

Frederick Starr Papers

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49 of 57 notebooks

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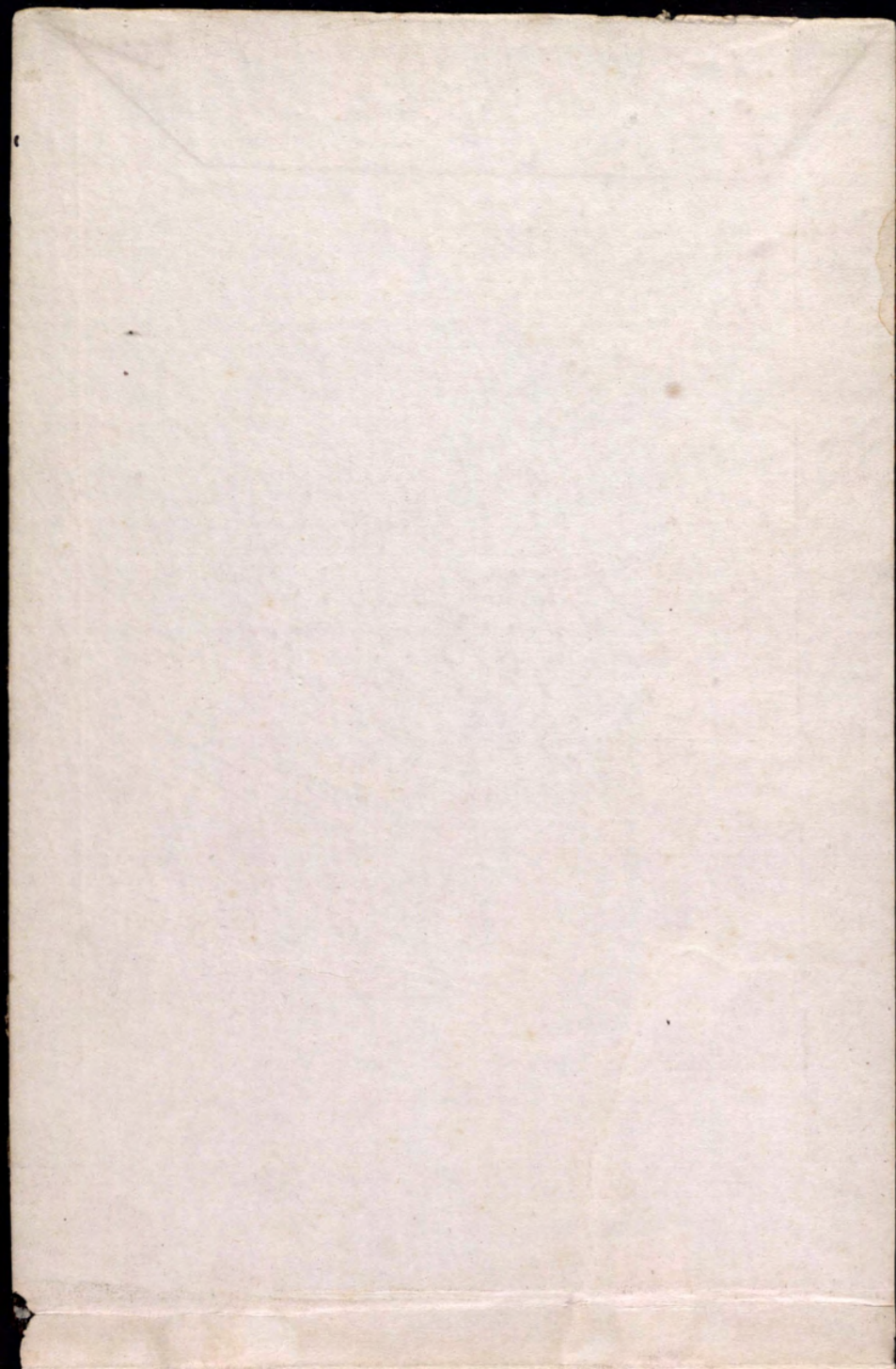


Frederick Starr



The University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. (49)

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was also no, no he had "not" enumerated him.

I was warmly congratulated on "not only making clearly understood what I did say but also what I did not say" — which shows that they did understand. On our way out from the building we were joined by Mr. Cornyn, the editor of The Record and he, Welles and I saw Mrs. Nuttall to the car. Welles kind of forced an interview for Sam and me with her and she sat 5 p.m. Wednesday. After she left us, we parted arranging for an interview in the morning. Then I hurried back to the corner to see if Manuel had turned up. It was now nearly 7:30 I sat there an hour, and then as I had no cane and some money on my person, I decided to wait no longer and went home. It was really late when he appeared — 10 o'clock. He is under a new boss and has been pretty hard worked — sent late to Xochimilco — second trip there today. He is with Dominguez and Moreno, who have again patched up a friendship — Dominguez has even been to Moreno's home to dinner; what a fool. Manuel was pretty hot & feels that the three are in league against him. — It has been my belief, seeing that she did not come last Saturday, that Manuel's mother would come this Saturday. I had told him so. This is the month for the Puebla pilgrimage to "the villa"; and the 12th comes on a Sunday. I believed the special fare and the sanctity of the occasion would fetch her. Thursday Sofia asked me to address a letter for her to her mother, who was coming, would be here on Saturday!! I believed we might really have both arms was also his, tho he had "not" enumerated him.

here at once, when I got home ~~tonight~~^{this eve}, I found
that Dona Petra really had come; Sofia and Lolita went
to the station to meet her; and as the crusader in
getting off of the electric car she had been injured;
her head had been split open and much blood flowed.
However, it is not serious and the old lady showed
good recuperative power. So far as Guadalupe
Tasquez was concerned no sign or word of her. 'Tis a
funny world and a hard one for a man who tries
to run other people's affairs for them. I had planned
12th Sunday - an outing with Manuel. He had to go
in the early morning to Mrs. Nuttall's to install a
lamp and would board my car - leaving the Plaza
at 12.10 at Churubusco, I was at the Plaza at
11, where I met Welles and we spent almost an
hour together over my lecture interview. I took
the car as planned and Manuel came on at Chur-
busco. The run from the Plaza to Xochimilco is one hour
and ten minutes. It is a much larger place than I antici-
pated with quite a stately church and a large plaza with
quite a group of sellers, as well as a market. We were
beet at once by canoe men, Canuch-men and restau-
rant runners. We arranged with a full-blood Indian for
a boat and then went to a little restaurant where we
found a decent meal at 75. Our canoe man was
waiting, when we were through and we had agreed with
him upon a price of 1.50 to take us to Santa Cruz and
return. Asked if he knew where the stone was he re-
plied "si" - no tenga Ud. cuidado!" always a bad omen.
We walked past some real Indian houses on our way
to the landing and as he stopped for chairs I looked in
at his place. He has two comfortable hares, well
built and relatively new and two little ones, Camillo
and Antonio - the older one five years. I think his
aunt was also his, tho he had not enumerated him.

"He has not yet been baptized." We embarked and began our long ride through the chinampas. After going some one with another narrow canal we were at last out in the large ones and met many pleasure boats - often finely decorated with flowers and greens; occasional launches; many we little dug-out canoes like toy boats, usually with a woman, or a man & woman. These were mostly for the sale of tortillas, tamales, or other food, which were usually cooked right there. Some of these little canoes had flowers for sale - bunches of beautiful snowy-white stocks or of pensamientos. Many of the horses were fine examples of Indian horses and the matching seems rather different from what I remember, being in cross-ridges; there are cincallis as many horses, quite of the ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~and~~ ^{and} we saw one temascal. From what our Indian said there are no doubt many more. The chinampas ~~are~~ ^{are} fine; there were wonderful fields of pansies in bloom; corn fields; garden beds of onions and other vegetables. So many houses they had fish nets and these were of all sizes from little dips up to four or five feet across. There was a great embankment place where most of the parties land and two or three amusement places with swings, dancing ~~place~~ ^{places}, drinking & eating places, etc. After a long ride we neared Santa Cruz and came first to the new water house built apparently over the great spring. There are gates for raising the level when necessary; today the water is high and there was a fine race escape into the canal. It seems fine water and forms part at least of the city supply. A few minutes now brought us to the village of Santa Cruz, which is truly quite a town. As I expected our man knew nothing at all about the stone. He inquired at a tienda, where two men agreed to go with us thither. Having seen us in their charge our boatman, borrowed an advance of 25 centavos to buy food and deserted us. One of

our new companions was a Juan Vargas, who made some little display of some English phrases learned with much effort and wanted to know when we would come again and bring a book for learning English; this it appears he wants, not for himself but for his one year old son; he says "he is vivo; not like himself." We found several carved stones; one is a nearly vertical rock face on which is sculptured an easily recognized teofant; the finest one is a face of reddish rock, just sloping enough to be fairly protected upon which is finely sculptured a dome-pointed arrow-doll figure; it is a really fine piece; we next looked at a stone in a wall fully exposed to the weather on which was an excellently cut 8-petaled flower - each petal having a midrib which makes it almost an imperial Japanese chrysanthemum; lastly there was an exposed rock mass on the hillside, which once must have been something - It now shows two or three stepways like those of Hopartle and some curious cuppings which might in their arrangement have had some reference to constellations.

While out on this inspection I asked for polydactyls; Juan denied their existing there but said there was a boy in the village born with only three fingers on each hand. On our return to the trenda this boy was sent for; he is about 15 yrs. old & is named Prudencio del Valle. His hands are entirely unlike one having but two fingers, the other having four (three and one small minim). The case is epidemic and the boy says he can work all right. We found our boatman hilariously and affectionately drunk. Juan Vargas insisted upon our sampling the local pulque, which we did. It was quite late when we re-embarked. On account of a quite lively wind we took down our shades. The boatman was too drunk to make time and we were passed by everything

31. Rivera. Discurso	
32. Arroyo. Manual de Biografía mejicana	.50
33. Belmar. Importancia del Estudio -- Leng. indig.	
34. Patiño. Vocabulario Totonaco.	sebesa
35. de Antunano. Pensamientos para un plan.	.30
36. Pascual-Garcia. Rojas del Estado de Oaxaca.	.30
37. Le Bon. Les lois psychologiques de l'Evolution.	1.25
38. Pourvourville. L'Art Indo-Chinois.	2.00
39. Lenormant. Le magie.	2.00
40. Maya. Ultimos momentos de Maximiliano.	.35
41. Ferraz. ¡no es asqueroso!	.20
42. Carrillo. de Marsella a Tokio.	.20
43. Ramirez, J. Miguel Velasquez de Leon.	.20
44. " Joaquin Velasquez Cardenas y Leon.	.20.
45. La Ramerita	.20
46. Boban.	40.00
47. semejanzas en forma de acertijos.	.03
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going our way and zigzagged in what probably seemed to him a straight line. He waded out some songs, recalled his soldier days and told various historico-political anecdotes. He barely got us to the embarkation by six o'clock and accompanied us to the electric-cars. He promises to bring me some axolotls, within four days, but who knows. He wants to bring two dozen at 25 centavos a dozen and carfare returned - to which I agreed but I fear he is too drunk to remember. Manuel bought moharras in the market and we were off at 6.30. Tired but it was worth while. I'd like to come again in two weeks with plaster and plates; 8 good pictures of Indian life; 4 of the stones; and molds of Prudencio's two hands are the desired harvest. We will see. ————— I took the negatives of the out-

13th ft. here to town for printing and had four sets of prints made. I gave Manuel one set - one is for mother, one we divide between Henry and Vincent & the fourth is mine. The ten I picked out are

1. The Col. Lolita & Sophia: marking stone.
2. The house in construction.
3. " " : finished.
4. The well: digging.
5. " : blessing
6. " " Padre Martin.
7. The Cross: wall celebration.
8. Cornerstone laying: "
9. " " "
10. Coyote throwing ".

