Frederick Starr Papers

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Mexico: (50) Dec. 1912.

Frederick Starr
The University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois, USA.

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Dec. 3d I finished up mail matter, so as to leave things as well as possible. Vincent came in to say good bye on his way to work and I only had to wait till 8 o'clock for the drayman. I went around to Mr. Woodhead's then to get my lunch, which was in two large boxes and lasted me through the journey. Miss Grace and Miss Nellie, of course, contributed to it, but so did Mrs. Anna Mary. I had an eggnog and then hurried home for my suit-case. The train was Illinois Central at 10.17 and I took the day-coach to Saint Louis. We had an unevenful journey and reached there on time. I ate on the diner to save opening my lunch before I should be settled down on the sleeper. Finding that I had more than two hours to wait (6.02 – 8.30) I went out to see Cousin Emily. It takes 35 minutes each way for the run. Found Paul laid up from a foot-ball game; he had quite a serious time. He is a giant of a fellow as as he lay there with some unshaven face hair he looked to me very much like his father – especially in his expression and his smile. Emily and Margaret welcomed me warmly. Henry is at Madison; after graduating at Ill. he received a graduate scholarship there – Economics, &c. – and is doing finely. Returning to the train, we were off at 8.30. Great rush on account of the "homeseeker" run, and train in two sections. We lost time steadily from the hour of leaving. I had plenty of reading and writing and kept

4th busy enough. Across from me was a Scotchman, who has been home but was returning to Pachuca. Sections 1 and 2 were occupied by a man, his wife and six children: he builds oil-tanks and head-quarters at Tampico; has been down there a year and a half; the oldest here, John, about 17 years, has been with him there; the rest are now just going down to stay; eight make a close fit in two sections and they overflowed; there is an older son now there; funny to move a family there just now: they come from Ohio. There was a good-natured stock-raiser who comes around East St. Louis and who is on his way to [illegible] the state of Mexico. The first impres-

addresses.

Guadalupe Vasquez. Calles de Mazatlan and Borgogna.
Felix E. Gomez. 6a Calle Ancha, 115,
Frank Leighton Thomas. Plaza Bldg. 920 4th St. San Diego.

his annual deer hunt back of Laredo. All of these were on from St. Louis. At San Antonio, Arnold Shanklin, 5th our Consul-general at Mexico got on, altho I did not really place him until we were almost to San Luis Potosi. Our stock-raiser got off at , where he was met by people from the ranch. We were more than three hours late at Laredo and left Nuevo Laredo at three hours and ten minutes behind time. This made late hours for the Tampico party who got off at Monterey. On the first section of the run beyond N. Laredo the Auditor demanded payment of difference between first and second class fare and said a similar difference would be collected on each division on account of my homeseeker ticket. This I refused to pay and, after some argument, he passed on and I heard no more of the matter. At New Laredo we were subjected to a minute inquisition personal and arms were sought. I read the whole of Madero's book, La 6th Sucesion presidencial during the journey. It is a good piece of work on the whole. Mr. Shanklin had done his press work well and his identity damned. At San Luis Potosi he had quite an ovation. He is a talker, a mixer, a Sir Oracle and I find him disagreeable. Bought all possible papers along the route and am trying to gain atmosphere. It is hot and sulphurous, but variable and uncertain. We reached Mexico at 11.45, three hours and three-quarters late. As the Scotchman was going to the New Porter's I took coach with him. The Lara House still runs and by vigorous knocking I got the portero up and secured room 57 for 1.50. The town is quiet. Not only there 7th are no tourists, but there has really been an exodus of Americans — and no doubt other foreigners. Things look run down as well. I buy seven or eight papers daily. They seem to reflect every shade of opinion, but they unite — outside of

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Nueva Era and in demanding the withdrawal of Don Francisco — or at least of Pino Suarez. On November 30th Flores Magon went out of the Secretaryship de Gobernacion and printed an attack in Imparcial upon Pino Suarez and Gustavo Madero. Secretary of Foreign affairs Lascurain is about to leave for washington, it is said to relieve Manuel Calero. Rumors of a great plot with Calero, Flores Magon, and the northern mourgents are rife. The State election of Mexico has made de la Barra governor. The first reports were all in his favor — then there were counter reports, then doubt, lastly offer to him of ambassadorship anywhere in Europe, but he sticks; he has certainly been elected. The case of Gen. Felix Diaz was argued; his transfer from San Juan Ulloa begged on sanitary grounds; the supreme court ruled against the transfer — three judges, among them Belmar, being favorable. Ministro Hernandez, who took Flores Magon's place causes a sensation by begging the assistance of the Church; result the international mass; then, after some criticism, a belated appeal to free-masons and protestants to assist in bringing about peace. These were the chief matters in the newspapers during my stay. The doings of the Chamber of Deputies, too, occupied a lot of space. Things are lively there. Names are called, threats made, scenes of violence occur, the galleries are cleared; promises of impeachment of the speaker for unfairness and partisanship are made. But the majority are just now with the government. The papers I buy are Herald, Imparcial, Pais, Nueva Era, Intransigiente, Tribuna, Mañana, Nacion, Noticioso, Diario. All of which seems to me most encouraging. There are disturbances outside, which are called outbreaks of banditry and are unquestionable banditry in some cases. Orozco is still a leader in the north, but he seems to be relatively unimportant. Zapata still keeps Morelos in an uproar and trains run only three times a week to Cuernavaca and then with a guard. Outbreaks and invasions take place into the State of Mexico. The first impres-

