So we rode home again and visited a little in...
Dec. After a hard and busy day—reports, key fitting, errands, and packing—Henry and his Cent accompanied me to the train. It was cold and windy. The woodshed had put up a nice lunch. 

Train was off at 9:15 p.m. No matters of importance 27 en route. Were 1 hour late at Trenton, but only half an hour at Topeka where we arrived at 1 p.m. 

Mr. Robinson was at the train to meet me and we rode at once to the house, where we had lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Meta and Miss Campbell are the family and Mr. Smith, Paul Hedges's sister, was guest. She is bitter in Christian Science and a little thin to deal with. After lunch we waited until about the middle of the afternoon, when we went riding. It had been dull all day but in the afternoon it began to rain. It is necessary as the drought has been long continued and the winter wheat is uncovered to the dry cold. We rode out to Washburn College, which has quite a good plant. There must be a dozen buildings including office, houses, etc. The old building, the Thomas Memorial, the library and Observatory appear to be the best we called on President Sanders where I found to be—I do not expect my old friend Frank, he is been here three years and appears pleased. They have about 800 students and he does not want to go much above that not over 1000. They have a State branch of the American Archeological Institute and Harell has lately been here lecturing and organizing. Dr. Alton K. Thompson is President and one of Washburn's faculty is Dr. The membership had hitherto been attached to K.C. but is now fully fledged and independent. It was too cold and penetrating for pleasant driving so we rode home again and visited a little.
The library until about 6 o'clock. Paul Hudson and wife came around for dinner with me. They have been holidaying with their children who attend school in Poughkeepsie. She is a devoted mother and enjoys nothing so much as detailing her children's doings and plans. She will remain some weeks yet until Paul gets back in a few days. I will probably be there before you are. We had a pleasant visit together and I was glad to meet him. He is as thin as ice in his way, as his sister was. He has just given a long, commonplace, respectable and safe interview to a N. Y. paper upon the political situation. He has just floated a Spanish Herald which he expects to be a money-maker. I guess it already largely out-sells the Herald. There was a long reminiscence upon the Herald's early history. I bought a copy of the first issue and knew Mr. Robinson was interested. I did not know that he was the whole thing and that it was undertaken as a railroad necessity, not that its original floating called for 60,000; it required a good deal more before it was actually on its feet. Dr. Maguire called also (I suspect by in-vitation) and spent some time. I suspect he used to be a A.T.S.F. physician. We drifted onto the railroad before we were through (via Messrs. witchcraft) for which I think Hudson has a marked preference.

28th All signs of rain disappeared and expected snow did not materialize. At 10 o'clock we went dining. Called at Mr. Thompson's office; he was pleased, but is a sore cripple. He has had a stroke of paralysis and palsy trembles terribly and has bad control of one leg. This is a dreadful change. Of course he can do much but it is thought best to do nothing and a few customers stick to him. We dined
around town which now claims 40,000 and is undergoing wholesome development. It is pre-eminently a city of homes and yards. We saw the business quarter, State House, Governor's Mansion, (by the wayStubbs is a red rag— and was once an employee of the road), the various landmarks of the city pointed out. We rode out to the State Insane Asylum, a group of several large buildings in spacious grounds. There seems to be a large number of insane in proportion to population— this being one of three Asylums. There are many red-porphyrated boulders found hereabouts and they are used in building posts, heaps, etc. on grounds and gardens. We are near the southern limit of the glaciated area. At the Episcopal hospital they have a curious great urn-vase built of such boulder-masses. My train ought to have arrived at 12.30 and left at 12.40 and I did not expect to dine with them. It was reported two hours late however, and so I ate at the house. Mr. Robinson went with me in the carriage, arriving at the station at 2.30, as it had not come and he was seemed to know anything about it, I insisted on his going which he did at 3.30. It appeared soon after and at 3.45 we were off. I had been in some doubt whether to stop off at El Paso. We were 29½ due there at 3.50 p.m. and to leave at 6.35 with the army we were so far behind that I did not believe we would make connection and determined to go out to Ft. Bliss and see Gen. Ralph St. John and go on south next day. There was more snow than usual at two parts of the day's ride. The organist maintains were fine. The
appearance of Alamogordo good. We made up some time and when we reached El Paso, at 6:15 I could have caught the train which stood there. But I had decided to stay and did so. I bought 20 postcards, went to the PO for stamps - got off a lot of letters and cards, had a shave and supper. I had taken a room at Hotel Bristol near the station and left my watch there. Finished my planned correspondences in the morning and then after checking my trunk (and breaking my glasses) and securing it put the day into three things - visit to St. Blase, to library and to Carnegie Free Library. There is a special cemetery to the east. It runs out through desert along the base-plate of Mt. Franklin. There are several suburban additions making bids for settlers. The prices of lots anywhere near are appalling - are little corners almost on the edge was $700! Nice bungalow styles are going up. I think we passed the smelter in the distance. There has just been a gas explosion there and three men are still buried under the slag. The explosion caused some panic - everyone thought it connected with the Revolution. The El Paso Herald is full of revolution news and seems the most reliable source of information. There was a sense a day or two ago when the whole town was on the roof looking across to see a battle. The enemy lined out to be a dome of burros. Sympathy in the Mexican quarter is distinctly with the "revolters" and meetings and contributions are held. The town itself is very proud of its growth. It seems that there are Twenty-Five Towns in the U.S.
which have gained 100% in the Censorship. This is twelfth in the list. Among the passengers to the Fort was a Bical boy from Florida. He took me to the Colonel's. Dr. and Mrs. General Mayo is not here but at San Antonio. The office is charged Col. Sharp. The Fort has a considerable number of rather pretentious houses of brick arranged on two sides of a level rectangle. The Colonel's house is a new one and considered pretty fine. The Col. received me kindly and recalled what I had forgotten—that we had traveled on the Santa Fe together. I knew we had been at the Delmonico Hotel at the same time. We talked about various matters. It seems he has little to do with guarding the border as this military district ends a mile and a half away and the district of the Colorado begins. Hence Wingate is the center from which troops must be sent hundreds of miles while here are soldiers at hand. The Col. seems personally to have some sympathy with the insurrection but is ready of course to do his duty. He thinks the people of Chihuahua, Sonora overwhelmingly dissatisfied and believes unless Mexico is careful and makes concessions that this whole region will join the U.S. He keeps pretty well in touch with the situation and is in constant communication with the Customs House officials who of course have a secure source of information. He spoke quite freely on the extravagance of our military device which is relatively more expensive. New horse
corn 16000 and horses himself and Mrs. Sharp. Each officer must have an establishment—many
or unmarried. There is no unselfishness—no desire
together for economy and "esprit de corps." He con-
tinued this condition with his own young days when
a young bachelor officer would put up with a little
inconvenience and crowding for mutual convenience
and economy. He says the money each month for
this post could be sent from Washington and com-
pletely distributed by an Express Co. for 8 that
two men are detailed to do it as an expense.
(Travel, 8) of $130. With a small army we need
very expense is relatively large but he was refer-
mimg only to the unnecessarily. After almost an
hour's visit I left. He says Chaplain Sullivan
is with him and would be glad to see me as he
remembers me pleasantly from the Islands (I
regret to confess I do not remember him) but
when the orderly was told to accompany me he
said the Chaplain had taken the last car
in town. In the early afternoon I went over to
Juanz. On the same car with me were a man a
wife from Petersburg, Va. In memory of my own
visit I showed them around. She knew what
she wanted to see from an article she had read
in a local paper—we went to the bull-ring
to the prison and to the dismantling of the doors
firstly with its amusements and gambling all
past, we also visited the church. It is not only
spoiled outside but inside. The only part remai-
ing good is the nice old ceiling the tinsel old
figure is now not as the great altar and the
peninsular flint vases are no longer hung as the altar but a few select ones are found on the wall of the sanctuary. The little old monument to Guereza—poor, but surely appropriate, has been supplanted by a statue before the church. We walked the markets which is on one side of the church up on the hill. I had not seen it before. She was fairly interested in it. As they wanted to eat Mexican I took them to the Restaurant Turbide where Indian chillies came and enchiladas. Leaving them, I went back to town and called at the library. I saw no sign of Reed and did not ask whether he is still there. The place is well patronized; three reading-rooms, general reading-room, and juvenile room—all well occupied. They are strengthening their Mexicana and have really a good lot, though not a thing of mine! Wallace Smart and W. E. Coslin and Lummis are all there—and Terry and Crawford. Such is fame.

I got around to the station and was off at 6:35 (7 p.) There was the usual disorderly delay at Guereza Custom examination, but at 8: we were away. They have solved the inconvenience of arriving at Chihuahua and leaving at 4:40 a.m. very well. They run a sleeper from El Paso to Chihuahua and drop it passengers stay on board until 7. The next train picks it up at 4:40 and carries it on to Mexico; passengers go to bed at 9. I was not at 7 on a girl can go to bed at 9. It was painfully early and I killed time. The carline had passed several monumental things.
Names and addresses

Mrs. (Hudson) Smith, Kansas City.
Pres. Frank Sanders, Washburn College, Topeka.
Dr. Maquine, Topeka.
Prof. Cardiff (Botany), Washburn College, Topeka.
Col. Sharp, Fort Bliss, Texas.
Chap. Sullivan.
Mip Wilson, (So. M.E.)
Rev. Weyers.
Rev. Mesaure, (Cong.)
Dr. Eaton.
Rev. Leonard, Vice Consul, U.S.
Rev. Ruiz, (Bap.) Torreon.
K. P. Kyle, Colegio Mexico-Americans, Jong. P.
and the monumental shaft seems to have been a specially-Chihuahua. I walked back along the tramline as far as a miserable little market where I thought I might find junk and old cars. It was nothing but cheap food stalls and eating stalls, near it is a tienda — El Norte japonés — a queer name in any event. I think the three men in it were Japanese. There are quantities of Chinese in town — laundymen, restaurateurs, gardeners. The state celebrated the Centenaries variously — thus by building a great Federal Palacio. Three or more shaft monuments were erected during the year. Upon a small church on a little square (perhaps St. Xavier's church?) was a small tablet with Tidalgó's bust and the statement that his body was here buried. This was erected in 1910 — and appears to be a constant question as to what was at the Cathedral. The Estadio is a truly great building of red brick. Near it is the state palace in light and stone, and a good building. The Tidalgó monument is in a platano square and marble bears an 8ft. bronze figure of that patriot and has his four companions around its base. Having observed these various things I my walk I took chocolate and sweet bread at Restaurant Mexicano and then went up the hill, where Marborough House, a Congregational Church (with E Hall and T. Eaton's office) and an American flag all indicated the foreigners. Near I wandered until I saw a quite large building — Colegio Santita, where I entered and asked for the director Americano, whose name was not written into the study saying he would be with me very shortly. I waited an unmemorable time, during
La Parroquia.

