Frederick Starr Papers

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51 of 57 notebooks

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Mexico: (51) 1920. #1.

Frederick Starr
The University of Chicago,
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

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1920.

August 27. I had hoped to get away today. Still my hope was based, as was my application to give an early examination, on a misunderstanding. I thought the classes really ended today and that examinations came on Tuesday and Wednesday. The thought of waiting from Friday to Tuesday seemed dreadful. When my request was refused, I learned for the first time that the classes really continue until Wednesday and the examinations come on Thursday and Friday – Sept. 2 and 3. President Judson consented to my giving but one day examination, so I looked up trains etc. Difficult to get information, but apparently, I will drive nearly thirty trying to leave Thursday night. There seems to be only one sleeper a day through from St. Louis to Laredo. It arrives at Laredo at 4.10 p.m. and is supposed to make connection with the one train south. I had a good deal of trouble getting my passport – from July 9 to August 12 and had to send in sworn statements from Mr. O'Donnell and W. Fleming that my errand was legitimate and reasonable. The day after securing it – and its cost was $10.– I went to the Mexican Consulate for a visa, which also cost $10: and I went through the Revenue Collector's hand to get a "clearance" based on receipts for income taxes for 1918 and 1919! For this, however there was no charge.— My three public lectures were a fair success. They were on the 25th, 26th, 27th – Nosaka Akai, Ema, Ascent of Mt. Fuji. Mr. and Mrs. Loeb were at the first and took dinner with me afterward at the Quadrangle Club. They then went home with me, where we had a good visit, but she had an ailing foot, having run a needle into it. He was also at my second but this time I was invited to go with the woodheads, to eat in the park. They had all the equipment save spoons, which I got at the barn. Curiously I had to ask the corner janitor to help me break in to my own home as I had left my keys in my other trousers in changing for my lecture! Fortunately I knew where there was an unlocked window. We had a good picnic and they gave me two invitations ahead, one for a picnic on Saturday at Rogers Park – given by the Holemans. They invited me two ladies and to bring a gentlemen if they liked; the other was a farewell and birthday dinner on Sunday with the chance to speed the parting guest (Aisaka) and welcome the coming. At my third lecture

Rough Itinerary

Aug. 27. Leave Chicago
Sept. 2. ar. City of Mexico - at latest.
2 - 14. Puebla - Vera Cruz &c.
15 - 20. City of Mexico.
21 - 26. Guadalajara, &c.
27 — Heading homeward.

Yamamoto, ", Prof. of Ethics in the Nobles College "was present, introducing himself and anxious to talk with me. He was even more keeping than most of his ilk. He wishes to talk with me about Japanese-American relations" with complete frankness" on my part of course. I took him to the Quadrangle Club for dinner thinking to finish with him so easily but no — we agreed upon an appointment for Monday at 10 at my house. — The picnic took place as planned.

28th The party was a mongrel group of twenty guests ranging from a boy of 18 months and a girl of 8 years to myself as patriarch. The Holmans were really very nice and we had a delicious hot roast of lamb with accompaniments and ended with cider and doughnuts. We carried folding tables for service and Smith, in apron and cap served. We went to a ridge near the beach, with a grove, for our playground, and sat on the ground to eat. It was really a beautiful air and we had a good time. The "games" were not a huge success, but we went eventually down to the bathing beach where we sat in the moonlight - almost or quite a full moon, though mackerel sky predicted the rain that really came in the morning. We dropped in at Ellis' fine home for a few minutes on our way back to Holmans and then finally left there at ; the two Woodheads and Miss Hewes with me on the No. 1 car home, where I finally arrived at . Discovered a "mosquito bite" on the middle finger of my left hand which was quite irritated.

29th The Sunday dinner went off all right. It had, of course, been first arranged without reference to me. Ancha and Kinishima were the only other guests. Ancha goes to New York; Kinishima is full Consul here and has been at other places - came here from Bombay, India. He is rather freer and easier than most, perhaps as result of his Indian service. My mosquito bite is pimpul and swelling. In fact by Monday it was tense, purple and like a pea in size. Monday night it hindered my sleep. Tuesday it was the size of a grape, cherry, and ugly-purple, blue and green. I got was sufficiently disturbed to go to Dr. Lock, who lanced and dressed it. He admitted that he did not well understand it, and that it might have to be opened again: so we made an appointment for Thursday. My birthday fell on a perfect day but I began

Sept. 2. going up to examinations and met Tatarian at 9 and gave the two exams. at 10 and 11 putting the papers away for looking over tomorrow. The day too was largely occupied with a variety of odds and ends. I saw Dr. Lock at 4.30 and he dressed my finger and protected me for the railway trip. Really I have had constant pain since Saturday night - sometimes very great. I also

dropped in at the Democratic Headquarters to see Doremus and tell him my Mexican address. At 6 o'clock I was at Loeb's where I was to celebrate. She really got up an elaborate dinner, had a white cloth on table, and the dining room has been decorated with tinting, selected pictures and two bouquets on the sideboard. The special thing however was that the room was hung with pink nosatsu with the inscriptions &c. in Hebrew characters. There were three different designs. Our table had been carefully developed, and the fact that Darrow brought Peter Sissman without warning or permission was somewhat disconcerting. His likes and dislikes gustatory reappeared, although we avoided both chicken and lamb. At table we were Mr. and Mrs Loeb, Clarence Darrow, Peter Sissman, Dr. Frankel, Charlie Ashley and . We had sherry, supplied for the occasion by Ashley and Sam Putnam. After dinner Mr. Harry Hyman and his lady-friend, Sam Putnam came around by invitation and Abe Edelman and apparently dropped in. I stayed until 10 and then left. Packing and final 3d. odds and ends in the am. and train at 9.30 (10.30 local). Took the Wabash. Had an uneventful, hot and dusty ride to St. Louis. I looked over the examination papers and made out my report. Though 87 minutes late at one place, we reached St. Louis almost on time (5.28) at 5.35. I at once got my berth, which had been reserved; took supper and a walk; sent some postcards to Mother, Lucy, G.A. Heath, and Everett Lyon (acknowledging a paper). Three hours to wear away in heat, dirt, and confusion. Sent off my report. At 8.30 we were off. Berths already made up. Night cold after the heat. Heat again on the way south; hot in afternoon. Forty minutes late at Texarkana. Read and odds and ends, catching up variously. Were an hour and a half and more late in leaving Longview from where I telegraphed Lewis Layton to have Dr. Olsen at station with a lancet; because my finger goes badly and both soreness, color and swelling are moving around to the side while the pain is considerable. However, after eating, (and we had no chance until past Longview, at 5.30 p.m.) we stopped at a country ditch — ever because of breakdown or for a train to pass us, where we stood so long that it seemed we had abandoned the further journey. — Meantime no one knows when we can start from N. Laredo. The Commercial Agent told me in Chicago that we got in at 4.10 p.m. and that one

El Congreso Mexicano del Niño

Sept. 17th to 25th

Executive Committee:

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| Fdo. J. Palavicini | Pres. |
| D. Salvador Uribe y Rivas | Secretario |
| D. Luis D. Vramontes | " |
| D. Angel Brioso Vasconcelos | Pres. Eugenia, Higiene infantil |
| D. Rafael Carrillo | Pediatría médica |
| D. Joaquín Cosío | Pediatría infantil |
| D. Roque Macouzet | Enseñanza |
| Lic. Ezequiel A. Chavez | Legislación infantil |
| Lic. Antonio Ramos Pedrueza | Relator general. |
| D. Francisco Castillo Najera | |

train a day south leaves at 5 or 6 pm. going through. A man and child who are bound to the city says there is no train until 10.30 a.m. A young man on board, Oil company man from Tampico, went up by boat; knows nothing. Of course we have no tickets, but the man with the child says he must order our berths promptly. He does not go down however until the Tuesday morning train. Tampico asserts there are no night trains; all laid up. So there you are. No one knows anything. However I did finally talk with the brakeman, which would have seemed a sensible thing to do sooner. He assures me (a) that we will reach Laredo on time; (b) that the train for the south is an evening train and that we will surely make connection. When I venture to remind him that we are now about two hours late (after leaving Longview he tells me that even as we will reach Palestine at 9 and are not due to leave until 10! Which seems the regular thing. If we had reached Palestine at schedule we would lie over there three hours before resuming our journey so as to get to San Antonio at a convenient hour. Meantime no way of eating after Longview! My finger has turned bad again. It is terribly painful and is swelling and angry. I was sufficiently scared to telegraph Lewis Clayton from Longview - "Have Dr. Bliem at train with lancet. Important." I rested with a clear mind after getting the railroad system clearly. But woke up to find that we were again late. Will not reach San Antonio before 10 oc. Meantime 5th no chance to eat anything. At last we were there and on account of delay with effort to get out as soon as possible. My party were there, Lewis (just in from camping), Harold, Mr. Clayton, Sr., Dr. Bliem. As time was short we at once got to business. The train was being remade so we stood out on the ground and used a baggage truck as the operating table. The lancet was a big one, not just what would be best. The operation itself was bloody and butcherous enough. He made four cuts, the last one to the bone and vicious. If he did not lay everything widely open I can't see why. I think I never suffered so much and bystanders said I turned white. I know that I begged for no more when he appeared to intend to escape the bone. I do not think I could have stood a bit more. He did it up temporarily for me to do it later. The operation was pretty generally witnessed and with quite general sympathy. Meantime Lewis had mailed

Living or dead? addresses, etc.

Prof. Alfonso L. Herrera. 3ª de Sta. María. N.º 6.
D. Jesús Díaz de León. Avenida Niños Heroes. # 60.
Guillermo Ravelo Meneses. ~~5ª de Mina, # cuatro 25.~~
Francisco León Calderon: Oaxaca.
Juan Ignacio Matute: Santuario 24. Guadalajara.
Federico Gamboa: ~~1ª del Naranjo 34~~ Cipres 63; o apartado port. 59 B).
Manuel Gamio (Ethnos), Apartado postal 10123. Tacuba Dpt. Agric.
Enrique Juan Palacios, 1ª Industria 25.
Herman Beyer. Apartado postal 4602
a.m. Ortiz. ~~Apartado 158~~. 2ª Sta. María.
Abraham Castellanos. Mixcoac: Av. Oaxaca y Calle Suroeste 2 "Quinta Emilia"
Epigmenio Velasco. 1ª Gante 5.
Leopoldo Batres. 3ª Calle de Alamo.
Dolores Landazuri. 3ª Calle de Cordoba, N.º 77.
manuel gamio: Plaza Dinamarca 44. (Tel. 3243. 10 a.-1 p.)
~~Meneses. Ave. Niños Heroes 60.~~ (2554. 3-7 p.)
Jesus Galindo y Villa. Museo Nacional, Archaeology
Leon, Nicolas. " " Anthropology.
Rosendo Sandoval. Callejon de la Doctora, 42. Tacubaya.
Fernando Ramirez de Aguilar (Jacobo Delaveuella). El Universal.
John L. Stair Hunt. 2ª de Liverpool 19
Wilbur Patterson Hinkiels. Gante 5.
Julian Morineau. Londres y Mexico Bank Bldg.
Alberto Maria Carreño. 3ª de Tabasco 68.

my cards, received the examination books, and secured change for a bill. I have worried a little about my reserve fund and Dr. Bliem cashed a check for me for $20. He made no charge for services and was really very glad to have helped me. Lewis had a lunch done up for me four small birds (shot by himself early this morning at camp), bread and butter, pie and fruit. The old man was glad to meet me and we had a good visit for a few minutes though I was in no good visiting shape. From there on it was a hot and dusty ride. I had eaten nothing since the afternoon before. As we had a dining station ahead for one o'clock I now ate only two of the little birds, holding the rest of the lunch in reserve. My hand pained for some time but toward evening less than at any time for two days. I wanted to dress it but we have never had any hot water and I just revolted at the thought of opening it. So I postponed it until I should be on the other sleeper with time and favoring conditions. In the crowd viewing the butchery was one who from San Antonio on was a fellow passenger. He instituted acquaintance by comments upon the thing after we got onto the train and later at the really decent country dinner at a way station. The flood-gates of oratory being opened he talked continuously and entertainingly. He proved to be George Chambers formerly at the City of Mexico and by his own story he cut some swath as I believe he really did. He claims that Don Porfirio's famous team of mules was his gift; that he set up George Hamm in the banking business; that President Robinson always put his private car at his disposition whenever he wanted to go hunting; that he was behind Parker Sercomb. He claims to have been on a shoe-string capital when he got here and to have carried away a check of 2.600.000 p. as his result when he left. Sercomb was mad at his not backing him in his Spanish American Bank project in Chicago — when he went there and found the thing a blazing success apparently and dropped in to see him, Sercomb was very busy and offish — so Chambers stepped across to the Continental and sowed some tares — next morning Parker was around on his knees. Chambers is now in San Antonio where he seems to be behind banks, etc.

