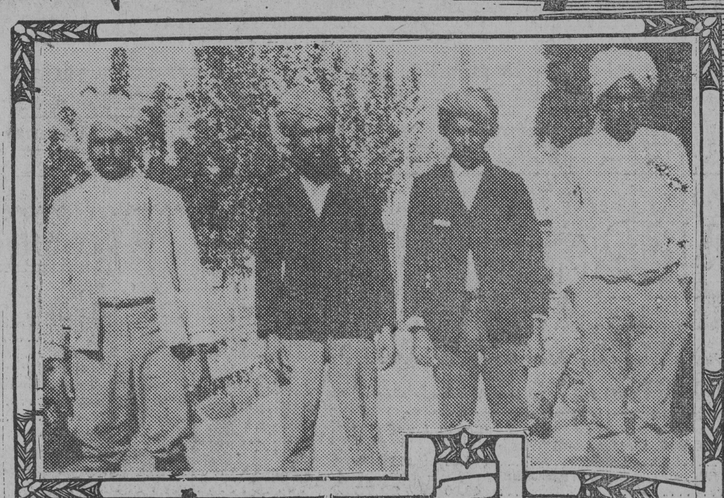
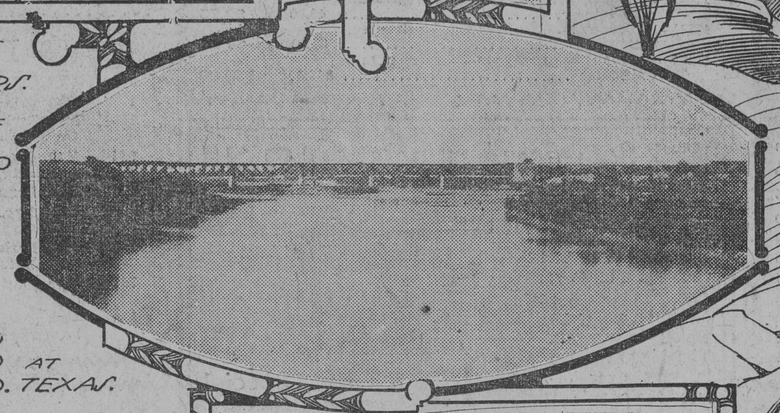
ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER LINE



WATCHING THE SMUGGLERS. I MET A PARTY OF HINDOOS TRYING TO GET INTO OUR COUNTRY.



THE RIO GRAND AT LAREDO. TEXAS.

I WAS STOPPED ON THE MEXICAN SIDE BY THREE OFFICIALS.

OUR CORRESPONDENT ASTRIDE OF THE MEXICAN BOUNDARY. DIRECTLY BEHIND IS THE BOUNDARY POST.

COLONEL BREWER, WHO COMMANDS OUR BATTALION OF CAVALRY AT FORT CLARK, LAREDO, TEXAS.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

LAREDO, Tex., January 25.

THIS is the first of a series of letters which I shall write about our sister country of Mexico. I have come to the boundary by the way of St. Louis and San Antonio, and am now here at Laredo, on the southern edge of Uncle Sam's land. I had this afternoon the peculiar experience of standing astride the two greatest of the North American republics. I was in the center of the old wagon bridge which here crosses the Rio Grande, and I had my lef foot and hand in the United States, while my right foot was in Mexico. I know this was the fact, for behind me was one of the boundary posts which mark the outline between the two countries. This was a steel pyramid about a foot square at the bottom and six feet in height. It was plated with silver, and each side of it bore an inscription showing that it marked the boundary line. The carving on the side facing our country was in English and that on the opposite side in Spanish, but both mean the same. The English inscription reads:

"Boundary of the United States. Treaty of 1848. Re-established by treaties of 1884-1889."

Under these words is the following:

"Destruction or displacement of this monument is a misdemeanor, punishable by the United States or by Mexico."

The United States side of the pyramid is marked with the American eagle and on the Mexican side is the coat of arms of Mexico. As I stood facing the west, with my right leg in the United States and my left leg in Mexico, I observed the left perceptibly trembled. Perhaps it was for fear of the revolution, which has been so long going on on the southern side of the bridge.