8 May 1741. first stone.
1743 on keystone of the entrance to the sacristy.
1771. to the frontes:
1784. keystone of the arch of the Presbytery.
1797. symbolio - 8 Oct.
1871. second tower finished.
which I read a lot of uninteresting Baptist periodical literature, when finally he came we talked about various things. His school building is about four years old - an ugly foreign high two-storied affair; he thinks three-fourths of the population are favorable to the revolution - speaking for the entire state; he has been here eight years. Baptist aid is no charge; the school is not flourishing - there are not more than a hundred in attendance; Miss Harmon is not here - left four years ago for ill health; he spoke incidentally of the Colegio Salvador - and the name determined me to visit it. I found it a regular Mexican two-storied patio house with annexes attached or contiguous. It is in charge of a woman, a Scotch-Irish Miss Wilson, brought up as a Presbyterian, now a co. Methodist; she has been here a long time - seventeen years - and in charge; the work is under the women's board as their home establishment was at Laredo under Mrs. Holley. From start to now; their policy has been to start a school work and let other work grow from it; they have about 500 pupils, both sexes; they go through six grades primary, some superior, and a commercial course; they are suffering (as the Baptist aid) from the two years of hard times and have had a high water mark of almost 80; (she smiled when I say the Baptist aid had not a hundred, saying that 45 was about the time); they have a church with native pastor and appoint self support. This I visited with her at the schoolrooms, dormitories (boys and girls on opposite sides of the school), auditorium and her good auditorium (too high a platform) of which she is very proud and which is named Holley Hall. She was much interested in my report from Kobe and says when St. Palomo (in Portland, Oregon, Mo.) was here he said the two things to which he had objected were Kobe and
chihuahua. Their women had seven schools in Mexico—Laredo, Chihuahua, Durango, Saltillo, San Luis Potosí, Guadalajara, Mexico. She is proud of their constituency which has taken good place in the world, some of their alumni are conspicuous; also of their recognition by and relation to the State. Gov. Cruel always attends their celebrations and makes appropriate remarks. She spoke with great regard Mr. Hammond, but declares that her loss is irreparable, and plainly considers the Colegio Chihuhuense as going to the dogs. On going thence I walked through the Almudena and the somewhat pretentious paseo—looking at the monument to Gen. M. Peña, of course, and dropped in at the American Consulate. Here I found the Vice-Consul in charge between an outgoing and a new-coming appointee; he is a pleasant enough fellow named Landis who has been here in business for some years. I asked no favors but he seemed quite willing to be helpful. To complete this foreign morning I drop in upon Dr. Talon, who on hearing my name, spat out me as Roy Stahr? He studied medicine in Chicago. He says the Colegio is not flourishing and that their present qualities are bad; he spoke of a new building and gave the impression that his father's leave of absence had some connection with it and that removal into the new gym also would take place on his return. The Baptist brother has left the feeling that there was something curious about the old man leaving and led me to suppose that he would not return. The Dr. says liver abscess is common hereabouts; the vice-consul gave the impression that pulmonary troubles were the most serious which the Dr. seemed to detect. He told me that Miste Pena was the present head of the Colegio and that she has lately been sent into the Yorubamie country.
for a health-rest. This decided me to call. I went next to dinner and then to the Plaza de Mercado looking for coins. It seemed the chief common market and in a portales stall I found a few pieces at too high a price. Calling next at the Colegio Chihuahua, I was well received by a Boston Lady, Mrs. Huckabee, whose "favorite uncle" proved to be my Lawrence—N.C. friend. The school is densely, a little depressing. I looked in through to the bitter end. She showed me too her black-hand skin quiver with arrows, independence and in typed others and all wrapped with a shield for a space at some little distance from the top, also a belt, a couple of com blankets and one fine coat one; a few pieces of pottery; wellness of jobshells and of glass beads; and several of the simple rings of witches used in the foot races. After I left her I went back to the mercado and bought the coins; as his advise I went to a bazaar (pavement) where I got quite a lot more though as rather high prices. I visited the now-famous cathedral—now really one. The two towers are really pretty fine and the facade is carved finely and has thirteen full figures—San Francisco and the twelve apostles. The date is 1738. The material is a light red stone like agate stone, which is much used here about. Many of the buildings (as the State Palace) and some of the tallest, chief monuments (as the new 1910 one to the hijoobres who died in 1860). It was now near evening and I sat for a while in the Plaza, then ate dinner, and then to the station arriving at about 7. Here I found some excitement. A train of three cars full of water solders had come in and solders were guarding while a curious crowd waited to see. We saw little ferries. After an hour or two of uncertainty, the
cars were shifted somewhere near the hospital. I had to wait till 9 o'clock to buy my berth-tickets and get my satchel. While waiting we heard a discharge of several shots at once; what or why no one knew. I went to sleep but was roused at 12 o'clock by the ding of bells and whistles ushering in the new year, but did not remain awake. I understood that there were more mysterious "times" late that night before we started. I do not know - we were pulled out at 4.40 but I made no effort to get up early. We were on time and had an uneventful run, reaching Torreon at 3.35 p.m. It was Sunday and after taking a room at the San Carlos Hotel I walked out. There was a bull-fight at the ring, but I did not go. I walked around town which is new but quite distinctly Mexican - more so than I expected. The horses are mostly the typical 1-drum, plastic-keled, until Mexican horses. Many are driven into one room with doors opening onto the street. On one side the town crowds onto the face of some rocks, gray hills. And on one of these as we came in I noticed crowded lowly the town more primitive, but very picturesque. The market house is quite pretentious and the stacks characteristic, though too late in the day to see them at their best. Opposite this however, largely built over a canal or drain were picturesque chalets - stalls, eating booths and barbershops. The plaza is fairly planted and across from one corner it was a large cinema. On another side was the baptism mission church above the middle of the block. I hung around till dusk and then ate at my Hotel and then in the evening went to the Plaza where I divided...
time between the band and the mission. As the latter there were 100 men and women. Sr. Ruiz read and preached; Mt. Lesueur played the organ and conducted the after-communion service. He is the one who once taught me in his little shed for securing my data and information regarding Mexico and the missionaries and then being anti-missionary in attitude. He made no effort to meet or greet me after the service. Sr. Ruiz did. I had never met either of them.

I filled up the morning by a trip on the electric cars to Gomez Balacio and letters.

Before starting I stopped in at the American Bank to get a 20¢ bill changed. I spoke in Spanish; I do not know what the teller was a Mexican or foreigner; he might have been American or German; anyway I asked him if he could make the change - a 10¢, a 5¢, and 5 in silver. He at once picked up a 10¢ bill, then counted down a pile of 55 to me special out which he carefully withdrew, and then picked up ten 5¢ pieces and34 counted all down to me. I looked at the 5¢ bill - it was on the Banco de Nuevo Leon. To myself I said, "If this was anywhere but a reputable bank, I'd ask about this bill - but no." It's an interesting ride. The country is clean and gray, the sky lovely blue. The bare rock hills on our left, the flat table fields on our right. The first striking thing is the vastness of the ditching and canal- ing for irrigation - all now dry as a bone. The country is occupied by cotton fields and richly productive.

Gomez Balacio proved a good town with evidence of outside influence but typical in character and construction. As we passed I noticed a little cotton field close to the track and a school, in two sections. The name of which Mexico-Americans
around my curiosity. Beyond there is a station named Cumbado, where there is a shoe-factory that seems active producing two brands of shoes, Cumbano and Chile. The line ends at Lurdo, which is a pretty little town with a plaza which seemed quite like a natural group of trees. We spent no time there turning around at night. When we were back at Jerez del Palacio, however, I left the car and found my way to the Colegio Mexico-Americano. Here I found really very interesting thing. It is under charge of a German, H. C. Lyle, who has for six years conducted such a school in Monterey. That town now is in bad condition, partly on account of the terrible floods which cleaned him out. He has temporarily abandoned there and came here three months ago. He has nearly 200 pay pupils. He knows how to deal with Mexicans and is a wise guy. His present month's receipts are 800 pesos and he has cries from other towns. He could get a young man for a partner, his assume him 500 pesos a month the second year and 800-1000 the third. The first year he'd have to just get him about his expenses here learning Spanish and the business. He makes a feature of his commercial course; relates connections with the State schools, and is himself a Catholic. He is laying out a systematic campaign and has a carefully gathered card catalogue of the rich and influential men, not only of the town but of the haciendas in the whole region for several states; he is getting out the first number of a paper, which he will send out as circular material to his whole list, he names the preservation of it by inserting into each number once a two set lessons in English in business method, or in history. Swen into his advanced class, chiefly boys, he has him give aloud in English. He has a note book full of Spanish
phrases and sentences. He bowled out “Mia prima
Luisa Fieno voz encantadora; walked up and down
repeating it six or seven times; then bowed out “My
corazón (writes this on the blackboard) has a charming
voice (writes it on the blackboard).” Walked
up and down, repeating it again and again, occa-
sionally repeating the Spanish and then returning to
the English. Meanwhile they had written the English
in their heads. Then Fieno led lambre Juan?
Are you hungry, John? In the same fashion Fieno
mi maestro niego mucho estudiante? was my
old teacher many pupils? He gives in occasional
suggestions or explanations of modemes. Really it is
very effective. When I was ready to go, I suggested
that I would test them and pick up one of the last
papers and read my one and another English sentence
and called for viva voce Spanish equivalents. I asked
the whole bunch who became much interested and
gave prompts and corrected responses. When things I
said maybe? you say? One boy said not “Cuando
believir?” I shall not return; I go with this after-
noon I take the train at Torremolinos for Lagos where I shall
stop to visit a well-known priest. Who can tell me his name? This pleased him, but the
young be-teacher rose with considerable
feeling and said “Señor Agustín Rivera.” I shook
hands with him and said yes— I am going to Lagos
de Almenars to visit Don D. Agustín Rivera. He bid
me, hombre, a buen viaje. I was really a good
deal interested and considerably little about a
I then spent a few minutes at the putting market; most of it, including red, and white, wicker, flasks, great roof pigtails, &c. is made here. Some of the cheap, thin, glass ware however is from Encarnacion de Diaz. Arrived at Fresno I ate dinner and pegged away at numismatics, until train time nearing. At 8.45 I found the ticket agent ready to work and got my best ticket. I tendered him my trip and was not in the least surprised to have it refused. As soon as I got my ticket I hurried to the bank, fortunately near, and found my American, German, Mexican dollars. In Spanish you gave me this bill this morning in change, it has been refused; kindly give me another. He refused and denied remembering me. The American director was not far away at his desk. I looked in his direction then learning over said slowly and quietly in Spanish, "Oh yes, you remember; I gave you a 20 p. bill and added a 10 p. 5 p. and 5 c. in silver. This is the 50 bill; I washed you which it from the pile." He said never a word but made the exchange. As I walked away, he was looking out of the window at me glowering. It was a narrow escape; the train came in as I reached the platform. I was off and away at 3.55. No incidents en route only the train boy came through trying to find change for a 100 bill; it was offered him by a third class passenger. I did not examine it but it looked as if the two 100 marks had been printed on later as if it were a raised bill. The thing gave rise to some discussion. The general opinion is the train force being that the passes had probably been taken in by the passengers. I hoped we had passed the need of caution in the Mexican custom. We were just in time at Lagos, 7.45. I went to the Centre and Hotel de la Plaza by the new car line. Much as I from hot waters were rising near the
station. We passed a weath chapel, wedged in between houses over which were the words Viva Jesus. Many horses had the words Ave Maria. The town is quiet; very quiet. Many horses are really old; streets are often narrow & crooked; there is a height and the calabine goes around the base of it. We passed an ugly monument, with nothing as to Pedro Moreno; all four sides bore some brief inscription relative to him. The calabine stops in the main plaza at the corner of the Parroquia. This is too narrow for its height, 6 of the steps to tufa, has two towers, and some bad inefficient facade carving; begun in 1741 it was finished only 130 years later. The little hotel was close by. After my chocolate and bread I repaired for Efron Rivera, only to find that he no longer lives in Lagos, having moved to Leon. With a whole day on my hands as Lagos de Moreno! However I read German in the plaza; visited the Mercado herbalero; on the side of the church; took a walk down by the little river where women were laundrying and picturesque square tubs made foot bridges; walked through the Parque Pajarito Diaz, sadly neglected and up to the rather fine stone bridge, terribly paved; back past the miserable little monument and the new church in construction from the polished stone; it seems to be a sort of tuff and appears soft enough to cut with a knife; I suspect it dries out hard and it probably lasts well and sculptures easily. At 4 oc being tired of reading I hunted up the school; all bunched together. I wandered into the higher room of the Primary boys school. When he saw me stop outside the window, apparently with some purpose, he came out to see what
I wanted to be quite alone with me. He has 50 years of the two grades and as the
instructor, they were walking as geography, astronomy, arithmetic, etc. They were crowded — several seats of these.
The walls were hung with charts, effects, pascal, historia y civilización en Mexico, etc. They were a long,
lost physically and in dress. Hardly an attractive face in the dirty and badly-shaped heads, protruding
eyes, green faces pale. I was strongly reminded of Prof. (Prof.) objectionable qualification — a degenerate lot. 