Worlds Work : 1919. William Gates, 5 articles : last in June.

and would be assumed to be owner of all the industries and resources of Southern Texas. Dr. Parsons is now there in practice; and once after a visit to Chicago, returned with a highly colored tale of Sercomb — automobile, palace of free love, etc., etc. — Chambers was born in Ogdensburg, New York his father being Capt. John D. Chambers of steamboat fame. George quarreled with him and left in a huff at 18 years. Never saw him for many years. As he never apologized the old man cut him but left more than a million to his son, who is named John from his grandfather and is now fourteen years old. While in Mexico he kept a woman brought from the states, as his niece; Sercomb once gave such a lurid picture of George in Mexico to the old man that he came down to see; Chambers says he neither drinks nor gambles and never had but this one woman. Sercombs report had gone into the three directions, in multiple. So the old man was quite relieved and though astonished at finding the "niece", graciously admitted that George had good taste and took her out riding behind the splendid team which Chambers says was famous. While he ran Sercomb he had free use of the team as part of his privileges. As interesting a story as any related to Powell Clayton. Some American had got into trouble and was in jail. The wife went to Clayton and begged him to get her husband out, which Clayton said he would do on condition that she yield herself to him. The woman had been kind to Chambers then somewhat new in the country and told him of the matter. He went to Clayton's office on a holiday (Christmas) demanding to see him. The reply was that he was busy. Chambers sent back word that it was a lie, that he saw him at the window as he came up. Still Clayton would not appear and the visitor left a threatening message, that he must see him at his bank office by nine next morning under threat. The ambassador came and they had a hot time Clayton demanding a duel. Arrangements were made, seconds arranged, friends invited, but Clayton did not appear, leaving the night before for Washington. Thither Chambers followed, taking the woman as witness and went through the thing at the Department, leading to Clayton's removal summarily. This and

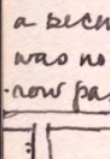
much more for we were together until 2.20 a.m. when he got off at Monterey, being en route to Tampico. — We were really at Laredo almost on time — perhaps at 4.25. There was confusion there but no immediate service. We had to wait twenty minutes for the ticket-office to open. Then we could only buy tickets from Laredo to Nuevo Laredo at 54 cents each. As to berths nothing doing. All berths upper and lower sold for two days ahead. When the train backed in from the other side and we essayed to enter the coach — no — we had our suitcases: they must be checked across: when they were checked 25 cents each piece was demanded! At last we were on board and at Easter we started off. The river seems full; there must have been considerable recent rains. We stopped on the bridge for the ~~customs~~ passport inspection. As the train was full this was a matter of some time. Then we drew in to N. Laredo and disembarked. It was a veritable rush and mob. We got our suitcases and after a battle as to where they were to be examined we were finally inspected. We hurried then to our coach and took a double-seat: Chambers remained there to protect baggage and seats while I bought tickets. The place was crowded, dusty, hot, pushing, sweating. The line for primera was a congestion: that for segunda a crush. I got in line and in time the wicket: Men were offering exchange. I was a little afraid of it as I am ignorant of the "dinero metalico". However I exchanged two $20. bills at 39.60 so that in buying my ticket I saved a little. The exchange they allowed was 1.95 which would work out an even 39.00 and the money was good at the wicket. The ticket was $40. as expected. We had hoped to have our double seat to ourselves (Chambers being ensconsed at window and face forward: but the car gradually filled. Soon we were the only remaining place — and two women with two children were crowded in on us. At first I was inclined to leave the arrangement criss-cross, but then took the other half with Chambers and tried to turn the other seat. This proved impossible so the women sat vis-a-vis

with us each with a child (one three, one five years) in the lap. We were fortunate even so. We might have had to stand. Some did. It was finally 8:30 pm. when we finally pulled out. It was discouraging to have to unearth our suitcases at the neutral zone inspection and my grumble called out a response from the poor inspector: "no Señor! no es que no tenemos confianza en nuestros oficiales; pero, es la ley" — We found our companions somewhat interesting. I had thought it a purely Mexican outfit, but it knew nothing of Mexico. The head of the party was an American woman, the two children were hers by a Spanish husband; the other woman was her sister-in-law. They had just come from Spain where she has lived for eighteen months at his home. The children have been most of their learning life there and while they speak English commonly it is the funniest jargon - especially that of the older one the boy. The little girl's English anyone would understand. I think no one would understand his English or Spanish. The man came over some time ago and is working at Pachuca, whither she is bound. She was to have taken steamer in New York, but the sailings are upset by strikes. So she came on by land. She reached Laredo two days ago and thought he'd be there. Telegraphed him but had no answer, so decided to go on alone. They have money enough but it is Spanish. She was advised not to exchange more than a minimum; so she has just enough in Mexican (or American) to see her through. — We all believed there would be a great unloading at Monterey and that they could spread out. There was really an exodus, but also an influx. The aunt did slip into a seat across from me and the babies were laid out and the woman took a front-facing seat with me. But the influx left us almost as bad as before — the woman had one baby on her lap; the other seat had an adult crowding on the child and another crowded into the arm of that seat, so we were now 3-3 vis-a-vis. And the aisle was full of people standing, of baskets and suit-cases, and of people trying to sit on suit-cases and bundles. Many of these would usually have been second-class passengers but they were mostly laborers who had made money and

were going home: why shouldn't they do it in style. Well, we
6th worried through the night and a new day came. I had waited
about eating the balance of my lunch until I should be alone. I
really did eat it about as we pulled out of Monterey at about
three o'clock. And I went hungry thereafter. By midday we had
seven in our seats - one man blocking and in the mid-entrance, on
his petaca. The aisles were so crowded that passing was almost im-
-possible. I fought my way through but there was no water of any
kind for washing my hand. In the mid-morning I made a rough
dressing and found it not bad. There was less pain during the last
hours than for days. In the afternoon we had a dinner station and
leaving my rights in care of the neighbor I did get off and had a
good meal, Chinese restaurant man, at $1.50. And when I tried
to get back impossible. The doors to the first class were not only
shut but blocked with heaped luggage and persons. The platform steps
of second-class were jammed full. We made vain efforts. Finally
I followed the example of some Mexicans and seizing irons at the
ends of two cars, I clambered up like a monkey between the cars
into the space between the crowds and then literally fought
my way through the crowd on the platform and at the entrance
to our car. I would not try it again - would go hungry to the
end rather than pay such a price! We were late at Dandin's
Poloxi but waited a long time there for the Tampico train. While
here we killed a man on the tracks cutting him to pieces. Had
I wanted to see him I could not have done so. We must have
hung around here for two hours. It is a dining station but I
was firm in my "never again." However we took an empty
coach on from the Tampico train and our aisle standards
were moved into it. It was a great relief. Though the train re-
-mained full we were not again crowded and through the
night only the two children, the American woman and I
occupied the double seat. Only as we really neared the city
7th did we have to take in a fifth one. I confess to complete confu-
-sion. We no longer go down through Toluca and so on - and we come
in at Buenavista Station, running far over the old Mexican Central
line. We come in too at the old Mexican station's place altho there
are new buildings. I saw the lady was a little disturbed over her
finance. She had enough to take them all to Pachuca in case
no unseen demand came up. So I gave her Mexican money for
Spanish gold - 25 pesetas. Figuring on what she had done before

I gave her the equivalents of $9.50 Mex. It was as near as I could guess, but after doing it I felt sure that I had lost some thing. (However when, on the 9th I made the exchange, I received £10.-) The train was late at we came limping in at 9 a.m. instead of 6. And so dirty and uncomfortable was I! I had decided from some announcement I had seen that the Hotel Comercio was probably the old Lara and so I took taxi ($1.50) directly there. It is not the Lara. They were jammed full and no room to be had. So I begged to leave my baggage while I looked around. Dirty as I was I took chocolate, sweet bread, and milk at their rather elegant restaurant: then at their also elegant barbershop got a shave. Of course my face was more fairly decent but I was a mass of dust and filth - black hands, jet nails, dusty clothes, absolutely hideous hat and shoes, but I went to Hauser direct to ask his advice about a room. Found them all in excitement preparing for a reception tonight for Bishop Therkeld, who has just assumed charge of a diocese covering Mexico, Central America, and South America down to Ecuador. However he had a little time free until 11 and went with me room hunting. We went to Iturbide, Maison d'Or, Guardiola, Lara. At the latter place, they refused to hear my plea; plenty of rooms but the place is now only for office purposes. I begged to rent a room and bring in cots and chairs, but the old portero was inflexible. The only concession he made was that I might call as the dueño, at Uruguay y Jesus Maria and lay my case before him. Hauser now took me back to the dispensary where my finger was cleaned and dressed. It is now doing badly and is still open. Not so much pus as I'd like to have coming out. I now met Bishop Therkeld who is to go out to inspect a property with Hauser and agreed to be with them tonight. I now sallied out - in accordance with directions. At the Grand Hotel found two dark rooms, absolutely inconceivable; stopped at a baths and took a real one. Never save for my nails (which) my appearance is not so bad - especially as I had my shoes shined! The dueño was inflexible: no sleeping, no cots, in the present centre of commercial activity. He was not even polite in his manners. So I went to the Hotel Juarez, where Hauser's description of the German owner, whom he knows somewhat, had interested me. The proprietor was not in but there were rooms. Rooms with one bed however are

not common. In fact all that I seemed to find were 101. 102. The hotel is a rambling, honeycomb, of cells, irregularly leveled with all sorts of stairs and inclined ways. The patronage must be very poor and very native; it is largely transient, but as I found also sadly permanent. It is indifferently kept up and dirty. 101 was dark; 102 took my fancy: it looks out into a shaft only, but is light enough. Going down I asked the price per week agreement to it - $9. I now ate at the restaurant next door - quite a decent meal, with beer de barril, at .75 + .25. Then back to Gante to report. I had to wait around until 3. when the office opened. I met Earhart here this morning: the Dr. Illick (?) is a new man, and apparently a nice fellow; I met Velasquez at the door as I came in. He is now the resident Pastor here. I first met him in one of my earliest visits to Puebla: next I saw him last year at Columbus: he leaves tomorrow for the States to attend a great meeting of temperance workers. Mr. Hauser got a carga for me and we all three went around to the Cosmos to get my petacas - after which we separated. This morning, when we were walking together, we met Dr. Stam, quite immaculately gotten up, with flower at button hole. I suspect he was ready for the monthly luncheon of the American Chamber of Commerce which took place with some eclat - an address, etc. Earhart had invited me to be present but for various reasons I did not accept. The Bishop was there, tho not the guest. His name appeared in the printed list in the morning papers. When I got back to the hotel my stuff was there but they had given me a different room! and such a room. It was a build on, with two walls of board; the light and air came in from a second story patio, but with no outlook even against walls; there was no space; I cared move the small table out into the narrow passage, blocking it and have a little light and air. The excess was that the roof of 102 leaked. I sat down and wrote awhile.



Almost immediately the room facing mine opened and the man seated himself at his door in a rocking chair just behind me. The poor fellow is in the last stages of consumption; he lives there with wife and little girl in one room without windows and with door light and air cut off by my cell (which is smaller however than the dining room). Two boys in the next room came out apparently to see and be seen and poor coughing which I heard from time to time, especially

when either child went in to report, I believe there was a record case of disease there. I worked, however, until it was time to think of getting around to the reception — cleaning my nails first. I had not lain down all day and felt no great enthusiasm over the affair. I ate dinner on my way — a decent affair at 0.75+. This seems to be quite a standard rate and quite reasonable. I was among the first — at 8 p.m. and took a seat apart. Partly to my regret I was soon in a circle. Wallace, Carhart, John Haviland and Mrs. Haviland all tried to make me at home and introduced new people until I begged off and finally dropped out of notoriety. I had not seen Mr. and Mrs. Haviland since Guadalajara days. He is the head of the Union Theological School. Of those I met, known before, were Williamson of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. & Mrs. Price (lecture-hearers), Miss Blake. Of new persons were the Bible Society Agent, and Cook, Velasquez and the Bishop I had seen earlier in the day. We had a quite elaborate program of pretty good music and recitation and an address of welcome by Hauser, a reply by the bishop, and a response by Haviland. The keynote was co-operation and the bishop hinted at his plans and hopes. We had an excellent print punch served and later some quite substantial refreshments. The crowd was of size to require division for serving and this made the break-up rather jagged and straggling, particularly as there was an attempt to continue the program with unannounced numbers. I was not the last to leave, which I did at about eleven. The Bishop invited me to lunch tomorrow with him and Cook with whom he had an appointment. He has read my Atlantic article and has been quite impressed by it ——— I did some writing at my 9th sadly-defaced notebook and then at a reasonable hour went out to Colonia Vallejo. The place has deteriorated sadly. At the time of the inundation most of the adobe walls crumbled and there are ruins everywhere. The place has been run over and harried I think twice at least by forces. I really lost my bearings and could not find my house. When I had gone through I believed I had Paredes' house by me which proved true. The old lady and the Indian girl were there. They have had hard times — even to need of food. The inundation nearly drowned them and illness followed. She told me of some persons who had been with her — a long and detailed story but completely forgotten. Paredes has been ill and without work, but now is employed on the tramlines. She worries, however, anytime when he is a half-hour irregularity for fear that he may have hit something and been jailed. One motor car has recently had that ill-luck; another got into almost

equal trouble through not stopping (when running behind time) for a woman who had some sort of a back-door connection. I was a little depressed when I left. But, by what means, did Guadelupe Vasquez know I was coming? Both doors had been shut and she was caring for a fire at the corner of the patio. Yet when I was at some little distance I saw the door facing crack open and then shut - while she opened the other door and came out to greet me. Things are much as usual. She lives in the corner room. The other did not look so very dirty and contained nought. I even thought I might take possession. She had a long story. At the time of the inundation she was on one table, the little boy on another; they nearly went. A canoe rescued them. Once when firing was going on - two guns from different directions swept the house, the two crept under the table to escape. The house showed several marks and I think she claimed that her head still shows where it was grazed. What little she has has been four times robbed. Apparently the man did not get along with her - anyhow he and Lola are in the city and Lola sells fruit. They took the little boy from her finally. She gives him a clean sheet and quotes him as saying "when the Professor comes I will go with him if he wills." The pump was stolen during their absence after the flood. She bales up water in a little tin, let down through the pipe with a cord. She has a number of hens "for company". While it is pretty miserable, it is not worse than she has often been and I am sure the money is more than enough for her costs. It was really a great relief to me to find things no worse. I had expected worse. She does not know where Lola lives and I see no sign of meeting her or the boy except by mere accident. On my way back, I stopped at the bookstalls. Found Meneses about as usual. Orortiz is conducting a Gabinete de Lectura in 2a. de Sta. Maria; Francisco Abadiano is dying in a hospital. I recognized one or two of the other old stall keepers. Was around at Rp. Thirkields at 12.45. He had two interesting conferences before he left Boston. One of these was preliminary with five, who called on him. They then arranged a luncheon attended by Hamilton Holt, editors of Freeman, Survey &c., &c., MacDonald, Inman and so on. These were giving him "godspeed" and conferring regarding situation and plans. Ys - was also there and he "called" Hamilton Holt's wild talk about "chads" here. Cook came soon and we all three went down to lunch in the Turtle restaurant.