14th Valentine day. I promised the students to visit Aragon's Picologia and kept the promise today. It takes an early start. However Dona Petia had to make an earlier one and her train was seen just as I left the house; it was a long one with two engines. I believe good persons came from Puebla on this pilgrimage.

The class in psicologia was a recitation upon the scope and content of the science. Aragon held me a moment after they were gone to express his appreciation of my honoring them; he made quite a little speech and expressed his desire to present me to some scientific societies and to call upon me. I then went to Alvarez' class in General History which was all right but really only a filling in until Diaz de Levis' class in Raíces quegas. This came at 11 and was really interesting. He devoted the hour to analyses of words that he believed would interest me and his pupils did very well. He made a flattering Indianist introduction of me to his class.

I reached home finally at 2 o'clock and found a young lady waiting an hour or so for me. She is the first actual visitor at my house. She is D. Vida Ross, representing the Herald and presents as my address last Saturday night, of which she had prepared a report to submit to me for approval. —

1st. By previous arrangement I met Wells and Mr. Tam at the street-car terminus and we were off at 4.20 for Casa de Alvarado. Mr. Tam had on his white and yellow button so I put on my purple one. We found Mrs. Nuttall decidedly under the weather with a heavy cold. Our excuse of course was her desire to hear Tam's longevity story, but we had a generally interesting visit in which she showed various of her Chinese curios and I took the liberty of displaying something of her work to the two. She served tea and cakes. She had sent me word by mail to stay after they went for dinner and to talk over Siler - Boas matters. But I was fearfully tired after a hard morning of supervising masons and she was badly off; so we merely talked a bit over the Boas matter, while they walked in the garden.

and she gave me a report that had been prepared
by Mena for the Indianists — after which we all
three went together back to town. My numis-
16th notices work goes by fits and starts like all else.
I picked up two pieces from Meneses today and the
result was a spurt, whereby all the school-Indian-
ist and Commemoration medals were reduced to
cards — and the spurt carried me on till next day
17th when I really felt to upon the Proclamation Medals
and pieces and got their first rough drafts done.
18th to dinner, by arrangement with Mrs. Nuttall. She
is still suffering from her cold and we ate in her
little writing parlor. I had read Mena's paper. It is
not well knit; in the beginning he wandered fight-
fully, but at the end he came down to a definite
criticism of Bates' museum work which was not
bad. She told me the status. Of course, in her
articles she agreed to leave the question between Bates
and herself to decision by committees from the four
societies — Pol. Inst., Antonio Alzate, Soc. Geog. y
Estad., and Indianists. They all backed at once
except the Indianists. They declared they would
ack and a Committee of three were appointed.
Two of the three excused themselves and Mena is
the only member who will do a thing. It has been
whispered to her that he has "had a difference" which
in Mexican minds will take away from its weight.
Probably no others will sign with him. As for
himself he has told her that he showed it to Vera-
fuca, under whom he works as a statistician, who
told him of course, regardless of the truth of the
report, if he gave it out he would lose his job.

He is now in Xalapa on a visit and it is believed
that he is feeling to see whether Don Teodoro, from
hostility to Don Leopoldo will not promise him a job
in case he does lose his present one! She wanted
my advice. I told her (a) to ask Belmar direct,
whether two other members would unite in sign-
ing the report with Mena - if so to let it go on;
b) not to permit it to go before the society and
public, if Mena alone could sign; (c) in such case
to return it to Mena with an expression of appre-
ciation and thanks but unwilling that he should
jeopardize his position by making it public. I told
her that outsiders would completely forget that
she was to have such a report and she could
ignore it hereafter. If Belmar should bring up the
fact that the societies have failed to vindicate her
she can more than make good by telling why. We
had some talk over Seler-Boas and the school.
I had hoped to have a talk with Boas today but to
my surprise he got away last night. I have ex-
pected him to be a third guest of the University
Club on Monday and thought myself sure of him.
Dr. and Mrs. Seler have called since I was last
here. We made no particular progress in our
discussion regarding all. I was deeply interested
in her great work on the Indian Drake and John
Stawkins. She has unearthed a wealth of new and
wonderful documents in the Archivos regarding
them. She began merely to look for Inquisition papers
data relative to Indian life, customs, superstitions.
She had brought out series of volumes that no
one else had touched for years and had quan-

titles of volumes are on her table - looked through, to some degree classified and indexed. After she got onto this Drake-Hawkins material she let the rest lie. She has copied, photographed, translated, noted - bought pictures, &c. &c. from abroad, had copies made of documents in Spanish archives - and has both pieces of work ready for print. It is wonderfully interesting, much actually romantic. Fortunately, she has this practically done. Fortunately (a) because when Gonzales-Oregon was put in charge of the archive she unluckily called his attention to a most interesting find - the vol. disappeared, never reappeared, and the find has been printed by himself. (b) Manuel gave her every facility and she imagined as will: Creel is different. The volumes are now all removed from her table, she is allowed only one at a time, on application to Gonzales-Oregon and she has received distinct word from Don Enrique mismo, that she is not at liberty to publish anything without permission and after approval! She will assume that these arrangements are not retro-active and do not apply to the English material. _____ It was 10.15 when

19th I reached home, but Manuel had not yet come. I Sunday felt uneasy as he did not come later. I did not sleep any and at 4.15 a.m. the maestro alarm rapped me up, with his slave, to attend the Tacamuc wedding. I had him rap at Manuel's to see if he had come and perchance would go. He had not come, but Lolo Manuel went with us and the four by lantern light struck off for Tacamuc. We were there about 4.30 and found maestro's

Names and addresses.

Tomás Ceron Camargo.

A. L. Van Antwerp. B^a. de Versailles, 103.

Juan Savignon. 1^a San Lorenzo, P.

R. Meraz Rivera. Reporton El Herald Mex.^o (Preparatorio).

Constancio Peña Idiazquez. 5a. de Alzate No. 92.

Jose Miguel Rodriguez y Cos. (Maestro) Calle Esperanza Santo. 1.

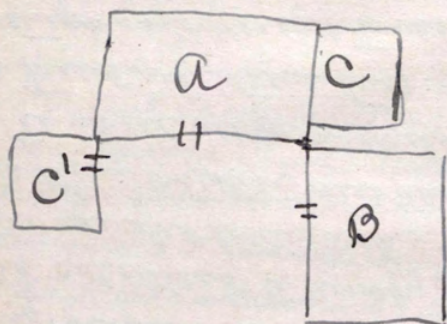
D. Jesús Sánchez. (Kool). Preparatorio. also Museo Nat. Hist.

Luis Gonzalez Obregon. 113 Monte Alegre.

C. Bwaite. 5 Calle de San Juan Betan.

John L. Starr Hunt. 2^a Liverpool 19; San Franc.^o 1.

father-in-law, the head of the house. The old gentleman is hardly a pure Indian but he has the formality and the pompous speeches of the old Aztec life. He received me with great politeness, told us the people had gone to the church, his son is the groom. Then bidding me adieu he turned to the young man and said impressively "I deliver ~~you~~ him into your charge; you are responsible for his person and his security; as you have received him from my hands you have to return him to me." As I was afraid we would either be late or delay things I raced along at a great rate. We were at the little church however, before 5 o'clock. Vain haste. We found the bride and groom, the groomsmen and maid and some friends waiting - and we waited & waited some time for the door to be opened. And then there was a devious delay before the Padre appeared. He is really very indio himself. The young people stood ~~with~~ near the rear of the church through the marriage ceremony proper which was performed with a ring; the priest made various gesticulations which were calculated to terrify, or at least mystify; he then caught them with a band, part of his dress or tied them together and dragged them down to the altar where all four knelt and held lighted candles; he threw over them, two or three different bands or strips at different times. Then they had to kneel there with the burning candles and under bond, not only while he finished the marriage service but also through the mass, the appeal for support, the announcement of future marriages, &c, &c.



It was really a good deal of a trial. We then
walked back from the church to Tacamaca. It had
been quite warm when we came by two hours earlier
but now the air was cold and the alfalfa was
white-frosted. We found a woman standing at the
house with flowers for the bridal party and were
welcomed by the old man who at once ushered us
into a clean room with table and benches and a
great array of Santos on the wall. Here we were
seated and the old man withdrew. We were in Bi
we saw that he & the young people were in a. at
the door of which a group stood looking in. Becoming
curious, I walked to the door & looked in: the young
couple stood, in an attitude of respectful attention,
before the display of Santos against the wall: before
them stood the old man, seriously and impressively
speaking first to the one, then to the other, in formal
and ceremonial address as to their conduct and
duties. It was really impressive and recalled the
harangues preserved by Padre Sahagun. As soon as
this was over Manuel & I were served great bowls of
chocolate and heaps of sweet bread. He and I were
both anxious about Manuel and as soon as he had taken
chocolate I started him to the house and from there if
Manuel were not there - to look to him for him. As for
myself I knew I was in for a day and I sat around
for a time in the sun to keep warm. All the people here
say ¿que hace? when they come upon you - even 50 times
a day. Each reappearance ¿Que hace Señor. The fact
is I was much too worried over Manuel to think of
else. There has been bad blood lately; he, Dominguez,

and Moreno are working together under a boss named Castro and the boy thinks them in cahoots against him, which is like enough. Domínguez is very friendly now with Moreno, even going to his house to eat. 'Tis a funny word. After worrying a long time over the boy, believing he might have got into a serious squabble the old man joyously announced he was coming. I had been watching the way from the Colonia to Tlacamaca like a cat and seen nothing; believing the old man mistaken I looked where he pointed, toward the villa, and there he was - with the camera and Domínguez, the latter carrying Lolita! It seems they had worked all night and had no means of sending word. Long before this, at the height of my anxiety, a good-looking girl came from one of the nearest houses and told the old man her mother (his "comrade") was anxiously awaiting us to breakfast. I had filled myself with the earlier chocolate and sweet bread but here we had it again. She is a strange-looking woman for here - like a slender dark Irish woman: she has two well-grown girls, another younger, and an indefinite number of little ones. We drank and ate as much as possible to show appreciation. - after the boy had been welcomed, they were given food and drink at the source C. - cookhouse. Baudelín's 3-room house is absolutely carousing. A messenger was sent for Sofía, who appeared in due time. Meantime preparations for dinner were