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sion made upon me was one of chaos and a desperate condition for the government. I stepped into the Compañia bancaria and had my dividend cashed. Found Mr. Hull himself in charge: he talked at some length with me: complains of past slackness, asserts that things are now on sound and conservative basis and that we are earning more money than the dividend and if conditions were normal we would be making more than ever before. At the bank I found that Frost has gone: he felt that he had not been treated quite squarely and resigned: was up in Washington the last heard from; Dunkerley is Mgr. and knew me - a little to my surprise; from the papers I learn that Beck and the Bank generally seems going into a Metals Co.; I doubt the wisdom of it. I called next on Hauser and heard Manuel's sad story from his point of view. The lawyer he has consulted is Eduardo Baz who is with Wilson and was recommended by Ad. V-A. He says the simplest way would be for me to forge a will! Meantime they have been rather cautious in regard to the poor boy's death and property. There is a petty judge somewhere who took his watch and lentina: they took his pency. Mrs. Vasquez wanted them como recuerdo and Mr. Hauser applied for them. They demanded a bond of 200$ before they would be given up and Baz advised letting them go rather than to call attention to the intestate demise. I called then on Ad. V-A. who gave me a letter to Baz and a copy of his Record of the last article on The University of Mexico. Calling next on Eduardo Baz I found him a nice young fellow, who speaks English very well. I left the documents with him to look over and agreed to call tomorrow. Then I went out to the house: it seemed shut up but as there was smoke in the corner of the patio I called and Sra. Vasquez and the little Manuel appeared. She embraced me and wept bitterly. There was a young woman there, who proved the recent widow of a young man who had a lot and house close by; the young fellow died after a short attack of consumption and left her alone and without resources. Apparently their losses have drawn the two women together — anyway they wept and cried as Sra. Vasquez told me of Manuel. It was a sad story. The boy reached home somewhat discouraged. Either because he could not, or would not, it was long before he went to work. and when he

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did it was poorly paid compared to what he had sometimes done before - only 1.50 p a day. His money with Mr. Hauser gradually shrunk; his troubles with Sofia continued, now and again they had scenes and recriminations. He sent her to Puebla finally "once and for all," but later he himself left for Cordoba: whether he really went to Cordoba, I don't know, but his mother soon learned that he was not there but at Puebla living with the girl. Bye-and-bye they came back. Sra. Vasquez feels sure that the girl practiced witchcraft and recalls once when Manuel and she had a fight when she made some remark darkly about his dying by violence, killed in his bed. The boy seemed to lose his grip - became afraid of things; he was uneasy and unsettled, uncertain in his comings and goings. When the African trip became a certainty he was in despair and cried and cried: "His Prof. is going to Africa and without him; going to take a negro". He was much pleased with the African book - took it to show Mr. Hauser, in whose hands it was indeed when he died. He took to drinking a good deal and when his mother reasoned with him said; "Why should I not drink mamma; my professor is going without me." Poor boy - poor boy - if he had only written, or if he had only known how he figured in every plan I was arranging for the future. When his saint's day neared he thought he would have a party and invited those whom he thought his friends: he made great preparations, - mole de guajolote and other good things - and of all who were invited only one - Mr. Hauser came. I think I feel more grateful to him for that one act than for anything else he ever did for us. When the day - July 8th - came he was home toward night, but decided to go out. His mother begged him to come home early. He was in town with friends drinking: afterward he started for home but at Calle he stopped off to see some of the fellow-workers he knew; they were not there but their mother who is portero was and he waited awhile. When he was about to leave she said You are in no condition to go home; you might fall and hurt yourself going over to the house; better lie down on my bed. He did so and she sat at the door of the zequan. About 1 o'clock she let someone in but paid no attention to whom it was. It was a gendarme who had been her lover; he walked past her directly to the room, which is just in front of the gate - saw Manuel lying there and shot him.