They really both seemed to want my ideas and I answered their questions frankly. The Bishop is anxious to establish really helpful social work and told me something of their plans, both for a neighborhood centre in the district of Azteca and for schools. There is ample room for all that he has in mind, if he will only let it come down to local ideas and customs. We were really together until close to 3 o'clock. I now went out to see Mrs. Landazuri and Gamboa. I walked the entire round and as I was much misdirected it was some round. I found Mrs. Landazuri in Roma and a house of mongrel exterior, interior — on the whole Spanish though sadly infected. She was not in, but as I was walking away the servant came running to say that they would telephone her and she would come if I would wait. So I sat for some time. She came — too bad, I interrupted a family celebration — probably her daughter's birthday. She speaks some English, really she must have got along fairly with Miss Baber; she talks French also: we settled down of course into Spanish. She is a woman of considerable energy and independence of thought and expression. She is expecting me to stay and showed me her arrangements; on the ground floor are parlor and dining room: on the second — a bath, her room, the library, and Elena's room (meant for me). I decided that on the whole I would accept her hospitality and told her I would appear at 9.30 in the morning. I now walked over to Santa Maria. Gamboa had moved from the address I had, but the new home is close by. He was not in, however; had gone to a friend — since the Señora died he is lonely and goes evenings to this friend. So I left a note saying I would come again tomorrow a.m. about 10.30 to 11.— Back in the centre I took supper and then went to my room and to work. I had kicked over the change and now found myself in 102. It really would do. I might fare worse. However I warned them last night that I should leave. We got a rate of $3 for the two days, which is not bad as things run. I took breakfast; got a shave; bought some books at three stores; made my Spanish money exchange; informed Hauser of my removal; had my finger dressed; went to hotel and settled. Took a coach at 9.30 and by 10 o'clock was at Mrs. Landazuri's. I was warmly received and comfortably installed. She is anxious to do much for my comfort: and the house is conveniently located to street-car lines. I had to hurry away, however, for the Gamboa appoint-

ment and was late there. Nor do I believe the call was very convenient. He was in the bath when I got there. I waited in his room which contained his books and was hung with oriental fabrics and decorated with pictures and good old things. I am glad he is comfortably situated again and that his books and cinema are bringing him in a good return. By the way, he has just published the third part of Mi Diario. While waiting for him I had looked over the shelf of his personalia. In one of his plays is a dedication to Alfredo Chavero, who was his relative. One or other is sobrino. He was really glad to see me and we had a genuine conversation together. I told him just what I am trying to accomplish and he was interested. His wife's death is really a great blow to him. He attributes it wholly to the hardships of their exile, though of course, she was here. She came with the son before him; Mr. Peña y Peña and his wife returned and they came at the same time. It was not expected then that he would be permitted to come. However he had that he would probably not be interfered with and came later. As soon as he was here, he was told that it was proper that he should go around and say thanks to a certain person. This did not fit and he replied with some heat that if a pickpocket stole his watch there was no reason why he should be thanked if he returned it. However, he added, as I wrote you I want to say that no body has troubled me in any way. Adolfo de la Huerta is an old resident of his having taken this course at the Preparatoria. He will not directly approach him for interview, but another man Morineau, was in the same class, was a room-mate and chum and, through him we are likely to make an approach. If not; he thinks a simple letter from myself to de la Huerta would arrange matters. The President interim means to be accessible. He has an appointment now as to see 300 persons in a single interview. Of course such a contact would have no interest or value to me. In speaking of Obregon, he told me that when the committee at San Antonio was trying to arrange for peace, communications were sent to all leaders. Carranza made no response whatever; Villa dissented but non-committal; Angeles a fair, somewhat favorable; Obregon a fierce reply to the effect that if they want anything in the direction of

peace to come on with guns in hand and get it if they could. I asked whether the present situation was in the nature of carpet-bagging and whether everything worth while was in Sonora's hands. He replied — well that is always the way: when General Diaz was in power everybody was from Oaxaca; Carranzas regime was of Coahuila; and now, of course, it is all Sonora — and Sonora is of relative insignificance. Asked if Robles-Dominguez were nominee of the Catholics he denied it — why no he is an actual revolutionist; he is really a very bold man. I had forgotten, never appreciated, that he does date back from the first movements. When I left, he offered "to go with me", which means probably that I had delayed him for a city appointment. However, I parted from him at the carline as I meant to call on Orortiz. I had seen him on the ladder in his poor little gabinete as I rode by. Arriving there at 12.15 I found a woman in charge. He will return at 1. So I said I would go and eat. Found poor picking and high price at a sandwich-place. Was back at 12.45 and waited until after 2. finding the woman to be his wife and seeing three out of the five children (four girls and a boy). Orortiz has been ill during the year and from her talk I shall expect to find him considerably broken. Tired of waiting, I finally went back to the centre where I prowled around book-shops and stalls, talked with Meneses, bought some revolutionary material, went on a false trail down "Merced" to locate a "naipes house", and made two attempts to find Antonio Alzate" open. Ate at high price and little profit at del Bazar and got home at 7.15. Found that we would eat together at 8. which we did and had a long talk about Elena and Raoul. Relieved her serious anxiety about the Seminar Elena is taking which she believed must be some kind of a religious diabolism — in the nature of Seminario. —

10th. The old lady was born in Tepic, where she still owns a considerable property. She has been influenced by two men of profound conviction and considerable power of thought — her father and her husband. She was one of fifteen children. Her mother was a devout Catholic, her father ultra-liberal, but leaving the children to their mother's ideas. The child took first communion at

ten years but became disillusioned very soon. From Tepic she removed to Guadalajara, then to Mexico. Her husband was a thinker and author of a work on the history of philosophy. There are (have been) five children. Raoul proves in many respects unlike my mental picture. I had thought of him as very young, almost boyish-faced, moustache probably. He is really forty-two years old, wears a full beard, has blue eyes (and probably sandy beard). There is an oil portrait of small size on the wall. He had a chance to retain his government work but rejected it with feeling and conviction. He is now in charge of cotton hacienda or Torleon belonging to friends. He is recently married. The mother is anxious to try a cotton experiment in her Tepic property. — The dinero metaleco worries me. I have now the first month been sure that I would lose the little piece of $2. It is too small for convenient handling and use. I really did lose it last night. The pieces I have seen are:

$20. gold.
10.
5.
2½. } an older issue: portrait of
2.
1 silver

50

20
10
20 bronze
10
5.
5. nickel

The centavo pieces seem to have entirely disappeared from circulation. The resulting inflation and rise in notions I believe has come. I think on the whole that things are cheaper here than at home but surely there is a H.C.L. as compared with the past and there seems to be plenty of money. I still consider the passage from the worthless paper currency to dinero metaleco a remarkable achievement. ——— I worked until my notebook was up: also looked over Miss Hurlock's book and wrote cards to Miss Landazuri and Lucy. Then started

out on a day at once of waste and harvest. I was away at about 9.30, for the center. I dropped off at the postoffice to stamp and despatch my mail. Then to Starr Hunts office: no store until eleven. So to the Museum to find Manuel Gamio. Not there - his office is with the Dept. of Agriculture at Tacubaya. Decided to try for Bates then and to go on to Tacuba thence. Wasted a lot of time hunting, because he has fortified his place beyond recognition - and in the effort saw Ortiz for a moment and got his suggestion. I think Don Leopoldo has really prepared his place against revolutionary attack; I should never have thought of assailing the high iron gates of the jaguar if left to myself. And when I had stormed the citadel I found the funniest monkey of a Japanese porters, who speaks neither English nor Spanish though trying both: he is a product of Shizuoka ken. Don Leopoldo was not at home and my attempt to get into touch with the Señora failed miserably. I thought I had hit just the time - 11.15 but he is at his place of business. Will be home between 1 and 2. I decided that to attempt Tacuba would be to find the siesta closure. So I hurried back to Starr Hunts. I found him really in and apparently charmed to see me. He at once began to spin yarns about the stories seen in the papers about my going all the chancelleries of Japan ground for actinity (which a little reflection decided me to believe was based purely upon one or another bit in my own correspondence). However as he also emphasized the fact that I predicted the revolution in 1910 "when all of us here were living in a fool's paradise" my vanity was duly stimulated or gratified. A man, , came in then on business. He is from the old country where Mrs. Hunt was born. He has been developing a property in the hot country, where Oaxaca and Vera Cruz come together, the lands lying in the Oaxaca. It was a genuine colonization scheme with the people living on their own land. They were not only men, but families. They came from various parts of the States. They raised corn, horses, cattle, fruit - especially famous pineapples. They had done well but the revolution has destroyed all. There were from eighty to a hundred settlers. Finally a descent was made on them and they were forcibly removed by a band of soldiers. As soon as he

heard my name" - oh yes, some months ago he had received a telegram asking him if possible to send some one a copy of my address". Where - at Stan Hunt felt vindicated. (When I went to the Consul and had my passport visa-ed, the clerk on seeing my name said - oh yes, the Ambassador telegraphed us sometime ago to get the notices regarding your address. All this was the non-public stuff said at my quarterly and dished up by ). While I was there we heard bugles and tramping of horses. Looking out we saw a motley crowd of "Zapatistas" (J.L.S.H.). There were hundreds on horses of all qualities. They rode in little companies four abreast with officers at head. They were dusty, dirty, ragged some. All wore straw (palm) sombreros of the common kind, worn and shabby; some had their belongings tied around upon the horses; one had an old suit case or valise under his left arm. Here and there an officer had his red officer's cap perched on the peak of his sombrero. They were not at all disorderly in conduct and in the passing kept their little companies fairly in shape. Hunt somewhat bitterly said "We've had ten years of them now." He wanted to know if I would get down into the low lands and out in the country. He wished I could for I would see that the people are dreadfully tired and worn out. All are anxious for any government that will leave them alone on their land - even though almost everything has been stripped - horses, stock (down to chickens), crops, buildings. — At breakfast some interesting hint had been given regarding Mgr. Burke's mission. The local Catholics are quite in arms. He has been severely criticized and his visit has probably done more harm than good. Here was confirmation. Not only is there smouldering hostility. There was some very outspoken criticism. The Mexican church is going to be jealous of outside dictation, direction, or advice. Some of those who had been in the United States made some stand for Mgr. Burke. His primary purpose in coming down is claimed to have been arranging for the return of the clergy in exile in the U.S., which object indeed he seems to have achieved. — That the church was behind Robles - Dominguez seems to be generally accepted, but whether so or not, it is making itself heard to a degree not before known for long. Some pretty strong expressions have even gotten into the papers — J.L. Stan Hunt is a member of the Committee on International Scholarships, which it appears holds a weekly

luncheon. He wants me to be with them once if I will. From here I went out to my own lunch over which I dawdled some. At the table was an A. S. Cardenas, representing the Gibson Company of Indianapolis. From Toluca he has been in the U.S. first as a student at Notre Dame, later in work - for sixteen years: he married an American girl and has two children. He has been back here only three months and wants to stay, though he has got quite out of touch and sympathy with Mexican ways. Wife and children are with his people in Toluca; none of them speak Spanish but she loves his people and they love her. He is thirty-two and seems a sensible fellow, who perhaps will make good. — Now to Tacuba, the conductor making five centavos on me by forgetting to return change! I got off at the very door of the Departments and found people swarming away. It was just 2 p. and it seems their official day ends then. The porters told me Garnio was gone: he saw him go. When, however, I asked about his residence he advised me to inquire at the office, where I found his majesty's self. He really has a prominent office, with the walls decorated with photos, drawings, paintings, etc. (among which were enlargements from my own pictures). There were also samples of some of the encouraged native arts on which he is lavishing affection and fomentation. I believe he was really glad to see me and he at once asked me to go with him to San Juan de Teotihuacan tomorrow afternoon staying there for the night. He agreed to meet me at 3.30 at my house. He also hopes that I will see some of the other excavations hereabout Mexico city with him. He introduced a young man, who is working in physical anthropology and who seemed to know who I was. We all three now took a jitney into town, they dropping off at their respective places. He is quite a little lord and has retained his complete position under the new government. I dropped off to see if Carhart knew a yesero. He did not, but he had a number of letters for me. From here I went to the Zocalo, where I wasted a long time waiting for a car to Coyoacan. On board was : he sent his regards to Mrs. Nuttall. He asked

if I had ever made the ascent of Popo, regretting that he had not yet dared so and expressing some fear about trying it at present on account of the fumes. I found Mrs. Hittell in, though not ready to receive and was shown into the garden to wait. It is wonderfully developed and very beautiful. There is a compactness and massive growth that comes only with time. The grouping, massing of colors and so on is good. There are arbors, a rose avenue, a little mound, etc., etc. and Aztec idols well introduced. Color and fragrance. She has expanded the space too and she has had some good vistas developed, by judicious cutting out of trees. All in all it deserves all the praise that I gladly gave it. When she appeared we sat and chatted some time out there. The mountain interests her greatly. It does smoke and fume very considerably. It is veiled much of the time but when a momentary clearing comes she loves to watch the bulk and form of the vapors. She thinks there is a regular movement or rhythm in it, but from her description it seems to me that it is rather the wind result. Then a great dark "head" of vapors protrudes and reaches a certain magnitude; it is then torn to pieces by the constant and strong wind and there is clearness! Then another head forms and protrudes. The peons who used to go up are scared and no longer go for sulphur or ice. They did assay one ascent, when things seemed to have been quiet for some time, but found that a great crevasse had opened across the trail, which it was impossible to pass. It will be necessary to open up an entirely new trail. — I do not remember that I have ever known that Mrs. Hittell had more than one brother. The one I knew of, the businessman in San Francisco, died several years ago. It seems she has a younger brother, Prof. of Biology in the University of Cambridge, who has made a great name there and developed a great department along his own ideas. His two sons both took part in England's war and won credit and escaped unharmed. Her daughter with three children — girl, boys girl — live in England, apparently under their brother's eye

The young husband left absolutely nothing and the entire money support falls on Mrs. Nuttall. The murder was particularly sad. It was for the raya: it would have been easy to have robbed the messenger on the road — without murder; they waited however until the money had been delivered into the two white men's hand in the house and was on the table before them, ready to make payment, when they shot in from outside killing both and then making way with the money. (After all this seems to me quite natural; to have robbed the Indian carrier, while the two white men remained alive to push an energetic and vigorous pursuit, would not have been very bright). — Mrs. N. is bitterly disappointed regarding Gamio. She says he does not read or study; that he dabbles and rides fads; that he has no sympathy with his fad of fomenting native arts - with changes; that he is careless and neglectful of treasures; does not respect important excavations - permits loss and sale of results; that his interest in the Indian is mere words and that his actual treatment of them is domineering and brutal; that the younger men over whom he lords it are without training and of no significance; that the revista Tehuacan is poor superficial stuff without importance. She says that Arriola told her a totally different story as to the way and place in which the "ideographs" were found from what Gamio gives out - so that no reliance can be placed on what he describes. (So far as these are concerned, it is curious that the fragments should have broken so conveniently with reference to the characters; she also calls attention to the color being different from the usual red there — both criticisms pointing to the possible recent painting on fragments already existent — as a sort of hoax). It is too bad if he is really losing an opportunity to do a really great work. —— As for the Museum it was never in so bad condition. Mena is completely incompetent: not even a pretence of labelling is made; and there is no arrangement. — Niven is making fakes. Specifically, his "mothers" where three heads are combined with false bodies and forms to make things like madonna and child. These are being turned out wholesale and sent down to Tampico, where