evident. C' was a sort of second cookhouse in which apparently lives a servant woman - dark and ugly with two children, one a boy of eight or nine, ugly flat-faced, who was a sturdy little helper and the constant nurse and caretaker of the liveliest, vivo-est, little male piece I've seen for a long time. All the colder part of the morning the baby was carried on the boy's back exactly à la japonese; when it got warm he was let down & was a bustling goer and investigator, who kept the brother-nurse pouncing on him and turning him back. The mastio albaril has a good girl, sister of the groom, and a little daughter about 1½ - 2 years old. She was afraid - the vivo baby nor the least. The two husky Indian boys, who were at the cornerstone celebration were around being neighbors and the mazo - the third hand. The younger brother of our host insisted on showing his house. He has developed quite a little place a room at a time - three good bedrooms and three wee affairs; he was rather drunk, which perhaps accounts for his insisting on my climbing up a ladder to see the roof. At about noon the music appeared, four instruments for which they paid 75 cents an hour: a flute, two bandolins and a basso. The music struck up and dancing began. By this time the guests had gathered to probably thirty or thirty-five. We were presently called from here A. and were seated in state at the table in B. - Manuel, Sofia, Dominguez, Lolita and I. after we were placed the "specials" were seated with us -

the bride and groom, the two assistants, the brothers and sisters of the bride and groom, the hospitable woman and her beauty daughters. We made a tight fit but were jolly and most respectable; the feast was pulque salon, avroz, mole de grajalote and pijoles served in three courses. When we were done we vacated and others took our places. Mason, No. 2. now appeared in time to eat and drink. Finally at about 4 I left and on reaching home lay down & slept an hour and a half. When I awoke Manuel & Sofia were not yet home. The sky in the west was wonderful - banked with clouds, streaked and rayed with that yellow hue (this time almost sulphur-orange) that always means wind. And it came almost instantly - strong and wild with dash and then a pel of rain drops. They got home just as it bent - to my relief as black. Hers settled down almost instantly.

20th And in the morning, late, at 7. The maestro with humblest apologies for his tardiness - and would my gracia senoria kindly tolerate a little irregularity - and grant a holiday as the family wanted to celebrate by going to another village? Su senoria yielded. And after a fairly idle day made his way to the University Club at 7.10 to find that the dinner came at 8, instead of 7.30 as he had been told. A.B. came along soon. I tried to avoid much pre-banquet meeting - but had to recognise a

few - Paul Hudson, Arnold Shanklin, Herbert
Lewis, Mr. Frost, etc. At 8 we were all waiting
the American Ambassador, who came becomingly
late. The Club President, Cook, was presiding
officer of the banquet as well and much formality
was observed. All members were sent ahead &
seated. Mr. Cook with the Ambassador, A.K. with
me - then appeared, were greeted with hand-
clapping, mostly I fear for the Ambassador
and seated ourselves with dignity in the central
seats. The affair was a Dutch dinner and there
were about 50 present. The occasion celebrated
the fifth anniversary of the Club's existence.
The eating went off well after which Henry
Lane Tilton made a pretty good address
upon the Ambassador and the residents repre-
sentatives of his country. It was a pretty strong
appeal for interest, sympathy and backing.
It is more than whispered that the man has
been (or is to be) recalled. A good many stories
are floating as to whether he has not been too
vigorous, too little tactful at times. I followed
with Japan. The University of Chicago Club Recep-
tion just a year ago - possibility of such a club
as this - a "father" wanted - my life in Japan -
the Foreign Office banquet - my two internments -
the Shogun. I had believed we might be held
until 10 (pm 7.30) and told Manuel I'd likely

be out at 10.15 but not to wait. I really reach
the cruzadero at about 12. - and found him &
Lola waiting for me. I called again at the Nation

2nd al. library upon Rosa, with whom I had a long talk. He
says many of his friends consider his notas pessimistic.
Both in them and in our conversation today he shows
himself very narrow and bitter on social and political
questions. He would keep anyone who is out of har-
mony with existing conditions quiet: there is no room
in his philosophy for the agitator. I asked him in regard
to Mungu-ortega; he knows of no portrait of him and has
sought it; he was connected with the Foreign Office and
represented Mexico in Belgium, where indeed he died ~~there~~
from his horse at Brussels; he was married with an
Austrian lady; he was a relative of Santa Ana and
after Rosa's book of biographies appeared he said one
day, but why have you made no mention of my famous
relative: "Sir your famous relative had many black pigs
in his record; I wished to present only the lives of Mexicans
who shed some lustre and glory upon their country." He re-
newed his offer of a catalogue of the library, which I accepted.
I can turn the ten volumes over to the University, and the renewal
gave me the chance to ask for the completion of the Boletín del
Instituto bibliográfico, which was promised. I then went
armed with a letter to the Assistant Director, who has been
thirty years here and is deaf. I found him a broken reed.
He misses the point of one's questions and falls back on
the catalogue, which usually defeats him; he is then sure
to send for Torres, who is not young but knows something of
the books. My desire was to see the Mungu-ortega col-
lections. I suspect that the Mungu-ortega collection has
nally been distributed and its identity destroyed. The
Vasquez (Clemente) collection probably is held together

in two or three adjacent (adjoining) cases but I could not make the idea that I would like to inspect the collection clear. The catalogue was brought me and no doubt any notebook I desired would have been produced. The collection goes beyond chess, though that is its main feature; it is called a collection of chess and games of chance; Vasquez was Mexican Consul at Habana where he died and it appears that the chief object in buying the collection was to assist the widow. As it is listed there are something over 400 volumes and the catalogue quotes the chess part as the largest then in existence. There are several books on chess by Don Clemente himself. Having pretty nearly exhausted both the sub-director and Señor Torres, I sprung a demand for adivinanzas upon them: he promises to have any books they have ready tomorrow.

In the early afternoon I called on Luis (I told him yesterday I should do so) and got my documents and arranged with him for the payment of taxes, which on the two lots will amount to something between 6.00 and 7.00 p. a year: it is paid once each two months.

While I sat at work at 8 or so I heard a disturbance outside: at first I thought to investigate but as they had not troubled me decided not to "but in". When it seemed over someone passed in front of the house crying and groaning: then I did almost open my door but as the person had passed and all was quiet I did not do so. An hour later I stepped outside before going to bed. A man passed before me wrapped in his serape. He spoke; I answered: "do you know me?" "Oh yes, you are the maestro albañil." He then poured out a tale of woe. I find him a little hard to follow at all times and now that he was excited could not understand him. I made out that he protested that they were all decent and respectable and honorable people - and finally caught the idea that he was searching for a companion or friend who had been beaten up. I recalled the faces of the men

before. I bade him come with me to Manuel's with the intention of getting his lantern and company upon the search. We were no more than in the house, than the boy began to scold the albañil roundly; if he wanted "reclamar" go to the Comisaria and "citar" and ordered him out. On investigation he claimed that three women (one a child) had been on the road, when they were assaulted by three men (the master, another who had club and stones and the leader of the husky Indian boys): a clerk of the comisaria seems to have seen (i.e. was near) the assault but was afraid to interfere: the two Manuels with electric lantern and revolver appeared and interfered, eventually beating up the second fellow, who seems to have been the most active aggressor, with his own club.

The birthday of the Immortal Genes was 22^d to have been celebrated by a reception at the Embassy to which I had been invited publicly "without clothes". I do not know that I should have gone in any event, but the affair did not take place, as the Ambassador's mother in Ohio has been stricken with paralysis and he asked and received permission to go to her. In the evening, looking for a new lammy, I had a long walk, with two incidents. Dropped in upon the little old man of the Toy theatres, to ask him about riddles. He claims that the riddles in their three little books are all original, the work of his father and himself; he admits that the common and vulgar riddles are shorter or given in prose. He and his daughter became quite interested and gave me two common riddles, both of which however were rhymed. He has no books of old riddles but she suggested that at Maucchi's. I must find a book Juegos de Sociedad, which contains some riddles. b) Aid me in my search was a young fellow who spoke fair English, who attaches himself to me. He learned English in the States at Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Calif. It is a Jesuit school;

he went first to such a school in San Francisco, but the earthquake came and after escaping from it was transferred. He works for the printing office of the Dept. de Fomento. After we had talked some time, he asked me for a political expression. I hazarded one upon the liberty of the press & the inadvisability of jailing editors and pasting shut their offices and shops. It was a chance shot, but curiously apropos: he had been employed in El Diario del Hogar and is an admirer of Filomena Mata! He then talked quite frankly to me - chiefly of the extravagance of useless constructions like the 15000000(?) peso national theatre and the 1000000. p. monuments of the Independence - and of the imposition of bad governors, with the list of which he is fairly familiar. He is 26 years old, named John Savignon; the French name comes from his grandfather.

This morning I dropped in to see the Minister of Public Instruction. He remarked that he had seen the report of my conferencia upon the Indian problems, an important subject! I was brief upon four points. 1) I wanted an invitation to the velada at the Escuela Preparatoria in honor of G. Barreda. This was to have taken place on Barreda's birthday, but has been postponed to the 24th; it has been aplazada: perhaps will occur about the beginning of April. 2 & 3) a request for his University address and for Genaro Garcia's work was met by orders to send to me. 4) a request for an interview with the President. The Cabinet meet tomorrow; would I come to the Palace at 11.30. If the President chose to see me then I could be brought in - otherwise, another time. 23^d of course the wrong date for such a procedure. I was there: the meeting was continued not until 11.30 but until 1.30 when it broke up & the old man hurried away. The only real successes of those waiting when I arrived was an American "secret service" man, who

saw near enough to me for me to hear what he and the
Mexican secret serviceman with him had to say. He is
from El Paso and I considered his conversation indiscreet;
had I been in the least interested I might have picked
up some items. They were called in and held some time.
The rest of us dropped off one by one - I leaving last.
I gave in my book In Indian Mexico, with a card and
do not believe I shall try for another appointment.
- When I was at Mr. Van Antwerp's, I had seen a young
man at the wicket, who called for him. In a minute
Mr. Van Antwerp ushered him in and introduced him
to me, whom it appears is who he really wanted.
He is one of Collier's staff, who has been up at El Paso
and guarey for the paper and who has been among
the misurrectos. He decided to come on further down
and Paul Hudson told him I was here and advised
him to see me. We made an appointment for to-
morrow. He really came, tho arriving only at 10.
24th just as I was about to leave. We talked together
for an hour and a half and then rode into town. We
talked a good deal and I felt it might prove an op-
portunity, but I scattered too much. I ought to have
presented something definite and to the point. The
young man is a Harvard man and has been some
in So. America. I believe he wants to be just. In
the afternoon after a tramp out over the Llano near
the Calzado del Niño perdido, in which I nearly
mired myself in crossing a ditch, I sat for nearly
an hour in the Plaza having my boleros clean me
up. Just as he was ending John Hubert Comyn
came along and recognised me. We had a long talk.
He wants to present me a copy of his work on Expos
Dias and also to give me a set for the University.

