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“Se Venden Chiles!”—“Peppers for Sale!”

THIRTY YEARS WITH THE MEXICANS: IN PEACE AND REVOLUTION

BY
ALDEN BUELL CASE

ILLUSTRATED



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INTRODUCTION

THE special situation in Mexico at the present time and the relations subsisting between that republic and our own, make important to American readers all possible light upon the Mexican people and their problems. Of all literature, that is the most useful which is the result of sympathetic and close personal relations. The writer has had the privilege of travelling a little in Mexico with Dr. Case, particularly in those regions of Chihuahua which were most recently his home, and can give personal testimony to the intimate friendship existing between Dr. Case and the Mexican people, and to the heroism with which he went on about his accustomed life in Mexico during years when the northern states were overrun with disorganized bands of soldiers and outlaws and life there was full of danger. His book presents a series of views of Mexican life, the veracity of which is apparent to any one who has visited Mexico, and his conclusions with respect to the Mexican people and their future are the thoughts of a man of close powers of observation, sympathetic insight, and long experience in analyzing the characters of men of another race and heritage from ourselves.

DAVID P. BARROWS,

Dean of University of California

Mr. Michael in
1914
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understand
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the 1st book
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PREFACE

THE average American has a poor opinion of Mexico. Our newspapers report little else from that country than stories of uprisings, of strife between opposing factions, of treacherous leaders, of wholesale desertions from one side to another, of executions before firing squads, of the taking and re-taking of towns, of bandit raids and of increasingly hopeless disorder.

Hearing only such things as these, it is not strange that many good people have little respect for Mexico. But Americans should bear in mind that a very considerable part of the newspaper accounts prove to be without foundation; also that for every horrifying thing reported a hundred pleasing truths might be told about that country. It should be known that the Mexicans are peace-loving; that, while some sections are disturbed, the vast majority of the people are engaged in their usual employments. They are themselves disgusted with the long-continued disorders in their beloved land and are earnestly praying for peace.

If the American people knew the Mexicans of all classes as I do, they would not fail to esteem them. The object of this book is to present our Southern neighbors as they really are—both in peace and in revolution.

There is no fiction in these pages. Pleasant were

those years of peace in Aztec Land. I have only happy memories of the Mexicans there, of the dear old American Board and of my missionary associates.

What has been written of revolutionary experiences may not be without interest, but if you cannot read the entire volume, please read the last three chapters.

I am deeply grateful to Miss Jacobus, of the Pomona City Library, to Dr. George F. Kenngott, of Los Angeles, to Dean David P. Barrows, of the University of California, and especially to my wife and children for inspiration given me in the preparation of the manuscript.

A. B. C.

Pomona, Calif.

PART FIRST
IN PEACE

I

ARRIVAL IN THE DREAMLAND

MY interest in Aztec Land dates back more than fifty years to the time when, as a boy, I read Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico." No book ever seemed to get hold of me as that did. I re-read it, my young blood boiling at the cruelties of the Spaniards and my sympathies aglow for the unfortunate Aztecs. For years thereafter Mexico was the land of my dreams, the country I most desired to see; but that the opportunity would ever come seemed improbable!

A foreign mission field, which my mother had hoped would call some one of her boys, entirely passed from my thoughts when I accepted the call of a Northwest frontier church nearly forty years ago. And yet, in early October of '84, I left a Dakota pastorate with my young wife, on an El Paso "Overland," destined to join the new mission of the American Board in northern Mexico. That was a journey of extraordinary interest. From Denver we went by the Santa Fe to Albuquerque, where we were entertained a day at the home of a dear old college professor. There, in the "Old Town," we encountered our first Mexicans, and were not a little surprised to learn that New Mexico was more Spanish than American, which

20 THIRTY YEARS WITH THE MEXICANS

is still true: there has been, as yet, little change in language and customs from the days when all that great Southwest was a part of Mexico. Few are aware (as we were not) that the city of Santa Fe was a well-established Spanish town years before the Pilgrims landed on the Atlantic coast.

We crossed the international line at El Paso, a town of rapidly increasing importance since the completion of the railway to Mexico City, less than two years before. Several days of patience-wearying red tape were passed in getting our household stuff through the customs office on the Mexican side, though the leisurely officials were civil enough, and easily conciliated. One baggage inspector on going through a trunk found at the top some articles which caused him to frown, but coming presently upon a small package of candy, he slyly smuggled the sweet into his pocket, suspended inspection and turning to me said politely, "*Está bien, señor,*" which I discovered to mean, "It's all right, sir."

The strange old city of Chihuahua, now conspicuous in revolutionary history, is nearly two hundred and fifty miles south of the border. It is the capital of the state of the same name, and in this strategic metropolis of the north our pioneer missionaries had driven their stakes two years before. The week passed in their company was occupied in acquiring important information as to the field and its problems, and discussing plans for our own work.