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a hue and cry was raised and pursuit and capture. As for Manuel, he said - "who shot me?" and when told said "but impossible - he had no cause to shoot me." He took off his clothing all but his undergarments and did them up in a bundle with the faja. It was some time before he was taken to the Comisaria & he asked someone to go for his mother, telling where. Whoever went did not get to Colonia Valleja and the message was never delivered. From there he was taken to the hospital and seems to have been delirious until he died on the morning of the 10th. He is said to have cried for water and to have called for his mother and for his Professor. Felix A. Gomez, his boss, tried to see him but was refused until after the operation. The operation did no good and the poor boy died alone with no friend near him after the shot. The ball entered his abdomen and made a long course down into the leg (left) almost to the knee. He appears to have been lying on his right side with his legs somewhat drawn up. I believe they cut open his head and removed the brain; this autopsy was made without any permission from anyone. Only after he was dead did any message reach the mother. Gomez raised a fund for burial from the fellow workers - seventy-five contributing from 25 centavos to 2 pesos: a total of some 42 p. The body was taken home and laid out. The men attended in a body and took him to the Panteon of Guadelupe, where they bought a poor little grave for five years. It was very good of them but how sad for the poor boy to be buried by charity. Sofia barely stayed until he was under ground and took with her everything she could lay the remotest claim to - fowls, ducks, furniture, utensils. She took Solita and is in Puebla where they say she has renewed relations with the pretrero. Dolores is gone too - I don't know for what quarrel and Mrs. Vasquez is in the house alone with the little boy. He seemed to me no bigger than he was in March 1911, but is bright and pretty, he is vivo and a little stubborn and spoiled. I did not want to go out to the Panteon today and so came back to town at noon taking dinner at the Italian Restaurant. Stopped at

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Meneses on my way back and bought a couple of books: he has a collection of proclamation medals and are of war decorations to show me. In the afternoon, I took a walk; did not find Dorothy in; at Antonio Algate found them all busy over the First Scientific Mexican Congress just about to open under their auspices. Met Mrs. Moody on the street; she is now teaching in the American School; I accepted an invitation to dinner with her; she and her chum are keeping up an apartment over in the Colonia. Ate supper at Bach's and walked afterward. —— When at Colonia Vallejo, after my visit to Sra. Vasquez, I went to see Paredes: they are married; she has not been well; they have sold out the father's pictures and almost everything else but have a few books left. Of course they would say so, but I believe they are having hard time; he has no work and has not had for some time. On 8th Sunday I went to Valador and saw them at Antonio Algate: I did not find them yesterday but now. Then out to Vallejo for a visit and talk. At noon I went to J. L. Stevenson's to dinner. There has been a heavy shock of earthquake here lately and their cement walks &c. have suffered. "Jack" was at home; I had not seen him before — he has been at the University of Virginia: he is now studying languages and law at home; he is their idol. We had an elegant dinner served by the Japanese servant. "Jack" is a devotee of the taurine sport and had been disappointed in the companion he had hoped for to the fight this afternoon. He never misses a function. I went with him. Two hopes were to take part — one the Spaniard, the other a new Mexican, who was expected to do great things as it was his debut. On the whole it was a very moderate performance, tho the Spaniard did some good work. After we were through I tried to find A. L. V. A. at his house and Hauser at church but found neither. The unheard-of thing of synchronous masses for peace, in Mexico and Rome, took place: it was a notion of Minister Hernandez, who

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talked it over with the papal delegate; it is an appeal for the help of the church; it is a queer move and a danger sign; the archbishop was to lead the mass in the Cathedral, the papal nuncio at Guadalupe; at the same instant Pius X. in St. Peter's; simultaneously in all churches throughout Mexico. I as first meant to go out to Guadalupe but the cars were more than crowded from an early hour; Archbishop Mora after being announced — suddenly and mysteriously left Mexico about twenty-four hours before — why, I wonder?; I went down to the Plaza — the Sagrario was crowded from altar to door. The mass here was a midnight mass: the Cathedral enclosure was crowded & the cars were pushing in and out for hours. — I brought in a lot of Manuel's negatives and 9th looked them through; the mother wants these that are no good — to clean them — heaven knows for what, I don't. It is her obsession to hoard everything. I went around to Antonio Alzate and inscribed myself a member of the Congress. Delegates were coming in and they were busy making out the cards, giving out buttons and making up their lists. Went to see Baz and carried my note, he read it over and declared it was useless for our purpose as I had set no date for payment. Of course I had not just to favor the boy. He looked at the strokes which I had put in place of date and said it would not be easy to remove them so they would not show; finally he had me write dates in there, which seemed to have been crossed out by the strokes and then write new dates overhead. He then laid it by that the ink might darken and be undistinguishable. I gave him 100 for expenses of announcing in advertisements, &c. This was not really all done today but spread over several days — I making a call each day. The business was actually all finished on the 11th. I settled up matters to date with Stauser and called on Ortiz. He and his are pretty blue. They think the old days of '47 are come again and that we are about to take another slice of territory. He feels that things are going to the dogs and that Madero is a failure. Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke of conditions and outlook. I ate at the Italian Restaurant and then went to Valleyo. The mother and