oil people buy them greedily at $10. and send them up to the United States as genuine. — At some of Gamio's present diggings really splendid things are turning out, and women & children, under his eye, sell to tourists things the government ought never to permit to go. Thus two jadeide figures sold to her and her friend for 25 or 50 centavos, after she had urged and insisted that he ought not to let them be lost to the government — he replying that "they were not permitted to buy". This poor nation has really spent enough money off and on upon its archaeological treasures to have a superb museum and an unapproachable series of publications. When, if ever, will any legitimate work be done. What name besides Orozco y Berra really commands any respect? I took tea and cakes and then returned home via San Angel and Chapultepec lines — which perhaps may save time (though I don't think it did this time) but works out the same in money — 10 + 30. I was home again at 7.15 and at table we talked over mutual acquaintances — Agustin de la Rosa, Agustin Rivera, J. Matute, and (this was new to me) Agustin Aragon. I did some real work in the morning. For the 11th first time I caught up fully with my note book and wrote a number of letters and cards. Then I went out on a hot and dusty walk through Merced to La Cubana. For we have again made a connection between the Cubanita and naipes. It was clearly a chocolateria but I walked in and said I had been sent there to seek for naipes. The woman at once said yes — at La Bola. It is really just beyond but I made quite a search before I found it. It is the same house as the chocolateria. They showed me a book of samples with prices per dozen packs and single packs given for each mark. I took ~~eight~~ nine (including a pack of loteria) for $.05 paying 0.25 for a sheet of the loteria besides. The actual range was from about .40 to .80. They told me of another fabrica of Clemente Jacques on Uruguay, but as I did not know just where I left it for another time. Merced is a great covered market for all kinds of produce and booths run out into the streets of Merced for blocks. These booths are largely given up to bright kerchiefs and cheap stuffs,

and a number of them are helados stands. There is a crowd on the streets. The market itself is of course in sections. Quite notable were the stalls of remedios - not many, but constructed of heaped up packets or bundles of the different kinds. Among the street stalls were many where they had the pottery toys of Guadalajara which I have not seen for so long that I have forgotten them. I have been seeing sellers of bright colored single sheets with songs; now finding a woman with a good stock before her I buy more than 30. All are from the one house of Guerrero and many of them deal with politics; particular favorites seem to be those of the death of heroes - Thus Felipe Angeles, Francisco I Madero, Venustiano Carranza and a number of others. The longed-for rendicion of Pancho Villa figures. Curiously I found nothing of Huerta; the one is The Yankees are coming. Most of these have the intersnome with the cancion and there seems to be a little group of songsters who keep up with current events. I no longer find the thieves market interesting. The booths are built up too well and substantially, the stocks are more respectable, uniform, and extensive, and the element of picturesquesness has almost vanished. There is little left of the drifting in odds and ends of every kind and I found almost nothing that I cared to look at. There are several bookstalls but only one in the least interesting. He has a lot of odds and ends with prices marked, but sits in supreme indifference bespectacled and reading. It seems to be his custom to accept without remonstrance or bickering whatever one offers. Thus there was a copy of Salvador Alvarado's book marked $1.00, for which I offered 0.50: accepted without discussion or comment. The next customer found a book marked 0.50 and gave 0.30. A third gave less than half the price marked. All seemed a matter of no concern. I have seen the old man before, but do not remember where here or at the Plaza stalls. I now took lunch: and I realized that I have been going at too rapid a gait. When I got here I was tired and suffering with my fingers; of course the first few days I have had the usual trouble with my stomach, which however this morning seemed to be

past, I now have a little catarrhal trouble. At the table I had an actual distaste for food and felt hot and tired. So I went home and took my first siesta. John B. Starr Hunt came from his father with the information re Obispo auxiliar, who is Ruiz, not Banegas. I would have preferred the other way. The boy wants to go in for oil geology and made some inquiry as to the University. He is a great admirer of Ponton and advised me to see it as it is very good now. Manuel Garcia was prompt to his hour and I was so disconcertingly ready that we were at the station long before leaving time. However had we been later we might not have sat together. There has been a lot of rain this season and there is much standing water. There has too been some development of diking that has resulted in considerable expanse of practically permanent water. The country is unusually green. There are one or two new stations. The old blind angle at Tepetopam is gone. I was delighted to see that the old stone face still holds its own and is a good likeness as ever. We probably reached San Jean on time and the mule car was waiting. It runs from station to government house. We got out at the Ciudadela and saw the wonderful new excavations. They certainly pass anything before known there in art value. The excavations are at the great middle mound. Two constructions of different age are clearly shown. Garcia himself emphasizes two forms under which each successive shows itself - vertical and horizontal. Here we have the horizontal. The front, later, pyramid, is clearly constructed upon the earlier, overlapping but not enclosing it. It was covered with stucco and reddened. On the summit were several (six graves) and connected with them were deep, rectangular stone-walled pits. At first it seemed to me that the reconstruction here had been carried out at fancy and extended to an unwarranted degree; but I believe after all that there are in every case original fragments fixing the points to which it is carried. So we have here the typical great rectangular pyramid construction with stairways, and so on. But the great interest is

in the older rear structure. Here we have stone sculptured and colored. The work is bold and fine. There are magnificent great feathered serpents and massive maskoids of grotesque forms. They show two chief types - one like a jaguar, with alligator snout, great tusks, - and owl-tiger heads; the double-ring, spectacle like design so common at San Juan occurs and the eye-sockets are deep and heavy rimmed. Astonishing is the occurrence with these great sculptured designs of quantities of sculptured seashells. (pectens, trochus, &c.) In some of the heads eyes of obsidian still remain in the sockets and perhaps originally all contained them surely all were intended to do so. And all this work is so related to the second pyramid - or it to it - that we are practically cut out from light; we find our way through passages and pillared and climb from level to level (there are four lines of these carved panellings), by ladders and see only by electric lights. And the work is not yet finished and carvings still remain to be uncovered, although likely of the same general forms. Jamie tells me I am the first American to have seen these, because very few have come down lately. Whether that is quite true or not I am sure that no one has seen them so well, because the keepers would surely not have gone to all the work of moving ladders and lights and so on for anyone not officially recommended or accompanied. We had asked the mule-car to come back for us, but it had overdone and gone on to the station so when we emerged from our delving we walked up to the government house. On the way we stopped at my painted house. There is a new house built in connection with it, but I could recognize the old rooms though it was not light enough for me to see whether the painting has faded hopelessly. Upon the top of the wall with the largest painting an Indian was lying in his blanket. Whether he were sick, or drunk, or why he was not in his house, I know not. The village fiesta is in progress and he had probably been drinking. We found things at government house ready. I was given a comfortable room upstairs; Jamie was near me. Fifteen minutes for rest and preparation for supper. I did not fail in the least like eating; I knew I ought not. But was afraid to

seem squeamish and ate, though I revolted against all. Unluckily it is the fiesta. So we had the mule-car got ready and went down to see the celebration. In the church tower they were burning ocotes and clanging the bells. In the church itself were prayers and music of chirimias, huehuetls, and tambours. Outside people were waiting for the loas. There was a platform of poles about 5ft. from the ground. Two heavy poles rose from ground six or eight feet higher than this at the mid-part and rear; a ridge-pole ran from one to the other. Over the rear third of this a sheet was hung making a sort of a tent shelter; other sheets were hung behind and before this making it into a sort of dressing-room. This was swarming with the performers and with the musicians. There were two boys near the front end of the platform and on either side who fed ocotes to illuminate the stage and from time to time another came out with a bag full of resin which he threw upon the blazing ocotes adding to the illumination. We were kept long waiting but saw several loas. Some of them were really soliloquys; but two, three or even four performers came at once. They were dressed for their parts: the chief performer was a male dressed in female dress; his Maria, a devil with horns, a clownish fool, were among the parts. There was a good deal of belly-dancing in his part, and a good deal that was low and vulgar, not to say indecent in the plays throughout. The audience responded, often breaking in with comment or criticism, or encouragement: the dirtiest parts called out joyous approbation from the youngest auditors. I was not at all well and twice believed I should have to vomit. However we sat until about 10 o'clock and then took an car for home. I was no more than in the car than I bolted to a window, which I got open just in time. I was awfully sick and believe I threw up everything I had eaten for two days. Of course it was a relief. I went to bed promptly on getting to the house and slept fairly.

12th. I knew Gamio meant to sleep. I was up at 6 and at 6.45 (under orders) the old man and I were out. We made the complete ascent of the pyramid, I think my first. I was rather excited with the reconstruction. There is really a lot of original pavements and lines from which to work. There seems no need

sity for any particular guess-work. When I came down I read for a while and then, the old man worrying over my breakfast, I sat down to eat. Before I was through - say at about nine - Gamio appeared and I sat with him while he finished. We then took la chispa, a devilish though practicable device for travel. It is two wheels ~~on~~ an axle; with seats for two directly above; entrance from behind by folding up the left hand seat; one horse. Of course it can't tip over and it can go almost everywhere, but it gives plenty of exercise to the riders. With a rider ahead and one behind we started out. We went to the templo de agricultura, palacio de Charnay, los subterraneos, templo del Dios de fuego. I had seen all but the latter, which is Gamio's own. Here were found many figures of this god. Oh yes, there was also a Tlaloc temple. There seems no reason to doubt the three identifications Gamio makes of temples of Quetzalcoatl, Tlaloc, and the god of fire. We drove to San Juan, where I was rather disappointed in his fomentation of ceramics; it does not look to me as if his Indians have the least notion of the Puebla glazings which he is trying to revive. A ladrillero begged us to his house which was comfortable and where we ate some roasted jilotes and drank some beer to the evident satisfaction of the owner. The house was really excellently built and supplied with a real bed in the teopanzintl. In reality the entire village is much better constructed than in the days of twenty years ago. We now drove out ~~[illegible]~~ through the alameda to a village where are the manantiales of San Juan. There are a number of these springs of clear fresh water. Also a number of fine old ahuehuetls. One spring comes out directly from a stump of cypress. The tree is completely gone and the stump is cut down level with the ground. Carlota liked this place and used to visit it. We were shown a niche in one ahuehuetl where an imagen once stood - perhaps given by her. The church has been rather spoiled than improved, but it contains of good pair of leones of typical Indio-Spanish work, which are inside the church on the sides of the altar approach. After leaving the church we passed the ruins of two particularly fine great ahuehuetls. We now took the shortest way back to the pyramid, which

was in sight, though distant. Here we took a general view of the Mercatum. There are possibilities, yet unrealized. There are really many interesting and beautiful things. There have been more jades and in greater variety of forms than I had realized. A good many small figures; heads; ornaments - especially ear ornaments; and two very fine, polished, long, slender objects of fine material, of unknown & probably (?) ceremonial use. The old fragment of pottery with the Chinese-Egyptian character has disappeared. I saw the new Chinese characters, which now he says came from two places. Heretofore they have come from one, but there has been a difference in location between him and Padre Arreola (who found them and showed Mrs. Nuttall where). I wish a little pains were taken to properly arrange and label what is here. There really might be instruction and beauty in it: as it is there is only pastime. We now went to dinner about 1.15 and then took siesta. I really slept and from 2-3.30. On my getting up the question rose: should I go home or stay? He stays to take over the Bates Hotel. (This was, really constructed with government funds but Bates had an interest in it: it probably cost $20000. - $25000. and probably the government could defend seizure without any payment to him. However they have come to an agreement at $6000. and ever since any thing movable has been drifting away. Now, it will pass by legal act.) He will surely not get back till afternoon. If I stay it will be for the boat this evening. As the Señora expected my return today, as I am unwell, and as to wait will spoil to-morrow I decided to return. So we went by mule-car to the station: then walked across (300 metros) to the Interoceanic where a car stood as a shelter for waiting passengers, there being no ticket office. Train due at 4.50 but a half hour late. A lot of passengers waiting. Train full but found a seat. Hot Time - especially at Jalapa and reached Mexico at 7.45. Or was 8.30 when I reached the house and supper was waiting. A friend of hers who had wanted to greet me had waited al-

most to that hour. I felt shakey about eating, but made some effort. And in bed was sick - disgustingly, worse than a well-raised child. Of course I have been going too fast and too hard. With 13th finger, stomach upset, and a heavy cold, I must go slower. So I took today easily. I ate little, lay down much, went slow. I went the entire length of Avenida Uruguay looking for Clemente Jacques. Unfortunately I forgot the name and overlooked it. The whole last blocks is fruit market and fine. Both outdoor street-shelters and tiendas all devoted to fruit - in quantity, variety, and good. Took a bath, which was necessary after Teotihuacan and last night. Went to Sanborn's for a sundae and as I sat there two young fellows came up and introduced themselves. The spokesman was son of George B. Hyde, whom I had probably not seen since 1899 and who must then have been in dresses. He is reporter for a New York paper here; his father lives in New York. The other man last saw me in Tokyo, where he interviewed me for the Japan Advertiser. He is now here in newspaper work. I presume that it was he who told young Hyde who I was. A funny meeting. ——

14th Improving, but going slow. Went to Clemente Jacques. They are a great house and manufacture cards, but do not sell at retail. I must find their cards at all the mercerias. So I went prowling. I had noted as possible purchases their miniatura, (1.75) Leon (4.75), Tigre (5.75), 200 Tarot (6.-), gallo (6.75) and Tigre (9.) prices the dozen. Being near the Seminario Conciliar I tried to find Bp. Ruiz but he had just gone out. The building is a fine great one of modern construction. I now wandered up to the stalls where Meneses had a constitution of 1857 for me and a lot of santitos which we looked over to no result. I then went up to Antonio Vargas Arroyo's. The old building is being torn down and they are now across the road from their old location. I had specific wants - rules for fortune-telling by cards, and dream-books. They retain their popularity and I watched the buyers. Just now, before the fiestas nacionales, the boys are selling broadsheets with Diaz and peace: the demand seems enormous. Little fellows came for new supplies and ten years seems but to have re-

kindled some kind of a halo about the old man's head. Vanegas Arroyo is looking up. Not only has Gamio recognized his importance but "the New York Library" has a complete set of its prints, while recently the Minister of Cuba (whose card they showed me) has bought one. Was it yesterday I called on Miss Blake? She heard me speak of cards and recalled that she had been "caught" on some tarots. She had an order for six sets and a book. These she produced: they are Spanish, from the house of Maucci Hnos. I could have bought them there probably better than from her, but to help her out I took one set and the book which she said cost her $4. They must be very recent as they turn up on each of the 78 cards all sorts of ideas — Hebrew Cabala, Egypt hieroglyphs, Spanish naipes, French cards, and the regular tarot somewhat mangled. I stepped out of her room for a minute to look for an address and when I got back found Orortiz there. We had some little triangular chat. I looked for Naipes nacionales with figuras aztecas without result, going to many places, but picked up the Collección Willemans — ¿Quiere U. aprender á echar las Cartas? In it the ordinary Spanish baraja is used. When I had done with Miss Blake, who really came last on my list, it was raining quite hard and I had to wait under shelter some time until I could take a car for home. ——— Señora Landazuri 15th knows the architect, Francisco Rodriguez, who told her of his acquaintance with me and his desire to call. So between them, they arranged for 10 a.m. He spent a full hour. I had not realized that he was actually an Indian; but he is talking and knowing Aztec and native of Morelos. He spoke with pessimistic bitterness of politics attributing all to race and emphasizing the inherent stubbornness, suspicion, superstition, cruelty, and bloodthirstiness of the Indian. On every opportunity the desire to kill seizes and is glutted. He says he has it — he knows it — it requires all the force of training and surroundings to keep him from it. He says the situation in his state is awful. There are farms wasted and unoccupied, villages left unpopulated, towns in decay. The state is still full of archaeological interest and rich returns would come from little effort. He spoke of two places — one where sarcophagi of clay occur — 1, 4. 6 apparently grouped at different levels or spots on a slope near of summit. One only has been opened — it had a skeleton in folded sit-

-ting folded pose; there were large flint and obsidian knives (apparently across the chest) and collars of beads and pendants. Another case, of grouped pot-burials, is located where the explorer would have to be let down from above by rope or crane devices. Bishop Plancarte's collections are ruined. The small objects were carried away, or dispersed, while larger ones were intentionally smashed. He told most interestingly of the method of excavating the Teposcolan ruins. 50 principales of the village were interested by him in doing it and through them 300 Indians dig the digging without charge, as a matter of local pride. He had no funds or backing. But he says he hates to think of going back; he doubts that a single one of the principales is alive. (I am not quite sure that it was Teposcolan, but think it was - where he says the Federal soldiers came in force: the people, afraid, took refuge in the mountains; they were "called down" - nothing will happen, we are friends, you will be safe; finally they came and machine guns were turned upon them and they were left dead, unburied - a town without inhabitants. I suppose this was Carranzist forces.) He offered a course in Aztec at the University; two years it was offered - with three students in each year; the third year there were none and the effort was abandoned. He has a map of Mexico marked for archaeology - after the nature of an itinerary: he would love to undertake it. It would be a great piece of work to try to have backed, if peace and conditions permitted.

