

Career of the Clever Half American Who Is Regarded as the Probable Successor of President Diaz.

FOR many years Porfirio Diaz has been the most conspicuous figure in Mexican public affairs. Thirty-two years ago, at the head of a victorious army, he made himself president of Mexico. At the time his net was regarded everywhere as supremely autocratic. Since that day he has proved himself to be the most beneficent autocrat who ever ruled a republic. With absolute dominion over Mexico and its treasury, he has maintained republican ideals and almost regenerated a land torn into fragments by internal dissensions. His most inveterate enemy—he has had many such all along—cannot accuse him of having used the practically unlimited power at his command save to further the best interests of the 14,000,000 persons who accept his rule.

Diaz has grown old in the service of the republic. He is now seventy-eight years of age. His hair is snowy, his cheek waxen, his whole appearance that of a man stricken with years. Mexican leaders have been speaking in whispers of the day when their leader will be compelled to give up his position and when a successor will have to be found. The difficulty which they have been facing has been appointing—the almost certain impossibility of finding another Diaz, a man who has shown times without number that he is willing to sacrifice private gain to the welfare of the Mexican state.

Now they believe they have found him.

It is the accepted belief in Mexico that a fit successor to the well-beloved old autocrat has been found in the person of Enrique C. Creel, now serving as Mexican ambassador to the United States. He it is who is reputed to possess the sterling qualities which have made Diaz one of the most successful rulers of the age. Now in the prime of life, he is progressive, highly intellectual and both magnanimous and just, with the requisite capacity for leadership.

Don Enrique has had a most romantic career. In the fullest significance of the term he is a self-made man. Born in poverty, he is now the richest man in the republic and is known among his countrymen as the "Rockefeller of Mexico." At the time of his appointment as ambassador to Washington he was acting governor of the state of Chihuahua, of which General Terrazas, his father-in-law, was the constitutional governor.

The name Creel is not Spanish or Mexican. The senior's father was a Kentuckian, and a very impecunious one at that. He was so scantily provided with this world's goods and found it so difficult to keep soul and body from parting company that he took to the road, landing in Mexico in the early forties. The town of Chihuahua impressed him favorably, and he resolved to make it his abiding place. He was a good looking, agreeable, manly young fellow, and he made friends without great effort. In the course of time he married a native woman and opened a small grocery store. Business was shy, but Creel did not let that interfere with his purpose to enjoy life moderately well. He became the father of nine children, but even that did not crush him. On the contrary, it seemed to inspire him with the determination to make his boy as characteristically American as possible and to let it go at that.

He had already made a beginning by naming his eldest boy Henry Clay. Of course that meant only Enrique to the boy's amiable Mexican mother, but it had a far deeper significance for the transplanted admirer of the great Kentucky statesman. He chose to indulge in dreams concerning the future of Henry Clay Creel, and, dominated by them, he proceeded to do his part toward making a realization possible. He taught the lad after what he regarded as the proper American fashion. When the boy became too wise for his teacher, Creel did not hesitate to add to his own store of knowledge by a course of extensive and laborious reading. He actually devoted all his powers to the one object of molding the character of his eldest child. He filled him with all the knowledge which he was able to transmit and never ceased to inspire the eager child with an ambition that was practically boundless. The soft-eyed Mexican mother could not understand it, nor could her friends and neighbors, but the gentle creature was very much in love with her American husband and had the fullest faith in all his doings.

The Creels were poor, poor even for Chihuahuans. There were so many hungry mouths to feed that Enrique was driven to become a breadwinner in early life. He had scarcely entered his teens when he began to teach in a private school, and his small earnings went toward making existence possible for the less capable ones at home. For the Senora Creel, with her constitutional distaste for hard labor, it was a hardship to have her young son take up the burden so early, but her husband was proud of his pupil and encouraged him to continue. Was he not repeating the preparation for a great career which had sped Henry Clay on his upward flight? What better school in which to acquire the necessary start?

One thing which Enrique developed did not come to him as an inheritance—the true American hustle. His father had not acquired it in the course of his wanderings, and his mother regarded it as something to be regretted. In Chihuahua, as in every other Latin American city, the "manana" business policy was prevalent—never do today what may be postponed until tomorrow. This ruinous policy made Chihuahua a slow town and hampered its business progress. In it the mentally alert young teacher saw his opportunity. With a small capital which he had saved from his earnings he opened a collection office, something so novel in the Mexican city at that time that he was obliged to explain its purpose to the wondering and rather skeptical citizens. Young Creel's activity and persuasiveness won them over in time, and they permitted him—not without many expressions of doubt—to see what he could do with some of their delinquent customers.