It is a two volume work in Spanish. He has now been in Mexico fourteen years. He has been much interested in traditions and legends, of which he has a large quantity and collected directly from the people. He would like to devote himself to that kind of thing and a good deal of this material has appeared in the Herald, through my pen. He does a lot of useful compilation, encyclopedic or handbook work but does much like it. He hopes eventually to be independent, so that he may devote himself to the lines he enjoys. This independence apparently is to come about through some real estate he has bought here during his stay.

25th. Manuel did not turn up last night. I did not allow myself to worry after the experience of a week ago, but believed he was keeping illicit company as he has lately had three cards from a girl, whom he visits - the last one coming day before yesterday. When, however, he did not appear at noon I was a little surprised. He finally appeared toward evening and together we went to dinner at the Italian Restaurant. We had decided to go for 26th Madame Vazquez. A recent letter from her assured us that she would come on the 28th. I felt sure she would not, if left to herself but believed we might be able to move her, if together. As Saturday was only a half day at the freight-house, I thought best to get absence for Monday go down Sunday night, see her at once and get dark ed. If she must remain until the 28th to finish her month, Manuel could ship her stuff (she had made the excuse that she had no money for freight) and come back Monday night, while I would wait until Tuesday and bring her with me. So we took the train at 4 p.m. & were at Puebla on time at 8:45. We ate lunch at a cafe so as not to lose time that way and after leaving our little baggage at the old Hotel, we went around to Carrillo 8. We found her sleeping on the floor (though she to prove of her spring mattress cot), next to an unclean

Latin-American Galaxy.

Andrés Bello
Miguel Antonio Caro.
Marco Fidel Suárez
Rafael Ángel de la Peña
Requino José Cuervo.
Isaza.

} Philology.

Montalvo, (Ecuador) Prose-writer.

José Antonio Alzate y Ramírez.

Carlos Calvo, (Argentina) Int. Law.

Caldas, (Colombia) naturalist: air passage.

Francisco Antonio Zea (Colombia) Botanical

Severo, (Brazil) }

Dumont, (Peru). }

Jorge Chávez (Mexico) }

Agustín M. Chavéz (Mexico) }

Francisco Díaz Covarrubias } new conceptions of infinitesimal calculus.

Manuel Gargolla y Parra }

Porfirio Parra (Mex.) nuevo sistema de lógica;

Enrique José Varona (Cuban) Philosophy: consciousness

José Díaz Covarrubias (Mex.) Int. Law: trans. Bluntschli

Leopoldo Berriel. (Civil Law) }

Ante. González Lanuza. (penal law). }

Montane (anthrop.) }

Pocoy. (nat. hist.) }

Salvador Brau. (hist.) }

José Julián Acosta. (hist.) }

Julio L. Riquarrendo (slavery) }

Eugenio M. de Hostos. (social Phil.) }

Manuel de J. Galván. (the novel). Santo Domingo, 12

male, who by the time we got entrance was completely wrapped in his serape and never disclosed himself. We were plainly not a welcome surprise and on our asking when she would leave, she blithely replied on the 2^d. She claimed to have made a freight shipment and sent on the bill of lading Saturday. On our insisting that we had come for her to take her tomorrow, she said there were only two bultos more and that she must turn in her report and keys to the owner. This sounded encouragingly simple and I believed we could easily get the noon train. In the morning he went around to pack and despatch the goods - I stipulating that he should drop into the Hotel on his way back, to let me know that all was going well. As the freight office would be open at 8:30, we figured 27th that he ought easily to make this report by 10, that they could then see the man, and after a comfortable lunch we would mount the 1.40 p.m. train. Ahem! From 10 on I was uneasy; at 10.45 in desperation I hurried to the house. He was there working on bundles and boxes in a state approaching fury and she, threatening that she'd not go at all, if he did not look out: a shipment ahead and here seven bultos done or threatening. And such insistence on rubbish that might be useful. Poor boy, his house will be like her room. Tin cans and boxes, wooden stirring spoons accumulation of years, and pottery of the commonest, made up the last box which she insisted on packing tho we plead that it would be ruins before arrival and the freight more than its value. When she chose she'd walk out without a word and come back when she got ready. The poor thing had not eaten and stopped abruptly at 11.30 to eat. There was no remedy so we ourselves went down to the Cazadora for our lunch. When we got back we sat by while the box of pots and bowls was packed - doing all we could to limit and choose. When finally all was done, it was 2.45. There was still the shipment to make, the man to see, the fowls and hand baggage to do up. The cartman had been around in the morning and was to come again.

Latin American Galaxy: cont.

Justin Sevest.		
Cassiez,	(gram.)	} Haïti.
Juan Rodríguez	(zool.)	
J. Contreras B.	(gram.)	} Guatemala.
M. a. Herrera.	(phil.)	
Juan Antonio Trissacari	(philol.)	
Patricio Jáuregui	(hist. o philol.)	
Alberto Membréño	(jurisp. & philol.)	Honduras.
David J. Guzman.	(botan.)	Salvador.
Gagini,	(philol.)	Costa Rica
Anderson,	(jurisp.)	"
Ayon, Dr.	(hist.)	Nicaragua.
Restrepo	(family of literati)	Colombia.
S. Pérez Triana	(jurisp)	"
Florentino Gonzalez.	(const. law)	"
Olarte Camacho.	(jurisp.)	"
Gonzalo Picon-Flores.	(lit. hist.)	Venezuela.
Emilio Constantino Guerrero		"
Carlos Leon (sociol.)		"
Carlos Foras (philol.)		Ecuador.
Gabriel René Moreno	(hist.)	Bolivia.
M. V. Ballivian.	(arch. hist)	"
Federico Villareal	(maths.)	} Peru
Ricardo Palma.	(philol.)	
Calderón,	(philos.)	} Mexico.
Gabino Barreda.		

at 8. Happily he was even ahead of time and we began loading just at the conclusion of packing. It was with a groan of relief that I saw it on and knew she could not send more. She made a plea for a heavy oval, ironing five ft. x 3 ft. which could be corded onto the box - and could be used as a hammock frame for the children; and she wanted to send a bundle of old baskets - about 30 in number. The air of the room was so bad, that I hurried away and begged Manuel to drop in and report the shipments made. I waited till 4. - no boy; went to the horse, not there; I vibrated back and forth, mystery. At my 6^o visit - darkness falling, freight-house longshut, I was beside myself. In this disturbed town, where guards are in the Cathedral towers and other overlook points, where he has enemies, where they are impressing soldiers, where he has a host of worthless friends - what had happened. Fortunately at that visit I found her lacing the fowls in the chickadees and learned that she had seen the man. 7^o k. - no Manuel, but at 7.30 - yes, he appeared! They made the shipments promptly enough and the cartier got the bill of lading; M. started off and then remembered he had no paper: ultimately he learned that it had been issued to the cartier; then he had a time finding who the man was and where he lived: then to his distant horse; and then a wait - until after his work was done, the man reached home! Thus, from 2.45 to 7.30! A man, a woman and a girl in formal farewell all helped finish up. We learned that the hand baggage, &c. would be a bulko, two chickadees of fowls, three baskets - one with four birds tied in, and a mass of tins, pails & buckets, tied together. I refused the last, the rest we got ready. We then went - Manuel, she, and I - out to dinner together, getting through about 9 o'clock. Manuel then went to make some calls and I walked down to the Plaza and around town. We came together

Latin American galaxy: concluded.

Valentín Letelier.	(educ.)	} Chile
Lastarria,	(sociol.)	
Sarros Arana	(hist.)	
Amunátegui	(family - bellas letras)	
Quisada, Sr.	(diplom., law.)	} Argentina.
" Jr.	(hist., philol.)	
J. Alfredo Ferreira.	(sociol.)	
Valentín Balbin	(maths.)	
Dominguez,	(critica.)	} Paraguay.
Baes,	(sociol.)	
Rodó,	(bellas letras, sociol.)	} Uruguay.
Erureta Goyena	(penal law)	
Raimundo Teixeira Mendes	(filos. etc.)	Brazil.
— a. aragon: Revista Positiva #131.		

at the house at about 10 and took farewell of Oaxaquilla
8. We had to wait until 11.40 for the train. They would not check
the fowls, so we had to send them by express; we checked
the bulbs and so had only the three baskets and our own
package and came to go into the car. We bought third class
tickets and had a full house - largely real Indians. Some
good types. There was a large bunch that got off at San Mar-
tin, which must be a town worth visiting judging from the
types. Not all speak the language, but some do. Their ayates
are of little and home-made. I think I did not sleep a
wink all night. There was a crowd of eleven Indians from
the Jalapa region, who traveled on a pass and unloaded before
Texcoco, who were probably to work on the railroad. At
San Andres a great crowd of pure Indian men and women
got on. All talk Mexicans and they told me the town is a
large one. They were on their way to the feria at San Juan.
Many of them carried a peculiar scrape, ^{dark} gray with a special
and curious band of curve-line decoration - these are made
at the neighboring San Miguel and were being taken to
sell. From here on shoals got on, until there was hardly
standing room. ~~They~~ ^{Mary} got off at the junction, which we reached
at dawn and our car was quite empty. The conductor says
28th The run is light usually but that the feria caused the
congestion today. We reached Mexico on time, 6.25. Manuel
went to see about his expressage; I said I would hire a
coach and get out the baggage. She was told to come with
me. I carried my bundle and her basket of birds, she
had the other two baskets. Reaching the street, she just
behind me, I began talking with a cochero. Carnival
Tuesday, double rates! I had expected to have to pay 1/2. - I
had not thought of 2. after a few hot words, I engaged one
1.50, but hurry. Turning to put her & her stuff in - she was
not to be seen! Throwing my things in, I went back for
her; nowhere. Manuel came up. Your mother is lost.
How lost. Search: nowhere. Again & again. Meantime

