

MEXICO HAS A MILE HIGH CITY WITH UNKNOWN BIRTH DATE BUT FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTY

(New York Sun)

Guadalajara, Mexico—This venerable community, which stands alone in rare charm, quaintness and variety of interests, was named for the home town of its founder, Nuno de Gusman, a rapacious "conquistador," who did his ambition to outshine Cortes by clamping the Spanish yoke upon Western Mexico. Guadalajara now has a population of some 200,000 and is second only to the national capital in commercial and political importance but many maintain that it far outclasses Mexico City in charm and beauty. It reposes exactly one mile above the sea, but as its situation is just about where the great Mexican central tablelands begins to slope into the tropics, the sun functions more often and more hotly than it does in other mile-high communities.

Folk who are fond of history are now at odds among themselves as to the exact age of Guadalajara. Some of them fervently assert that the town was just four centuries old last year and hold that it was in 1582 that De Gusman built the city's first house. Others contend that Guadalajara should celebrate its 400th birthday festivities this year.

It is a tranquil place—no rush, no bustle. Things appear to go along smoothly. Everybody looks happy. Each man, woman and child evidently possesses a keen appreciation of the sunshine, the blue sky the verdant trees and flowers and the man-made beauties that abound in the town.

Long "Siestas" and Lunch "Hours."

Life here seems to be one long "siesta." If you try to find any important store or business house open at 8:30 p.m. you will be out of luck. If you have any business to transact along about 1 p.m. you had better forget it until after 4 o'clock. Everything shuts up tight in this town at 1 o'clock sharp and remains so until 3 hours for lunch have elapsed. Local folk are most ingenious in discovering reasons for taking a lay-off. Holidays are frequent and working hours short.

But the investigating visitor is surprised to find that beneath this appearance of scant activity Guadalajara is indeed a busy place. It is the capital of Jalisco State, one of the most flourishing commonwealths in this republic. (All pertaining to Jalisco is affectionately dubbed "Tapatio.") The people are known throughout Mexico as "Los Tapatios," and the girls are called "Las Tapatias.") Behind the drowsy exteriors of the massive buildings in the commercial district a vast amount of business is being done. All western Mexico looks to Guadalajara as its market, the distributing center of its wares. The city is the Mexican terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico, which employs a considerable number of the townsmen and girls.

Furthermore the city boasts many industries. There are factories that produce large quantities of a unique glassware and pottery, for which the town is famous; wearing apparel, shoes, canned goods, musical instruments, player piano rolls and numerous other things. Guadalajara is the place where much business is done without fuss or flurry.

The town is maintaining the fame that it has enjoyed as an art center. One of her sons, Juventino Rosas, ranks with the immortal composers of waltzes. It was he who composed "Over the Waves." This is the place where physicians and dentists write ravishing waltzes between attending patients. The people here prefer the waltz to any other dance. Guadalajara justly boasts that it can hold a candle to old Vienna as the birthplace of this dance music. The city has another claim to renown in the realm of terpsichore. It was here that "El Jarabe Tapatio," Mexico's national dance, was originated, one of the world's most colorful dances, with 132 steps.

Ancient and Pleasing Customs

While the modern trend has effaced many delightful old customs throughout Mexico (another of Guadalajara's charms is that she clings more to the good things and manners of another day than does any other Mexican city. There is "El Gallo" (literally "the rooster.") As you are turn-

ing over at peek o' day for another forty winks or so on your bed in an old Spanish style room that opens directly into a hotel "patio" corridor you are not unpleasantly startled by a band playing spirited tunes. This is occasioned by a group of musicians playing before a nearby gate, behind which slumbers a gentleman who is one year older this morning and whose friends have arranged this musical awakening for him—and all others within earshot.

In Guadalajara it is permissible for a fellow to follow a girl who takes his fancy. That is the common way for courtships to start. Men desiring a sweetheart may loiter outside the churches Sundays and feast days and line the sides of "Los Portales," broad corridors a block square between booths and department stores. Everybody promenades through this place after church. Many a happily married couple met there.

As you stroll or ride westward from the business area you discover that Guadalajara is not a tiny, cramped place. Old section streets widen into broad boulevards lined with mansions and pleasing bungalows that stretch for a great distance. You find that each home (all Guadalajara houses are that) reposes in a well-kept garden and is embellished with a profusion of glorious flowers. The older residences here are more truly Spanish than in any other place in Mexico.