Do Mrs. Nuttall's lunch as per invitation. We had a long talk over many things. We exchanged impressions about Gamio after my Teotihuacan experiences. She suggested ways in which I might advise him. She thinks well of the Marques of San Francisco, whose little book on Colonial Art I had noticed. She thinks he deserves considerable credit, but for his studies and his lectures. She confirms the fact that Bayer is really lecturing at the Museum and outside when and as opportunity offers - good lectures though not very profound on Mex. arch. His are the only ones in the entire

field at present. It is a strange situation, but after all is it not something that one (and he a german!) is doing something we really grasped over William Gates and agreed in believing him crazy - or unbalanced. Of course his nine months, absolutely alone (without mozo) in southern Mexico was not archaeology. She believes he was serious (then and now) in his determination to save Mexico. When remonstrated with for going alone he said Madam Pingley had told him before he started that he could be certain of twelve years of security from danger or accident. His superstition, his divorce, his spiritualistic views, and his apparent "call", also his mania of persecution in connection with the Bancroft Library, are the basis for an uncharitable judgment. In connection with our later talk on politics she produced his article on Alvarado's work in Japan, which I took along to read. She told me quite a lot of things political, the most interesting of which was relative to Cuernavaca itself. Luis Mondragon had been a prominent citizen and had for nine years been satisfactorily Presidente Municipal. The new laws emphasizing real local elections went into effect and the election took place. Mondragon was reelected without a dissenting vote. Immediately after he was summoned by the Governor of the Federal District, who told him that he should give way for a relative of his, who needed the salary. This would be only for three months when conditions in the international affairs in our states not yet satisfactorily adjusted would permit of his being placed in a fat job elsewhere". You are rich and do not need the salary; my relative does. You can continue to be the real power and no change will take place in your system, but he will temporarily draw the salary." Of course he had to bow to the inevitable and General Silva was put in - a worthless fellow. Nor was it only for three months or with no change. He took over the girls' school and turned it into a "casino"; public gambling came in for the first time, vice and graft were rampant, the change in all ways was pronounced and for the bad. Luis Mondragon died - she believes of a broken heart. Silva is no longer here. The new incumbent is the town butcher, ignorant

but a well meaning man who has reopened the girls' school, otherwise encouraged education, and shown himself honest. It was quite four o'clock when I was back at the Zocalo. I went to Starr Hunt's office to tell him I would accept his offered invitation for the celebration of tomorrow but the place was shut. So I took car out to see Batres, whom I found nursing a heavy cold. Three of the five little Pruneda's met me at the door and were vastly curious with me in English, French, German, Spanish and even Japanese. They are pretty children. I was welcome and he talked with old time vigor. He claims to be entirely out of politics, but he itches clearly to be in. He was vastly interested in my trip to Teotihuacan and my account of the Ciudadela finds. He does not like Gamio (for whom I entered some ill) and claims that Iglesias Calderon has urged him to let him arrange for some sort of an archaeological job at $50. diariamente. When I told him where I was living he said - yes, Pedro Landaguri, was the Secretary of Senor Lerdo de Tejada; he was afterwards much in Europe — facts that were new to me but accurate. He claims to have a great deal of unpublished material — diagrams, notes, drawings, etc., etc. — especially upon the Island of Sacrificios and the region bordering the Gulf, this he would like to dispose of through publication and he sounded me out as to probabilities. I told him the Field people were probably out of question because of building, removal, re-establishment and so on: I spoke of the American, the Hearst, and the U. of California. He at once emphasized the probable hostilities as the two first and I did not feel called upon to suggest that of the third. The old man's personal devotion to Diaz remains striking and touching. Today, when masses are being said for Don Porfirio, he has had a well-printed sheet with adulatory apostrophe distributed widely. A sheet was distributed also on the anniversary of death. And last year and this, he has brought out well-printed, in two quite handsome parts or large octavo pamphlet brochures. Whether all this has cost him $3000 as he claims, or not, it has been costly. He is going to have some kind of a return presently and intends to keep up the propaganda of Diaz adoration. When I left him the four little Prunedas (the fifth is still young - did not come) led me to the door with much joy. Dr. Pruneda is in San

Francisco I do not know just how or why. I stood some time at the corner waiting for a wrong car, when a large, well-dressed fellow stepped up and addressed me. The conditions were favorable for my instant identification of Salvador Batres. He had not been to the house just now and did not know that I had been there; but his father had expressed to him his regret at missing my call the other day. Salvador is married, lives with his wife apart from his father, has no children, is doing well at some sort of railroad contracting. He expressed the hope that we would dine with him. —It was 7,15 when I reached home. I could understand now why Señora Landazuri has such a deep-seated and inflexible hatred for Porfirio Diaz. She says her husband was invited to be Señor Lerdo's secretary immediately on his becoming President. That they were intimate and that she has the letters written by Señor Lerdo to her husband after his exile to New York. I went to the grito. Took one of the ridiculous little "camiones" as the street cars seemed quite out of commission. We came into ever more congestion and I finally got out and walked the latter part of Jacuba. The Plaza was fairly crowded. I have seen it much more so (and while I have never seen so few on this night there have been public occasions when I have seen as few.) While there was considerable noise and animation it was far from tumultuous nor did it show great enthusiasm. There were occasional "bolas" rushed through but little real disorder. The crowd was breathy, of course, but there was less evident drunkenness than sometimes. I took up my position before the balcony about ten o'clock. The Palace was well decorated and illuminated, the cathedral towers dark. According to newspaper reports the President and cabinet appeared and waved the flag. I could not in the least see him or any other men. The Cathedral bells were ringing before the flag appeared: all that I saw was the flag, thrust out with pole, to the right side (as I viewed) and once shaken, then withdrawn. The balcony doors looked empty then for a minute or two and were closed. The Cathedral towers burst into illumination. It was effective, but consisted of a few great white lights on the various openings, instead of strings of little lights following out details. The pandemonium was much less than usual. I stood at the corner of Jacuba, how-

ever and saw the loaded automobiles of toolers and so on go by. There were few masks and special costumes and no great noise or joviality. Some little throwing of chopped paper and streamers. There was a larger amount of plainly laboring or middle-class people in hired autos than we used to see, which was to be expected. I had thought I might stay out quite late, but the ebullition was subsiding fast and I took a car for home. We made a slow run, having to go around unusual routes owing and finding streets congested with cars of varying lines, yet I was at home at 12.45.

16th ten o'clock. To Starr Hunt's office unnecessarily early, say at had been warned that they did not expect to come and so took solitary possession of my window. The others were occupied by Mexicanos, friends and employees. Still both Mr. and Mrs. Starr Hunt did come. We had a long wait, looking down upon the crowd, which was fair to middling. At last the Procession began. President de la Huerta and some other officials passed in carriages, the Diplomatic Corps in carriages and autos, going presumably to the Palace for inspection. Then after an interval came the military, the firemen, etc. The three arms were all fairly represented. There was little to call for comment. The bands were as usual good; the best marching was by the Cadets; a little old man on foot, brilliantly uniformed, alone — called forth great enthusiasm — he was said to be a survivor of the U.S.-Mex. war. Various questions arose in my mind regarding him. There was little to call for comment in dress; one group wore oblong dipper-scoop shaped helmets apparently of leather — these were new and not greatly to my liking. There was an unfortunate break before the cavalry came and the crowd dispersed clearly believing the show over. When they did come they were neither many, nor particularly good; many of them too were mere boys — surely not more than fifteen years of age. The total persons in the procession, — civilians, military, (three arms), aerial police, firemen, was about 5200. The President and those in his carriage were not in full dress. The greatest applause for any individual was for General Benjamin Hill — and might have been either for him personally, or as representative of Obregon; perhaps it was for his horse, which was certainly the finest one in the entire outfit. ——— From here, after a refreshment at Sanborns,

went out to Colonia Vallejo. This time there was no difficulty in finding the house and on my knocking at the door a boy appeared around the corner. "Who are you" I asked? "Manuel Gonzales, Señor." He seems quite a decent child, though with a half-imbecile halting look that reminds me of his little days. He was flying a kite when I came. I had him read some of his own writing and he does not lack intelligence. He is now in his eleventh year. I asked him if he knew where his uncle's grave was. He replied yes and I told him we would go there. He was neither bashful nor forward; took things as they came. He is not over-talkative, but does not appear shy. We had to wait a long time for a dicar — seven in the other direction passing while we stood. He told me the jitneys are called "camiones". We would have taken one but all went full. When we reached Guadelupe he raised the question that the Canteen might be locked (of which I had not before thought). However it was then open (3.50 p.). The gravestone has been damaged a little, of which the woman had warned me and there is a slight parting of stones. (She had also called my attention to some weakness to our enclosure wall, which perhaps need attention. She was also somewhat worried over Manuel's bows and arrows from africa. I believe them the last of his things and it is a wonder they have not been taken. They were given him in return for his little dog. Her fear seems to be that the government may consider them in the light of unregistered arms!). When we were back in the plaza I asked him if he would like to eat something? Yes. What? gordos. What price? Ten cents. I gave him the money and he bought some in green paper. He at once carefully divided them into two lots, to save one for his abuela apparently. I told him we were going to buy another package for her so he might eat all, which he did. When he had the money for hers he bought it in red paper having already folded and pocketed the other paper. He does everything quite soberly and I don't think I saw him really smile once, though he does not seem to be unhappy. He ate his gordos to the last bit and wasted nothing but he did not eat ravenously. When I asked him whether he would rather live with his mother or his grandmother, there was no hesitation in his reply — with

his grandmother; nor in his negative when I asked him whether Lola's man is his father. There was no demonstrativeness either. I have rarely seen any child who puzzled me more. He got off at the Colonia, I going on into the city and so on home.

17th seemed almost as wasted a day as the two last. Being quite near the end of my current resources I dropped in on Hauser to cash a check: I saw Bp. Therkeld there for a minute and left my two papers with Hauser for Mr. Cook whose name proves to be O.W.E. Cook! Then I went to Arroyo Vareges, bringing up my collection fairly to date. The man, however, wants to make up two additional special sets for me — one the large sheets of which the Diaz sheet of recent date is the latest. There are it seems from 80 to 100 of these, running from the beginning of Maderos movement. He wants also to pick out a full set for me of the recent vaccines, etc. I meant to buy game diagrams also but they were out of all but two so these must wait. As I went out on the street from here I met Rodriguez and had a minute's speech with him. He now wants to guerreros to complete my series of their vaccines. Dr. Eduardo himself was there. The place is small and the printing done right there; the results sold over a counter close by the street. José is his sobrino. The house has no great age in this direction of word — only from about 1910. — I pittered away money, time and ran risk of health in food lunch, fruit, barber, and looking for Ortiz. It is really a mistake to have my siesta hours in the center, but it would be a shame to inflict the noon meal on Sra. Landazuri and any use of the house near noon would mean that. I wasted an entire hour two (2.45 to 3.45) waiting for Miss Blake, whose "I am almost all days here by 2.30" I put to test. Found then from the portera" that she would not be back until Monday. Discouraged, I went home early and made up my notebook and did odds and ends. — Señora Landazuri told me an interesting story of Rodriguez, who was bewitched when he was a child. His grandmother undid the bewitchment. She sealed him on a clean petate, took a handfull of corn and threw it into a jicara of water; some sank some floated

List of Books relating to the Revolution: etc.

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El Caso Mexicano, la Politica del Pres. Wilson. Raf. de Zayas E.
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Decreto convocando Elecciones, 1916, V. Carranza.
Plan de Guadalupe y Decreto del 12 de Dic. de 1914.
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De como se hizo Revolucionario un Hombre de buena fe.
Gonzalo de la Parra.
Apuntes para la Historia - Maclovio Herrera. Js. Grimaldo.
La Revolucion en el Reino animal. Fierabras (J. Sanz).
Perfiles Rojos. Francisco Padilla Gonzales.
Mexico en España. Luis Andrade.
Patria. Luis Sierra Horcasitas
Constitucion Politica de los Estados Unidos Mex. 1917
" " " " " " 1857. 1.00
Mi actuación Revolucionaria en Yucatan. Salv. Alvarado. .50
Mexico y la Solidaridad Americana. Ant.o Manero. .75
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El Universal — 22 de Mayo de 1920

Vicente Blasco Ibañez - Habana - El Día.

"Carranza me habló de Cuba en una comida de despedida, en un sentido nada halagador para Ud. demostrando tener el mandatario mexicano un concepto equivocado acerca de la influencia que los Estados Unidos de Norteamérica tienen en Cuba. Carranza no quiere para su país tal influencia, por lo que le hice saber el error en que se encontraba al opinar así, pues el trato constante de Norteamérica constituía para Cuba uno de los más importantes factores de su riqueza e independencia"

Agrega el redactor de El Día:

Y le explicó el señor Blasco Ibañez al Jefe de la Nación Mexicana, de cómo los norteamericanos trataron a los revolucionarios de febrero, que después de alzarse contra el gobierno republicano de Cuba, fueron a refugiarse a los Estados Unidos con los dineros que se habían llevado de la República y que, precisamente, a ese trato, a juicio del distinguido escritor hispano, se debe la mayor garantía que hoy tiene la soberanía de Cuba.

Estima el Señor Blasco Ibañez que Carranza, como otros muchos gobernantes y pueblos de la América latina, tienen un concepto muy equivocado acerca de la política norteamericana en relación con estos pueblos latino-americanos.