the coachman clamoring. Station, passageways, restaurants, street, no sign of the woman, who had disappeared as if swallowed up. I hurriedly paid the cocher 50 cents and dismissed him. Manuel took st. car to Plaza to see if she could have got into a car and gone there. I searched. I could not get at the baggage until 8 o'clock. Then I went to the Plaza. Seeing nothing of either him or her - I had left word with the depot police to tell either of them that I'd return - and especially to tell her to sit down calmly. Hurrying to the house, no sign of either. I told Lola, her mother, was with Manuel in the center, gave her the birds, left my things, washed and dressed a bit and then hurried back to that dreadful Sandagaro station. Here we found Manuel, but never a sign of the woman. We then walked to the nearest Comisaria, where no one knew of her; then to the Municipal Palace, where after waiting until 10 o'clock, we left a description and statement. Personally, I was a good deal disturbed; she has been under considerable strain and excitement in connection with this moving. Coming out on the street and losing sight of me she might become confused; I doubted whether she knew Manuel's direction and feared she might be overcome by her sense of loss and lose what intelligence she ever had; I feared too that through inattention she might be struck by coach or car and killed. At the house, I had told Manuel x, that if Manuel Gonzales came home he was to tell him to meet me at 10 - or later at 12. at the end of the Guadalupe line and let me know. Now, I told him to go home and send M. x for the express or baggage and to report to me at 12. if there were any news. Just before 12. I went to the station for a last time and there I found M. x. who had just released the bullo. He had good news. The woman has turned up. She claims that just as I went to the coach the fringe of her abrego caught a man's button and that despite herself she was dragged along for some distance before she could get free! Then knowing that she had lost us, she walked direct to the Plaza and then out the highway toward Guadalupe. She did not

know Manuel's location but as luck would have it Lola was selling fruit by the roadside and they found each other; that she had now taken the two children and gone on to the villa! Well, "all's well that ends well" but I don't want another such two days. — When I got home in the afternoon she had settled down and seemed quite happy with her two nietos and the men gone — work stopped — "a carnival dance". Of course, the maestro was sick next March 1 morning; so was the common mazo; brother-in-law came as substitute and the two men dilly-dallied. They together just finished the stone-work, which maestro had solemnly promised last Saturday would be done yesterday. Ready for adobes we have been dickering. The best we have been able to do has been at 15. or 14. $\frac{1}{2}$ a thousand. We have been warned that the adobes here are no good; that those of Tacamaca are superior. Their regular price there is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ a thousand; it is ten minutes walk away and in sight from our house — but laid down here the price is 16 $\frac{1}{2}$. This seems ridiculous and M. x had an economical idea. Buy them at 8; rent a cart by the day at 3. and thus pay 11. He would haul. Arranged. So this am.

2^d he sallied out. An hour later an Indian comes running. "Would I not come to the bridge? The cart, mules, adobes or man has plunged over into the river; the mules and man had gotten out but the cart was still there." It was a quick trip there. The bridge entirely without guard and badly built is about eight or ten feet above the bottom of the ditch, which has almost vertical banks and heavy mud at bottom. I confess I wondered at mule and man ever getting out and could not see how the cart could be expected to be gotten out. Over on the ground near the road Manuel x was laid out, much the worse for wear and gasping and in evident pain. We left him there and returning to the house, we left him by the Indian

his blanket and his chair; at the same time we sent the whole force to get the wagon out of the ditch. We lost his service, their half day, the 80 adobes, and the cartilage by our economy. Two people brought him in on the chair and he lay down helpless. He insisted that nothing was broken and did not want a doctor. I did not wait to hear of the cart - being pretty sick of the whole business, but they got it out finally. Luckily it seems not to have been hurt - nor the mules, as no claims came in. Someone did mention that we broke a riga in the bridge, as if we were expected to pay for that - but I paid no attention to the suggestion. In the afternoon I had the men use the adobes Manuel had left over from his horse, while I sent the maestro out to find if his friend chose to supply adobes at 14 - if so to order 4 m. We expected Tacamaca adobes, of course. My men complained bitterly of the ones they were using asserting them to be poor stuff from Santa Maria. Just at quitting time maestro appeared with his man and a first sample lot. On my saying "These are Tacamaca adobes?" "Oh no: they are Santa Maria". Scene and argument. The adobes were delivered right along, really as fast as we could use them - faster indeed. And the delivery is sure and easy, if expensive. They come by little trains of burros - eight to sixteen of them; the regular load is 8 arranged in pairs, one on each side or two balancing above; the tying and loading & unloading is an art in itself. In counting and piling they are always counted and weighed in pairs and I had to make some mistakes in getting

on to the nomenclature; I insist however that
"one hundred and fourteen pairs" is as misleading
to a novice as the famous "Twenty sick sheep". I
mistook - what was really meant was 128 not 228.
It was just to evening of the 9th for full delivery
of the 4m. One would think Mr affair ought
excitements for one day. But there were worse things.
Manuel came at night in great excitement to an-
nounce that Sofia has given birth to a male child,
the midwife saying it is at full term. And he
reached Puebla about August 12th. Poor boy; he
has feared it on account of the gossip and reports
that preceded and greeted his homecoming. He took
it on the whole quite like a man, though he had
written a pretty strong letter to Doña Petra demanding
that she come for her daughter. I talked over the
matter with him as calmly as we could. He and his
mother seem to think the woman must be shelled
for eight days, until she is alleviated. It seems
to me pretty hard to have her around so long.
3d. When I came home from down town at about 2 o'clock.
I found excitement and confusion. The maestro ran to
me and begged me to see Manuel, who was in a bad
condition. I hurried in and found him lying on the bed.
He had fallen outside and the men had helped him in.
He did not seem to know anything and groaned and
cried and carried on like one bereft of reason. At
first I thought his mind was gone and I blamed
Sofia harshly. I got him up and the men took him
over to my room. I took the little girl with me, as

his mind seemed to um on her, though I had to tear her from her mother. When I had bathed his head and taken off his collar he quieted some and then it was evident that he was probably only sadly drunk. He became maudlin, especially after the little girl and then insisted on going to work. He was in no condition but to humor him I said all right, that I'd go with him. He soon, however, realized his inability and we sent a telephone message to Castro, that he was ill, having been affected by the sun but would turn up tomorrow. He now became disgustingly sick and then fell asleep. His mother then told me he had his knife open in his hand, when he came home. He slept most of the afternoon and at night was repentant, of course - not yet fully sober. It seems he had his raya and had recently had new arrasamiento. It is their custom to treat at such a time but he had to defer it, having no money. It began with Castro - then he treated one and another; by this time he got to thinking of Sofia and drank more and more. (The fact is - it seems that last night in thinking over matters, he drank an entire bottle of wine; that was the real beginning.) He remembers that the inspectors on the car did not want him to get off as they did not believe he could get home. He does not remember falling, nor having his knife open, tho he believes he probably means to kill Sofia, as his mother

believes also. He seemed all right in the am.
Of course Castro understood the falsity of our tale
4th but they received him all right. I met him at
8 p.m. and we took our usual Saturday dinner
together; at Prender's this time. Sunday was a
5th quiet day. I had intended to go to Xochimilco but
the plan slipped up. About noon Señora Vasquez
and the midwife called upon me "as Manuel wished
them to tell me something." They then proceeded to
tell me the babe was prematurely born - "about
six months and days." I confer. I spoke to them
rather savagely. I reminded the woman that she
had told Manuel on Thursday that it was born
at term. She said she was scared and had made
a mistake and she proceeded to tell me three
or four things to bear out her present view. I
told them to go; that I had no use for their lies;
that what they might say did not interest me
in the least - nor concern me. To which Señora
V. assented and off they went. I confer I was
furious. Suppose the boy believes is now there
will come when he will doubt and suspect. If
it is premature let us know it. Tomorrow.
I had a serious talk with him and we went
together to Dr. Nicolas Leon's. We arranged with
him to call in the am. and make an expert
decision. Manuel of course had to go to
his work. I met Dr. L. at the station and took

him to the house. He had his list of average measurements for full-term children. He made an jotting down from measurements; then he showed me the paper - saying "I will make more if you wish but there is no need; the child is born at full term. He also called my attention to the abundant black hair and had me run my fingertip along the fully exposed finger nails. There is no shadow of doubt. He told all in the house - Lola, Manuel, Sofia, Señora Vasquez. I had him walk with me to my room and we started together for town. As we came out, Señora Vasquez met us and said - "But suppose it is; what good will it do to know it; what will become of the mother?!" Think of it; Heaven knows whether the little Lola is Manuel's child; undoubtedly the woman killed a child - the purero's - while Manuel was gone; and here - whose? - probably a hair-mais (Mex. Ry.) child. If the woman were careful of home, if she fed and kept her husband's things right, if she were not a drunkard; if she had not involved him in more than one nasty trouble, if she were not robbing him and sending his money to her mother secretly - if all these things were not true one could easier understand his mother taking such a stand - after having thru three years constantly irritated and worn him over her! I hurried home to be there at noon

when he should come. I summoned the old lady
first and told her my surprise and demanded the
midwife. She did not produce the midwife, but ad-
mitted that she herself had instructed the woman to
say what she did. That it was done to flatter the
boy and wheedle him into good behavior. That
she was afraid he'd go to drink, use his knife, &c.
And, said I, when some time later he learned the
pious deception, what scene would ensue? He
came and we together went over it all with him.
He promises he will not forget himself and that
she shall go. I hope he will keep to the idea
but I'm afraid. She has a remarkable sort of
fascination over him. Just now he tells me she
has gone with the baby, leaving Lolita. He half
believed and I altogether hoped she had fled to her
compadres. No one knows where she went
but she was back at evening. I presume she
went to the villa, to communicate with the Virgin.
7th } I am doing absolutely nothing nowadays
8th } except to watch the workmen. Ajala! had I
9th } adopted that policy six weeks ago I could
now have time and money for excursions. As
it is it will keep them and me busy until
just about my leaving time. Because of un-
certainties I have decided to leave March 21.
There has been no train through on the Central

Memo. relative to Centennial Medals.

Dept. Relaciones: large - gold, silver, bronze
all from same dies. Tiffany's?

Committee on celebrations: large - silver.

Dept. of Public Instruction for distribution
to worthy students: Two types. Ar. Ae.

since January 29th: the International has been interrupted and it looks as if I shall have to go out over the National to San Antonio and thence to El Paso. We, here, are all at sea over Taft's strange movement - manoeuvres. Does it mean enforcing of neutrality, or invasion, or protection of our interests, or the control of an election, or is it aimed at Japan. There are all sorts of rumors but no one pretends to know. Tonight I took dinner

10th at Mr. Nuttall's, the other guests being Mr. and Mrs. Ryder, Mr. Pepper (an English architect, resident here, who has been much interested in Talavera ware) and a Mr. Murray, who is doing a Mexico stunt for some one of the magazines. I think he is in the whitewash campaign.