Oh, curse! Between these poor little fellows and the Taxcal can boys! Don't Nicolas Pandolla, what a distance! But they were as tall and squinted when I entered and they were good boys in school. They were just ending me recitation, I don't know where — and one poor boy, in Indian clothing, with hungry face, flat-featured and wide-brimmed, was distinguishing between a capitalist and a laborer; and then — are they often the same individual? No; they are usually distinct." I went on to the higher school but was too late for all the boys to desert. They were drawing from copies, whom the junior showed me as he did the poor little gabinete de física. I found a discurso — estudio biográfico filosófico sobre D. Pedro Moreno, which I bought, no
bear as a peso. And my last few minutes were in the Plaza. As evening came, the flock of pigeons gathered
behind the symbolic of the Cerrajería, where one hardly
thought of their presence, until some little disturbance
causes them with a great whirring wings to appear, swing down over the symbolic and fly down
the facade and then up and back again: a phenomenon of a trick. There are beggars among i
men, women, and children who hang the sitters in
The Plaza at all hours. Leave at 5:45 for the train.
Stray mosquitoes: the pastor says they are few now, but in
their season very bad; that the trees produce them
(pointing to a line of screening palmas) — they bear a lot
of ball which is full of gum; he says wages are small
25 to 37¢ and many go to the U.S. returning for the
cold season; that the climate is wholesome; that the
waters of the springs are truly natural hot waters a
trustful thing they strike the banks: in the falling dusk
the Twelve before us with a little chapel nicely pretty
and symmetrically
The Twelve behind
and to the left as we
are looted. Lagos de Morena is truste.
The train is prompt to its hour and
bear us off at 6:30; at 7
we were at Lagos. The
downtown is a long way to Hotel Reliance near the centre
here after eating my left strings and speech can bear and
more on the streets. Such drunkness we have seen in
few times; Puebla I believe is far behind.
In the am
4½ I called at 10 o'clock on Señor Rivera. I found him
with no trouble in a convenient and new house, where
he has the most comfortable room. A nice-looking Mexica
of mature years let me in and the moment I inquired for
Señor Rivera he said "you are surely monsieur Frederick"
—yes said I "but how do you know" — because when I
was at Lagos six years ago I only saw women in the
house. He claimed that he knew me from my photo
graph. The old man 87 years now was sitting in his arm
chair with his legs in blanket bags, his body wrapped
in cassock and his head all bandaged up in flannel —
all to keep him warm and an account of rheumatism.
He knew me instantly and was much gratified. He says
he suffers terribly and uses diverse and many medicines
but his hold is wonderful; he sees well, hears with just a
little difficulty, talks quite clearly and his wonderful
memory for facts and dates remains remarkably.

He told me all about his trip to Mexico, which was only partly to his taste. He says he tried to get out of it and wrote a letter of thanks and refusal. Then he was a little broken in health, and when a peremptory telegram came he yielded. His disease, however, was given Oct. 20, not Dec. 30, and the sermon with the relics of the heroes was not present as the cathedral authorities refused to let them be removed. His address was printed and in the hands of the audience that all might follow his words.

He has moved here from Lagos because the people who care for him can do better here. He says he has three households—himself, they—who have kept him for years, and to whom he dedicates the fact that he has lived to be 87, and come out of his vine. He receives his pension from the government of 15 pesos, which does not go far. Friends print his matter. He gave me the last two pieces.

Fray Melchor de Talamantes i Don fray Bernardo del Espiritu Santo o sean las ciencias en la época colonia

discursos pronunciados por Agustín Rivera - una de
las festas del Centenario.

which letter he corrected for me with his own hand (because being printed in haste for the occasion it contains errors) and dedicated to Amigo el Dr. Frederick Starr, este discurso i mi folleto "Fray Melchor de Talamantes" etc., en pequeno testimonio de gratitud

leono las Aldamas, 4 enero, 1911. Agustín Rivera.

He was photographed many times, while he was The city once by Torres "the first photographer in Mexico," which hangs a talk. In 1887, after 50 years absence, nearly he revisited a childhood scene - I think Morelia also.