Our Boundary With Mexico.

I turned around and looked to the west, my eye following the course of the Rio Grande as far as sight could reach. It is a ragged, muddy, dreary stream, with banks which are ragged and low, and bordered by vegetation as coarse and thirsty as that of the Jordan. The stream is not navigable, and its chief business seems to be to mark the boundaries between the two countries and to give a dreary and dangerous task to some thousands of the United States soldiers.

The Rio Grande is winding. From here to the Gulf of Mexico its course on the map looks like the teeth of a saw, and running northwest to El Paso it curves in and out and makes great bends, covering almost double the lineal distance between those two points. At El Paso the river leaves Mexico and runs north into the United States, and our boundary from there to the Pacific is otherwise marked. The whole length of the boundary, with its many curves, roughly speaking, is quite as long as from New York to Salt Lake City, and this whole line, running through the most desert regions of the United States, is now patrolled by our troops.

Guarding the Rio Grande.

On my way here I stopped at San Antonio and had a talk with the officers in charge of the post there. They tell me that the river is especially difficult to guard. It flows through a desert, and when the waters are low it can be easily forded. All along it the Mexican rebels have been trying to smuggle in arms and ammunition. Boxes and crates, labeled agricultural machinery, filled with guns, are dumped off at some way station along the railway, and the Mexican raiders steal over and try to bring them across. The railways in most cases are quite a distance north of the boundary, and the troops have to watch the trails and water-holes to catch the brigands.

In addition to this, there are many ranches not far from the river, to which the Mexicans will come to steal horses, cattle and food, and a continual outlook has to be kept for hundreds and thousands of miles. This is done with a small force. One man will patrol a line 30 or 40 miles long, and there are detachments of troops at every 80 or 100 miles.

The men live in little tents out in the desert, and one of the great troubles is to get supplies to them. Many of the camps are from 50 to 100 miles from the railroad, and it takes a wagon or pack train from 10 days to three weeks to make the round trip. There is practically no food in the country, and the men have to live on dried meats, canned stuff and hardtack. They boil and filter the water of the country, and all are inoculated for typhoid fever before starting. The country is so arid that the only trails can be from water-hole to water-hole, and much of the work is watching these water-holes.

Keeping Out the Smugglers.

Another job which Uncle Sam has all along this boundary is the prevention of smuggling, and also the keeping out the Chinese, Hindoos and others who are trying to sneak across into the United States contrary to our exclusion laws. Within the last two or three years many Chinese have been smuggled across at the rate of $500 per man, this being the price paid by each Celestial for his successful landing. It is different now. The government has a band of mounted scouts, who are under the Department of Commerce and Labor, and whose only business is to run down and capture such characters. One of these men, Tom Gurley, has taken 64 Chinamen within less than a year, and in addition has captured a large number of smugglers. The Chinese are still attempting to cross over, and they are now offering as much as a thousand dollars apiece for a successful landing.

Right here at Laredo I met a large party of Hindoos who were trying to get into our country. They were on the southern side of the bridge, in the plaza which forms the center of the Mexican town of Nuevo Laredo. They were tall, dark-faced, strong, husky East Indians, and the chief was a turbaned Hindoo from Punjab.

I asked him where they were going and he told me he had brought the gang of 43 with him from the Panama Canal. They had traveled first to Guatemala and had come by the Pan-American Railway from there into Mexico. They had gone clear across that country to Laredo, and are now hoping to go through Texas to California to find work on the farms and railroads there. The chief complained to me that the authorities at Washington had kept his party waiting two weeks at Nuevo Laredo, and that he could not learn when they were likely to leave. I photographed four of these Hindoos. They were fine-looking fellows, all wearing turbans and Indian dress, and it seemed to me as though they might have been lifted up bodily out of the streets of Delhi and dropped down into this Mexican town.