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Manuelito were waiting for me at the station. She had a pitcher for water. ~~I bought two flowers pieces in the market before I went out.~~ We took the car on out to Guadalupe & then walked to the Panteon. The grave was in the poorer part near where the heap of thrown-out flowers and the payment of evicted were heaped up; it was the third line back from the centre & there was not even a leveled surface; there was a little cross of two black sticks which the poor boy himself had made in May, which was wired to a rod stuck in the ground — no, there was not even that for some one had torn it & carried away the cross piece; a rusted bit of tin had the name quite illegibly stamped upon it. Some wilted flowers were stuck in the ground along the sides. There was no shade & the sun struck down hotly on the grave. It was very sad to think of the poor boy, almost uncared-for. We straightened up things some and ~~set the flowers~~ and watered the grave with its dry flowers — and wept there. I had begged her to bring all her empeño tickets and we now went to three different places: some he had pawned — some she; the loans ranged from 12 centavos to some pesos: there were eight or ten tickets — all amounting to 9.12 p. It was sad to see how things the boy cared for had gone out in pawn. And when we were through, and I was tired from walking it seemed that she had only brought a part — there were more but "small ones." I put them on the card and then went to the hall of the Preparatory School, where the Scientific Congress was to be formally opened. Comyn was there and spoke to me; the Africa: ask a lecture; I met him later in the evening about it and agreed to give them "A Voice from Africa" — on Friday night. At the Congress I saw Montgomery Schuyler whom I had last seen in Tokyo and greeted him. After I was seated a little time the President and his attendants came in. A set Program was carried through. Maderos made a formal speech of opening; he has a disagreeable manner — uneasy and awkward — and a harsh voice; he read his speech. He has been unwell & was not expected. It is whispered that he has had two "attacks" within a week. I presume there is no question that he is epi-

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-leptic; a photograph was taken of the Presidential group in which Montgomery Schuyler looms up gigantic — partly because he is larger than the others, partly because of nearness to the cameras. — At Table Dunday, we gossiped more or less about Francisco I. They insist that in his early days of speechifying, that a rift of old men and women came daily to his gate and received food; that since success has come this foodgiving ended and the police run them off the street. — There is an old aunt who does not much like Francisco — he is far from her favorite. She says she once took the boys, then little, to Paris. The first day they were there he said — "Auntie, my father promised me a watch; I want my watch." "Well — you can't have it; wait till you get home." But the next day — "My father promised me a watch; I want my watch" again. The next day & the next until in desperation she got his watch. "Now that is Francisco I." Personally, I like the story: it tells a lot. — I went to the office of

10th Luz y Fuerza in the morning to see Leduc and Gomez; I thought I'd like to see the men and thank them for what they did for the boy. I believed I could control myself but both with Leduc alone and later with Gomez, I broke down. They were kind enough and agreed to call the men together tomorrow morning for me to greet them. I would have gladly bought cigars or something for all them but Gomez said no and I did not want to seem like trying to pay. At 11. Hauser was good enough to go with me to Hospital Juarez. We rode there and the coach waited. We were ignored and lost a lot of time waiting. I was disgusted but at last we saw the Director. I wanted to see the nurse. She was a little creature without much sense. I do not think she remembered the boy at all — they see so many and this was five months ago; she was a little scared too; at last she tried to recall under questioning pieced a tale together which means nothing. I had hoped she would remember, that perhaps

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had a message, but there was nothing definite. I'm sure tho that she did her duty. When I felt we could get nothing more, I wanted her to take a trifle — I wanted her to buy something as a recuerdo — but she has no sense. She was afraid to take it, but when I appealed the matter to the director, he bade her accept it and I think she was glad to have it. I was out in the afternoon to visit and finished overhauling negatives. At 5 p.m. went to the official reception to the Congress at the Ministry of Public Instruction. Pino Suarez, Vice-President and Minister gave it. He is most unpopular and the clamor is for his withdrawal. He is a Yucateco; poet; never had experience in public matters. In the revolution he was with Don Francisco in the north and Francisco came to depend upon his judgment and his literary aid. He was in high favor at the time of settling terms. Madero imposed him as Governor in Yucatan, where he seems to have proved a failure. After his quarrel with Vasquez Gomez, Madero forced Pino-Suarez upon the public as Vice-Presidential candidate. Whether Don Francisco's election was genuine or not, great claims are made that Pino-Suarez's was a fraud & farce. He is stiff and uneasy; it will take years for him to become gracious and graceful in public. The reception was as formal and uninteresting as can be. There was a formal speech by Primeda, & answer by Pino Suarez; then stiff hand-shaking and standing around. I wore my decorations, as was proper even on a scientific occasion. Among those I knew who were present were Herrera, Diaz de Leon, Primeda, Aguilar y Santillan, Prof. Aragon. I was glad to meet Robelo, who is now Director of the Museo Nacional. I was to go to Miss Moody's at 7, and sat a time in the Plaza between events. As I sat there I saw one coming who sat down to wait for a car. I said good evening to Dr. Diaz de Leon:

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He answered me at once but a moment's conversation showed that I had made a mistake. It was not Dr. Jesus Diaz de Leon but Dr. Francisco Diaz de Leon, owner of a Teatro and well known. He is nearly blind from cataract. He says he has often been taken for the other - but that they are no relation and have never even met. It's a curious case. Miss Moody and her chum Miss Davis have an apartment of several rooms where they "back" it. They have a servant, but she had been called away and they had to cook & serve their own dinner. A French lady, teacher, Mlle Lefevre and a gentleman - Miss Davis's fiance - "Leslie", were present. We had a pleasant little visit. Early, at 7 a.m. Mr. Hauser