These letters from the local photo.
grapher with whom he has a pleasant nature and
to exchange conversation. Now a quarter of a century
almost later, comes the famous photographer to portray
the government's guest. The old man greeted him with
an embrace for old times sake! How - oh - it is a mistake;
I have never had the pleasure to meet you before. Oh yes,
as信息 - in 1867, you will remember! The photo-
gapher presented him six prints - the only one of the
many who did, which he handed, but gave me
an inscribed one. Asked about the age of the Paro-
quia as Lagos - he proceeded in order to quote 1741, 1743,
1771, 1784, 1797, 1871, with the minutest detail. He has
not yet all his prints and pictures on the walls because
he finds it slow work to tack and nail them. But he
stood me up and went through a list - Lincoln, the
First Sitting in Congress, The beginning and consummation of
Liberty, The storming of the Bastille. His oil painting
of Baron Humboldt, once before his eyes, receives the last
light and was the gift of a friend. The autographed
gilt-framed portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte is stiff as he sits it.
For each and all the old man has associations, sentimental
dates, fact. I had forgotten that he was born in Lagos,
and returned there after his Grandfather's decease,
having had a little capital of 15,000 pesos; for a time re-
 fused an appointment, he later refused three or four.
He says many of the stories of the Lagos men are old-
going to Colonial days. Others have grown up more
recently. That it is claimed that many are due
to a certain Bishop, who was a Lagos man, and who
when Lagos stories were numbered needed add a piece.
Once he said once that in Lagos "they build their coach
sheds upstairs." He says Tim is bright and practical
that there are 100 priests here. The only city outside the
capital. The Bishop here is narrow but has called upon him. Still when some one proposed to name two shrines here one for the poor and another (the one in which he lives) for him, the opposition came from the familiar. He says there are but two worthy prelates—men of liberal ideas in the Republic: the Archbishop of Guadalajara and he of Mexico. The appointment of the latter was a general surprise, and underlying it is the President's preference. The delegate had discussed another nomination; a churchman asked Díaz how he would like Morena—whereupon the President answered that such appointments would greatly please him as he had come to know and respect him in Oaxaca. In 1844 commerce and transatlantic letters there were fewer readers of literary periods here, even than in Lagos. On my mentioning Alejandro Martín del Campo's little book on Moreno, which I had with me, he said del Campo is a physician, a man who has written nothing else (and it is 'mediocre') and his only enemy in Lagos. He was meant to be present and speak at the celebration of Oct. 27. When this estadio was presented, but refused to move 'from his corner', because of age and infirmity. He then spoke of the death of Moreno. It seems the hero had been completely exhausted and on reaching a place where he had partly understood and lain down. When surprised he had no time to dress but in "panos color" hurried to cancel the man carrying his sword. When attacked he drew and defended himself—meeting his death. Lagos thought of a monument and the authorities asked for his advice. He advised (1) that it should be at the centre of the Plasa; (2) a column pedestal; (3) a figure in "panos color", with sword drawn in last defense. When his recommendation was under consideration Dr. del Campo opposed it in each detail.
it ought not to be in the Plaza; nor a column; nor a figure in "panco centro." A sculptor was invited to prepare a figure - the artist who designed the well-known statue of the Regidora. He wrote Dr. Rivera for details of her death - with the result that a finished model was presented of the head in "panco centro." Del Campo bitterly assisted and by his opposition won over the men of money who refused to pay for a figure in "panco centro." So it goes. However, this is but one incident in what the Dr. has been a long hostility of manner and unkindness. Thus where the person was valid to Rivera - the Doctor called to felicitate him. After the natural forms of congratulations were over he said: "Have you read the novel Los Citlales?"
"No; I have no time or strength for fiction." "Ah! Then you have deprived the character of this towness. The deputies and senators; it is hardly an honor to receive a gift from it; how agreeable to your feelings it would have been, if your fellow townsman had so appreciated you that they had provided a pension for your old age; that would indeed have been recognition." Of course this was years ago. The latest incident however is this; while from friends he learns that the Doctor has opportunity, to dig his hypocritical visits of apparent friendship continued and were invited. When however, he came here to pay a visit, just after some reputed abuses, the poor old man forbad him the house. By the way there is a Calle de Agustin Rivera in Lagos. I spent two hours with the old man and when I left he accompanied me to the door and announced a return call between 4 and 6. In vain urged him not to undertake it. He really came, climbed up to my second floor. When we went down he could not have assistance nor touch the handrail. walking down the middle of the stairway. He missed
upon leaving me the tram! So we went to the Plaza where the old tram centre and many of the buildings surrounding were old. We went into the Municipal Palace enroute which was an old Cortes. In the rear of the adjoining church he showed me with great delight the City's Museum - where I believed I had never seen me, but I like him, there is one like it at Seville. This one had a good many church rats and he says it is popular with the indecent, macabre, and its color. Lastly he took me to the church of the Maristas (Sacred Heart of Mary) where there was a crowd at service, and where there are some good windows — all different figures of the Madonna and Babe — one dark by the way. This church is new of brick, and a live devotion. We went down the very altar, restless of distributing priests or worshippers where we knelt and the old man said a prayer. From here I would have seen him home but he insisted he was going to make another visit after our despedida, and so I left him at his friends', the aunty of Hotel Guerra. He says there has a census population of 80,000 but I may safely set him at 95,000 as many avoid being counted. That it is a hard working population but drunken. That in the prison they make the prisoners work and pay their produce to the women who then often fare better when their husbands are in jail than when outside. I had already been to the Cathedral, its exterior is rather good - two towers and carved gateways. There was service within so I merely took in a general impression. There are queer little half plazas, many fine portals, and the many shops with local hides and leathers, shoes, hats, and other stuffs are interesting. In fact, Seville seems to me a never Mexican, character than most large towns. And to bigotry is real and many printed appeals are stuck up on houses.
"They drive herey from Lem." At 6 o'clock a little before it was a sight to see the flights of birds. The trees in the Plaza have a wonderful density of branches and foliage and shelter thousands. They exploded caglets and with these kept them going. There were a half a dozen flock, the clouds drifting and blackening the area. The moments were wonderful. From (still mule cars) to the station starting at 9:40. Train at 7:40. I wandered on to the market and took the train, picked up my trunk and went on to the city promptly on time. After waiting for my trunk and mail time I wrote up my notes. Found a letter at the hotel from Barrows dated Dec. 27th telling me he should call daily but might go away to Puebla soon. Mt. Van Antwerp was well and had quite a bunch of mail. I went to the Compania Bancaria and straightened out my accounts with them after finding at least three mistakes in the negoci. Of their other customers, they were in as middling shape. I wonder at their doing business. Went out in the morning to Colonia Vallejo, where I found Padre Marin and Paredes well. They have plenty of work with Manuel and gave me the impression that he has no intention of going into his house and at once proposing either finding a purchaser or a renter. They believe they know a man who will pay by the month for it for a market. The horse really looks quite well and I do not like the doors. I confess I went away feeling quite discouraged. To have the whole thing left on my hands—to have to buy him out and carry indefinitely was not an agreeable idea. In the afternoon I went out to Mrs. Nuttall's to meditate myself, because I find myself here at a queer time. So as to here giving a course at the University—just begun; believe is
here about to open a School of Mexican Archaeology and
Mrs. Tuttle and Leopoldo Baires are in the midst of a pub-
lic battle! She was not in so I had my ride for nothing.
In the evening I asked to come around, I told him
nothing of my conversation with the Padre and he said he was planning to move in, having
waited my coming. As tomorrow is a fiesta, he says he will
come in then. He seems much improved in health and
is working steadily. I have decided to rent a vivienda
in the Colonia and live there myself. I was at my
"The Three Kings"—writing in the morning when Dr. Bar-
rowns appeared. I had wondered what he was here for; had
decided he was to give a course at the University—
seeing that California is one of the foremost centers of St.
James Mark Baldwin gave the first outside course in
English! Boas is giving Anthropology. I concluded it
was Barrows on Pedagogy. But it proves not. He has three
weeks vacation; thought he'd like to see Mexico; and he
is attending to some matters for Hodgson. The idea is a Spa-
nish school book on hygiene. He has the matter up with the
Department which seems favorable; the book must ap-
pear as a Mexican's book; the materials for it are sup-
plied by Hodgson, who has been to a lot of expense and labor
accumulating it; the Department suggests Pruneda
as the author. He is to put it into Spanish and add mi-
unt such special local stuff as may appear necessary.
This is final shape; we had several talks over it and I am
likely to have to have some of the business in my hands. We
went to the Minister's then and I met him at 12:30 at the
book store. He is unwell and dieting—but we took lunch
at his Hotel—The New Poste's—after which we went to Flam-
ally together. We stopped at the Colonia Villas, where I
introduced him to Padre Marin and where we really
found Manuel in his house; he had taken my trunk with his household stuff. We found two a much better place for myself than I had planned. It is in a property just diagonally across from Manuels, belonging to a Dr. Herrera. It is new and unused, there are fair good front rooms with a mid-way zaguán; there are nurseries within the two lines not yet finished; the workman in charge said the price was 5$ per month and that I would have to see the owner, Dr. Herrera, whose Botica is in 9a de Heres. We had a good time at Queretaro, where there was a fair crowd: a good many Indians among them. We were in town at 6 and separated then. I walked a long and hard walk, as to Dr. Herrera's where I paid three months rent at 5$ per month (he asked 6.) I was very tired, and was up till 9. thinking either Manuel or Barros might come in. No expecting either. We had planned to see the Museo Nacional together and were there at 10, forgetting that it was Saturday, not open. Same at San Carlos Academy. So we spent time in the theories, marks, and at book-stalls where he made some purchases; also at Doreste's where he made quite a purchase of school-books and tools to read in Clyde. He wanted me to lunch with him and two old California friends at the University Club. So we Doreste's we took carriage there. The two men are bright fellows, are here in asphaltite pavements, petroleum interests. They are Harold Walker and Harold Wood, the latter a one-time Pomona College man from Ontario. They have done well and have a view into Mexican matters and a fair sympathy and appreciation which deserve exceptional. Their work has taken them into the Panama region and they have been something of the Dartmouth. We had an unexpectedly pleasant time together and when, at 2.45 the
stop: dining, they took me in their auto. around to 5
from where S. Butler had promised me an appointment. It
was a friendly young fellow who accompanied me around
to various shops where we bought the outfit for my simple
life, He knew shops and prices which was just what I wanted.
We bought: covers, mattresses, sheets, pillows, pillow cases, towel,
chairs, table, wash-basin set, candlesticks, candles, looking-glass
at a total cost of about $50. We then secured a car and rode
out with it to the colonial, making his rounds of shops to
collect the outfit. As for me I took my catchel and settled
at the hotel and was on hand to receive the stuff. It was only
just at dusk. meantime I had discovered that I have a
perfect view of the ocean from my doorway and the
roof of Papen's shop across the street. We hurriedly set my stuff into the house and locking up went
to town to see Barrons off at 7. We took coach as we were
a little short on time. We had ten minutes to spare and took
tickets to get in, but saw nothing of him. I did not return
him on the train and decided that he had changed
his plan and would leave in the morning. Then took a
letter dated from Guanajuato on the 8th, which shows that
he probably was already in his car. There was a train
heavily loaded with guns and ammunition which backed
out of the station under guard just ahead of the passengers.
I should have minded noticing it but for Manuel. Though
we were both tired we went to Bache's for dinner to celebrate
my court moving in and the Saturday evening. When
we got out to the Colonia we moved my trunk over, put
things in order and I settled down in my new home to
the simple life. I had my chocolate and toast for break
8th: Sunday: fast and spent the day quietly about
the place. It is the anniversary of father's death and I always
think of mother's lonely years on this date. Manuel had a little
"blowout" for noon—duck mole and pulque de aguaje. I was
a little deranged internally but both are good. They took
too much of the latter and Colita was really very drunk.
They are having a course of lectures on the great Religions at the YMCA. and I was not sure but I'd be willing to give one on Shinto, inviting the Japanese Minister. So I went to see today, the first of two on Mohammedianism by Mr. Sloan. A renegade Baptist missionary, convert to Catholicism (Roman) lecturing on Mohammedianism is a curious combination. It came at 4:30. There were about 35 people present—a most commonplace and uninspiring group. I knew nobody and no other (Jerry, or Jerry?) knew me. The address itself was a rather carefully-prepared and conscientious presentation of the life and character of Mohammed, too good really for either audience or occasion. There were hymns galore, scripture and prayer for a full half hour before and for twenty minutes perhaps after—which decided me unfavorably. I slipped away as soon as the lecture was done and got home. Manuel stayed quite long pouring out his woes; he wants to be rid of Sofia but I do not see just what to do. I am not sure either how much of his plans this time is mind and heart and how much intrigue. It's a bad, bad, mix-up. Meanwhile, he has six persons in his little hovel—self, Sofia, Loly, Lola, her querido, and her little boy who is as bright as the other child is slow. The querido is a sort of a newsboy, know-nothing chap—and it is a case of sponge. When Miss Laugalata Vasquez comes and she may come, seeing Lola is here, there will be a house-full. In the morning I got home to see Padre Alvaro and friendly old Padre Company on the steers to town. After cleaning up a bit (for the Colonia is dusty) I took car out to Copacabana and called on Mrs. Nuttall. I meant to get there somewhere near noon but did not intend to arrive too nearly, nor to stay. But I was delayed by chimes, shawer, and car and arrived there just exactly at 12. I found her at work upon her third piece article and our conversation was chiefly upon the
battle which is on. It has assumed a really mean form. In response to her original article in the American Anthropology she printed a pamphlet in which she denounces the poison of her friends and throughout refers to her as "Nuttall-de Falco". His attack is upon her personally—"who is she?" The Mexican Herald (in both editions) is printing her replies. This at the express request of the U.S. Ambassador. The battle attracts some attention and she has received many expressions of sympathy and esteem. An excellent criminal lawyer stood ready to take her case and promised to put him in prison for his pamphlet, but on advice and consideration she decided not to make it a case of criminal prosecution. Corral sent her special message: "Let her crush him; let her crush him." La Galera printed a powerful front-page cartoon, with him with an open face. The swirling large and pendant bear the word Nuttall; he himself, while grins upon what the result may be. From his side there have been two brief newspaper utterances: one, a curious letter from officials at the Island varying the discovered nothing—"the other a weak and foolishly sweeping assertion regarding Milka-Daniell and the Decree doubtful. She gave me the two articles already printed. The next will appear at the end of this week."

At my noon meeting I called on Ortega and had wanted to ask some questions, but he had a veritable run of customers. I bought a copy of Efrén Rebolledo's Nikko, which seems weak stuff at high price—64 pp. 1.50. It appears to be subsequent to our contact with him and is dedicated to Barón and Baron María de Marchi della Costa, who were his Hotel Imperial colleagues and apparently his best friends at Nikko. The book is printed on double-infolded leaves—a la japonés. It seems to be addicted to literature.