The collection agency was a marked success. By methods which had never before been tried in Chihuahua young Creel succeeded in collecting so much money that the commission soon made him practically independent. It is a tribute to his cleverness and business integrity that neither he nor his agency became unpopular. On the contrary, the slow going business men of Chihuahua were generous in their appreciation of his quick wit and initiative and were disposed to increase his opportunities. After awhile he began to branch out in various mercantile enterprises, and money came from all of them and in constantly increasing instalments. All this was gratifying indeed, but it did not satisfy this budding Mexican Henry Clay. In the height of his prosperity at Chihuahua he shut down suddenly on all his activities and proceeded northward to finish his education. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he returned to Mexico and resumed work on the unfinished structure of his fortune.



DON ENRIQUE C. CREEL, MEXICAN AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON.

him. In a few years he made himself a power in the Mexican financial world. In time he became associated with General Terrazas, reputed to be the most powerful cattle king in the world, and married his daughter. Since his marriage Creel has been the virtual manager of the two great estates, and they have expanded to such incredible proportions that any attempted estimate must be approximate.

only. Old Governor Terrazas is owner of more than half of the best estate in Chihuahua, and it is current belief in the Mexican city that whatever he does not own belongs to his equally fortunate son-in-law. Much of Senor Creel's wealth, however, is in mines and financial institutions. Several years ago he presented his wife with a number of undervalued at a wedding anniversary gift. At that time their value was chiefly prospective. Now, however, those claims are reputed to have an actual value of \$200,000,000. Creel organized the Banco Minero about twenty-five years ago, and he still has active control of the management. The capital of the institution is now \$5,000,000, and it has branches all over the republic. The ambassador is also one of the founders of the great Banco Central, which has a capital of \$100,000,000. It was he who developed copper mining in the state of Chihuahua. He is a director of the Mexican Central railroad, vice president of the Chihuahua and Pacific and the owner of a controlling interest in most of the profitable industrial enterprises of the state.

But it is not as a phenomenally successful business man that Enrique C. Creel has achieved his foremost triumph. The good he has wrought for the state and city of Chihuahua will be his imperishable monument. When he assumed the duties of administrator of the affairs of his state the conditions existing everywhere were deplorable. He it was who alone possessed the American knack of systematic endeavor, that potent quality which in the end brings off fruition whatever it undertakes. With the great cities of the United States as his models, Creel introduced a first class sewer system into the streets of Chihuahua, built railways, provided electric lighting and installed a telephone service.

With his American taste for enlightenment he resolved that his fellow citizens should have free schools and plenty of them. To that end he was instrumental in establishing the most satisfactory public school system in the republic. He realized that the people were as poor as they were ignorant, and he made it possible for them to secure labor and an adequate recompense. For the sick he erected hospitals, and for those who were unable to buy books he built libraries. It is small wonder that the man who has done all this should ever be in the minds of those who realize that the time is not far distant when the liberal old autocrat who has been the creator of modern Mexico must yield the dominion to a man less facile with the cares of state and the lapse of years. President Diaz has sounded the warning note. "I am old," he has said, "and I am very tired of power. I want to take a rest before I go to my perpetual one. I want to see a man trained to assume the responsibilities which I am ready to lay down, a man who is able to carry out the policies already established."

And whenever he makes a public expression to that effect there is but one name that forms on the lips of those who are loyal to the best interests of the Mexican republic—the name of the son of the American whose ideal statesman was Henry Clay.

GEORGE H. PICARD.

A Unique Specimen of the American Artist; He Is Looking For a Real Human Soul

THERE is a man in New York who has been searching over eighteen years for the human soul. Right here it may be well to premise that he is neither a fanatic, a Diogenes nor a devil. Five minutes' talk with him would convince you that he is saner than most men, unusually sane for a fanatic, which he undoubtedly is.

He says that in his search for the real human soul he has found many things. One of them is the superman. He has also come across many varieties of devils. The one thing he has been seeking constantly, the genuine human soul, has eluded him thus far.

He is Alfred Stieglitz, founder of the Camera club, director of the Photo-secession and the man most responsible for the development of photography from a trade into a fine art. He would be vastly less interesting and less entitled to respectful attention if it were not for the fact that he is actually a man who has achieved something in the world of art. He is not dependent on his theories for publicity. When he produces a picture it is regarded as an event in the world of art.

Were he asked to give a reason for his long search for the human soul Mr. Stieglitz would show signs of impatience, as the novelists put it. If he should reply at all it would be something like this:

"Explain it? Let it explain itself. I don't care a fig for explanation myself. For that reason I have made up my mind to have no more catalogues at my exhibitions. If the picture does not at once tell the observer what it is, he is going to be enlightened by reading its name in a catalogue? Those who need explanations ought not to be wasting their time over pictures. If the picture doesn't explain itself, no more catalogue is going to help it."