11th was with me at Luz y Fuerza. After my breaking down of yesterday, I felt I could not trust myself at all & he was there to speak for me. Out of the 75 who were at the boy's funeral, not many are left in the company's employ. Twenty men and boys perhaps were gathered. Mr. Hauser made a little speech in which he told of M's and my relation and of my appreciation and my desire to thank them and take them by the hand. It was good of them to help: the poor do a good deal for the poor. After we were through Hauser went with me to the near-by chocolateria and took his morning chocolate with me. I went to the Colonia office to settle taxes: found mine really straight but they had done nothing regarding Manuel's notwithstanding promises. This hung on for several days, but was at last attended to fully on the 18th. Both are paid up till June 1913. The receipts are left at the office for use in future payments and they promise to keep the matter fully attended to. Conyn was around yesterday and I agreed to give him an interview today. To do so I invited him to eat at the Italian Restaurant with me at noon. We had a long visit and he got his data. He has been much interested

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as indeed I knew in stories and has made a large collection in Mexico both from Indians and mestizos. He is a little loose and hasty in comparison but as a collector is good. I went then out to the Colonia where we took the remaining "boletos" and got the other things at of the emperors. None of these amounted to a peso — some were twelve centavos but the total was 5.24 p. In the morning Hauser and I had been to the bank (Canadian Bank of Commerce) and made a deposit of 677 pesos subject to order of either one of us. This is the amount which Manuel has paid (675 really) on the property complete and I want his mother to have the use of it. This is to be paid to her monthly in payments of 20 p. on the 15th of each month. At 6.15 I met Hauser again at his office and went with him out to dinner. They had invited Mrs. one of their teaching force. We had a pleasant little gathering. Because the boy always celebrated his mam- 12th - acita's Saints day, I wanted to do something for it. So we went out to the villa. I bought two flowerpieces for the grave. There was a crowd there and much animation. We went first to the Panteon and then with the crowd. She went into the chapel to hear mass & the little boy and I waited for her outside. When she came out we started to walk around but the child wanted to see some toys: stopping an instant with him she lost us; we waited an hour near where she had been with us but she was clean gone of course like the famous day when Manuel and I brought her up from Puebla. So finally, with his unlucky toys he & I took car for Vallejo. We waited a long time at the house before she appeared. Then we took the cars in to town and took a good dinner together at a Mexican Restaurant on Relo. Before we did this, however, we went thru the boy's trunks and boxes. Though she makes a great point of having everything wait for my coming she is tricky and suspicious. I know I have not seen all. The little Japanese & Korean cuts she kept but did not show them to me. In Indian Mexico is absent, so is the great collection of postcards so are the placards, many — many things — some that I would like — but we can't do much with her.

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It is not their cash value I care for. I did take the books I found — Mex. Autho; Folklore Catalog — truth about the Congo — & the Congo Natives (which Hauser had). These I decided to give to the Instituto metodista as Puebla. As they all had his name & mine written in them, I wrote in a little statement that they are given in his memory; I have kept all his negatives that are good; and today I took all his letters and looked them through. Those to and from his mother I gave back to her — all others I keep. They are principally Sofia's, Carlota's and mine. At 8 o'c. I went to Vergara Lope's lecture on Anatomical Art — or Artistic Anatomy. It was the only regular session of the Congress I could take in. One of my old acquaintances of the Preparatorio, now a student in the School of Medicine was there & renewed acquaintance & was most anxious to be useful and attentive. The audience was small — only about 40; I understand it has been generally much better. I went early out to

Friday: 13th the Colonia and got the grave receipt from the mother, so as to have the grave changed from five years to perpetuity. Mr Hauser went with me first to Gayosso's Agencia where we arranged for the perpetuity; it will take some days to actually have it attended to. I at first wanted to have the grave changed to one of first class: but the inspection, documents, &c. would mount up to about 800 p besides the cost of the grave; if we wait until the five years are out the cost of removal will be almost nothing. To have the perpetuity arranged now for the grave he occupies will cost about . Then if anything should happen to me, or it should seem best not to make any change then he is at least one of permanent rest. At Guaguelli's the owner was out but we looked at some designs and arranged for him to come to the hotel at 2 o'c. He did not do so but the boy did; Hauser & I then went again to his place where we picked out the type of grave; black stone base and walling; a marble slab slighty sloping; the inscription: † Manuel Gonzales 1885-1912. Leal y Fiel Compañero en Langas izales en africa, Cruz