The two outside walls 11th are finished except their codena, which for the present will consist of a single layer of brickwork. I watched the men in one hour lay 15 metres, which was suitable progress. For the laying of less than a metre on the remaining 15, they occupied three hours during my absence, of actual working time & when I returned dawdled over the rest frightfully. They were really through at 5 p.m. and I suggested they should bring inside the adobes still lying without. Whereupon the maestro told them - not me - that they were through for the day. I ordered him to bring his things together, paid and discharged them. I had wheedled them in reference to the inner wall, setting four days as a time limit and half promising a propina in case of satisfactory completion - but I

would rather not build it at all (as in mind when we began work) than to have this continue. I may fail to find men but there are still eight work days if absolutely necessary. Lola's querido has been having a curandero at work on him, who really has done wonders by him. He is going around feebly now with a cane and today took the temascal. This curandero has two nephews who are albañiles and we have hope. Manuel and I went to dinner together at the Stations. We had a better time than usual and planned some little celebrations for tomorrow - as I have only two more Sundays. 12th and then nothing came of them. The boy, of course, has been under irritation constantly. His mother propped a delightful and fanciful baupismo for the child with herself and Manuel gracing the occasion!! Think of it - when she has for three years constantly worked the boy ~~soph~~ over this woman, written him everything & maldiciendo him on her account. Well, today it assumes an ultimatum. If he sends her and her child home, she will go too and Lola & hers will go. With his mother nagging, the woman weeping & trying to fondle him and his sister threatening he is almost crazy. He knows he is weakening and purposely avoided me all day. He did come over in the evening and play dominoes but he capitulated absolutely 13th this afternoon and then through shame did not come over either tonight or in the morning though 14th I told him to do so. I understood what was the matter and in turn became irritated and did not seek him either tonight or call him in the 15th morning as I am sure I do not want to force my advice or consultation. This noon he appeared as I was watching the men and we had a talk on

property matters only and at night (10) over his work where too there is uncertainty and fiction. He says he has told the girl to stay: he lays it entirely upon his mother, I don't know how much is his weakness. That he has not come to see me for vengeance. — When his mother's stuff came on the days ago, the crowded condition of the house was evident and the last shipment is still to come. Seven persons, seven fowls, the natural accumulation, Manuel has and the unnatural accumulation his mother brings makes a crowded and filthy and unwholesome place. He felt it so keenly that he said he should rent my room as soon as I go. But at 5 p. a month = 60 p. a year he is paying the landlord 6% on 1000 pesos with no right to show. I tried to show him this and told him it would be much better for us to borrow enough at the Bank to build a second room and finish it before the rainy season. Then he could unload Lola & her family and the bulk of the stuff and have his own room fairly decent. I told him if this suited him we would look into it and if done he must pay 5 pesos absolutely each month, of which two would be rent — to pay interest on the loan, and three would be repayment to me of principal. I consulted Paredes about the cost and on his saying 200 p. agreed to arrange it, the work to begin as soon as mine stops. I shall pay him 10% for his services and he promises the room in a fortnight after beginning work. I shall have to borrow the money at the Compañia at 6% shares. — I attended the meeting (annual) of shareholders of the Company at the 13th. Only routine was done. Everyone is pessimistic, not only in regard to the Compañia in question but Mexico in general. Whatever comes of the revolution proper, whatever reforms are or

will be started, a lot of Americans will surely depart and in my opinion will not be replaced. I shall not be sorry for Mexico's sake, tho' it undoubtedly will affect my interests. I shall not be surprised, if the Compañia busts and it is certain to be a long time before I can get my money out of my Colonia Vallis property. This is true even if Manuel heartily and energetically co-operates with me.

I was at the Compañia's next day and arranged the matter of the loan. Usually three shares would have been ample but they are now demanding greater security and I put up four. Talking with Pairedo (15th) I agreed finally to place 205 as his disputation with an after fee of 20. He begins on Friday. And then, after making the loan and authorizing construction questions with only over the property! I have felt for some time that I made a mistake to build his house on his lot: and here is another. How foolish! I ought to have built on my own, then the boy and I would both be free.

as a matter of fact he is not co-operating. After much indecision he has forgiven the woman and she stays. He throws the blame of this onto his mother, who he claims, when he announced the woman must go with her boy, put in a plea for money and for fine clothing; he ought not to send her home with all new dresses. As he has no money this means an indefinite delay. Also she declares if he and Sofia she two will go. He himself felt too ashamed of his decision that he neglected me Sunday and neither Monday night nor Tuesday came to see me altho I told him to do so and he assented. Only on Tuesday afternoon when I was watching the men did we exchange conversation and then we had a most unhappy time. All want to go to Valle Gomez, where he will rent two rooms and arrange for Lola and Manuel to have a stall. Business and mud were the causes assigned for the discontent. We at once came to

disagreement regarding our little property in the event of his leaving. He says he will rent the horses; of course he could not and would not; but he was furious at the idea of my employing Paredes to care for the business. He would sell - I assured him he could not to advantage at present and not at all until the horses were clear. He then grandiloquently said he would borrow the 750^{fr}. necessary to pay - "he'd have to pay 10% but he would get the loan. On my suggesting that the simplest thing would be for me to pay him back his 675 pesos in the fall, as I could not do it just now, he became suddenly suspicious and believes I am trying to do him out of the large and rapid increment of value the land has had since we bought. I shall have put more than 1600 p. into this unlucky effort to safeguard his 675. I'd be glad to see my way through.

I did mean not have any further talk on the woman matter, but this am. 16th the mother was at my room when I was there & I could not refrain from setting her tongue loose. I told her Señora, I want to know the truth - what has Manuel done?" It was enough. She told a simple and direct story that seemed consistent enough and which appeared to be from my viewpoint. She denies the baptism story, denies interfering with the girl's going home, denies that she urges buying dress for her. She is entirely satisfied to have her go - more; that Manuel has known all the time of conditions, since she told him in Puebla that she was two months gone. I took up the matter a final time with Manuel tonight, telling him that his mother denies all and says it is his strange and blind infatuation. He was really greatly moved, but holds to his own story. I shall say and do no more. I have no doubt there is truth in both. They will never agree; always some

little minor point between mother and son in regard to how and when prevents any action. Too bad, because in the end there will never be peace and quiet and the boy needs both for he is suffering in body and mind. But it is a thankless task to interfere in the affairs of others, even when it is Manuel and myself. My masons might easily have been through and paid for a full final day by 2 o'clock. but they too are dawdling and before the day ended had to be prodded. The wall is finished so far as I planned and means allowed. The capping cadena is only one line (except at the portion of the second room) and on the inside wall runs only half-way — as far as the tabique allowed. I am glad it is done. It cost me 485.63 pesos a sum which in its entirety staggered me at the first and could not possibly have been undertaken. I began thinking I might only put in the stone foundations; went on with the idea of doing only three sides and leaving my inner wall for a later time. It has been done with drafts from my Chicago bank account week by week and by economies, going without trips, without clothes, without books, coins, & other purposes. Begun in happy consciousness that we were solving problems for the boy and getting his little place in shape for him to live or to leave his mother and the child. And it ends in turmoil, uncertainty, quarrel and threat of future unhappy complication. Yet it is best in any contingency now to build the second room. It adds to the debt, but will help finally in something one way or another. Heaven knows how the whole business may come out. I ought never to have gone into it but it seemed so wise a thing to do, solving two or three problems.

Today at noon the boss came in quite furious, claiming that they shot at him from the Oil Co. building as he was walking by at the railroad track. I don't know what it means. I told him probably they are guarding private foreign property with extra care but he appeared annoyed and revengeful and who knows what new trouble

is brewing. I called on Luis Gonzales-Oregon, who lives now in Monte Alegre, 113. I was there the other evening. He is now with the State Dept. as Director of the Archivo. He is "at home" daily from 4.³⁰ - 6. I was there the other evening and found the old Asst. Director of the Bibliot. Nacional and another friend. Today we looked at his books. He has many rare and interesting things. Two rooms are devoted to his library and all the wall-space is fully occupied. One room is devoted to Mexican and arranged in groups and classes. He has all the Cronicas but one - Burgos: he has some good linguistics - including a first edition Molina dictionary: a fine lot of 16th prints; first editions of Padre Mier's writings; the Constitucion of 1811; a great collection of folios, broadsides and fugitive leaves bound up uniformly and other treasures. He has several fine things that were Chavero's. On the whole my visit was far more agreeable and really friendly than any I ever had with him.

In the 17th early am. Paredes was around and work began upon the new room. Manuel was in a hot battle with his mother re yesterday's conversation. I had in vain tried to ~~arrange~~ for a serious and calm discussion of the matter between the three of us. I kept out of this but heard enough to convince me that both are to blame. Thus, he now proposed flatly to send off Sofia, the baby, and Lolita, which of course she hotly refused. They are both plying and parring to keep the girl. I shall not say anything more. He waited till the last minute (7.40) and then had to hurry away without food or drink. This I did express myself upon: with three women living on him he has a right to eat when he should.

— I have had advances from John Leonard Starr Hunt - various. He sent a letter to me at Mr. van Antwerp's office, regretting not to have been at my lecture on a cost

of Mrs. Hunt's indisposition, but if I'd tell him where I live he will call. - Of course I knew better but sent him word. After some days an apologetic letter and reference to the new book on King's County, N.S. by Dr. Eaton. Then a messenger, who brought the book & a letter to the Coloma. I read the Starr material: it seems that we went there - David and Samuel, from Connecticut, just after the Acadian tragedy and took up land. There have been two great families there and a Starr's Point is a local geographical name. Some have been distinguished men - the Hon. J. Leonard S. being one of these and giving name to my correspondent. There are various military titles in the bunch and a distinct registry of arms by one Eaton the author of the book, a poem writer, a priest of the Anglican faith, and writer of various religious, historical and genealogical books. When I had read the book I did it up carefully and addressing it begged Van Antwerp to send it over by messenger. Just as I did so he gave me a telephone message from J. L. S. H. begging when I was there that day to telephone him and he would come over. This the result of my last letter in which I had written him that I was in town daily for mail but at an hour when he usually was gone to lunch. This we did not act upon as I wanted the book sent over with due dignity. Well today I dropped in on him. He has a fine office with his whole library there - not only his law books. He has a life-size portrait of President Diaz on an easel and upon the wall are hung a group of diplomas, certificates, &c. well framed - the most conspicuous of which - i.e. the only one I could recognize was that of membership in the National Geographic Society (Washington) !!!

The gentleman himself however proved far pleasanter and more natural than I expected. He is rather tall and slender, quite elegant, smooth shaved. He was really glad to see me and we had a pleasant chat. He has recently had a letter from Stora Star Ballon, who hoped he would see me. He showed me with some pride his great French Encyclopedia in many folio volumes, some full of curios and interesting engraved plates. He invited me to dinner on Sunday next.

