millions of dollars a year to cover the huge deficit. This is the result of a protective policy favoring the interests of our agrarian party for decades. Germany has had prosperous and peaceful times.

"On the other side, Free Trade England has passed through the very expensive Boer War. Now, compare England's finances with those of Germany! In England, during a period of three years, forty-five million pounds, or nine hundred millions of marks, have been paid off the National Debt. At the same time the increase of Germany's debts amounted to almost the same sum.

"Mr. Asquith, the First Lord of the Treasury, showed a surplus of more than one hundred millions of marks in his last Budget, and could propose a reduction of the sugar duties by seventy millions of marks. Our Secretary of the Treasury has to deal with an enormous deficit, and is constantly hunting after new taxes. There never has been a greater triumph of sound Free Trade principles over the system of Protection.

"The democratisation of Germany has become an historical necessity. A great industrial commonwealth with 64,000,000 inhabitants and a well-organized Labor party of 3,250,000 of voters cannot be governed under the methods of feudalism, absolutism, and bureaucracy. All the troubles, political as well as financial, root in the disharmony between our modern economic and our obsolete constitutional development. Political Germany limps far behind economic and scientific Germany. That is the chief reason of all our difficulties in our home, and in our foreign policy."—Public Opinion.



HAD with the I camp marin from a ma coast Columbia to the Alaska, and, for pose, too happy. Who would The sea was just enough bree sun baked the r and the oldest a the old stories, w the new, bringin that were.

When night beach as you ca curled up in our cedar log, just corners of us cor ing shingle, and of the sea, the and that sense of the pine woods a The sun went of crimson fire, n in its brilliance, the vivid azure o eyes were glad t of the pine forest stars came out, salmon or the ba of midnight. Th our lungs, the de arms, and put her no windows or d worries, and whe wash so high th the log behind w laughed. It was o did an Englishm

Day after day amongst, sea Ed slipping through places as Buccan employing our li where the tides f of her coming ba great string band near shore serving Each night we for salmon, taking but, though the sa riot of sea life in enough to astoni

We had pushe looking barely wi had wound through towards the feet o tains of the coast to a round pool length, beyond wh Above it was deer and black be it, but there was Of life there surface, darkly br thickly dimpled w unbroken spaces r or rock cod, trout furrows, or cast i dust, whilst the r little herrings ma seem to move.

Until we slept, tired, a sound a struggling, as a death.

We have so m and holiday-mak things to hunt tha mon and cod, that think, long remain to read what some when its owner ha in a little yacht w lene), and for cre two young wives, written the story o him empty of sup life.

But, as I sugg ance the devil an And, towards the after a short, shar ropes with a heav the umpire called I I am writing th ter to the devil, b it may possibly be nearly the same th

Van Anda is a distance from the sible, and already which, though alw er and less civiliz But Van Anda, since its wooden h and, picturesque, hidden in cup-like off at will by dev covered with wat cause some of the ing found cranies planted gardens, s dozen cottages ar in roses as the old the seventies.

Van Anda is its people, largely settled down. Th poverty and no gr deed, a mining tow other mining town An American