Europa y America de Frederick Starr R.I.P.
Perpetuidad. It is plain and simple but good; to cost 170p. and to be put in at once. I went to the Colonia office where I arranged for Manuel's tapes with Mr Clark: they had been talking about the difunto, r.c. and I was afraid might complicate matters if the boy's death were known: best settled quietly and let his death come out later. Got my New Year cards; 200 of them: they are on a sort of parchment; Feliz año in blue in the upper left corner; my name and desea á Ud. feliz año nuevo y felicidades; in the lower left corner my address in English. A man named Frank Leighton Thomas, an Englishman who has been in Africa is at the Lara: he lives in San Diego - was once in So. Pacific employ - now is interested in lands: he is here trying to float a colonization scheme and talked Topolobampo to me. Our acquaintance began by his asking me to translate for him when he came, arranged for his room. We had quite a long talk and he claims that he wrote me in 1905, wanting to accompany me on my African trip. I invited him to my lecture At 10 c. we had an elegant lunch at the Jockey Club. This was a Wilson-Baz affair and I was invited when I called the last time on business at the office. I had forgotten that I knew Wilson: he presided at the University Club, when I spoke there last year. Our party was - Wilson, Baz, Arnold Shanklin, Dr. Dye (Nogales) and Judge (Kansas City). It went off finely. They expected me to take an auto ride afterward but my engagement about the stone prevented. As it was I was late: instead of being at home at 2. it was almost three. Williamson came around with a carriage at 8 and Thomas went with us. My lecture at 8.30 A voice from Africa was fairly attended and fairly received. It was my first opportunity to speak

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on Liberia. There were perhaps 200 there. Williamson took us back to the Hotel in an automobile, after some awkward delays. —— I took the 7 o'c. train for Puebla, arr. 14th living late, of course, at 1. Mr. Manning met me by request. I wanted some one with me as witness and protection perhaps. We ate together at the Station restaurant & then walked to Alfaro 19, where we found Sofia: she was cooking for sale. The boy was lying sick she said on the floor asleep. Lola was sleeping on the bed: we woke her up & she seemed hot and pale – a bad color; she was sleepy and drowsy and I only half believe she knew me. Sofia says she is soon to have another child – Manuel's she says. I offered to take Lola and put her in school. She said the child is too young to have her – and I told her I had no wish to take her unless she gave her consent. She says why not put her in school in Puebla? There are plenty of schools – and promised to see her only once in eight days – and not to trouble. I made no promise either way – but we none of us believe it well to put her here. I am willing to send her to Santa Julia if Sofia consents but only there. We had no unpleasantness. She was sensible and seemed glad to see me. She said nothing of Manuel & showed no feeling on his account. Doña Petra was out, which suited me well. I then presented the books to the Instituto Metodista through Mr. Manning. There were – Folk-lore Catalogue, Readings, and Congo Natives. I wrote in all that they are presented in his memory. Valderamma later wrote me a note of thanks. We now separated and I spent the afternoon around town: saw Don Anselmo who is an old man but at the same stand; sat in the Plaza – ate tortas compuestas and saw the boot-blacks, now numbered and almost uniformed boleros; ate dinner at the Hotel de France. All pretty hard reminders of my poor boy – with whom I lived over many, many, things. Went onto the sleeper at 8.20

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and reached the villa, where I got off, at 8 o'c. Went
15th Sunday. at once to the Panteon where I hoped to find
the stonework of the grave done; they had dug for it but
the stone was delayed. After taking chocolate, I went to
the Colonia. Sofia had spoken of some dresses (her's & Lola's)
or rather dress goods that she had left: Sra. Vasquez had al-
-ready spoken of them and I promised to send them. At
the house I took these and all the boy's letters and car-
-ried them with me. At 1 o'c. I was at the Plaza ready to go
to the Banquete, the final event in the Congreso cientifico.
It was at the San Angel; a special
car was run. The place is really a fine one and the ban-
-quete, at seven pesos per, was a great success. We ate at
a great table in an arbor of roses: had a fine bill of fare
and three wines. I knew Primeda, Diaz de Leon, Herrera,
Rojas, Engerrand, D: (who knew me in Chicago and
was most polite and attentive. I met also D: of the
Pasteur Institute. I sat with D: , D: and
with Engerrand and Rojas across. We made a pleasant
company. We had several brindis and then adjourned to the
parlors where there was music and conversation until
7.30 And I had accepted an invitation to quiet supper
at A. d. V-A. for 6 o'c! I really reached there at about 8.
They were through, of course but I had to sit down to some
cold turkey & tea & cakes. Had a nice visit staying until
10.25. They are blue over the situation; showed me the
multicolor and its interesting caricatures of the year.
They are particularly hard on Bonilla and Maderos. Bonilla
is minister of public works who is said to have gained his
total knowledge of theory and practice from I. C. S. (Scran-
-ton). As for Francisco! — at first they represented him of
full size with others but have dwarfed him until he ap-
-pears in all groups as a pigmeo, which is the regular epithet
for him. I spent much time in looking over Manuel's
16th letters. They run way back to the beginning. His letters
to his mother, her's to him, Sofia's and his both ways, occa-
-sionals from outsiders as MacArthur, his from Carlota,