The extent of territory entered by these missionaries impressed us. They were the only evangelical workers

in a region larger than all our northern states east of Chicago, though with sparser population. Chihuahua counted barely twenty thousand people, not an astonishing growth for the three hundred years since its foundation. It was then taking on new life. The railroad, of American construction, was competing with the Chihuahua *burro*. The stir of foreign enterprise had begun to arouse the Mexican. In less than twenty years this capital was to double its population, while the entire state was to share its awakening.

The week in Chihuahua was full of revelations. The southern climate was charming; the street and market scenes were extremely fascinating; but where were the "heathen"? If we had ever thought that all Mexicans were ignorant and half savage, that they had no civilization worth speaking of, our minds were soon disabused of the error. We saw conditions indicating vast room for improvement, but, on the other hand, were amazed at the high degree of culture, as other foreigners have been. We were told of a gentleman from "the States" who was visiting a missionary there. One evening the two strolled to the central plaza of the city, where in the cool hours following sunset the people gather for promenade. The visitor from the North looked with wonder upon the crowds marching leisurely along the walks of the beautiful square. Finally he said, "Why, I did not suppose there were so many Americans in Chihuahua!" The missionary turned his eyes for a moment upon the moving assemblage and replied, "I do not see any Americans here." With astonishment the tourist

learned that all those fine-looking people were *Mexicans*. Many of them were elegantly dressed, dignified in bearing, and in complexion European rather than Indian. Their faces showed no inferior grade of intelligence and refinement. Such people one was constantly meeting on the streets of Chihuahua in those days—on foot, or riding in their expensive carriages. A glance through the open doors to the interior of their residences revealed costly imported furniture, handsomely decorated walls and many other indications of refinement. Of the masses, as we came to know them intimately with the passing years, another story can be told—less pleasing, but no less interesting.

One result of our mission conference was that I should at once proceed some two hundred miles farther into the interior and make arrangements for opening a new station, leaving my wife for a brief period in Chihuahua.

II

FROM CHIHUAHUA TO PARRAL

HAVING boarded the south-bound Mexican Central train at Chihuahua early one Monday morning, I arrived in Jimenez soon after noon. At this dreary place of three or four thousand inhabitants passengers for Parral—fifty miles south-west—left the train and took the stage. The railway from El Paso southward through the great state of Chihuahua, ran along a broad, almost level, and treeless plateau, between broken mountain ranges which were always in sight. Without them the landscape would have been uninteresting, for cultivated fields and farmhouses were seldom seen. Outside the small railway stations almost no sign of civilization appeared, except herds of cattle and horses, and the rarer flocks of sheep, goats and *burros* on the broad ranges. At the present time few animals of any kind are seen; the revolutions have taken them.

As we went farther south, the country grew more attractive. Fine cottonwoods lined the river banks; mesquite bushes, often of gigantic size, relieved the barrenness and indicated fertility of soil. Only water was lacking. The state of Chihuahua has vast mineral richness, and possibilities, through irrigation, of an amazing agricultural and grazing output.

So long as one is on an American-conducted train, with a few American fellow passengers, what matters it if he does not *sabe* a dozen Spanish words? But leaving the train and attempting to do business in a foreign land with only a vest-pocket dictionary, is another matter. I was not quite alone, for smiling Francisco accompanied me, and while his words were strange, his gestures were often intelligible and his familiarity with the region was helpful.

Having been repeatedly warned before leaving home as to the risks of travel in Mexico, I could not fail to notice another companion of the journey. I first saw him on the train, and decided he was not a Mexican, but an odd-looking foreigner, roughly dressed and with hair reaching to the shoulders. He carried a rifle, a showy pistol, a knife and two cartridge belts. I had never before seen a man so evidently a desperado, and I wondered that he should be travelling alone, and was glad to think that on quitting the train I should probably see no more of him. But on alighting at the station in Jimenez I saw that the fellow was also getting off. The town was a mile from the station. Francisco and I boarded one of the numerous hacks and were carried in a whirl of dust to the great adobe inn from which the Parral stage was to make its departure the next morning. As there were plenty of other inns to which a man might go, it was with displeasure that, arriving at our stopping-place, I met the ugly stranger, also a guest there. Francisco assisted me in securing a room and at early evening, after a stroll together, he left me to pass the night with ac-

quaintances in the city. On going to my room, which was a double one, I was confounded to see that my "outlaw" had also been quartered there! His arms and belts were already disposed about his bedstead and he was preparing to retire. On addressing him, as civility required, I was not displeased to see that he spoke English and, moreover, that he was inclined to be friendly, saying that he was to take the stage leaving at three o'clock in the morning for Parral, and wondering if I were not also westward bound. By the time we had said "good-night" I was convinced that I had misjudged my companion. Our beds were in opposite corners. The room had a brick floor, no windows, one door, which opened into the outer court, and little furniture. We bolted the door inside, but a diminutive door, made in the large one for light and ventilation, we left ajar. I slept lightly and it was not yet midnight when, opening my eyes, I saw that some one was attempting to enter the door. By thrusting his arm through the opening he had already drawn the bolt. The door was ajar, and I clearly saw the full figure of a man. I called sharply, "What do you want?" Without replying the intruder instantly withdrew and closed the door. All was now silence and—in the room—complete darkness, for the wicket was also closed. Minute after minute passed, time enough for one to have fallen asleep again. So, doubtless, concluded the fellow outside, for as my eyes were still toward the door, I saw it open. Silently, but like a flash, a man sprang in, closed the door and bolted it behind him. Again utter darkness