During a part of the past year this crossing of the Rio Grande at Laredo has been the only gateway to Mexico. Vera Cruz was closed by the revolution of Diaz and El Paso had a long period of interrupted traffic on account of the rebels of Chihuahua and other parts of northern Mexico. The bridge at this point, over which the railroad trains went, has been poorly guarded, and I am told that the rebels, with a few sticks of dynamite, might have blown it to pieces. Uncle Sam has a fort here under the command of Colonel Brewer. The force consists of about 600 cavalry, who have recently come from the Philippines. They are husky, fine-looking fellows and are ready to move at a moment's notice. In case of trouble their first work would be to seize and guard the railway bridge.

Mexicans in the United States.

I am surprised at the Mexicans I find down here on the United States side of the boundary. The trains coming in are packed with peons or Indians, who are coming into Texas to work on the farms. I am told that something like 48,000 came into the United States last summer and fall to aid in harvesting the cotton and other crops. Thirty thousand came by way of Laredo, and more than 18,000 by way of Brownsville. These men were scattered all over Texas, and they got good wages during the harvesting season. Many of them have returned home loaded with money. The current wages for farm work in Mexico are something like 25 cents gold a day, but here in Texas the price for picking cotton is from 50 cents upward per hundred pounds. Many a man can pick two, three or four hundred pounds in a day, and these Mexicans, with their families, often make from $3 to $6 a day, and some even more. They spend almost nothing, and as a result are able to go back home with enough money to keep them for the rest of the year. The Texans are glad to have them and I am told that there they are employed by the hundreds on certain estates.

In addition to this there are many Mexicans who have come over to act as servants in the towns of Southern Texas. I heard of one who, with his family, was so employed in Brownsville. His wages were about $15 gold a month and he had served the family at these wages for two years or more. Last summer he asked his employer if he might have a vacation to pick cotton, and this being granted, he left. He took his family with him, and when he came back at the end of three months he showed savings of $360. He then took up his old job at $15 a month and will work at that until the next cotton-picking season. He spent his money to buy a lot at Brownsville and his next year's savings will build him a house.

It cost me just one nickel to get into the Mexican Republic. This was the toll over the wagon bridge which crosses the Rio Grande into Nuevo Laredo. I was stopped on the Mexican side by three officials and asked if I had any guns or other ammunition, and in returning one of our customs officers asked me if I had any dutiable goods in my clothes.

The difference in the prosperity of the two republics was apparent as soon as I left the bridge. The first man I met was a blind beggar who asked me for alms, and I met more poor people as I came up into the town and went through the narrow, unpaved streets. Laredo, Texas, is a city of the rich. Many of its people have money to burn, and they are raising gold dollars on the lands which lie all around them. The people of Nuevo Laredo seem to be just the reverse, although they are surrounded by a country equally good. The town is gone to seed, and its houses of brick, covered with stucco and painted all the colors of the rainbow, are battered and worn. The only sign of active life was in the plaza, where a gaily unformed band was playing excellent music. I saw soldiers here and there, and now and then passed one of the federal infantry patrolling the streets.

I understand that there is need of the federal and local police just now almost everywhere. The unsettled conditions as regards the government have made the thieves and other criminals more courageous than they have been in the past. Brigandage is common in many districts, and travel in the mountains is almost everywhere unsafe. There are many thefts, and crime, which could be kept in check when the country was quiet, now goes on unpunished.

Killed for His Hat.

As an instance of this, the other night a rich Mexican, the owner of a large hacienda, was standing on the steps of a Pullman car. He was something of a dandy, and wore a beautiful sombrero, embroidered with silver and loaded with a heavy silver cord. Such a hat is worth $25 or more. The train had stopped at a wayside station, and the man was standing looking out toward the east, smoking a cigarette. It was evening, and the electric lights on the car made bright the silver trimmings of the sombrero. They caught the eye of a peon, who was sneaking up on the westward side of the train. He climbed the steps, stabbed the man in the back, snatched the sombrero and got away before he could be apprehended. The American who saw this tells me the stabbed man died.

I have been warned by several travelers to keep the curtains of my berth down when riding at night over the Mexican railroads, and when I asked why, the reply was that several rocks had been thrown into the cars aimed at travelers who sat by the windows. One such traveler was sleeping. The stone scattered the pieces of glass all over him, and cut a gash or so in his face. His eyes were saved by the fact that he was sleeping when the stone came.