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mine and his. I sorted them all out – and took his & his mother's out to her this morning; I packeted Lola's to give back to her in Chicago: the rest I shall hold for the present. I took both of them and brought them into town. I had wanted her story taken down and Hauser had arranged for its being done by the wife of one of their native preachers. We went up to their room, way up Santos, for the dictation. The mother did not tell nearly as simple nor direct a story as other times. She tried to dress it some and varied in details; moreover she omitted parts and it was not easy to direct their insertion. However we got something that was better than nothing. We all three ate dinner over at the Lara House restaurant and then went to open the two boxes from Japan. I had forgotten how many presents, ready-cut, the boy had brought. There were things for Hauser and Van Antwerp I knew but she has become very suspicious and I did not suggest that she should carry out the boy's wish in the matter. I took negatives and a few papers. The rest we repacked and they will go out tomorrow. She and I had talked over matters and to avoid trouble I told her she had better sign a document giving me everything she has: she had readily agreed and I supposed all was well. As we finished I took her in to the office where Hauser paid her the first monthly payment of 20p. Then before Hauser and Carhart I told of the agreement and produced the document for her signing in their presence. Then she balked; wept and said she'd rather wait until she was dying when she would send for Mr. Hauser. Of course, I did not press the matter but I hate to think of the trouble we shall have when she does die. Calling on Starr Hunt I found Phillips with him, Y.M.C.A. hes. An appointment has been made to see Madero at Chapultepec on Wednesday at 5 p.m. Gomez had spoken to Señora Vasquez about the little camera which he thought he'd like to buy. She had left the matter until my coming and then told me the boy wanted the camera to go to Lola, that she might have something her

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father had used. I do not believe he ever said so and as Gomez had been more than kind I proposed we should give it to him as a record of the boy. She consented to this and tonight I carried it around to his place. He himself, had not come in and I left it for him. I ordered a cart to take the 17th boxes from Gante and as soon as they were started hurried to the street cars and Colonia. They were there when I got out which shows that the direct way is not so long. I sent different goods by express to her. Went out to the graves to see if any progress. I ate at the Italian restaurant. In the afternoon went in to see Hauser and found them with a church tea on hand. Sat down to a cup of tea with him and Mrs. Hauser serving. Quite a gay gathering. Afterward with some little hesitation Mr. H. told me that while he had been glad to do what he had and had done it willingly and was willing to do more – he had put considerable time and trouble into the matter and it was worth something. That the board was short & making an effort to clean up; that if I would give him 50 or 100 p. it would be welcome – not for his personal use but for the deficit. Of course it was reasonable enough; and after I thought it over I preferred it so; tho I confess it hit me and 50 p. looks pretty big just now. I told him I would think it over and do what I could, as soon as I could, but after my return to Chicago. I went to the Museum to meet Engerrand who had invited me to dinner. He was in his office. We were interested in his layout of shell objects. We took st. car out to his place – which is in Ixtacapotzalco. He is a Basque; his wife is Belgian: he is a Mexican citizen. He has a large library and is a hard worker. This year he is Director of the International School of Archaeology. We had a nice little party. Prof. E., his wife, her sister, Rojas and Dr. G. (Scholar for the year) and myself. A real continental dinner and good wines. Dr. G. took me to the hotel in his automobile when we had had a pleasant evening of conversation. It was a pleasant occasion in the midst of a not very pleasant period.

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18th. I packed my trunk at midnight and dispatched it the first thing this morning. After my morning chocolate I made a farewell visit to the Colonia and we all went out to the grave where we found a man at work and where the dark stone had been delivered. Señora Vasquez reminded me that I had no masses said; I had told her I should; but she preferred to have them said next Tuesday at the Cathedral – so I gave her the money for them. On my return I went into the Colonia office and found that they have straightened out the tax matter and hold receipts on all until next June. I found Crosby in: had looked for him several times in vain and begged him to send me all the literature on the Revolution and after that he could. I saw Hauser and bade him good-bye. Van Antwerp called at the Hotel to leave a little package which they want me to express on the other side. In the afternoon I went around to the American School as I had agreed to do with Miss Moody. Mr. Lynch was glad to see me and the larger children were called together to hear me. I spoke on Korea, with passing reference to Aztec singing. They have done a really good work there. My original hour for interview at Chapultepec had been 5.30 but Hunt had to see him on business yesterday and he had said to come earlier, say at 4. so we need not feel hurried. So we went up there with an auto at that time. I put on my decorations. We waited from 4 – 5.30! Of course, his excellency had simply forgotten any re-arrangement. 5.30 is the regular hour. At 5.30 we were given precedence and were rushed in before the line of waiters. The President sat at a small plain table at the end of a corridor; he was dressed in an ordinary business suit and with a cap which he laid aside as we came up. He was cordial. His manner is nervous: when he speaks Spanish his voice is not agreeable but when he speaks English which he does well – it is worse. He pitches it then high, speaks loud & rapidly and in an oratorical

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fashion. I asked him whether he held the same ideas now as he had expressed in his book which I had read with care. "Yes for the most part; but I do not think that my people are as well prepared to take the government into their own hands as I did then! As to sufragio effectivo and no re-election yes!" I asked him about the Ley de Imprenta which is just under consideration and has called out considerable hostility. He said it was a law of notable liberality: that its most important content is the necessity when a paper has printed malicious or false statements to print a recantation or correction in the same portion & with equally attractive headlines in a subsequent issue: he looked for a copy among the papers on the desk but had none by him. I asked him whether he expected to see his term through. "Oh yes, I shall see my term through." But there are many thousands who do not want you to do so: there will be great difficulties in the way. "Sir, I have met great difficulties before now; I shall no doubt see more; but I shall see my term through surely." He said in the course of our conversation that he had more than 99% of the vote. From here we hurried back to town: Stan Hunt left me at the Hotel and bade me good-bye, going himself to the office. I picked up my satchel, took a coach, and rode at once to the station. Was off on the train at 7.30. It was crowded: I guess every upper was taken.