This westerly trek finds you before long in a splendid natural park, a vast public playground that had a curious origin. The place is called "Agua Azul" (Blue Water). That is not a fanciful name. Some time ago the area had springs which gave forth a sweet and crystal clear water that was a delicate blue. This liquid was popular in all homes. People regarded it as a sort of wine. Drawing this water and peddling it from door to door became a thriving Guadalajara industry. So much so that the day came when the springs ran dry.

Guadalajara is beautiful in the early morning, when there is a soft, cool breeze and the bells of the temples peal forth a mighty chorus summoning the faithful to worship. It is delightful as it seemingly slumbers under the strong and benevolent sun. But it attains its full beauty at sundown. One has to be much more than a mere writer to describe the glory of the "City of the Sunsets."

MAIDS OF THE MIST

Nigara Falls, N. Y., Jan. 11—A contract has been let for the removal from Nigara gorge the two little steamers Maids of the Mist. Because of low water it is necessary to remove them as if left they would be liable to get broken up in the rapids.

HARD ON BIG GAME

Reports from different sections of the province state that the recent severe weather and heavy snow fall have been rough on the big game of the province. The moose are yarded and have paths beaten down which allow them to move about in a restricted area. With deer it is somewhat different as they have to travel in order to obtain food. With five and six feet of snow it is extremely difficult for them to move out of their tracks. So far there have been few if any reports of illegal slaughter of game.

Cleveland, Jan. 8—Health and hand-someness may be a big help, but in the opinions and hopes of some 9000 Cleveland girls, poise and pleasant conversation go a long way toward making a girl really charming.

Group Correspondence

There girls are members of the Association of Adventures, a "charm of school" on a group correspondence basis which had its start in a "health culosis death rate of Cleveland girls was still too high. The district dairy council, the academy of medicine and other organizations are the sponsors.

The well informed Ottawa correspondent of the Halifax Herald in a wire to his paper, predicted that the tax on sugar and also the excise tax on liquor would be reduced at the approaching session of Parliament.

MORE PARTICULAR NOW ABOUT CONTENTS THAN UNDER DRY LAW

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

Concern over the precise nature of the contents of alcoholic potables to be sold as "whisky" contrasts strongly with the indifference that prevailed throughout the prohibition era. The consumer of bootleg products wanted assurance on one point only—that his purchases would not poison him suddenly. To this end he sometimes took them to a chemist for a scientific opinion of their safety. Often he omitted this meager precaution, contending himself with asseverations of the mysterious and secretive trafficker that the goods were "just off the boat." Did not beautiful labels bearing the names of old-time brands attest to the foreign source of the liquor, or, if domestic names were imprinted thereon, was not that prima facie evidence of the truth of representations that the influential connections of the bootlegger had succeeded in bribing custodians of bonded warehouses and smuggling "genuine" beverages out?

How times have changed! It is not enough for the consumer of whisky to know that it will not kill him instantly. He must have certification of various particulars of manufacture. Is the

product "straight"? If so, when was it made, and where is its birth certificate? If not—if it is a mixture—what are the other ingredients, and what are the exact proportion of each? Has the table spirit been tamed with water? Made attractive to the eye by added coloring matter? Or is it not whisky at all, but a synthetic mixture of alcohol and what have you?

There are doubtless good reasons for public and official curiosity on these points. The general health of users of this type of stimulants is involved; likewise the honesty of purveyors. But it would seem that people who eat as well as those who drink are entitled to their measure of protection.

In the culinary art there are many mysterious. Nobody but the maker knows exactly what is in mince pie. The hot dog of commerce may be a thoroughbred or a mongrel—there are unlimited possibilities of a mixture of strains. Nothing is more occult than hash, which, served under a bewildering variety of pseudonyms, is nevertheless hash—a name that covers a multitude of sins. What is goulash besides the goo? And what, we ask the

health authorities, is soup? No adjective can satisfactorily answer the question.

Even salads are nowadays so complex that almost anything may be introduced in them and hidden under sheltering gobs of mayonnaise. We eat ice cream without knowing how many drams of vanilla and ounces of sugar it contains to the quart. Consider the camouflaging capabilities of scrapple. Are all these things to be eaten without information as to their formulas? There seems to be no sense in establishing standards for whisky and none for pepper-hash and plum pudding.