I would say, however, that these cases are extraordinary. Railroad travel in Mexico is undoubtedly more dangerous just now than in the past, and hold-ups in certain districts are common. I understand, however, that many of the roads have been running their trains uninterruptedly during the past year, and I hope to travel over the greater part of the Mexican republic without being robbed. I shall start south to Monterey tomorrow, and will write of conditions and other things as I find them.

Before leaving Uncle Sam's country, however, I want to give you some of the big stories the Texans are pouring into my ears. They say their state is growing faster than the gourd of old Jonah. Right here in Laredo they have proved to my satisfaction that they are making fortunes in onions. Five years ago the land surrounding the town was practically a desert, and it could be bought for from $1.50 to $3 per acre. Now you have to cover it with greenbacks to get it. There are already more than 10,000 acres under cultivation, and much of this is in garden patches, devoted to onions which in quality surpass those of Bermuda. The Laredo onion is as white as snow and exceedingly tender. It is often as big as the head of a baby. Last year 2,800 carloads were shipped away from Laredo, and this represented a value of between two and three million dollars. These onions go to our northern markets.

A year or so ago one of the big onion raisers decided to experiment with red peppers. The result was much the same as that expressed in the story of the rather profane grocer, who became converted and was praying at a religious meeting for a poor widow. He said: "Oh, Lord, give this poor woman a barrel of flour! Oh, Lord, give her a barrel of potatoes! Oh, Lord, give her a barrel of sugar! Oh, Lord, give her a barrel of pepper!" At which point he caught himself and said: "No, d——n it, that's too much pepper."

Well, this Laredo farmer had too much pepper. The crop was so large he could not dispose of it all. He swamped the drug houses, the canneries and the pickle makers, and still had bales upon bales of pepper left. The pepper was analyzed, and it proved to be the richest pepper of the world.

Uncle Sam's Winter Garden.

An even greater revolution as to the values of land has taken place in the lower Rio Grande Valley in the neighborhood of Brownsville. There are three counties between this point and there that were practically dead 10 years ago, but which are now shipping solid trainloads of winter vegetables to St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. They can raise vegetables for these markets three weeks ahead of California, and they begin sending them off when the blizzard is still raging north of Mason and Dixon's Line. In consequence, four thriving cities have grown up within the last four years. These are San Benito, Harlingen, Mercedes and Mission. They have each three or four thousand people and each is surrounded by a rich farming community.

I hear many stories about men who have come to this valley walking on their uppers and are now riding about in automobiles. The exports of vegetables are running high into the millions of dollars a year, and over $125,000,000 of new money has been invested in the valley within the past seven years.

Mr. Holland, one of the owners of the San Antonio Express, tells me that all the counties of the Lower Rio Grande Valley are rapidly growing, and he cites the instance of three which cover a space about as large as that of Rhode Island. In 1910 the population of these counties had doubled over that of 1900, and they have grown about 25 per cent. within the past two years. The land values have also more than doubled, and I am told that the country is still on the edge of the beginning.

I understand that homeseekers' excursions are now run throughout the year, and that great irrigation works are under way. In some places the water is pumped from the Rio Grande by centrifugal pumps with pipes ranging from 16 to 48 inches, and the water is carried by means of pumping stations for miles over the country.

There is another district between here and San Antonio where the irrigation is by artesian wells. They find the water at from 750 to 1,800 feet and some of the wells flow sufficient to irrigate from 200 to 320 acres. Indeed, the whole of Texas seems to be in an excellent business condition. The farmers are growing rich and the cities are rapidly increasing in size.

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THE CENTENNIAL OF GERMANY'S IRON CROSS BY EX-ATTACHE

GERMANY is preparing to celebrate this year not only the silver jubilee of Emperor William's accession to the throne, but also the centennial of her world-famed Order of the Iron Cross. The one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of this distinction, which for just 10 decades has been the most highly prized of all in Teuton estimation, takes place on March 10 next, and will be observed in all parts of the empire in a truly popular manner. For there is nothing that appeals more powerfully to German patriotism than this plain, simple cross, fashioned not of any precious metal, or jeweled enamel, but of unadorned, ordinary iron.