19th. Was busy reading and writing all day. The crowd began to thin but there were still a good many passengers.

20th. We reached the border on time. It's a rather inconvenient arrangement. We were routed at 4.30 a.m. Delay at Laredo and Nuevo Laredo due to the present rigid search and long question lists. Left nearly an hour late and were almost that in reaching Don Carlonio at 2.30 p.m. Fred met me at the Station with the Army wagon and after a shave and some errands we rode out to the Fort. It is a fine establishment. He has a fine set of rooms and I occupied myself writing & reading, while he attended to some

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duties. He eats at the officers mess and I met quite a lot of his associates, young unmarried officers. They seem a very decent lot. We visited in the early evening and at 10 o'c. my old classmate, Dr. M. B. Bliem came out and stayed till 12. He has done well and has a good standing as physician. He has had a son at Lafayette. In the morning after breakfast 21st Fred showed me over the hospital and later with the Major Surgeon and the other assistant medicos we went through a clinic in which he happened to be the demonstrator. It was really interesting. Orozco pere has been here until lately and Fred saw considerable of him: so of others of recent fame in Mexico. Ortiz told me the other day that the Diaz revolution in Vera Cruz in November was the first of three arranged; that the men who organized it at the same time arranged for two others at similar intervals to be pulled off in case the preceding failed. The November one did fail utterly. I believe the second one now on tho' it promises to be a fiasco. It probably involves Calero (ambassador at Washington - just relieved), Jesus Flores Magon (just resigned from Cabinet) and is to be carried through in the north and by Orozco. Their momentary reappearance seems to be in connection with it. If this is No. 2, it seems a harmless effort. If No. 3 fails, the plotters are at the end of their resources & will lie down. We lunched at the Fort and were at the station at 1.50. Kayton (U. of C. 1912) had wanted me to lunch but Fred did not yield me. He came to the station and as he was with me & the train nearly an hour late Fred left me. Kayton had a great paper sack of Texas pecans for me. The train finally came in at 2.40 nearly an hour behind. We lost time all the way. Slow and stupid run. We were due 22d Sunday in St. Louis at 8.30 p.m. As we were six hours late we stayed in the sleeper all night. They routed us out early however, at 5 a.m. as there was no train until 10.35. I decided to go out to see Emily. Killed time on the

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way out on the streets until 7. when there was some sign of life. They were glad to see me. Henry was home from Madison. He has been appreciated there and given some special work in his line - Economics - in connection with state service; it pays well and is a fine start; it will prevent further study but is more useful as a training. Paul is quite well again and was up and around. I took breakfast with them and then back to station and off at 10.35. There were no incidents on the way home: reached Woodlawn, something late, at 6.17 p.m.

St. Louis, Mo. 1.22.
Paul Nelson U.S. 1.22
Arnold Shanklin. 2.
Revolution. conditions. 2.3.7.8.17.20.21.
Madero. 2.9.10.19-20.
Flores Magon. 3.
Lacuraim 3.
de la Barra. 3
Feliz Diaz. 3.
Belmar 3.
Wall 4
Compañia 4
Bank 4
Hauser 4.12.13.18.
Manuel Gonzales. 4-6.9.10.14.16.17.18.
van Antwerp 4.17.
Eduardo Diaz 4.8.
Guadelupe Vasquez. 4.8.13.18.19
Manuelito. 6.
Meneses. 7.
Antonio Alzate. 7
Scientific Congress 7.8.9.11.14.17.
Miss Moody. 7.12.19.
Paredes. 7.
Starr Hunt. 7.18.
Jack. 7
The Church. 7.
Ortiz. 8.19.21.

Corney [illegible]
Ypm [illegible]
M[illegible] [illegible]cyler. 9.10.
Luzy Fuerza: Gomez, Leduc. 10.12.18.
Pino Suarez. 11.
Robelo. 11.
"Diaz de Leon" 12.
Colonia. 12.13.15.19.
Guadelupe. 13.14.
Feliciano. 15.
Frank L. Thomas. 15.
Wilson-Bazluncheon. 15.
Sofia. 16.
Manning. 16
Instituto metodista 16.
Anselmo Pacheco. 16.
Puebla. 16.
grave. 17.19.
Georg Guggenrand. 17.18.
American School. 19.
San Antonio 20
Fred Wright 20
M. B. Bliem. 21
Harold Layton. 21.
~~St. Louis.~~