Blasco Ibañez ha estudiado de cerca a los norteamericanos y por eso declara que los Estados Unidos no piensan en el expansionismo a los pueblos del Nuevo Mundo, porque ellos tienen problemas interiores que resolver y no pretenden convertirse en redentores de gentes de otras razas y costumbres, y saben, además, que un pueblo no absorbe a otro pueblo si no se le extermina.

El Universal: 24 de Mayo, 1920

- Don Venustiano -- Desconoció a Huerta en 1913 (hace siete años). Entraron a Mexico sus tropas victoriosas en agosto 14 de 1914; Salio el dia 7 de este mes; inició su excursión por la Sierra después del combate de Soledad (siete letras) el dia 14; a los siete días de haber dejado la capital, y fue muerto el día 21 y a los siete días de peregrinar por la Sierra. También en dia 21 (febrero de 1913) fue muerto el Presidente Madero -- y el día 21 de marzo llegó a Mexico el Sr. Bonilles ....

List of Books relating to the Revolution: etc. $16.65

La Sucesion presidencial en 1910. Francisco I Madero
Carranza 1859–1917. Paul Dermée
Gral. Alvaro Obregon -- Las Batallas de Celaya. 3.00
El Primer Congreso Feminista de Yucatan: 1916.
El Intervencionismo de Mr. Lérlan en Mexico Ramon Guzman
The Mexican People and their Detractors. Fernandez Gonzales Ra. —
Latifundismo mexicano. R. B. Brunmade. —
Por el honor y por la gloria. Antonio Manero. .50
Genesis de la Revolucion Mexicana. Carlos Felix Diaz.
Mexico Tal cuales. Comentarios por Carlo de Fornaro.
La Revolucion Constitucionalista, los Estados Unidos y el A. B. C. 8.00
La Disolucion de las Camaras Federales. Jesus Martinez Rojas
De Porfirio Diaz a Victoriano Huerta. José Fernandez Rojas
Revolucion y Reforma. Genesis Legal. M. Aguirre Bulanga
La Decena Roja gonzalo N. Espinosa etal. 0.75
de Mexico a Necaxa. Conde de Fox
El Supremo Arte de Echar las Cartas. Dr. Moore. 1.00
Monografias mexicanas de arte. 2. Residencias Coloniales —
" " 3. Iglesias y Conventos. —
El Chocolate Luis Castillo de don. —
Antigua Literatura Indigena-Mexicana. Luis Rat. Leon. —
La Piedra del Sol y el Primer Capitulo. Enrique J. Palacios. —
Los Tecpanecas en el Valle de Mexico. Ramon Mena. —
Los Correcciones periodicas del Ant. Cal. Mex. Zelia Nuttall
El Obispo Zumarraga y — Idolos. — Zelia Nuttall
¿Quiere U. aprender a echar las cartas? 0.60
El Escudo de armas de Mexico. Juan B. Iguiniz. —
Itroshigue. José Juan Tablada. 2.50
$ 33.00

El Universal. 22 de Mayo de 1920.

La Muerte del Primer Jefe.

(Retrato)

El valeroso caudillo que frente a la oprobiosa usurpación de Victoriano Huerta, levantó el pendón de la legalidad, e improvisando un ejército de ciudadanos castigó el crimen, elevó la dignidad de la patria y volvió a México del bochorno y la ignominia universal, ha muerto---

El hombre fuerte, el severo varón que dictó en Veracruz los postulados de la Revolución social y condensó en un programa de acero las aspiraciones del pueblo, ha muerto---

El inspirador de la Constitución de 1917, que concretó en conceptos perdurables la previsión social y las leyes del trabajo — sueño de nuestras clases obreras desde 1810 —, ha muerto---

El Presidente de la República erguido sustentor de la soberanía nacional y del decoro patrio, ha muerto---

Sobre sus errores políticos, sobre sus lamentables equivocaciones de última hora, echemos, los revolucionarios sinceros, un piadoso velo. Y levantamos todos los hombres honrados de México, nuestra enérgica protesta contra los alevosos asesinos del Presidente de la República.

Cayó en manos tradicionalmente enemigas. Fue la Reacción la que le dió el tiro de gracia. Fusiles de ex-federales apuntaron sobre su pecho. Su sangre borró todas sus flaquezas de hombre, para que pase limpio de toda mácula a la eternidad de la historia, que va a recibirlo en su regazo como a uno de sus hijos predilectos!---

El Universal: 25 de Mayo de 1920.

Como dato curioso, doy el siguiente: En los precisos momentos en que en el Palacio del Ayuntamiento se daba lectura al mensaje del general Pablo Gonzalez, en donde notificaba oficialmente la noticia de la muerte del señor Carranza, se desprendió el retrato de don Francisco I. Madero, que estaba en uno de los muros de dicho salón, cayendo al suelo y haciéndose pedazos. (Puebla.)

De la Tierra prometida. Escoffié Z. Habana.

18th. Hauser yesterday advised me to see about my berth early. I went around at once. When I said to the clerk can I get a lower berth for the 29th to Laredo? his reply was – October? They are sold out for twenty days ahead! A pleasant prospect! – I went out to see Federico Gamboa as Hauser also told me he understands that de la Huerta is leaving town on Monday. Had a good visit. Mr. Morineau had received our proposition kindly and has spoken of me to the President. He will see me but asked that it might be after the festivals. Telephoning to Mr. Morineau he set 4 p.m. Monday, unless the President has gone, which apparently they do not anticipate. He really is going to Tampico the coming week to be gone five or six days. I asked about Salvador Alvarado and whether he has a strong hold with the present government. He doubts it but does not claim to know. Laga is to appear in English: a check payable at conclusion of the contract, but delayed has come to hand. It is $500: a similar amount will be paid on the sale of the edition of 5000 copies. I think it is Dutton who is bringing it out. G. is feeling quite happy over it. He will telephone me fully regarding the arrangement to see Sr. de la Huerta, at the house between 11 and 1 on Monday. He told me that Gamio had seen in print a notice of my presence in Excelsior for yesterday. I have been planning to see Gamio anyway so decided to go out there next ___ Found him chiefly full of film-plans. He showed me some water-color paintings of architectural backgrounds and scenes that were really very interesting: also an outline of a proposed Aztec film: a man named Bryan from Zanesville, Ohio is planning to find capital for the filming and presentation of this: there is apparently no very definite knowledge of this man or of his ability to put the thing through. It would make a fine thing, I believe. He asked me if I had seen the notice; a copy has been sent to the house. He has (as Gamboa) not just received the copy of my Waterloo address: he claims to approve it, but there are plainly parts that appear dubious to him: he plans to reproduce some of it in some way. He is engineering a party to Teotihuacan, among whom will be rector (minister-to-be) Vasconcelos of the University, who it

seems is a fellow-student in days gone by; there are to be several in the party, — some guest of Vasconcelos and this man Bryan: I was invited but have the earlier engagements. I have been planning, however, to meet Vasconcelos and am not sorry that there is this relation between them. We arranged for my viewing of excavations on Thursday and the Museum on Friday. At his request, I sat for a photograph and then took car back to the center. I had pretty well killed the siesta time and finished by taking lunch at Bach's. I then prowled around bookstalls and so on until after 5. on the chance of Antonio Alzate's being open. The chance was a good one and I found Aguilar there. We had a little chat: I think I never saw the library looking so well. He really deserves a great deal of credit and begins to get it. A very recent number of Biblos, (a little bulletin of the National Library) contained a write-up which he gave me: from it I learn that both Antonio Alzate and the Soc. Geog. y Estad. have recently honored him with gold medals. — As an experiment I took a camion home. I had to go up onto Cinco de Mayo for it, but it surely is quicker and can bring me nearer than the st. car. I really got off on Merida at 3.ª and so walked two blocks: had I got off at Merida 4 I would have walked but one. — I went with Sra. Landazuri 19th Sunday. To the house of the widow, Teresa Menocal, to see a jar or vase in onix or "alabastre" in the form of the monkey grasping a rod; it is fully double the size of the one at the Museum and the walls are notably thin and delicate. It was found on family property in a "mina" (which I suppose means in an excavation, . This lady has a beautiful home and is highly connected. She was an intimate friend of Carmencita. With her at present on Dr. Jose Prieto of Guadalajara (one of Mrs. Landazuri's favorite sobrinos and his wife Cecilia Menocal de Prieto. I sat and had quite a long visit with the three. I then walked down into the Paseo and after a little loitering took a camion for the center and in due time the 12.30 car for Coyoacan. I rather looked over my fellow-passengers to locate my fellow-guests but without result. Was at Casa de Alvarado at 1.05 and sat in the garden for a little. When the

Señora appeared, she regretted that she had not succeeded in getting the Mexican guests she had hoped and our company was reduced to Dr. Wallace and a Mr. Morgan (Welshman, Catholic, in business) who claims to know me of yore. It was a pleasant enough party, though the prospect would not have been sufficiently attractive to have aroused any keenness of anticipation. I outstayed them both, but did not remain for the host of fashionables, foreigners, whom she expected later. I did meet the flood, but escaped as some of the ponderables came sweeping in. It was 6.15 when finally I got back to shelter.

20th. Before I got back a R. B. Brinsmade had called and left a scrawl in which he regretted having missed me and a book — Latifundismo Mexicano. He is stopping at the Grand Hotel, where I looked him up and had quite a conversation with him. He claims to be and I rg. and to have been a Prof of Engineering in the Universities of New Mexico and West Virginia. He came here nine years ago for the purpose of propaganda for the single tax and his book is part. He speaks of Madero as apostol, but raised the question as to my belief in his sanity. I told him that I considered Madero mentally unbalanced and a neurotic, which led to quite a discussion upon this subject and upon the reality of psychic phenomena. Of course, before we were through I had already put him in the same class. He is a slightly built, full-bearded man, who gives the impression of having seen hard times. He was born in Elmira, N.Y. I met Jack Hunt on the street. They have a letter for me, addressed W. Starr and my Chicago address. It was, however, locked up in the safe and he agreed to send it to me. Hunting up Miss Blake I paid her her $4. I found Mrs. Nuttall there and we made the mutation and hour for seeing Fra. Menocal's vase quite definite. Having a little time I also went up to Niven's place. I found him on the third floor, interior, rear, where he has two rooms really very well suited to his purposes. He greeted me effusively and seemed to make immediate identification, which was hardly to be expected after the years that have passed since our single meeting. He claims to have 20000 pieces here. He makes an occasional sale of sufficient consequence to keep him going. He has made really extensive excavations at Atzcapuzalco, putting in his own time there Sunday after Sunday. He is very proud of his family, showing me the frame of portraits

and telling me in detail what they are doing - some in Texas, some in Tampico. He is now seventy years old but well preserved and active. He claims to turn over all unique things to the Museo and that they and he keep an account of values: that his gifts have now amounted to a goodly number of thousands of pesos and that they are kept by themselves! — I was back at the house in good season, where the Senora was busy preparing for our social celebration. She has invited Agustin Aragon to lunch with me. He came at 1 o'clock and the other guests almost immediately — Sra. Menocal, Señor Jose Prieta and la Sra. Cecilia Menocal de Prieto. We had a really elaborate meal - mostly true Mexican, though with American cheese; and, with wine for our water. We had totopos and platano caramelado con crema, both very nice - also mole and tortillas. Aragon is a wonder: he ate everything but before him with astonishing relish, but talked incessantly for four hours almost. His talking delayed his eating so that at every course he was far behind; we favored him in part by waiting, in part by having others served and he afterward - a thing to which I think he was entirely oblivious. But his conversation was of the most remarkable. He knows the genealogy of almost every one in Mexico. He has the most interesting anecdotes and similes. He was ten years a diputado in the Porfirian regime and quite content to be a mere rubber stamp, but he finally dropped it with intent. He now practices his profession of Ing.º and while conditions were unsettled and people were afraid to go out, he did very well. He is doing less well now that the conditions are considered less dangerous. He has been much into Morelos lately, which he says is like Sr. Starr's face, shaved clean. During the Carranza regime one night one of his little boys came in and reported that a man wanted to speak to him, who was dressed like an Indian. It proved to be the Bishop of Puebla, who was fleeing and asked asilo. He expressed his contempt and disapproval of the flight (he has great admiration and respect for the two or three prelates, who did not flee, but who stuck to their posts and their duties through) but the man was with him seven days before he resumed his flight. I was much interested in his description of Icazbalceta as an amo. He had three great haciendas in the Jalisco region

He maintained a boys school and a girls school on each; he gave personally at regular intervals good cloth for clothing and took a personal interest in all the people on his estate. In times of disturbance elsewhere his people remained loyal. I have always felt that the great estates should be broken up by a transitional process. From a kindly paternal condition like Iezabalceta's showed; to a system of working on shares would not be a difficult step; and from it to a purchased individual ownership would be easy, if desired by the tenant. Something of the kind was suggested by him. But much of his conversation made no impression on me, because I did not sufficiently know the actors and the preceding conditions. At table and after he kept up the flow unbrokenly to 4.45. The Sra. Menocal did nobly; the rest of us both enjoyed and wearied. When he finally stopped, he kissed the hand of the ladies in the old fashioned, ceremonious, fashion. Really for a positivista, so pronounced he is a conservative to a remarkable degree. He is a very old friend of Doña Lolita and greatly likes Elena. — I made a rush to town. Too late for Arroyo Banegas, the man not being there: found Meneses and got a book from him; looked in on the thieves' market which was closing. — By the way the letter was sent out from Stare Hunt's. It had been properly addressed to Apartado postal 115 Bis, but unluckily the number was under one of the strokes that obliterated the original address. Of course it was of no consequence whatever — Chicago primary election. I had expected 21st to go to the President's yesterday at 4. But Mr. Gamboa had telephoned me to come to his house at 11 this a.m. Arrived there, he told me that the President was quite ready to see me, but that Mr. Morineau was anxious to know me first and would then arrange the interview. So we went to Mr. Morineau's office together. It is on the top floor of the Londres y Mexico bank. On the way Mr. Gamboa told me that the U.S. is with holding recognition a) taking the ground that Madero and Carranza's deaths are parallel cases: b) on condition only that §§. 27 and 123 of the 1917 Constitution be abrogated. I told him that I recognized the hardness of the conditions but that I had feared that Fall (Chamberlain's) ideas would be made a condition also. Whereupon he exclaimed that such demands could not, of course, be con-

sidered. We found the top floor of Londres y Mexico, a veritable Obregonist headquarters, politics bubbling. We were at once received by Mr. Morineau who on the whole seemed to approve me and said if I would come to his office at 4.45 we would go together to the Palace and he would get me in without delay at 5. I now had time to kill – first until 1, when I was due at Hauser's for lunch and then to 4.45. I dropped in on Starr-Hunt to see if he had unearthed the bold Catholic speeches of some weeks ago. They were not yet ready. He proposed taking me to see the Czech head of In Aztec Land. I was not particularly keen about it and less about "meeting Cunningham". Cunningham fortunately was away: we found the other man in and really glad to see me. So Hunt left me there and I looked at some things of interest. Among these is the slender obsidian hooklike object, which also exists in Vilex; he has just hit upon a quite plausible purpose for it: may it have been used in gathering tunas? (This idea came to him when on his morning horse-back ride; he saw a somewhat similar idea in practice – a wooden handle with a metal hook-like end). He showed me too a gold ornament, relating to the Inquisition which he considers rare and interesting. On the two faces of the somewhat heart-shaped object were a cross, and other enamel designs. Palacios was in yesterday and is proud of being translated; it seems he has had objectors and critics at Antonio Alzate. I must, of course, go a little deliberately. There was still a little time so I took a sundae at Sanborn's and then moved around to Hauser's. I had expected to be only with them, which would have been nice. But the Bishop was there, Mrs. Hauser's sister of course, Miss Purdy, Miss and Mrs. Ross (Presbyterian) which made a very trying party. Really I was most uncomfortable. The Bishop was after game and I got into a rather disagreeable frame of mind and attitude and no doubt said many foolish things. The dinner was good enough and nicely served. Of course I like Mr. & Mrs. Hauser, but I was disappointed in the work-out. I tried to get a bath but "out of hours"; to see Bishop Ruiz but in the Toluca region; so went to Niven's to wash and make a little preparation. And here it came out quite clearly that he actually had not the slightest idea who I was. He made as good a recor