It is just the circumstance that the insigna should be made of this, the most common and probably the cheapest of all metals, that warms the heart of the people toward the Vaterland, and which awakens affectionate memories thereof in the hearts of those of its sons who, crossing the seas to better their fortunes, have given loyal allegiance to the land of their adoption, without altogether forgetting the old country. For when the Order of the Iron Cross was called into existence by King Frederick William III. of Prussia, on March 10, 1813, the birthday of his deeply lamented consort, Queen Luise—to this day the national heroine of Prussia—all Germany was in the grip of the French invader, smarting under his humiliating oppression, and financially exhausted to the very last gasp by his exactions. There was no money in the land. Indeed, there was very little of value that had not been carried off or destroyed by the armies of Napoleon.

Origin of the Cross.

So universal was the penury that when King Frederick issued his historic summons to his people to rise against foreign thraldom in a great struggle for liberation and appealed to all those who could not bear arms to contribute what they could toward the sinews of war, many hundreds of thousands of men and women dispatched their golden wedding rings to the treasury, declaring that it was the only thing of intrinsic value which they had left, and that from thenceforth and until better days they would content themselves with wedding rings made of iron. It was that which gave to Frederick William III. the idea of using iron—since there was no gold left for ornament—for the insignia of the order of knighthood by which he proposed to reward heroism in the impending befreiungs krieg (war of liberation) and to incite his troops to deeds of daring.

When I was a boy in the years around the Prussian wars with Denmark and with Austria I was wont to spend the summers at the chateau of an old uncle, count F. von F., one of the great territorial magnates of the provinces of Brandenburg and Pomerania. Life there was very patriarchal and not a little feudal. On two occasions during every summer there was a gathering of all the surviving veterans in the district of the war of liberation, when they were entertained and feted by my uncle. One was the anniversary of the great battle of Leipzig, which emancipated Germany from Napoleon's domination, and the other was when the annual maneuvers took place, when the officers of the cavalry regiment and of the two infantry battalions quartered in the village were housed and entertained in the huge old schloss and its dependencies. My uncle's hospitality would invariably be acknowledged by the commanding officers with a military display, and at these the veterans of 1813-15, several of them decorated with the Iron Cross, were always a wonderfully interesting and popular feature.

Revived in 1870

There were only a handful of them. For at the time 50 years had elapsed since Waterloo, and during the period that intervened between that battle and 1870 no Iron Crosses were bestowed, it being rightly held that it was an order that could only be conferred in connection with a war resulting in the invasion of German territory, and in which the safety not merely of the Kingdom of Prussia but of the entire Teuton Fatherland was at stake. That is why it was not included among the distinctions accorded for the campaigns of 1864 and 1866, but why it was revived in 1870, when the French once more invaded German territory with cries of "A Berlin!" under the command of Napoleon III., and has never been awarded since.

When the war broke out in 1870 there were but three officers of the Germany Army left who wore on their breast the Iron Cross of the era of 1813-1815, as having taken part in the Befreiungs Krieg, namely, the late Emperor William, King of Prussia; General Von Steinmetz and Gen. Vogel von Falkenstein. Today there are, of course, none remaining of those who won the Iron Cross of the War of Liberation that commenced a hundred years ago, while now, at a distance of a little over four decades from the war of 1870-1871, there are a few hundred survivors of the soldiers and officers who were decorated with the revived Iron Cross for feats of conspicuous gallantry and heroism in that sanguinary struggle which converted France into a republic and Germany into an empire.

The Iron Cross is in a measure identified with the German Empire as now constituted. For it was the first order created for Germans irrespective of the king, the duchy, the principality, or free city, to which they belonged. True, it owes its existence to a ruler of Prussia, and has, therefore, always been classed among the Prussian orders. But King Frederick William II., in the decree of March 10, 1813, constituting the order, expressly stipulated that it was created to reward not merely his own Prussian subjects, but Germans of every other independent state who distinguished themselves in the struggle for the liberation of Germany from the French. It was bestowed upon Saxons and Mecklenburgers, Wurtembergers, Bavarians and Hanoverians quite as freely as upon Prussians. In 1870, when William of Prussia revived the Iron Cross, at the outset of the war with France, he, following the example of his father, again emphasized that the order was not restricted to his lieges, but was for all Germans who distinguished themselves in the campaign. Today, among the surviving knights of the order, there are almost as man non-Prussians as Prussians, although Prussia is far and away the most populous and important of the 20 odd sovereign states comprised in the confederation known as the German Empire.