Obras del mismo autor:

- Joyeles
- Beicas
- Estela
- Paraguayso
- Rimas Japonesas

En peensa:

- O Tama'nam. Pena
- Hojas de Bambú. Novela
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<td>Rosaura Muñoz.</td>
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<td>Irene Pag. - Cuidos y violetas.</td>
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Total: 23.55
On the early evening I went to turn and to the ministry of Education, Sierra is on Isla de Sacrificios with Padez. He had a fall, which laid him up for a time but is mending. I met Chavez, who was as usual. I told him I wanted a letter of approval to use in school visiting when I went, and an invitation to the opening of the School of Archdeology. He said I would receive an invitation, but he would speak to Padez about it and the letter would be sent me. He gave me a little idea of the Department and a little book relative to the Escuela Nacional Pedagógica.

Padez was around both morning and evening and we arranged to go ahead with the well. It is as late in the week (i.e. Tuesday!) that we will not begin actual operations until Monday. I have been reading a well-written and vigorous pamphlet, La Nota mas discutida del Centenario y dos discurso, Universidad del Secretary de Institución Pública y Bellas Artes by Agustin Aragon, author of the Revista Positiva. Thinking I would like to see the author, I went first to his office, then to his house at 5da del Pino, 215. I sat around in the little Plaza until 2:30 thinking he might be taking a siesta. I found the family at the table. He, his wife, three boys (one a baby) and a woman either his or her sister. I recognized my name at once as author of Indians of Southern Mexico. The special copy I gave Manuel Fernandez Leal he gave to Aragon who is his great admirer — he showed it to me afterward. They invited me to eat but I simply sat by while they ate as I had had dinner. I took some dulces with them when they came to that. The Fulbright of my call was to ask permission to address an address by him tonight at the Preparatoria — seen announced in yesterday's Herald. All very nice but the address was given last night. We went up to his work room where he picked out some special numbers of the Revista and the whole of the last volume (X) for me. He marked a lot of articles which he believed might interest me. He is a man of great work and activity.
has been in the U.S. within a year, visiting the grandeur of Yosemite, Yellowstone, Madison (Wis.), Chicago, Niagara Falls, etc. which trip he seems to have enjoyed, although he does not love us. He is apparently 45 yrs. old or so, black-haired, moustached, full-faced.

Today in town I met Rafael, the new 12th boy of 1894 and Carlos Moreno. I was a little surprised as the latter encountered as Manuel saw him in the catly small one week ago and I believed him probably behind the bars. As it is the 12th, I went out to the Villa in the afternoon. I ought to have known if sooner and have gone in the morning when Archbishop More said mass and Padre Andrade preached. It seems that today's celebration and pilgrimage belong to this Archdiocese; next month will be Puebla's turn and I shall try to remember it. Today there was a fair crowd and considerable activity. Now for the really than the other day, but there was Los Reyes.

Manuel came in to see me in the evening and began by apologizing for being drunk—which he really was. He was in a dreadful frame of mind and talked badly of Padre M. and Palacios and of the 'fearer' who lives here. I think as local authority he was passing over having been tired to his house tonight—which he really was and connects it with a trouble last night. He claims that at 6 o'clock as he was coming home he witnessed a murder close by the oil factory and the street. Four men were implicated in one was stabbed three times; he died in the morning. He happened close by the packages' house and apparently he saw or heard the children cry. At all events he says he was taken or suspicious of the commissario but denied all knowledge of anything. He explains his condition and he says he has not been so before for a long time. By Rafael that he and his friend Dominguez were both working at Rochimiles this afternoon finishing early but too late to go elsewhere. Dominguez got pulque and they became dreadfully drunk. This Dominguez is one provision
seems to have much regard and he often speaks of him. He is an inspector for the company. Though my letter was not yet come I decided to visit the Escuela Normal Paparanicia today. I planned to see Ramírez's mural, Academia de Literatura, and Porfirio Parra and Alcoce's Botanical garden. I was plainly a white elephant on the hands of the vigilantes who were not sure but they ought to throw me out. I found that Ramírez-Mamani was in Campeche. Parra comes only in the morning and, after walking with the vigilantes and the boys with whom I had somewhat patronized in Alcoce's door—he did not appear. With this I rearranged my program to take in Catedral's Academia de Vusinga (3-4), Sanchez's Zoología. In the former I found about thirty students in the laboratory making determinations of a salt between it and Sanchez (4-4-5). I visited the new Amphitheater, the library and the interesting old hall where they have the portraits and the great set of carved chairs that belonged to San Ildefonso—which old edifice is the one now occupied. I calculated that it would require 124 negatives to adequately deal with the old carvings—quaint and astonishing biblical and religious scenes from Adam and Eve, etc. These are in the library two great pictures, which are the sacristy decoration. The library is fairly well patronized and the director treated me well. He told me the library is public, open to me or any one else who wants to use it. Though it is little patronized outside of the students, an entirely needless expense is the printing of a quarterly bulletin, which does nothing but state the degree of monthly patronage and list the accessories. No one can even find any use for these—and the library is un catalogued! The building of the school as a whole is three stories—around three patios; the three parts are called Colegio de Granada, Colegio de Pasqual and Colegio Chito. The library has about 17,000 volumes and the Bolivi...
of Jan. March 1909 announces the accession of my Dr. De Souza, Mexico City. The old man is a naturalist and a brilliant scholar. The school is well known in the city and its students are highly respected.

The class of the year is the course in the elements of human anatomy, physiology, hygiene, comparative anatomy, and zoology. The lesson of the day was on the sense of hearing and the preparation had laid out a cut skull, a set of models in papier-mâché and a model of the human ear. At times I was inclined to mock at the futility of such a course.

I was again inclined to weep at the patient faithfulness of the poor old man who is honest and earnest. The class of about fifteen was listless. One was called upon to write and another was asked to pass the hour. The old man explained that the Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and Pathology all went on at once—pass and pass. Hence I had the pleasure of learning that if a garter snake (which was conscientiously described as a more beautiful snake by the old man who had seen it) could be extracted by violence, the head and its clutches would produce a inflammation but that some benign compound would kill it at once or it could be safely withdrawn. Also that the accumulation of wax in the ear was productive of dullness of hearing but that an instrument, consisting of a funnel of cotton or some such material at the lower end of a handle of some inches length could be used to clean the ear and prevent accumulation. The old man asked me for candid criticism as the end. I told him that considering the enormous range required to be covered, that his teaching was entirely commendable which was entirely true. He tells me that every morning from 10-12 he is busy arranging the natural history...
museum in its new quarters at the Crystal Palace and invited me to come and see the work. I was departing when I met one of the boys who had been in my residence a Martinet, who declared that I was not going to take in Moral. He had urged this on me before, and in account of his persistency and evident disappointments I finally decided to take it in. A regular bunch accompanied us and as we neared the room it was almost a headache, nor did the disorder quiet much under the efforts in the project. It was a large class of perhaps 60-80 of the fifth year under Enrique Aragon. When he appeared I was presented to him and he insisted upon my sitting on the platform with him, and made a formal introduction of me as Prof. at Harvard! He gave a lecture upon the morality of the child (at the beginning of his development of the subject of individual morality) It was thoroughly well done and would be creditable anywhere. He gives a morning class in Psychology as well. The lecture was well held through the hour, which ended at 6:30. I was accompanied to my car by an enthusiastic young who urged me not to miss hearing Schuyler Geography some morning at 8. (It was this evening that Manuel came in bad.) Saturday afternoon, 14th, 4:30 Mrs. Van Antwerp had invited me to take a cup of tea. For one reason and another (partly my waiting for a Tacubaya car) I was late getting there, only just before 5. Mrs. Van Antwerp was even later, but came in soon after I arrived. We had a pleasant hour's visit, as she was disappointed in not having two or three ladies to meet her but, she felt oddly afraid in that on her asking whether I would come again when she could have them. I told her anytime and they at once mailed for next Saturday. Leaving as about 6:15 I met Manuel in the Plaza and took him to dinner at the Barcelona. I rather plan to have dinner with
him irregularly at Saturday night. I called on
15th Place Maine this morning—Sunday—and looking
his prints and portraits finally buying them as $8, his
price. Really, I would be ashamed to bear him down
because if they are not worth that they are not worth
existing away. I spent a quiet day—going to town for
lunch and polishing a letter for another in the P.O. In
the afternoon Manuel paid Dominguez was here and
they paid me a formal visit of respect and then
played dominos all the afternoon in my room, while
I was looking through my prints and so on. They
disappeared at evening and made no farewell call
as I expected they would. I suspect they had consider
able公务 and some quarrelling. It proved that
Dominguez stayed all night. They were off at 6 a.m.
as Manuel had wrote for don Joaquin "I am I presume
wanted to get him installed."—By the way the
two children came to see me two or three times a
day. They are marvels of duch and love to play in
the dust. He is 2 yrs. 2 mos. old and as bright as they
make them, a pretty child, and with a will of his own
though he yells readily to firmness, he will play
for hours at the tripod sticks, carrying them from
one place to another, setting them carefully in line
against the wall and then returning them with equal
care to where he took them from. She does not yet
talk as much as he does; is stupid but affectionate;
 wonderfully sensitive. The slightest word of reproof
makes her cry aloud. She fills her mouth with chest
untill she chokes and don't know enough to spit
out. The mind without help, she misses words curiously
by never but a few. she calls a dog "burro." She
Okay as soon as she understands, but if she understands the command is on account of something done or will be done. The well is standing quietly against me as long as I will let her. She is probably well past 3 yrs. The 16th will be begun. The force of drillers camps is three men — all Indians — and is from Tacanaca, an old Ayacucho close by. Little place. I shall walk there (10 minutes) soon. The other two are from Tecoco. All talk some Ayacucho. The apparatus is simple and primitive. Three heavy timbers set tripod; an axle turned by mules' stakes, a wire cable with a dropping tube and spares. We locate the well on the middle line between the lots and a little behind the line of the post horses. In the evening I was invited to dine with Mr. Nuttall at 7 30. The other guests were her friends Mr. and Mrs. Ryder. Colonel Shanklin was invited but had a prior engagement, and a Mr. who did not report to the invitation being they concluded he was ill. They are nice people who are quite in the habit of entertaining, meeting, and greeting dignitaries and personages. Thus Mr. Nuttall has been their guest as also 'Bub Evans' et al. He is a promoter and among his interests is an addition (planted to bungalows) at Cuernavaca. Shanklin is to repeat his lecture on the Panama Canal before the Geographical Society on Thursday and Mrs. Nuttall suggested we all attend. It ended in Mrs. R's inviting us to the American Club at 5:15 to take tea, giving notice to the lecture at 6. Mrs. Nuttall
showed us her great series of views of the house inside and out. She has taken everything possible—which proves that she is actually giving up and really getting out. She told us about her teaching experience in photographing the portrait of Santa Cruz de la Cruz painted by herself and in the wheat where the two old men, last of the convicts, are living or dying. They showed her the book with Jermias’s name signed in blood. They kept up the book noting down the deaths as they occur. The mother had written me after another and they wait their turn, mechanic which will be the next recorder. It was 10:15 before I got my car. I had left word for Manuel that I should leave the Zocalo at 10:15. He had insisted on making me at Vallejo station. Of course it was 11 when I really left the Zocalo and about 11:15 at Vallejo. No one there and I found my way alone
untarned by the fire man. I was away only 17 for as I planned to take in Geografia at 8 a.m. When I went to call Manuel he was not there—had not been
since his early leaving yesterday morning. I heard of him yesterday for Mrs. McConnel had met him on a car and he had promised to go today and inspect her lights. She spoke very pleasantly of him. I found the Geografia really interesting. Salvin is a good teacher. He says he is pathetic, which proved true and he smokes his cigarette as he walks up and down. The class is a large one, South American. One student was called up to discourse upon the lesson of yesterday, taking the coast from Sarden to the mouth