If we are going to have precise definitions and official certifications of what we take into our stomachs they might as well be general. A lot of gate-crashing substances masquerade as food.

WINTER SCENE

No man shall charm my willing ear as these,
For none within his stilted rime may bind
The solemn symphony of frozen trees,
The sad soliloquy of wintry wind.
—FAD in New York Sun.

One wants liberty, but he wants money to help him enjoy it. No one desires the liberty of poverty.

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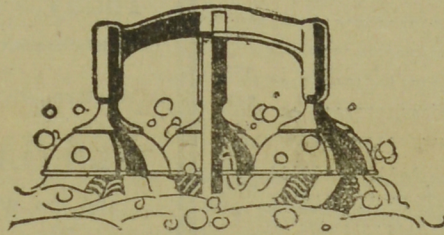
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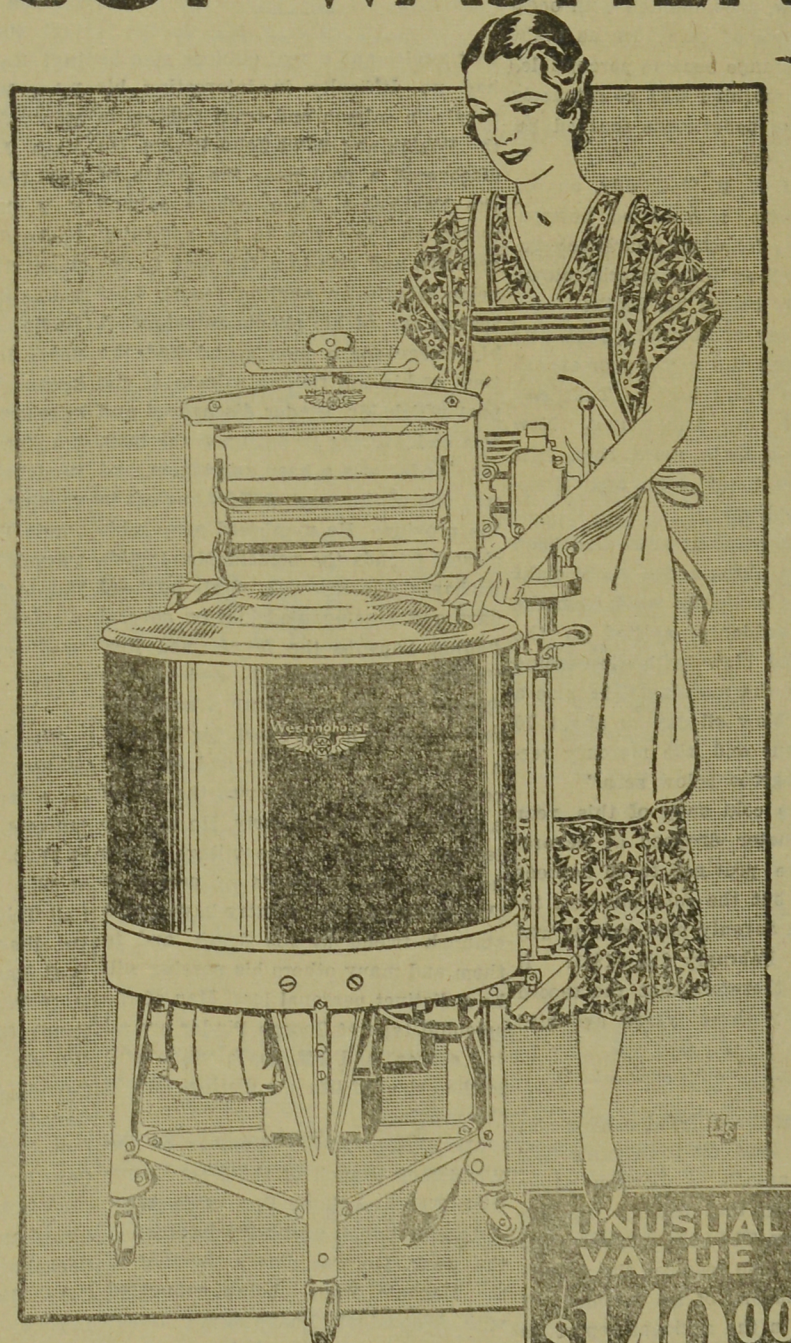
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