Another feature of the Iron Cross in its inception in 1813, and in its revival in 1870, was its democracy. It was the first military order to be awarded irrespective of the rank of the individual upon whom it was conferred, and whereas an ordinary private of peasant birth on many occasions received the first class of the order, there were great nobles, generals commanding brigades and divisions and even German sovereigns who were proud to receive the second class. This was due to the fact that the first class was only granted as a promotion from the second class; that no one could obtain the first without having previously won the second class and that the advancement in the order was only granted for an additional act of heroism. It goes without saying, therefore, that privates, noncommissioned officers and commissioned subalterns had greater opportunities for the performance of feats of conspicuous gallantry and successful daring than commanders of regiments or full-fledged generals. But it was this de facto greater opportunity accorded to the inferior ranks of the army, and of the German nation in general, to win the higher class of the order, that rendered it so popular, implying, as it did, that heroism in the face of the enemy and in defense of the Fatherland, is a leveller of all caste and class.

Within the Reach of Civilians.

The order was not restricted to military men. It was also within the reach of civilians having acts of exceptional bravery to their credit. And then, too, King Frederick William III, as also his son, the late Emperor William, more than half a century later, while retaining in their own hands the bestowal of the cross, made a point of both inviting and deferring to the recommendations of the soldier's comrades, rightly estimating that if the nominee's regimental associates were willing to acknowledge the superiority of his heroism over theirs he must necessarily be well worthy of reward. Of course, recommendations from commanding officers also received consideration, while in certain instances where whole regiments had so distinguished themselves as to merit exceptional acknowledgment, the sovereign was apt to declare that he would acknowledge the bravery of the corps by according the cross to a certain number of its officers and men, chosen jointly by the officers and by the rank and file. There is probably no other order in the distribution of which there has been less unfairness and less favoritism. Thus after the battle of Vionville the Twelfth Regiment, when asked to nominate those of its members whom it considered worthy of receiving the Iron Cross, selected, not the colonel, but the lieutenant colonel, a major, a junior captain, a sergeant and three young privates.

The first Iron Cross accorded in the war of 1870 was awarded to the noncommissioned officer Hausknecht, for having, while in the command of an infantry patrol of eight men, captured the first gun in the war, at the Battle of Weissenburg. A few weeks later, at Sedan, Hausknecht received his promotion to the first class of the order, for saving the life of the captain of his company at the peril of his own. At the outset of the same war Corporal Metzler, of the Fifth Prussian Dragoons, won the Iron Cross by boldly riding into the village of Bebelsheim, then occupied by French infantry, seizing a sentry by the collar and dashing off with him at full gallop, under the fire of the men's comrades, escaping unhurt, and bringing safely into camp the first prisoner of the war

Tablets in Churches.

As an additional incentive, Frederick William III. ordained that in every regimental chapel or church and in every parish church over which he had jurisdiction that two large memorial tablets should be placed, the one inscribed with the names of all those belonging to the regiment or parish who had fallen on the field of battle, but who would have received the Iron Cross had they survived, and, on the other hand, the names of those of the regiment or parish who had lived to receive the Iron Cross. This decree was issued anew by Emperor William in 1870, on the occasion of his revival of the order, which, by a strange coincidence, took place on the sixtieth anniversary of the death of his mother, Queen Luise.

In addition to the first and second class there were granted in the War of Liberation, a hundred years ago, and again in the war of 1870 a very small number of co-called grand crosses, the insignia of which, twice the size of the ordinary cross, was worn at the throat, suspended to a black and white ribbon around the neck, instead of on the breast. This grand cross was only granted to generals in command of armies who had won brilliant victories in the face of overwhelming odds. Perhaps it would be more correct to state that a succession of victories of this nature were requisite for the grand cross. For Field Marshal Moltke only received the second class for the early defeat of the French in the war of 1870, the first class after the battle of Sedan and the grand cross after the capitulation of Paris. Emperor Frederick, then crown prince; Prince Frederick Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught and to whom Metz capitulated; the late King Albert of Saxony, Field Marshal von Manteuffel and General von Werder were decorated with the grand cross at the close of the war of 1870. Today the King of Wurtemberg and the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and of Oldenburg are the only three occupants of German thrones left who still wear the Iron Cross—not, however, the grand cross, nor even the first class, but the second class, which they won during the campaign as young subalterns of cavalry.