of the Plate, he was kept up through the whole hour. The teacher was lecturing almost constantly, his
matter is good and interestingly presented. The microscopes were equipped with an imposing array of great German
alters and were kept pretty well in hand. From here I was taken into Química and noceivas de Mineralogía
where Prof. Sierra, with assistant and two uts gave a lesson on Copper. He started by showing a series of copper minerals
which were passed around the class, names, composition
being written on the blackboard by the writer. Then he
passed to the little self, then to compounds, reactions, 
illustrating and demonstrating as he went, while the student
recited, wrote formulas, etc. One student was kept up the on-
whole hour. The boys now insisted upon showing me "La Boca-
caja", which occupies a rest and recreation room on the
ground floor. They gather there as they like between times
and have backgammon and chess, chess and a piano.
Three of their number (including the President) played
a piece cach for my pleasure. I had gone over there accom-
panied by quite a group and on the way one boy whom
had cried out "hippo banzaí." I paid no attention to the
moroseness at the moment but later, on my way to Villadas
Botanica, while waiting for the teacher space to the crowd
upon the subject as the only slip in courtesy so far from me. I expressed my affection for the U.S., Mexico, Japan
in order; lot of my knowledge of Japan; and the entire pro-
propriety of anyone's saying "hippo Banzaí," but asked whether
it had a court association and was intended for courtesy.
Poor Villadas is old and stales along as if he had been parked
in his class, Fourth Year, of about thirty is divided after all
call into two parts, twelve going into the demonstrator for
practical work. His own lecture was upon fruits and was
well given with blackboard diagrams and interrupting discussion.
calls for abortion by various students - the first time I have seen the calling upon several. When I reached home at about 2:30, I found a condition. Manuel had appeared at 11 and had to be at a court at 12. Lola told a confused story, from which I judged the case serious. It appears that Dominguez has a girlfriend, who has at once another daughter, another father. The brother too works for the Company. The second sister is the one whose letters to Manuel have been arriving. She is angry and leading to her looking through his pockets and abstraction of the money and others - to mutual recriminations. It would seem that Dominguez is already compromised and threatened, and that the male relatives want him to marry the girl. I believed from what I could make out that Dominguez will see me and Manuel with the other had been taken to the court after using force. What I could not make out was how Manuel was at liberty at 11. I did not know what to do after he had left word for me that it was at the 6th Demarcacion in Calle Victoria - apparently with the idea that I would come to see about it. After long waiting in uncertainty I finally recommended Paredes and told him what I knew & asked him to go with me. On arriving there, we found the Comisarios almost as ignorant as we. The case was not today's but yesterday's event. Letting that up, he told me that both Dominguez and Gonzalez were in Belen press, with charge of espiro. That I would be unable to see them if I went there. We then went to a lawyer friend of Paredes - Dr. Alberto Blanco, 444 Somellis, 97. We found him in and on hearing what we could tell, he said he would name me and himself as defensors, which would permit my access to him as well. That we would go there morning at 3 a.m. Paredes and I then ate together and got home as always. We had sat down for a minutes rest when he came at 3 a.m. and in came Manuel. I was too sure of his being in Belen to even recognize him. I judge from what he tells...
me that he is not actually arrested but that the official charge is not to be made. He need no free other letters are solicitation. But Dominguez is probably in a bad way. He really is pressed and he really did use force; knife in hand. I suspect the whole thing was a put-up job between lovers and brothers. D. has had relations with D. and Col. and some for some time. Most serious however as far as M. is concerned is the fact that his revolver and his knife were turned to S. for use for defense and offense. We tell a different story. In any event he has to appear again tomorrow at 11.

His employer knows his difficulty and stands by him. He works between times, goes to court when necessary, and remains in good standing. They gave him for a letter, in case of need and appear inclined to deal with unless the accused. Our at least it is a bad business. He went to 15% work as usual but met me and Parades at 10 at Blanca's office. I put him in the licenciada's hands and left for the preparatoria to hear Parada's Logica at 11. We met me entirely; gave me a great introduction to his boys (and one girl - she was in Zoology too) and I spent the hour an interesting one. They use his own large text book: there is a great division of it, methodology and in it the chapter on analysis and synthesis is the lesson for the day. He calls on a young man for the presentation of the matter; a reading for practical illustration and discussion at the board. There was a good deal of interest: the class is the Fifth Form and it is their one contact with the Director. He carried one style - thus when the class was over we walked on ahead; so I walked together to the door, where his carriage was waiting. He politely asked whether I would like to be taken anywhere. but on my thankful refusal, we separated and he rode home. Nothing seems to have been done as the hearing. So Blance appears to have no doubt that my will come out all right and prefers then a civil case.
against mores. The plan scarcely appeals with much force to me as I doubt whether he has any resources and the case will pile up expenses. I have never paid any attention 19th to the Exposition Medal of Mexico. Meneses, however, has a collection of them and I decided today to buy. There are twenty-six in all, including several in silver. I paid $3. for the lot. I do doubt could pick up some more cheaply but to acquire so good a series as a foundation was unusual. When I came to look through the catalogues I found that I had for more than half of those of which I know — as S. 5. I was at the American Club where Mr. and Mrs. Ryder and Mrs. Nuttall and I took tea. It was Mr. Ryder’s affair and was nicely arranged — Club sandwiches, tea, ice cream and strawberries. Between her watching the time and not eating Club sandwiches or strawberries, Mrs. Ryder’s sort of interrupted the harmony. Mr. Ryder leaves for Tampico tonight at 7:20 our party to Mr. Chadwick’s lecture was only Mrs. Nuttall, Mrs. Ryder and myself. We rode over and were in ample time. The lecture was given in Spanish before the Geographical Society. A fair attendance was there, Mrs. Nuttall having expected guests to dinner and to leave early. I saw them to their carriage and returned. The lecture itself was nothing; there were 55 pictures of which half were useful. The lecture was through at about 7 and I was home by eight. — I called upon Doas this morning. He says he has a good attendance at his lectures and encouraging quality. One cadaverous and hungry-eyed fellow of 40 called on him while I was there — apparently one of his flock. He says three months ago he knew no Spanish and now he is lecturing in it. I hope he is better understood than in English. I rarely can understand him when he speaks in English between his nervous, quick, dialectic speech, I can only with difficulty follow him. He is now quite ready to invite us to help carry the International School. Of course I was here on duty when they were going
over all their plans — he, Selur, Sejan, Gotsen, and the
ministry; he says they want to keep it in as few
hands as possible until it was assured; that now they
hope we may feel disposed to come in. The requirement
is that the Institutions in question shall give a year of
a Professor's time and a scholarship. I asked him whether
he considered the school a permanent and assured af-
fair, to which he replied in apparent faith and quiet-
lessness. — Surely, it is international. By which he ap-
pears to mean that Mexico and France — Russia —
and various American schools are interested in it. He
will know more of Mexicans five years from now. I
called at the National Library and looked at their remark-
cable catalogue, walked through their reading room (with its
statues and many attendants, each with his little desk-
table) and called on Francisco Laos. He remembered me
at once and was glad to see me. He gave me Abrego's
little history of the library and his own last book — Notas
de la Escuela de la Vida — and a copy of the Humboldt
number of the Boletin. He prefers the Humboldt statue
they have made to the one outside; apparently he does
not disapprove the youthfulness of it, but its lack of
scholarship. If I desire he will make up a full set of
the Boletin and the catalogue for my private library. It
is kind of him but I shall decline firmly with thanks.
He says the Instituto Bibliográfico is extinct. Pardo
called for me at 6 and accompanied me to town — he
his way to night school, I on mine to the opening of
the Archeological School. This came at 7. We had been
informed in the paper that it would be without special
exercises, hence I was surprised to find the streets
closed to vehicles and guarded at the Museum. Two
lines of soldiers were drawn up from submarine to
depot. When I went in diera, Ceel, G. Garcia, and me—
as attur dignitaries in good clothes were gathered up waiting, Boas and others of course, I went in and sat down with Francisca Abadiana. The President of the Republic came in followed by the grandees. He is much older than in September and I believe is near the end. There were about 15 on the platform; perhaps 100-125 in the whole gathering. Seler made an address about the school; Eyquenel Chavez made a painful address upon the honor. This international movement is to Mexico as a nation. The President then rose and declared "the International School of Archaeology Open." He made his first act, the national hymn was played, and we dispersed.

I met Mr. Van Antwerp at his 20th office at 4 p.m. and we took coach out to his house where some of Mr. Van Antwerp's friends were invited to tea and meet me. We were just a dozen of whom three men, Van Antwerp, Blake, and I; the nine ladies were Mrs. Blake, Lewis, Porter, McKay, Helen, Smith, Van Antwerp and Misses and. We had some dainty sandwiches, tea and cake. Some music and dancing, and by W. Blake I spoke quite informally and ramblingly of Africa and Japan. The thing went off very nicely and Mrs. Lewis brought me downtown in her automobile to San Juan de Loscos, where I met Manuel. We took Saturday dinner together at Kingman's. His affair is about as it was and we are both tired of it. He has been cited and re-cited. The fact is I do not think he has ever been implicated in the case in the least except as a witness or that he has ever needed a lawyer. We brought the thing to an end with Evira Blancos so far as he is concerned who turns in a bill of 10 pesos. I saw by the 12th neighbors well two days ago that they had struck water. The pump tripod was decorated with flags and
strips of the national colors. We struck water on Friday and yesterday the pump was in. So today we celebrated. We got paper flowers, flags, and paper deocrations and adorned the place; preparations were made for a feast—wines and liquors and puerque ought; the compadres were invited; chairs were borrowed from Padre Marin, my room put at the disposition of the party. I myself was not able to be present and had my feast before I went away—about 12:30. They had two men, two women, and a little girl in the compadres group. Padre Marin was wheeled over; he blessed the well and the ground after the customary fashion; he presided at the banquet. I was at home again at 6, just before they broke up, in time to take a glass of wine with all and to see the Padre in his glory. But paid him 25 pesos and the total cost of celebration was 109.50 which was much and I decided — In the afternoon I was at Mrs. Nuttall's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, who were there for lunch. I found the missus, Fortunio, Mr. Seering and Mr. Walker as the other lunch guests. Baron de Peron had been of the party but was gone. I found that neither Mr. nor Mrs. spoke much English and my French was very bad. As she is a Belgian I wore my Leopardi II button. Notwithstanding our moderate means, we had rather an agreeable talk together and I am not sorry that I seized myself of the opportunity. They left after conversation plays somewhat longer and before I left a Mr. Walker, a Mr. and Mrs. Brett and a Mr. Thomas Goldick came in. We were shown Mr. N's "mummy," which I had never seen. It is a room devoted to portraits of nuns of different ages—painting at time of their vows or at death, oil painting, some very curious, and a few disciplines, one picture tipped with paint, stairs was as much as I have ever seen. I went to the Molador in the morning in hope of finding some medals or coins. It is usual
picking. I went out then to the new National History Museum in the Dear Hall - Crystal Palace. The place is not open to visitors, but I looked around. The building is not badly adapted to the purpose giving room for all the present collections and for some growth. The light is good but the height of the rooms always the case. Much of the taxidermic work is pitifully bad and some collections show respect. The shells are badly mixed and I am not sure that they will be straightened out unless attention is called to the errors. There was a considerable price at work and apparently the intention is to push matters to a finish. I found myself distinctly with fever (and a pain at the base of my brain - behind) and lay down much of the afternoon and from 6 to 8.30 p.m., going finally to bed at 9.