I called for a few minutes on John Hubert Conyn at the Record office, partly to say goodbye but more to remind him of the books promised to the University and myself. These he will send to Mr. Van Antwerp's office.

Mandel worked at Guadalupe in the morning and was late home. He had some words over Paredes' work; we made some exposures of the wall and myself with the children. It was after 3 o'clock when he left and he took his revolver as he might be late coming home. "I demurred - and was not at all surprised when he did not come at all. I am uneasy about his every movement. In his state of irritation he ought not to go armed. And, I confess I'm not satisfied with his story of the Oil Co. affair.

In the late afternoon I called on H. C. 18th Waite and began looking over his prints a work which I shall finish today. He has been here 14 years. He has 7000 Mexican negatives among them 3000 of Scott's. He was in Ohio but had to leave on acct. of pulmonary trouble. He went to California, where he did out work in photography - counting, anodes & lenses & gradually got a business. He knows Ferris, Saboda, Warner's Ranch, &c. and made a Ramona series of pictures &c. &c. Has been here fourteen years. He has a really intelligent interest in archeology and took me whole of St. Helen's corner

He has made series of many ruins and I presume has covered more ground in that line than any other photographer. He spoke with a good deal of feeling of the Bates-Mittell affair and is strongly for the lady.

— In the Alameda, where I sat some time I met an old man named Simms, an old ex-Confederate who loves to talk of Mexico; he is a U. of Virginia graduate and his son is a Professor of English and Spanish, who has married a Mexican woman. The old man is a little hard of hearing, but a good talker with ideas and command of an excellent English. He likes Mexico and I suspect will end his days here.

At lunch I was at Kingman's. The woman took my order and then disappeared in answer to a call. She came back in a few minutes and in evident excitement and necessity of telling someone told me what she had just seen. There has been a young German here for some time as a guest; he was a military man, said to be here as adviser to the government; he was introduced to the Hotel by the Consul and has been a popular fellow with many German guests; altho without money - "coming" - he has been a free spender and has run up an account for weeks, not only for rooms but good meals and liberal treating to drinks and cigars. Last night he was up late with friends drinking quite hard after which he went to his room. She had just been called by the maid who attends to the rooms and going there found him lying face down on the bed, cross-wise, with clothes on, dead. She summoned the German Consul. Though I knew all this Friday noon the papers of Monday announced the news: as a suicide by shooting.

In the afternoon I went out to Cayacan to see Dr. Wallace and to

perhaps make some inquiry regarding Miss Cathcart's school as a possibility for Lola. I found Mrs. Wallace in, momentarily expecting Miss Cathcart for tea & accepted an invitation to a cup of tea in fifteen minutes. Meantime I went out to the Colegio, where I found Dr. Wallace, who showed me around the building, which is a comfortable structure of stone; it has a good audience room, usual classrooms, a fair library and reading room, &c. The boys were little in evidence as it is Saturday afternoon. The Colegio and the Seminario are in one building; there are seven students in the Seminario. The grounds are extensive and the dormitory buildings were at considerable distance. We did not visit them. Dr. Wallace sketched his idea of a school work for Indian boys, which should be neither purely academic nor industrial - but an influence all around helpful and practical. His Maya boys have not returned; he had only three perhaps. We now went over to tea where Mrs. Wallace had fried some eggs very hard. Miss Cathcart had not yet come. We ate bread and drank tea - ate eggs and I had a piece of mince pie. I broached the subject of Manuel and the child and my breath was quite taken when I found that Mrs. W. approves Manuel's keeping the woman and her baby! Miss Cathcart could not take a child so young as Lola but they can find a home for her, if it proves necessary. Miss Cathcart came in just as we were finishing. Out at Las Pradas, she has four or five Maya girls. On returning to town I met Manuel and together we

took a formal dinner at the Stalio. He then put in
a bid for me to eat with him tomorrow noon but I had
already accepted from Mr. Hunt. Thither, I went,
at 1.15. They have a fine house at 19 Liverpool. He was
19th in white flannels and had been cutting roses —
his Sunday task. They had been out riding. She
is a rather agreeable person in appearance, and I
think an Illinois girl: she is a veritable Mrs. Male-
prop, having some queer, fixed, mispronunciations;
thus she repeatedly referred to Don Profixio: the others
were analogous errors in transposition of letters.
On entering the house I was shown a portrait of
John Lemaitre in uniform in the hall. They have
many other pictures, the latest addition being a sat-
iric Rembrandt type jovial drinker painted in copper
which claims to be 17th. The dinner was elegantly
served tho a little queer — a grapefruit salad,
a soup, a fish, fowl, artichokes. I had been warned
that they were short of help and that the Chinese
cook would have to serve. The only family is
Jack or John Jr. who is 18 yrs. old and in school in
the States. There was a little flourish of connections (refer-
ences to the Ambassador past & present and to various
guests) but on the whole things went nicely. They
were in Brazil in 1897 and have a photograph of
the gathering there: a pillow in leather of all the
autographs. There they first met Dr. Roux, whom they
consider "some punkin" and had him to dinner dur-
ing the Centenario. They have a really kindly attitude
to the Indians and the fern and see something of
in them. She has a lot of antiquities including some
shocking fakes: "Prof." given to whom she often refers &

by whom she swears, and other dealers must have an easy mark: some "jades" and polished obidians are particularly painful. They have a lot of stuff from Chapala, where they spend a good deal of time. The large brick house next to them was occupied by Francisco J. Madero. There he used to practice his speeches, by horns to a single female auditor; and there at the window, bath towel around his neck, he used to perform his vigorous ablutions; from the front balcony, decorated with bunting, he used to address the crowd gathered in the streets to hear him. Personally, I was not in condition for visiting stranger friends and before I left I had to take some blackberry brandy, which was but half efficacious. Being well I called on Mrs. Head, whom I found at home; I made my party call and my adieu. Re Guanajuato, she told a strange story of her grandfather or uncle whose body was petrified—as a child see seeing it when it was removed from its original burial place on a sloping hillside. Miss Moody has left her, going to housekeeping in a little apartment, prepared for her mother—who is now afraid to come on account of the revolution. Dropped in at Van Antwerp's, where no one was at home when I reached home I found to my regret that I had missed a call from Harwood and Walker. At noon Manuel made several Colonia exposures and in the evening we played dominos and had a talk. Paredes really began work on 20th Friday but has had hard luck in the delivery of materials. He is making some progress, however. Robad Beck will have it—whether it is the equinoctial season or that the rains have really set in he had rain daily. I hope it will not affect the construction

but have my fears. Today I did lots of little things — last ones. Thus, I called on Hauser and said good bye and begged him to be good to the boy, whose immediate prospects are black. Attended to my railway ticket and Pullman — lower 10 to Monterey and lower 6 beyond. Went to the library, where I had a pleasant farewell visit with Oso, whom I found unexpectedly free in his political observations; he considers Elden as unfortunately inflexible and non-adjustable to new conditions — plainly does not consider Simantour a complete solution, admits the bad governors who must be changed and appreciates the laudability of the reforms; yet he is as intransigent as ever with reference to the agitators, socialism and heresies; by sitting and waiting. Secured the missing numbers of the Boletín del Instituto bibliográfico.

I received also, at the office, two sets of John Hubert Cornyn's Diary and Mexico, one for me & one for the University, together with a request for an interview. To the Ministerio, where the Monday line of teachers were waiting interviews. Sanchez Marmol came just after I sat down. He is a sad, sad wreck: needs help in moving around, shattered, thinks almost blind; just back from Campeche, he has called on the ministro. I did not begrudge his being given precedence, nor even my being given "the Secretary", who at once took me to his office where the whole set of Genaro Garcia's six volumes were waiting me. They were too much to carry or to box as I hoped they might be sent me at Chicago. I also asked for the medals, the discursos (which I took with me) and a Batres' pamphlet: leaving my "adios" I left. Manuel's matters have today come to a crisis. Hawkins (one of the subts. finding him in the office) assigned him

to the Quimicos. On his return he found Castro angry & was told that he might work till Saturday but not thereafter. 21st. The vernal Equinox, like the last three days rainy. We packed books, I satchel yesterday and my trunk was packed this a.m. before 6:30. At 9:15 the coach came & took me and trunk to the station, where I checked. Various errands including a call on Harwood at the gas-office, whom I asked to help Manuel, filled the time to 11. When my interview took place at Vanantwerp's office. An old man Strong was the representative and I gave him all the time and stuff he wanted. I was home at 12:45 and Manuel's little dinner came off at about 1: - We had a soup, a sopa with eggs, fowl with fruits and nuts, and frijoles. Senora Vasquez has been dressed in her good clothes all day and in her benignant frame of mind. She wants to go with me to the station to see me off. I made a call on Padre Marin, who has been ill with grip for some days. I had tried to call twice before (on Sunday - his saint's day - Jose) but he had not been visible. He is better and we had a nice call. Senora Vasquez and I left early and dilly-dallying still reached the station an hour ahead at 6:30. Manuel was there before 7 and both took platform tickets. Cornyn happened to be there and we had a word of parting. The train was a heavy one and we were off betimes. Before we reached Tacuba there was a felt of heavy rain. 22^d. And what a track and what a sprightly car for a Standard Pullman. Everyone was sore, when morning came. A Mr. and Mrs. Murphy (he 67 yrs.) are to be my companions through to El Paso. They are from Rock Island and came down over the National, to return by Central!

a frightful wreck just ahead, with seven dead?, was the
reason for losing time last night. We started the day
an hour and a half late. An Italian opera singer was
enthusiastically hand-clapped and greeted by a crowd
of students at San Luis Potosi. Made up a little time
by specks. Mrs. de Motte of Valparaiso, Indiana, re-
called herself to me on the strength of my old courses
there a dozen years ago. At our passing a Zacatecas-
Coahuila state line poor, I looked at the map - and the
railroad is represented as several miles east of any
junction between the two. From above San Salvador
to beyond Santa Elena, one of the finest recently dried
lake valleys I ever saw. Yuccas in bloom - usually
one or two in a landscape, but between Gomezarias
and Cameros on a rock mount slope dozens in sight
as we. Before Cameros our poor old train conductor
Sedgwick in nervous excitement called attention to 400 mis-
directed in line drawn upon homeback; so many of us
failed to see them, that doubt finally existed but the
fact that he believed he saw them shows the panicky
condition. We had two Detroit quayle men on board
who has come across from Viesca to Saltillo, who report
bands along that line and constant dread at every
step of their journey of road or bridge destruction: the
telegraph lines were cut twice. We were just 50
minutes late in leaving Saltillo, but were less than a
half hour out, when we stoppt. Engine light and com-
mission. We stoppt again and again for the reason
- "once each kilometer" some joker asserted. Also once for
the train down. Crawling in this way we reached
Monterey at 12 midnight - our train long gone! A great
crowd of enthusiastic students, hand-clapping, vines
and a band, for the Italian opera-sing. For we - slunk