The Only Star Awarded.

In all the history of the order there has only been one star thereof awarded, namely, to old Marshal "Vorwaerts," otherwise the first Prince Blucher. During the War of Liberation, culminating with the first capture of Paris by the allies in 1814 and the exile of Napoleon to Elba, the Prince had won in succession the second class of the order, the first class, then the grand cross. After the Battle of Waterloo Frederick William III., at a loss what further reward to bestow upon the most successful German commander of the Homeric struggle against the great French emperor, caused an iron cross to be affixed to a golden star, which he bestowed upon Blucher. It was unique of its kind and on his death the ruler of Prussia exacted its return by the heirs, and it now figures as one of the most interesting of the many historic relics and treasures of the Museum of the House of Hohenzollern, in Berlin.

The cross, as I have intimated above, is of ordinary iron, silvered at the edges, and worn with a black ribbon, with white edges, if won on the battlefield, and with a white ribbon with black edges if earned elsewhere. In every case, however, the possession of the Cross indicates heroism. The difference between the Crosses of a hundred years ago and those of the war of 1870 is very small and apparent only to the initiated. Identical in shape, the Cross of the War of Liberation is absolutely devoid of any ornament on the obverse, while on the reverse, in the upper arm of the cross are the King's initials, F. W., with the crown, in the center three oak leaves and below is the date of the foundation, 1813. The crosses of the war of 1870 show on the obverse the late Emperor William's initial W. in the center, with the crown above, and 1870 below, and on the reverse the triple oak leaf in the center, with below, 1813, and above the F. W. surmounted by the crown; thus linking the war of 1870-1871, with that of 1813-1815.

In spite of what has been alleged to the contrary, the Iron Cross has been awarded to women, either in the War of Liberation, or in that of 1870. There has only been one exception, namely, that of Augusta Frederica Kruger, who won it 99 years ago as a man, as a noncommissioned officer of the Fourth Company of the Ninth Colberg Infantry Regiment. She received it for distinguished bravery in the various battles between Laon and Paris, in 1814, the date of the award being June 3 of that year, and 12 months later was badly wounded at the battle of Waterloo, when her sex was at length discovered.

There is, however, an order, restricted to women, somewhat resembling the Iron Cross, that was originally founded by Queen Luise, and which was revived by her daughter-in-law, the late Empress Augusta, in 1870-1871, mainly to reward the services of those women who had distinguished themselves by their care of the sick and wounded on the battlefields and in the ambulances. It was this Order of Luise, for services in 1870-1871, that the American morganatic widow of Prince Felix Salm-Salm was wont to wear when visiting her native land, where she had been known prior to her marriage as Miss Agnes Leclerque, of Washington, D. C. It was this that was mistaken for the Iron Cross.

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Cocoanut Growing.

The climate from Mazatlan south is said to be ideal for growing the cocoanut palm. Its life averages about 80 years, and it bears when about eight years old. It is said that a good tree will bear annually a hundred or more nuts, which bring retail about four cents gold each, and return an average of $2.50 profit a year. Uncleared land sells for $12.50; cleared, for $30 an acre. Land with trees five years old can be bought for $60 an acre. The trees are planted about 30 feet apart and about 70 trees to the acre. The two foes of the cocoanut palm are the worm called "rosador" and the bug "mallate," which are said to be easily combated. The cocoanut industry apparently has a good future. A local company is reported as having recently sold 1,100 acres to investors, and one hacienda is said to have purchased recently 40 tons of the nuts for planting. The freight on cocoanut shipments from Mazatlan, Sinaloa, to San Francisco, Cal., is 20 cents gold a cubic foot.—Consular report from Mexico.

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