Then came to talk about the wall building and we arranged upon details and proposed to begin 24th tomorrow. In the afternoon I visited the preparatorium, taking in Manuel P. Recillas' class on lengua nacional and the class on Historia patria. I enjoyed the former particularly because of my recent reading of his papers on Provincialism and Spanish in Spain. Many points I had read in these became alive in listening to his class. He remembered me and received me well enough. The whole I met there rather scantly country than at any other time. In the class on Historia patria I found a new man in, who is scarcely at home. Carlos Pereyra has been detached from the Foreign Office (and here) and goes to Washington to take Dr. Torre's place; he in turn takes Gandaz's place, who has just left as Special Minister to Spain, and takes regular minister to Belgium and Holland.
Our masons failed us; it seems they have no tools and we have none, so we agreed to disagree. I planned a trip to the Medical School where the loafering students and the worthless porters and the old concierge made as disagreeable a combination reception that I left in disgust without looking through—childish perhaps, but not unnatural. On the car, however, I found a young fellow studying Geography, who goes to the Commercial School.

26th My conversation with him led to my visiting that day today. I started out at 5p. and wasted a good hour in finding the place. I took in five classes—one in the national language, the other in English. Both were under Mexican teachers. This is the higher Commercial School. The patronage is mostly young men and women who work in shops and offices during the day and have to go to school early and late outside work hours. The impression they make is good.

27th Nervous and excited condition of mind is shown by a little incident. Tonight about 6 o'clock I was taking my glass of Jamaica at the basketball stand, when we heard two shots—"carabines". There was a swarming of people onto the street going to the national Museum. I followed a little slowly; at least three persons said to me or in my hearing—"Probably Don Porfirio is shot". It proved merely to be two torpedoes exploded by the passing electric cars.

Today new masonry proportion.

a maestro (1.25), ayudante (85) and mozo (75) will begin tomorrow. will earn are a painted wall in a month.

28th The maestros are really involved but we had no materials ready for them. They fell however some laying out the lines and digging trenches. So we are left afloat. I doubt, however, whether we have
funds to see it through. Manuel and I both dined together at Kingman's. We and Lafe's man went to Capoacan all day to work at Mrs. Nuttall's light. They began there yesterday. I tried to go to Antonio Algare at 5 but found the gate of the Solar closing and the guard refusing entrance. Three men were really on hand and material began coming in. I am learning new things daily. We bought 1,000 kilos of make a temlada. The stuff came in barrels; we weighed it. We borrowed a viga, caught it in a cart wheel and hung the stilts upon it as a support. We had over a ton and paid 13 for it. Five loads of sand came at 2 a ton. Some presents a difficulty. Sanders had estimated it at 1.40 regular price a load, though he asserted it might be got for 1.30. We sent out and were asked by a man at the villa 7.50 for five loads, full payment in advance. This we rejected his refused three at regular at 1.30. With these we closed for five loads regular and two of small stuff. First was promised for 1 oc. So I hurried back some time to receive it and mailed all afternoon. No sign of it: and we need it badly. Our line is now our sand banked, our ditches nearly ready and no other. It began coming however next day but at a slow pace. In despair I sent the mateos in the after-noon to see what he could do at the villa. He reported success. I had authorized him to order ten loads at 1.40, he said he would have to pay cash for six loads and the other 5p in derr. When however the carriers came he announced that the tonne was 1.50 a load.
We had bim nothing of the sort—what it was 1.40 or let him leave it. When the six loads had gone we had had a lot of trouble. A note came from the man saying he only supplied two carts at 1.40, the rest would be 1.50 if we were not conforme sending wood and he would deliver no more. I was here would vigorously and said we would pay what we had agreed that he should send no more, that we would only pay the 2.40 on his sending a stamped receipt. After this left the money several days in Lola's charge the receipt was not come and an offer to supply all we want at 1.40. I was not here and Lola's man put on with fire some. Meanwhile, when the vachuta dealer had slowly delivered his seven loads he had proposed (i.e. the cart) to supply us 22 loads rapidly more close by if we would pay 1.40. I promptly agreed but the owner hastened to send me that it would be the same as before—1.50, that the extra 10 was the driver's notion! It was more along rapidly and kept on men busy, just as it was almost all in the Villa man sent a messenger to me to offer all we want at 1.40 from the Villa. I told him to tell his master I was tried and dissatisfied that if he would furnish at 1.50 well and good which he appeared to consider beneath contempt. When all had been delivered was nearly gone the young fellow from vachuta came around offering each at 1.50 sand as 1.50 and stone at 1.40 (finally 1.20) and private delivery. So I closed with him and added a ton of California, five loads of sand and 20磅 stone. This idea was given as the 5th delivery to begin and only on the 6th. But on the 6th nothing; on the 7th call not needed;
promises of everything on the 8th and the next day going to enquire for chewing and filling. But I am ahead of my date, which is actually Feb 12th. In town I saw Frederick and drew my dividend; the company taxed it to 4% even. Quite a change from the wartime 12%. This & stock was paying when sold to me at 115. But this (as even 8%) is better than the last dividend. While there I was introduced to Mr. Pierce (Hill and Pierce) who seemed a pleasant enough young fellow. He remembered the last hearing some one was from Japan. I copied out a lot of material from a child's reading book. I have also lately secured three little books on puzzles — one from a friend and the other two from a quaint little shop on the same street where a polite little old man conducts an interesting business — little chapbooks, puzzles, juvenile plays, shadow pictures, jellies, etc. — transparencies and small lanterns, little theatricals, etc., etc. He goes out himself with his trunk shows, lantern shows, puppet shows. The three puzzle books are all printed by his house and are all nicely done. He has wonderfully developed practical things. Some for the simple, less popular, puzzle; these are such —

After all these years of intentional silence I broke my 2d rules and tonight lectured at the YMCA upon the Indian Mexico. As the date neared, I required a hundred ed times that I had accepted the invitation. I was a little iritated at the way the thing has been handled and announced. Also, no special courtesy in connection with it — no tickets sent me for friends, no carriage, no suggestion of taking supper at the home. Real and I ate at home and started
ni at 7.15. We purposely arrived reaching the hall at 8.25 with the lecture hour at 8.30. There was a much better turnout than I believed I'd have—probably 200 people. Most of the chairs were filled and there were nine man enough standing throughout to fill the few empty ones. Dr. and Mrs. Green were at front seats: Butler and Hauser and Blake and Deven were there. So were Mr. Wallace and his wife—The Reeds, the head of the Prestyle girls' school at Croydon. They spoke as if a good many of their pupils were May Indians. Mr. Edward Freeman Welles was there from the Record. But Mr. Van Antwerp was not there—nor the Dick. Dick, any of Mrs. Van's guests, Walker, in fact, most where I could have liked to see there were conspicuously absent. Harwood and Mrs. Harwood were there and Mrs. Head and Misp. Moody. Mr. Blake introduced me and the lecture was well received. Mrs. Nuttall had seen Manuel in the day and sent her regrets and an invitation to 'breakfast' at 10 o'clock on Saturday. Welles was quite delighted with the lecture and in conversation told me that his lecture was the Diplomatic Corps and that Mr. Pan, the re-living charge d'affaires for China was anxious to meet me and asked if he might make an appointment for me for Saturday afternoon. We agreed upon a meeting at the YMCA at 4 if he made the arrangement. It was sometime after 11 when Manuel and I reached home and just as that moment the mounted police rode up and inquired into our identity and rights. Yet we saw a scudding light just after they had passed...
Mallorca and before they approached us, which they clearly missed and was aiming to miss them—

Jo Manuel was deeply agitated last night over sola. He says she was very drunk, very free with the maestros, drinking with them and going for their pulque also. She got pulque as well. Her turn came today and I had to listen to long tales of woe. I suspect he led her pretty hardly to her and probably struck her. Anyway, she was here several times during the day. The last time pretty full of pulque and she hardly lifted all his bad bets to her and her mother from his small boyhood. Some of them were pretty bad especially his resistance an marrying Sofia, his quarrel with his mother. Then after his conviction later that she had put on "maldición", she started out by hysterical declarations that she would go at once to Puebla. I reminded her that her mother was to come tomorrow and that it would be best to wait until she was here and a few days longer to see how things went. She declared she had not drunk with the maestros, that she had bought 4c. worth of pulque because they gave her none of their table pulque. I recall the slight put upon her at the well celebration which led to her refusing participation in the banquet.