.ery as could be expected (considering the fact that he had prially set me down as a clerical) and became effusive in putting evry thing there at my professional service – to write and study as I will. He gave me then a copy of Mena's paper on his excavations and a recent article in the trade-magazine, . I now found my way to Morineaus and with him was at the Palace at 5.05. The absence of the auto raised doubts in his mind. We went up to the Secretaria particular where we found a crowd of people – waiting, pushing, pleading. It believed all were trying to see the president but it seems it was not borne further than the Secretary. Once a week, Tuesday and Friday, there is such a rush. We demanded precedence and got in to the outer reception room and a minute later into the actual Secretary's room. Very promptly I was introduced to the Lic. Miguel Alessio Robles. Very sorry but the President will not be here today; he is unwell; tomorrow or day after. I said to him that I would like to speak with Alvarado and Calles and he agreed to give me letters to both. So with this I had to be content. As we walked away Morineau told me to come directly here and to ask for Sr. Alessio Robles. — When I reached home and told Sra. Landazuri of the matter she told me that Miguel Alessio Robles lives directly behind us; that it was at his house that Gral. Obregon was sheltered when he made his disappearance and got away. — I knew that she expected her sobrino [x], husband of Margarita and father of Jorge (who is under treatment in New York) to take dinner with us. He did not appear however as promptly as she expected and we sat down without him. He came in however at 8.30 and ate with us. He seems a hearty sort of fellow; a little solitario in the absence of wife and little ones but much encouraged with the hope that the operation on the little boy is likely to result in a complete cure. He seems to be quite a reader and is fond of the old lady. His brother is Consul in Guatemala. ———

[x] Armando Gil: Margarita Letichipia

22d. I hung around the house until Mrs. Nuttall came which was quite sharply at 11.– We three then went to Sra. Mexical's where the vase had been set up on a stand for honorable inspection. Mrs. Nuttall readily admitted it to be the largest known of its kind. The obsidian axe in the Museum was made under Batres direction and is a good copy of a Tecalli one. There are others of the type in some European museums. All known are of Tecalli. This came from a deserted mine on their own

property and in the state of Michoacan; when found it contained black powder, apparently metallic (silver). We were then shown various other pieces including a fine Chinese quintuple vase and a descent from the cross in marble; this last was from the State of San Luis Potosi, probably from some one of the monasteries there. It came into possession of the governor of the state, who gave it to Porfirio Diaz. (Sra. Landazuri had already told me of this piece which she said Carmencita sent to Teresa, when the conditions began to become threatening.) It seems that Pepe Prieto and his Dona are here in connection with a wedding. I judge the groom is the young Francisco (Menocal?) who now appeared and who has been several years in the United States. The bride is wealthy enough for it to be mentioned with emphasis. The Guadalajara people return on Friday and the whole party rather wished themselves onto Mrs. Nuttall for tomorrow evening. ——— She had told me that the University is celebrating its tenth anniversary and we decided it well for me to attend. So I hurried from here to the University, then to the Preparatoria, then to the Doncellas entrance. I was late — it now being 12.30. There was a good attendance. The program began at 11. and ran as follows: Claustro: 11.

Discurso — Dr. Enrique Aragón

Anfiteatro-Preparatoria. 11.30

Piano. — Antonio Gomez Anda

Discurso. — Lic. Miguel Palacios Macedo

Piano — Antonio Gomez Anda

Discurso. — Lic. Ezequiel A. Chavez.

Piano — Antonio Gomez Anda.

I got in as Chavez was nearing the end of his discourse. He has aged notably from the young-appearing man I knew. At the close of his discourse, there was a call for Caso; it was enthusiastic and apparently spontaneous. I had already heard that he was the most popular man now in

the Preparatoria. He is very dark, shaggy hair, head deep set between shoulders. He went down from the line of dignitaries, perched high and far back and spoke from the platform. His address was vigorous and well received. The Rector Vasconcelos spoke briefly from his height and then the Minister from Argentine who I understand is a Doctor of the University. At the breakup I spoke to Chavez, who had to be reminded who I was and who was a little reserved; I presented my card to Vasconcelos, who was quite cordial and said he had been trying to get in touch with me. (I except he will be at Gamio's tomorrow.) Alberto Maria Carreño recognized me with warmth and gave me his card. — I was now quite near Banegas Arroyo's and went around. The man picked out an entire series of the Extras-Bulletins and of the recent Oraciones. It took him some time which gave me an opportunity to see half a dozen of the little ayudantes on whom his success so largely depends. The bench is meant for them clearly and there is a sort of a stall or cubby at the end of the counter under a display case where one was curled up sleeping when I came in. Two smaller ones were tucked in there before I left. —— At Gante I found a letter from Hauser. The man wants $62. for fixing the wall. This was enormously beyond my expectation and eats up my entire balance, but I ordered it done. — After eating went out to the house where I waited until time for the Palacio. There at 5. The Presidente is not only yet enfermo, but en cama. And Miguel Alessio Robles was not there — with the Presidente in Chapultepec. There was again a considerable crowd waiting to see him. He had left no letters for me, so I went around to Moncada's and told him the status. He advises me to come to his office for the letter at 6 p. tomorrow. —— I made an early "get away" with the 23d idea of putting in a full morning before meeting Gamio at 1. I was on my way to the Colonia when in passing the Cathedral I saw some boys in uniform, whom I took to be sailors. They had a band of eighteen or twenty pieces, and there were per-

-haps thirty with guns. They were drawn up outside the Cathedral entrance. This was at nine. I went inside to see what they were to do. It was a long time before they were admitted, but perhaps at 9.45 the big doors were opened and they marched in and formed before the chapel, decorated with los tres colores, to the hour of Miguel Hidalgo. Here they had a long, long, wait. The two men in charge of them were plainly not militares. The poor boys (ranging from 12 to 15) got very tired. Plainly their function was set for 10. Finally, when all seemed in complete despair, two men (the long-waited for) came bustling in. I had believed that even Gral. Obregon might be the great personage for whom all this honorable waiting had taken place. These were plainly licenciados, and when I asked one of the boys who the gentlemen were, he replied "probablemente los fundadores." Well they were marched into the capilla, which they just comfortably filled, where they sat around and left their guns and instruments and then apparently were set free. One of them had suggested to me the hope of dulces, after their long wait and I had about risen to the notion of a general treat. But as soon as they were set free they went trooping up into the tower of the Cathedral. From an little legend I learned that the E I H on their caps mean Escuela Industrial de Huerfanos; also that a similar group will come tomorrow, and next day — and so on presumably until all have paid their respects to the hero, the Cura Hidalgo. So apparently the fundadores are doing a thorough job. — I had lost two hours, but made a hurried run out to the Colonia. Both were at home. She is anxious to have a drain made through the new wall to carry out water from the corral, which is reasonable enough. She insists that our albañil is no good and that his job on the house was bad, especially that he left the second room in non-usable condition. I did not know why they make no use of it, but apparently it is a defective roof. She begged for prestamo of $20. as she needs clothes — which she surely does (and came down to $10. and even 5. when I proved obdu-

-rate. I shall have $20. for her but would rather not give it to her myself. I feel rather uncomfortable over the whole thing for she appears to think that she is staying there for my sake and even that that is what I am paying her $20. a month for! She believes the whole place will be looted if she left it for an hour and perhaps she is right. I have no doubt it would be a ruin. Still my own only thought has been to have a roof over her head as long as she needs it. I have thought of it as $20. and sent that I was giving her and, I cannot afford to give her more than $20. if she moves elsewhere. So she would be worse off by whatever she has to pay for a room. I do not want her to feel like a prisoner and would rather have the place neglected and looted than to make her stay there if she'd be better situated or happier in a room in town. I had to hurry away, however, to meet Gamio. I just made the appointment - getting home and into a cleaner shirt, when he called with an auto. He really lives near, close by the statue of Washington, which I had not seen before. He had invited Mr. Bryan to be with us. So we were four at table. Señora is a rather handsome, short, stout, brunette; Gamio himself is dark and slender: there are three really beautiful children - girls, the oldest not four. We said the biggest and littlest. Bryan it seems has lived in Mexico six years; he has been in the U.S. Army; his own story seems to show him as a chief adviser of Pres. Wilson, General Wood, Secretary Garrison and Francisco I. Madero. His chief purpose in coming to Mexico he says was to undo Henry Lane Wilson - an observation which I do not quite understand. We had not been together five minutes before I knew he was a cousin of W. J. Bryan - which I had also heard from Gamio. Yet the man is far from being disagreeably assertive or boastful. He now headquarters at Denver and is in radium. The other day Gamio told me he was leaving on Wednesday (yesterday); today he told me he leaves on Monday; yet in conversation it soon appeared that he is to lecture on radium at the University on Tuesday. My only interest was in seeing whether he would

push the film business through to a great success. And I am not convinced either pro or con: I believe he is an honest man anyway. After dinner we looked at some things in his library. What most interested me were two Uruapam lacquer trays with figures and groups that were old and a painting of Popocatepetl through a cleft tree which, but for the evidently different flora, might have been Fuji through the pines. But the auto was waiting and we all went out to see the excavations. We went past Chapultepec to Mixcoac, where the latest diggings are of a mound, where Gamio believes was the temple of Mixcoatl. We rode quite out across the open to the very mound. Nogueira ~~[illegible]~~ have been there, but he had gone into town to eat, plainly to the surprise and disgust of Gamio: he left a card for him with some of the workmen (of whom there were perhaps a half dozen) which I suspect was forcible rather than pleasant. The walls here are being uncovered at several points: there seems to have been the usual construction. The plastering is well preserved. In the office-shanty we saw the things that had been dug out. The most numerous and interesting were the "nails" of pottery, which were apparently decorative ( ): plugs of considerable size with the head rather bowlder and rounded, and generally whitened. It was now after 3 o'clock and it was not unreasonable to assume that Nogueira should be there! We drove now out to San Angel, the last part of the drive being along a pretty stream in a barranca which was bridged across by two picturesque old stone bridges connected with an old monastery. The lava flow was a thick and massive one. There are places where it has baked subjacent deposits to a brick-redness. The excavations are in the material underlying, (a) layer of blackish, earthy stuff (b) tepetate. They have left three skeletons as found – bones unmoved and the accompanying potteries, &c. in situ. These have been enclosed under glass and are lighted with electric light: a plate of sulphuric acid is in each case to absorb the hermidity. There is a case of the objects that have been disinterred. These Gamio calls of his archaic culture and to it and them he is inclined to attribute an antiquity of 4000 to 5000 years. His argument is based upon the fact that it is unmixed with other cul-

-tures. If we examine almost any archaeological site of Mexico - while we may find there a characteristic culture, we find contact with other cultures. Thus at any Aztec site, we we find some objects from other centres. At Teotihuacan we find, in addition to the typical culture objects of Totonac, Aztec, Maya origin. Here however in the sub-lava we find nothing else. but the one culture which he calls archaic and which he believes ultimately will be admitted to be Olmec. If this be true he draws two conclusions (a) that it is oldest, and (b) that it was alone in Mexico. As to actual age, Maya culture seems definitely to go back at least 2000 years: this is older, we looked at one "grave" - the ones under glass not being carefully developed graves. It seems to have been a circular pit about as deep as in diameter - say from 3-5 ft. I did not get any very clear idea of this. Among the objects from this locality he called particular attention to sitting figures. He thinks these the prototype, later developed into characteristic Aztec and Teotihuacan types. As for the physical type represented here, it is remarkably like the historic types - showing no particularly marked race features. Then here we rode to Coyoacan where we made a run through the Viveros. This is a governmental enterprise under the Dept. of Agriculture. It occupies many acres and is remarkable. A nursery of trees, it has hundreds and thousands of trimmed and clipped evergreens - cypress, cedar, or what not. They are in long lines, forming straight avenues. They are clipped to cones, high pyramids, pointed monuments, globulars, etc., etc. The areas between are occupied by the plantings of young deciduous trees. In some fine cases the trimming results in a flat foliage-roofing or vault interlacing over the avenue. Usually vehicles are not admitted and visitors walk through the grounds, a procedure which considering the extent of the affair would demand a considerable time. We now whirled along the highroad toward Mexico until just before we reached the Hospicio, we had a tire give out. So we dismounted at

the Hospicio station and took electric line in to the city. We then walked to the Sta Teresa excavations. I had never realized before what they were. They are the great open excavation on the site formerly occupied by Vanegas Arroyo et al. I have passed by unaware of their significance repeatedly. Here we have the old temple pyramid. And Gamio claims that our historical data are so abundant that we can identify the different parts, added at different times under different rulers with absolute certainty. Here are slopes of the old sides, strips of old timbering, sockets of old banner-poles, sheets of old plastering. There is a line of stones with colored (red) serpents; there is another of under (or higher) stones with figures, walking, holding objects (staffs or what) in the hand; there is a splendid stairway with one of the great serpent heads of stone intact, with color, in situ. Undoubtedly the corresponding serpent on the other side of the (double?) stairway, remains to be discovered. The plan is to continue to excavate to the possible limits and then to construct a building over them leaving the ruins intact and with good lighting as a basement. We were now ready to separate and when we were out at the Plaza, Gamio in an undertone asked me if I could lend him 10 centavos to get home with! When we took the electric line at the Hospicio, Bryce had quite naturally paid the fares. Not anticipating a break-down as host had not taken a centavo with him from his home! I now went to Monteagudo's to get the promised letters. Nothing doing. The President is still ill - in bed indeed; Alessio Robles has not been at his office and therefore no chance of communicating with him. He urges me to write asking where the letters are sent me. Our well laid plans, for I had them, crumble with the President's illness. I went now to Hauser's to speak about the drain to the wall and about the Colonia situation in general. The wall uses up my entire reserve fund. ——— I started out rather 24th early on a hard day. Rosendo Sandoval, who is connected with the Señora came early to pay his respects. He recalled the Buffalo and Jalapa days and we had a pleasant interview. He has, of late, been in charge of the cabinets of physics and chemistry at Chapultepec (Military School) a charge