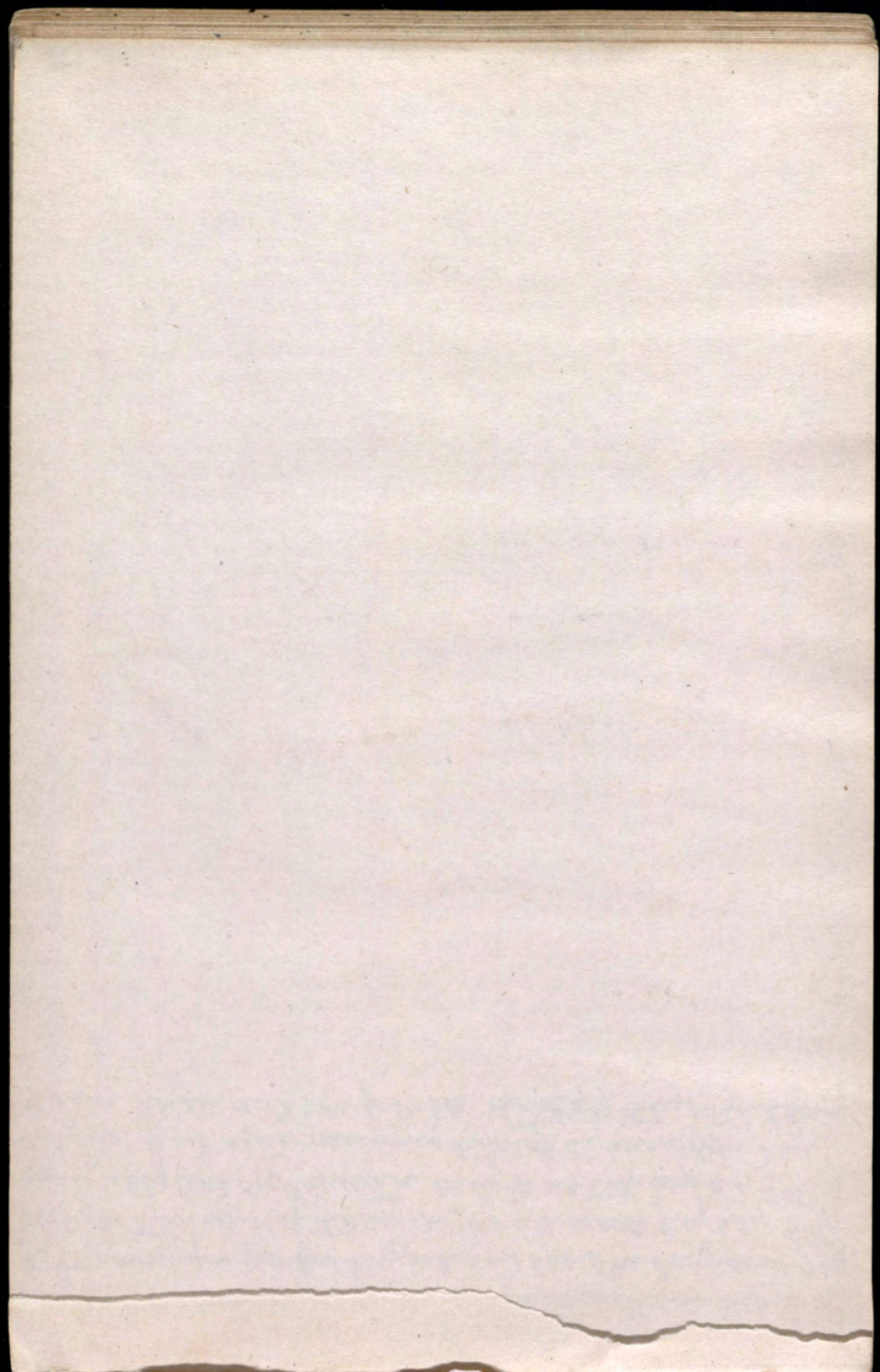
to the Bridges Hotel close by, where Mr. & Mrs. Murphy had stopped before. Too bad; and who knows that the road will be still open tomorrow? — as I asked for a room of modest price, I was given a great front room — where the noise of trains (what trains?) and electric cars was unspeakably bad. However I sleep, as I was fearfully tired. Nor did I hurry out in the morning but made up notebook. The day was dull and they 23^d have been having much rain here; mud every-where. I was not particularly attracted by it and remained writing some little time. Finally I walked down to the center. The side walks were not always present and the mud was bad. The houses are frightful: while there are some common and true Mexican houses most of those that make some pretension are absolutely nondescript. There is a conspicuous Centenario arch of red sandstone and a streets intersection. The yellow penitenciaris is large but unspeakably ugly. To tell the truth I have rarely been more disappointed than in the general impression the town made on me. The only thing that really more than met expectation was "the silla." It is far sharper and definitely marked than I expected and the crest on which it is excavated is a fine one. There are other crests too which are good in the enclosing mountain frame. There were low hanging clouds and mist braids however which shut down often on the view. Passing a school — Colegio Zaragoza — I dropped in. The principal has converted an ordinary house into a school building; one of the front rooms is his office — crowded and disorderly and in it one or two bookcases contain a sorry "museum". We walked thru the three or four school rooms; the malditos are kids who should be in school themselves; I sat in the advanced grade room and heard a class in Physiology conducted by a boy who appeared to be about 18; it was a remarkable parrot exercise. I thought I'd give public Dr.

cation a show and when I came to it dropped into the State College. There was just then nothing doing and I said I might drop in later. I do not know whether Garg, who came to Chicago at one time is still there. The name is a common one here. Next I took the Mercado which is a large and crowded one (not in people as I was late) in an unattractive building, and finally I reached the Plaza Zaragoza and sat for some time on the benches. Neither it nor its buildings are interesting and I felt no inclination to visit the ugly Cathedral. The street cars, ^{lines} all centre here and here is the stand of "buggies" - single horse, fourwheeled, flat-topped vehicles with two seats - suitable for driver and three persons, - an affair really quite characteristic. Nearby is another Plaza with a good statue to Hidalgo. I ate dinner in one of the Hotels and then took car to the Obispo Viejo, which I really found more interesting than expected. It is quite at one side (S.W. corner) of town and the st. car dumps one at the base of the Chepe Vera on which it stands. Here are some commercial gardens. The climb up is not hard or long tho I felt the heat which is more than in the towns so. and heavy. The chapel and obispo are quite in ruins: it was built in 1785 and occupied only five years. It has historic association with the Mexican War and has been used as a barracks. The soldier in charge walked around with me and seemed glad to see anyone. From the hilltop we saw the town well with a view of the river and wash. As a soldier he was engaged in the search for and care of bodies after the inundation and he told me of the numbers found about the place we were looking at. I next went out to Topo Chico - returning first to the centre and taking another line out. This passed out by the station (and our hotel) and on up through the country. It passed the big breweries. Cars run out every 40 minutes. There is a little hamlet of houses there, a pavilion or two for dancing and beer drinking and the spring houses. The waters are

fine hot waters and I took a refreshing bath. There was time for a sandwich and a mug afterward in the parlor where there were two or three little picnic parties indulging in gaiety. I dropped off at the hotel on my return and for the first time patronized the house getting the best meal I had had during the day - at 40 c. There was a little time to kill before the train, which of course was just on time, and we were off at 9. When we got off in the morning we were 24th on the old Internacional Mexicano. We were plainly in northern Mexico but so wet and soggy as I had never seen it. We were behind time but reached Eagle Pass in safety. We had to undergo a double inspection but it was very easy and kindly and we pulled out from there on time at 12.15 reaching Spofford Jct. at 1.45. We lost no time there as the great D. P. train appeared in sight almost as we let foot to ground. To my surprise it was loaded and Mr. & Mrs. Murphy and I only just secured berths. The reason was that the train was full of cattle-men from the great gathering at San Antonio. The ride had features of interest. There are some rock scenes and one or two cañons - as also the great high bridge at

We saw now and again our boys in kakhi "mobilized". From my time tables I supposed I would miss the first C. R. I. P. train and planned use for my time till noon. But 25th on arrival at El Paso at 7.30, there stood the California Special ready to pull out at 8. I had intended to help the Murphys but here ingloriously and traitorously deserted them & took the train. A funny little thing running ady to Kansas City and there transferring. Plenty of room, almost private car for 7/8 the day and from Kansas City. Good eating-house meals, which I could not have had on the Golden State Limited. We had a stiff wind, which was continued 26th and all through Sunday, though the sky was fine and clear. We left Kansas City at 6.00 p.m. under

such circumstances. Kansas fields had been absolutely clean
and fruit trees were in bloom. And when I waked up in the
27th morning a fearful blizzard and snow on the ground. It was
perhaps their worst of the season. At all events they say they
have lately had open weather. Arrived at Chicago at 8:15 am.
on time and after mushing through the snow found my
horse clean and comfortable thanks to the faithful Henry.



Wells. p. 1, 2, 6.
Cornyn 120. 41. 46. 47. 46. 47.
Mammals. 1. 2. 12. 21+ 28. 48+ 30+ 34+
Doña Petra. 2 36+ 38. 39. 41. 44. 45
Guadalupe Vasquez. 2. 21+ 24- 26. 30. 34. 37.
Xochimilco. 2+ 47.
archaeology. 4.
ectrodactyle. 4.
book list. op. 5.
Colonia Vallejo 5. 17. 26. 28. 32. 33. 35+
Guadalupe. 5. 38. 39. 45.
Escuela Preparatoria 5.
interview. 6. 20. 47.
Mr. Nuttall. 6. 7. 33.
Chinese 6.
coins. 7. op. 33.
mena. 7.
Bates 7.
Gonzales-Oregon. 9. 39.
aztec. 9. 24.
Tlacamaca 9+ 14.
wedding 9.
Dominguez 12.
storm. 14.
University Club. 14+
Henry Lane Wilson. 15. 18.
library 16. 46.
Sosa 16. 46.
Ruiz-Ortega 16.
Vasquez (Clemente). 17.
H. P. Lewis. 17.
"Feb. 22" p. 18.

Riddles. 18
Revolution. 19. 33. 46.
Sierra-junto. 19. 46
Profiro Diaz. 19.
van der Meer. 14. 20.
Latin Am. gallery. op. 22 op. 23. op. 24.
San Martin. 24.
Dr. Leon. 30
W. H. Taff. 33.
curandero. 37.
Compania. 35.
Starr Hunt. 39. 44.
Vaité (photog.) 41
Simms. 42.
German suicide. 42.
Dr. Wallace. 43
Madero. 45.
Mr. Head. 45.
Hauser. 46.
Sanchez Marmal. 46.
Padre Marin. 47
J. C. N. de M. 47-49-51
Monterey 49.