The morning's mail brought a letter from Boas inviting me to dine with him tonight and suggesting that I attend the Delair lecture from 7-8. There were just twelve of us there, including Delair, Boas and myself. Delair's fellow scholars from Berlin, waited the photographer. This left seven as the class. They showed no particular life or interest. Delair finished up his conclusions regarding the itinerary of the migration and then devoted the bulk of the lecture to the etymology and limits of the old city. He referred to Oregón Berra but made no reference to the studies of other Mexican scholars. He had several maps, which were handed around but all made no use of large charts or illustration. His manner of reading was deadening. One would have to be deeply interested to endure it. He shuffled his papers profitably,
Codex Colombinus = Codex Nutall ?
and lost much time in nervous search for the one wanted.
and in lecturing his newsmen in shaking his legs and feet
was painful; he ought only to continue behind a solid desk.
He was late in beginning and punctual in ending. I was
introduced to the fellow-scholar,
who came
from the Russian part of Germany and who has only been
here a few days; he speaks some English, but is only beginning
Spanish. We dined at the Paris Cafe, where we found Mr.
Boas waiting us. Our little party was Mr. Boas, Mrs. Boas,
and myself. The dinner went off nicely
and we talked of Africa and Mexico, breaking up finally
at 10 o'clock.
Señora Guadalupe Vasquez had written
definitely that she would be here on this date to spend
her life and we had told her to get off at Guadalupe station.
Not knowing which train she might come on, I went to meet
the morning train. Lola was with me and the two babies. I
confer. I did not realize how it looked; but I soon appreci-
ated the idea of both Mexicans and Americans regarding
us. We were painfully early and had almost an hour to
get to the station. This did not greatly surprise me as it is necessary
to leave on the afternoon train. I went then directly
to Mrs. Muthall's for my 1 o'clock breakfast and was a little sur-
pri sed to find that she had invited others to meet me - Mr.
Cooper Clark, Mr. Thomas Holdich and Renato Garcia.
The latter failed to appear. Mr. Clark is a young Scotchman
of means and of sense; he has looked into Mexican archaeology
a good deal and has been to Nauhaulla; he met me nice
for my Ethnographic notes; his inquiry must have me on
his answer were and from the Congress late; he heard
my lecture Thursday; as did several whom I have met
(The lady in belen, her, the student woman, whom I have just
discovered that the Codex Colombino and the Codex
Muthall are the same which Mr. R. seemed to think quite
a discovery; he has traveled in Java and Japan as well as
other lands. Sir Thomas Nellish has been in India since and
knows considerable of India; he appears to have recently
come from South America, where I suspect he has served upon
a committee upon boundary settlement between Argentina
and Chili. We gathered in the garden and waited for Gino
Garcia until after 1.30. We looked at her violets of which
she has eleven different varieties in bloom. The most re-
markable to me is a new French variety that has a remark-
able red-purple color. We had a pleasant lunch but
I had to hurry away as the moment coffee was served I
catch the 3.50 car. I had not realized either the delay
or elaborateness of the 10c. breakfast when I arranged with
Twellis. I was at the YMCA quite promptly at 4 and
found him waiting. We went at once to the Chinese lega-
tion where Mr. Pain was expecting us. He is young, rather
short and slightly thick set, energetic and organs, and talk-
He speaks excellent English: he has been here several
years and knows Spain; he has been working as a
Spanish-Chinese dictionary, now nearly complete. He goes
in a few days to Guatemala as a special mission for
his country and then is transferred to the legation at
Madrid. We had a pleasant visit. He told me that at
the Museum at Tepotzotlan in September he had noticed
a fragment of pottery on which was a clearly-recogniz-
able Chinese character, that for longevity; that it was
curiously enough quite the modern form of the char-
acter; at my request he made the character for me
on paper and assured me there could be no doubt
in the matter. He also told me that the well-known
reform leader,
now in exile, visit
Mexico and that in Oaxaca he claimed to find
various unequivocal evidences of Chinese influence,
that he is well acquainted with Chinese antiquities, before
we left him with his successor, the new Charge Sef
faries, Mr.

They are two totally different types. This
one is pale—almost white—it tall, wide face, somber and
anxiously more than frank. He speaks English with more diffi-
culty than I am. After our interview, Wells and I walked
down the paseo, where we saw awhile gossiping about
the diplomats—especially the Portuguese minister—or
charge as he may be and the American ambassador
who, he assures me, is not to be long here. We then
walked together down to Sand Francisco, where he ordered
some coffee and sweet bread. It was almost 7 when
we parted and I was to meet Manuel there at 8.
I walked up and down because it was quite nine
before the boy really appeared. He had made a stupid
blunder about the train. He ought to have been at
Guadalupe at 6:30, as it was he got there at 8:15.
I found, of course, that the train had passed long before
no sign there of his master and he had not been home
so I insisted we should go to the Mexico station to
make sure that she was not there. No sign. We ate
a late, rather hurried and not satisfying dinner at
Bachis and then went out to the Colonia, where I still
hoped we might find the lady. But she had not come.

Mr. Nuttall invited me yesterday to dinner for today
—at 1 o'clock. Our masons had urged a stone-laying,
which we set for Tuesday morning. They have brought
a gross of candles and the curr. I supposed all wood
be over by 10:30 or 11. But they were slow in getting
the curr blessed at the church and I finally had
to postpone the function until tomorrow - or be late to my
dinner engagement. I finally caught the 12:40 car
 to Coyoacan. There were three ladies aboard who I
felt sure were fellow guests but I was too uncertain
of their identity to make any comments. We were
as Casa Alvarado as 1:20 and we four were the first
corners. They proved, as I expected Mrs. C.H. Hudson,
mrs. Paige (her sister) and Miss Payne. We were received in
the garden and Mr. Hudson came soon after. The next
arrivals were Dr. and Mrs. Childs and finally Mr. and
Mrs. Carlos Martin. The table was very pretty and the seat
cards were the facade in brown with name and date
written in. We were at table till nearly four, adjourning
for coffee to the azotea. The American Ambassador and
Mrs. Wilson came sometime; and they, a legitim deering
and his mother, who is visiting him. I presume there
were later guests but I left at about 4:20.

Our deferred corner stone celebration took place the
room between Manuel's two pieces of work. Our corner
of wood about 3 ft. high, painted black; it had a band of
piled paper hanging from the two arms, with great paper
roses at its ends and middle; we had small Mexican
flags and various strips and combinations of colored
papers and some greens. The cross was blessed yester-
day at the church. It was carried over in state from
my room where I had rested and was lashed to a pole
some eight feet or so in height; the flags, papers &
greens were all then fastened. Two Indian boys
from Tacamaca being on hand helped the usual
force. The pole was then raised and securely planted
about the middle of the lots. The cross of rockets
were brought out, I then took the torch and spread
a bed of manta for the stone, which the macesco asked
and set 3 plastering around it. The rockets were kept
off them by workmen, Manuel and the two boys—his
butlers, whom were well with delight at this opportunity.
A considerable crowd gathered and it was quite an
occasion. Later in the afternoon—as soon as she
could make them up, Sophie served enchiladas (not hot)
and we had pulque brought. The macesco begged the
honor of my presence, so I went over and sat at
a sandpile and waited down two enchiladas and
one mug of pulque. They were quite pleased and
telling me that a young man, who had helped them
was to be married a week from next Sunday at La
Carmela invited me to the wedding. I left them
drinking—sending for some more pulque before I
left & they were free from further work for the day.
I fear they became pretty drunk and Manuel next
day told a sad story. Coming home late, he found
neither woman at home! The drinking places are re-
guired to close at 9, but going to the near tends
he found it closed, but they needed, he had a row with
the Spaniard which ended in fighting and biting. He
shoved me the marks. Certainly, the mounted police came
up and took them. The Spaniard called their attention
to the fact that Manuel had his revolver and things
twould had for both. They finally patched up a truce
and he took his drunken woman home. I have
been reading Turner's book—Barbarous Mexico. The
Dial asked if they might send it to me for review &
I jumped at the chance as I had never read the
original articles and thought it a chance to make
my own views on some matter. It is a good
piece of work and for the most part true. This
Tensible animosity, going right up to Don Pefinio and laying the whole blame on him. He is right, but he is also wrong. He does not realize the conditions Don Pefinio inherited and the enormous strength of character necessary to break from them. Penance and constant labor and menial and cruelty are older a good deal here than Don Pefinio. But he is right in denying real wisdom and statesmanship to the old man. The task is necessary, but it is really very sad. It deserves a genuine review and a yeal are in the team but I dare not write it; not that I am personally afraid; nor do any financial interests hold me in check. I would willingly sacrifice every penny I have involved, if a thorough change in favor of the people might be made. But I am afraid for Manuel; it is very easy for people to get to the value races and to be bound by zealously patriotic officials. So I have backed with the dial people, to my chagrin and shame. — I called 7 D. this evening at the Departamento de Relaciones; I had been invited to dinner at Mrs. Heads and arranged to have a few minutes free on my way. I found Mr. Salado always in and he received me at once. I told him I came for two reasons: first, to pay my respects and to welcome him back to Mexico and second about Manuel's passport. He expressed pleasure at seeing me again, asserting that he had read the Indias Mexico with pleasure, and told me to send Manuel around anytime tomorrow with a card from me and that the passport would be arranged. On leaving, he declared himself at
my orders and was most courteous. — Oh yes! I called to see him yesterday am. but he had a party of gentlemen on his hands and asked if I could come as evening. I could not yesterday. I had a third reason then for seeking time. I have seen from the papers that Efrén Rebollo is here; he is appointed Secretary of the special commission — Don Papiros Jr. — to Japan in return acknowledgment of their participation in the Centenario. He was given a farewell dinner two nights ago by the Japanese Charge d'affaires. The time for Don Papiros Jr. going has been set two or three times but changed. When I did not see Salado-Albany yesterday, I asked for Don Efrén's address from the clerk — 158 Bucavelli. Thither I went at 11 and again at 2. The last time I found him at dinner. He left the table and took me into his typical toadying house one room which was in complete disorder. He was packing his trunk and was leaving that night for Japan. Don Papiros Jr. does not go now; as are known when he will. Do Dr. Rebollo goes back to his job and waits the Latin arrival. (The fact is the old man is dreadfully jarred; he does not know which way to turn, and people with whom he can depend are few. I presume hence keep the boy near him as long as the circumstances last to at all.) I stayed only a few minutes; Don Efrén begs us to call when we are in Tokyo. I gave him Manuel's regards. He looked to me more cross-eyed than ever. Since my preceding notice of him I have read his Nihigo. It is poor stuff.
that it would fail through an account of their neglect. Cards of invitation, however, came to me today and I went out a few—Mrs. Muttall, Mr. Van Antwerp, Mr. Blake, Manuel, Wells, and I met all I saw at. I have been in a dozen minds as to what I could properly and safely say. Finally, I decided to say just what I had in mind when considering it an opportunity, I desired to say as receiving my invitation, I arranged to meet Manuel at 5:45 at the Plaza, and go together to the meeting at the room of the Sociedad Mex. de Ciencias Estadística to dine—an irregular dinner—afterward together. If for any reason he should not get there when I go out and he'd come later, I was there but he came not; so as to I was at the meeting. It was quite 6:20 before we began. There were about 40 there. Mrs. Muttall, Mr. Blake and Mr. Wells were the foreign contingent. Belman, Diaz de Leon, Casals and his flock, were the American/Mexicans—yes, and Francisco Antonio. I spoke rather easily and was easily understood. After thanks for election, I sketched my work and its results: I defended removal of Indians even for their own good; I said a good teacher and a good priest at every village would solve the whole question; but it is an impossibility. I made four points: (1) School; (2) Land Tenure; (3) Remage; (4) Geo-political. If the society will arrange these four things properly and justly they need do nothing more. The Indians will civilize themselves. There was great enthusiasm over the address. Pros. embraced and embraced; Van Antwerp 25, 35, 44. Colonivellos 46, 47, 48, 51, 55 Medical School 47.
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