Mr. Stieglitz gave up sending out invitations to his exhibitions long ago. These are held at the headquarters of the Photo-secession in Fifth avenue. His theory is that those who are interested in such things will find them, and those who are not are not wanted. No admission fee is ever charged.

"This is the only absolutely free thing in Fifth avenue—the only thing that does not cost something," said Mr. Stieglitz recently. "The other day a woman who asked as if she had escaped from a fashion plate stood side by side with a man in white canvas overalls from the street cleaning department. She looked askance at him, but he looked at nothing but the picture."

"He didn't need a catalogue," the lecturer suggested.

"Not at all. He used to be an artist,



ALFRED STIEGLITZ, PHOTOGRAPHIC GENIUS.

German authority on photography, conducted a course of two lectures a week. He paid the fee and became a member of the class.

Vogel set him at work polishing glass plates. Those were wet plate days, and it was not an agreeable occupation. After he had polished a

survey of the plate and returned it to the expectant youth without a word of comment. For six weeks young Stieglitz did nothing in that class but polish plates. At the end of that period, angry and disgusted, he rebelled. He sought an audience with the professor and demanded of him why it was that he should be kept polishing plates when other students who started in after him were already using the camera and making photographs. "Don't you think I know enough to polish a plate properly?" he propounded indignantly.

Herr Vogel smiled grimly. "The first plate you polished was a good job," he admitted. "I have just been trying your patience. Those other blockheads I don't care for. They will never amount to anything. I am going to make a photographer of you."

Then he was put to making collodion. For months he did nothing but learn all about this solution of gun cotton in alcohol and ether. Finally, when his patience was about to fail, him again, he was permitted to try the camera. He was given a plaster cast of the Apollo Belvedere, the most inartistic thing he had ever set eyes on, with directions to photograph it against a curtain of black velvet. He went to work, and every time he obtained what he considered a good negative he took it to Vogel. With the regularity of clockwork the professor took a hasty glance at it and then drew his thumb nail across the collodion. When his patience was completely exhausted under this treatment Stieglitz called a halt. "Don't I make a good a photograph of that ugly statue as anybody could?" he demanded trately.

"Assuredly," the professor answered calmly. "No one can make a photograph of a white statue against a black velvet background that will look as it does to the eye. I wanted you to learn that."

Two hours a week devoted to the study of photography did not satisfy the ardent American student. He went to the other students in the course and proposed that they should all sign a petition to the trustees of the school to have the laboratory open several hours a day. His classmates objected that such a petition would be an innovation unheard of in a German institution. Stieglitz carried his point, however, and the petition went on its way. A few days later Vogel came to the class in a great rage. "Who has done this dastardly trick?" he demanded. "Some one has gone to the trustees, and they have ordered me to keep this laboratory open six hours a day. I cannot do it. I cannot be here,

SELECTED BITS.

A needle machine turns out 1,500,000 needles a week.

Germany's list of newspapers is the largest in Europe.

The first submarine was built of wood and looked like a tortoise.

The Chinese issued bank notes more than 3,000 years before Christ.

No member of the British royal family in the direct line can legally marry without the consent of the crown.

Of the world's population there are sixty-four to the million who are blind.

The emperor of Japan has thirty residences scattered throughout his domain.

A hotel has been started by Mrs. Bramwell Booth of the Salvation Army at Leeds, England, for working women only. The establishment is entirely run by women.

They have made bread from peanut meal for many years in Spain. The bread is light and porous, but rather unpalatable, and it is eaten only by the lower classes.

During last year mushrooms to the value of \$575,000 were exported from Japan.

The doll is probably the most antique of toys. It has been found in the graves of the children of ancient Rome.

It is said that dried currants, given to horses occasionally instead of oats, will increase the animals' powers of endurance.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 162 years.

Calico printing was a new industry in Japan twelve years ago. Today a single firm has a factory covering nearly four acres.

A farmer of Terriers, Bucks, England, grew a cabbage measuring fourteen and one-half feet round the outer leaves. There were seventeen heads on the stalk.

Japanese workmen are all labeled with the character of their trade and the name of their employer.

Metals get tired as well as living things. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than Saturday on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent to the conductivity of a wire.

The population of Canada, according to the official estimates of that country, was 6,594,969 on April 1, an increase of 71 per cent in six years.

A ten-year-old girl named Miana Weichen has astonished the United States immigration authorities by her ability to speak and read Russian, Polish, French, German, Italian, Spanish and English.

The largest bed of salt in the world is said to have been discovered at Fort McMurray, Manitoba. It is 200 feet deep and extends for 800 miles.

Squares, triangles and similar implements used by draughtsmen are now made of glass.

The floor space of St. Peter's, Rome, is 227,000 square feet—the greatest cathedral in the world.