which I think, however, he is on the point of leaving. I think him one of the most active of Mexican workers. I had decided to do all my business affairs at a blow. So I went first to the railways where I found that Cardenas was an old acquaintance. He was Mr. Robinson's Mexican Secretary in the old days. He says there may be an extra car on Tuesday or Wednesday and that he will try to do what he can for me. I went to the Compañia (which is in new quarters) and after some little delay had talk with Hull. He makes the same little agreeable impression on me as ever. He feels some degree of encouragement however. They no longer make actual mortgages of any period. They were seriously caught by the paper money - many mtgs. being paid in at the time of greatest depreciation. One time a man came in accompanied by government people. This man owes you money on a mortgage. Yes. He has come in to pay. In what? The paper money. Unwillingness to accept expressed. Very good - take it or we take you and your establishment with us up to Cuernavaca! He says he believes dividends will be resumed next year. We shall see. From here I went to see Herbert P. Lewis who is now Vice-President of the Mexico City Banking Corporation. He retains relation with the Colonia Vallejo. They are doing nothing at present, though they have land on hand which they must try to unload sometime. He thinks it will not be difficult to reanimate the Colonia when the time comes and there is a hope of sometime running a branch electric line out through that will stimulate things. (Not at present with the entire tram system in the hands of receivers). It seems the flood was due to some fool opening gates of an irrigation system. This worries me a little. I had thought of it as a natural occurrence that might take place once in a generation. But a flood may come along more frequently. He will continue to care for the taxes and he says he thinks it will not be difficult to put someone into the rooms, if Dra. Vasquez leaves them. He wanted to see me, as he had been asked to invite me to be a guest of honor at the University Club on Saturday of next week, which of course is out of question. I

asked to have them see whether my name was still on their books. The bank has been reorganized and is now the Mexico City Banking Corporation: Mr. Dunkerly, who was with the old bank looked it up and found $3.55 to my credit! This appears on their new books now as a nucleus and I was given a new checkbook, signed some signature cards, etc. He said Mrs. Lewis would not be satisfied to have me get away unentertained and asks me to dinner per Monday at 8 p.m. when he will invite a few to meet me. He asked me whether it should be formal or informal. They have always been rather nice. I went next to Starr Events, where we talked over his dead-horses. The Pedregal rally is dead: he claims to have got out 25% for the few who aided at all in closing out the matter. Grajales he still thinks has signs of possibility. He had Jack come in and was rather bitter in his expression of disappointment in him. He is now 28 and married and has no record of achievement or particular promise ahead. Father had always nursed the hope that he would take the business and inherit the library but that is a dead-hope. He has said a great deal, in great admiration, of Cunningham, the Commercial Attache. It now seems that he really hopes to take him in as partner and heir. As for Jack the question is whether he can do anything at the U. of C. in Geology with the view of going professionally into oil-geology — plainly with the expectation of a 15,000 or 20,000 salary at the end of six months study. From here I went to the Secretaria de Fomento, where I was to meet Gamio at 12. He was really with me at 12.05 and we went at once to the Museo. Here after a brief delay the Director devoted himself to us and we made a tour of the place taking about two hours. The Director, Gamio and Dr. Cortes were with me throughout; Dr. and Dr. about half the time. They have been securing a great deal of material recently. They have opened up an ethnographical section in which they have a really great collection — or rather of fair collection - of the native garments, etc., to which really I have given more attention than almost anyone else. In connection with this they have more or less of Gamio's dream of the development of the native arts.

The collection in archaeology is really in chaos. There is no actual plan of arrangement; there are no labels; apparently they are losing all the data regarding specimens that they have ever had. Yet, of course there are splendid things here both recent and old acquisitions. No serious study and adequate display has been made of the splendid finds of Escalerillas street; the objects are here but without adequate (or any) information or arrangement. It is really heart-breaking to see treasures wasted. In the case of gold objects the half-gold half-silver filagree from Teotitlan seems at last to have found its resting-place. The Ramon Alcazar collection from Guanajuato is one of the later acquisitions. It contains of course many choice and beautiful objects. Among the features that may be developed are religious objects from the old churches. These can be grouped together to form altars and capillas in an admirable fashion but there is chance for incongruities and anachronisms. Such misfits of course one finds in the actual churches but they ought to be avoided so far as possible in true museum display. My own objection to removing really fine and famous things from the churches where they belong is so strong that I dislike to see them in museums and out of their setting. Only the risks the things run through neglect, robbery and priestly greed, can excuse taking them out of their true environment. In the collection of military orders and decorations of Mexico — are there 300? - Gamio did one of his early pieces of museum work ten years or so ago. The one section of the Museum that looks as if there was plan purpose, arrangement, and instruction in it is that of Anthropology in charge of Dr. Nicolas Leon. He has his room for display and adjoining it his private study and laboratory. He had gone home however a little before. Señor Cortes gave me numbers 2 and 3 of the Monografias Mexicanas de Arte. They are pretty little handbooks of information gotten out under the Inspeccion general de Monumentos artisticos, in accord with the University. The series as planned

runs to 34 numbers under Section of Architecture (22), Painting (3), Sculpture (1), Minor Arts (8). Three numbers have so far been issued – La Catedral y Sagrario de Mexico (agotado), Residencias coloniales de Mexico, Iglesias y Conventos de la Ciudad de Mexico. They are amply illustrated. They are printed in Spanish, French and English all under one cover – a system I never liked and which seems particularly undesirable in works of "vulgarization". They are published under the general direction of Jorge Enciso who is the Inspector. The text of number 2 is by Manuel Romero de Terreros. Number 3 appears anonymously but I suspect is by Cortes: it bears the date of this year. The Director – Luis Castillo Ledon, at my suggestion gave me his little Monografia nacionalista, El chocolate. He also gave me his Antigua Literatura Indigina Mexica. I had seen both of these in Miss Landa-Zuris possession. She has spoken of him a number of times and when he was introduced to me, he referred to her and knowing me through her. It was now really two o'clock and he had done more than his fully duty. Garnio, Cortes and I now ate on the Plaza separated. I took a hurried lunch at a simple restaurant and then took electric car out to Colonia Vallejo. I found the child and the woman both busy making kites. I had wondered a little over the extravagant supply of colored paper I had seen there the last time, thinking it was only to make kites for his pastime. He has, however, a real business. He is the head, she the helper; he does better too than she because she sees badly and fits paper badly. He was working at five dozen, which he sells to a shop in town for 20 centavos a dozen: he has to buy all materials, canes, paste, paper, thread. He claims that he clears 20 to 30 centavos on five dozen. I sat a long time watching them finish their work. The kites are made but the fitting of the threads he will do tomorrow and carry them in. When he has finished the lot he made a resumbadora for himself. While I was there he had an order from a little neighbor who came to the door and paid his 2 centavos cash. His kites are simple little rectangles of the cheapest, but he also makes larger and more elaborate "stars" and other forms. The child knows

too how to make paper flowers but there is no margin of profit in it. It was after 5 when they were through, but I then took him out. I told him we would get some overalls. We went a long way by car and foot over into Guerrero, to patronize the place where he bought before. I paid 6.50 for the overalls and a blouse. Unluckily I suggested a camisa hecha and we had a bad suit and a $4. result which of course was ridiculous. I meant to get him a little hat such as he has had, but the hatter tried to sell us various mens styles, which I resisted. I now asked him what he'd like to take home for eating. He asked - "comida" or "pieta". He chose comida. What? Carne? So we bought 0.20 of meat - four pieces cut and pounded flat. What else? Pan? Looking for pan brought us to a shop, where various other things attracted. Sardinas, Sr? It seemed to me funny, and perhaps extravagant but the box at 0.55 was of good size. We bought six panes then for 0.20. It was now late and I was afraid to let him go home alone for fear he'd be robbed. It was a long walk to the electric line and the car did not mind our signal. So we caminied to Peralillo, where we probably caught the same car and paid two fares. It was 7. and moonlight when I dropped him at his door and after 7.30 when I got home. A call then pm Enrique Juan Palacios and an agreement to meet him at the Museum at 12 on Sunday. I found Sra. Landazurri much interested in the miracle of the day. It is causing great excitement. There is a girls school under religious direction between Napoles and Versalles. A little chapel is in connection. Mass was being said and when the hostia was elevated upon it appeared before the eyes of Padre Escobedo a divine figure the sacred heart of Jesus. The lord was standing, with arms out-doors-reaching and with the sacred heart and the wounds. Astonished and in doubt, he summoned the Sister-superior and asked if she saw aught. She did: others did; they called the youngest child and she bore similar testimony. The news spread. Crowds gathered, until the street was crowded. Police were sent to maintain order and to prevent the crowd from blocking

witness the wonder. The whole district is in excitement. The papers in the morning and at night headlined and discussed.

25th. Señora Landazuri took me to see Carmen's mother. She is a liberal in thought, but in the midst of servants; poor, but in the midst of ricos. She lives with her brother in a house and furnishing of excellent colonial style. She is far from well and worry is part of her trouble. She is expecting Carmen's return soon - apparently urging it. (Carmen Fonseca. Lucia Basave.)

Taking my car at Nuevo Cruz we passed near the miracle and the crowd of curiosos. Having a few minutes to spare I went to the Thieves' market to see what revolutionary material had been brought. There really was a good lot of papers, announcements, plans, placards, &c. connected with Madero. The price was $10. which was more than I had expected - perhaps not more than it is worth. I did not take it. I now went to Mrs. Hauser's where her Club of women (U.S. Colleges) soon gathered. There were perhaps 25 or 30 there: no men. It was a rather trying ordeal. I spoke on Japan and her policies:

Kaempfer's judgment: our entrance - trade, elevation; Japan among the nations - struggle for recognition, price, natural expectation - but not a friend; at present three points - Japan and Korea, Japan and Siberia, Japan and China; fundamental - (a) Asia for Asiatics; (b) self-determination - application: what is the situation? - propaganda - attitude. I probably spoke just an hour. Anyway I was through at 12.15. Mrs. Hauser served punch and I hurried to the Zocalo. Here I caught the 12.45 car for Coyoacan. Arriving at the Zaguan from the up-parada, I met D. Nicolas Leon from the down-parada and we went in together. Mrs. Nuttall received us promptly and we sat visiting a few minutes. The next car brought Galindo y Villa and we went in at once to lunch. We had a rather pleasant and interesting visit together. Both have abandoned archaeology and spoke rather pessimistically of it. Galindo is lecturing on history. Neither feel sure of their job under the new regime. In fact I find almost a feeling of terror in

both Mexicans and foreigners, in regard to the incoming head of affairs. Whether good or bad he left a deep impression upon everyone from the time when he was in charge of this city. It is true that one newspaper says that he has learned much and is a changed man. Another statement is that there are two Obregóns – a la Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. There was some conversation about a certain plant with marked qualities of tractomando personas. Here they claim it is a convolvulus; Alfonso Herrera has tried experiments with it upon guinea-pigs. In the U.S. they have had no results in their experiments and they claim that the people here have made a mistake and that the plant is really a datura. Don insists that it is a convolvulus, but believes the element that produces the effect is volatile and that the seeds tested at Washington were dead. He will select fresh ones when next in Oaxaca and will at once make an extract in alcohol, which he believes will demonstrate. The plant is called . Since I last saw her Mrs. Nuttall has really pushed things. Her Sir Francis Drake book has been printed by the Hakluyt Society and the Hispanic Society has printed the Crónica de Nueva España by Francisco Cervantes de Salazar, which she unearthed at Madrid in 1908. There has been an unpleasant discussion over the MS. of this Crónica, between the claims of Mrs. Nuttall and Francisco del Paso y Troncoso to priority. Mrs. Nuttall gave me copies of two of her later papers – El Obispo Zumárraga y los Principales Ídolos del Templo mayor de Mexico (1910) and Las Correcciones periódicas del antiguo Calendario Mexicano (Anales del Museo Nacional). She also handed me for reading a note by Un antiguo socio de la Sociedad de Geografía y Estadística in favor of her in the discussion re the Crónica. We three left together at about 4 o'clock but Don left us in Coyoacan. Galindo and I rode on together to the centre. I find that Francisco Sosa is not dead, but badly paralyzed; he lives in Coyoacan. It was about 4.30 when we reached the Zocalo and I decided to try for my Bishops. So I went to 20 Calle de Sto. Domingo. The familiar is a young priest only recently from Spain who knows little of Mexico. Bishop Ruiz had gone but would return to be at the Seminario Conciliar between 7 and 8. I decided

Then to see the Archbishop. He was in conference with the Bishop of Puebla and a Delegado from New York. So I waited a little. There was a mild-haired young man also waiting. I supposed him connected with the place but found that he was a reporter of El Universal and "guessed" he was after a "miracle" story, as he was. In fact he wrote the story that was in this morning. When the Conference broke up, he caught sight of Father Escobedo, who apparently had been talking with the other three a moment later he left (apparently to talk with Escobedo) and the Archbishop came in. He received me at once; took me into his room, called me by name and remembered our interview of twenty years ago in Tehuantepec. He at once said if I were going to travel he would gladly give me a letter to all his clergy. I thanked him and told him that my time was too short to do any outside work - that I had only come to pay my respects. He tells me that he was in exile at the time with the others, being first at San Antonio, then at Havana, Cuba. I told him I would like a copy of the carta circular that he has just sent out through the diocese and he promised to send it to me. We had a really agreeable visit and I am glad that I called. I have never touched him since he came to Mexico, just because I did not want to take advantage of his kindness in Tehuantepec. When I left him, I found that it had been and was raining quite hard. I found my way as best I could, in bulls, to 4a Calle de Regina and to Seminario Conciliar. I got there at 6 and the portero assisted that Señor Ruiz would come soon and showed me into the large and rather elegant reception room - where he turned on but one electric light, which but served to emphasize the gathering darkness and to show that in the continuous line of chairs along both sides of the room, there was one other woman, apparently waiting for some one also. Soon in came a priest, who took a chair and sat before her; apparently it was a confession. When it was over apparently she made some gift in a basket and the priest left. A minute later (now 6.30) the portero came and asked for

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