and silence. Thoroughly frightened, as I frankly admit, I now launched a no uncertain command in the direction of the door—"Get out of here!" With my next breath I called to my sleeping companion, "Friend, there's a robber in the room!" There was no reply from any quarter. The situation was intolerable. Again I shouted, now to one, now to another of these men, but received not a word in response. Why did not my friend hear? The other I believed intent on committing a foul deed and, with voice tense with warning, I shouted once more, "Get out of here or I'll shoot!" *What* I should shoot, except my shoes, I did not know, for I was unarmed; but the conditions required something definite. In any case my warning brought the crisis. A timid and unmistakably frightened voice came from the door, "Don't shoot! Let me get to my bed." It was my fellow passenger who, unknown to me, had gone out, carefully closing the door until his return. Little had he foreseen the difficulty of re-entrance. Only his natural timidity and great fear, he explained, accounted for his strange silence. "You gave me the fright of my life, sir," he said to me afterward as we discussed the incident. "I thought my last hour had come!" Our stage trip the next day was thoroughly enjoyed by us both, and on arrival at Parral he urged me to accompany him on his hunting trip farther west.

III

STAGE-RIDE AND STARTING IN

FOR some days after reaching Parral, I was occupied getting my bearings in the picturesque city, selecting a house, receiving our household goods and making ready to receive my wife. Then I returned to the railway station to meet her. How we enjoyed the fifty-mile ride together in that old strap-swung coach! After sunrise we obtained seats on top. The morning was glorious, the country fresh, for the rainy season was hardly past, and the road was fine. The scenery was not interesting, except for the distant mountains to the west and the queer, isolated peaks both on our right and left. It was no end of fun to watch the stage mules which, when not in full gallop, were swiftly trotting. There were six of them, small, but well fed and tough, as they must be to endure the strain to which they were put. There were two drivers: one carried the lines and a whip with amazing length of lash; its crack was like a pistol shot. The assistant driver held a short but heavy-lashed whip for spurring the near mules, and for emergencies; in ascending a hill, for instance, the youth jumped to the ground and ran beside the team, shouting and lashing vigorously. It was the duty of the assistant, also, to keep on deposit in the boot a

quantity of small stones which he now and then threw at some lagging member of the team.

It was the custom to make fifty miles in six or seven hours, not including stops. There were two posts by the way, where the panting animals yielded their places to fresh ones. El Valle de Allende was the second, a city of three thousand, and the most attractive we had yet seen in Mexico. Magnificent shade trees, orchards, gardens, fruits and flowers were seen on every side. Here the passengers breakfasted. With foaming chocolate, fresh rolls, eggs and native cheese, who would not have been refreshed for the twenty miles more of rocking coach? Our new mules knew what was expected of them. Before the wheel-brake was loosened they were tugging at the straps, and with the cracking of whips and shouts of "*ándale-ándale*," we were off like a shot. Our thundering stage was followed by dozens of barking dogs and the admiring gaze of every human being along that street, all eager to take in the one thrilling event of the morning. Dashing across the shallow river and flying up the farther hill, we were again on the broad plateau. The day was now fairly awake. Freighters whose wagons and camp-fires we had seen by the roadside were now in motion, and we passed them frequently; now it was a train of immensely heavy wagons each drawn by fourteen mules and carrying merchandise or grain: now a pack of ten to twenty donkeys, backs laden with apples, quinces and walnuts for the Parral market. Then came saddle or foot travelers, men, women and children, venders of toys, pottery or singing birds.

One or two families were moving, carrying their belongings in quaint, two-wheeled carts.

Naturally, we conversed by the way of our new home and people. We were aware of the hostility of the Roman Church, and expected to encounter difficulties in our enterprise, but we were eager and hopeful. Suddenly the speed of our animals slackened, for we had reached the beginning of the "Winding Stair," leading from the *mesa* to the Parral River. With brakes grinding heavily against the wheels, we cautiously commenced the steep descent, and presently a turn brought the city into view. It was still far below us and two miles distant, but its heavy church towers and crooked streets were clearly distinguished.

Parral—which has since figured in the Pershing expedition—then claimed twelve thousand population. Like many another mining town in a narrow valley, it stretched out to great length. In places there was room for but one street. In others the cañon walls fell back, yielding abundance of building space. But in Mexico no one wishes to live far from the water. The town seemed completely inclosed by towering hills, rocky and treeless; one from the Middle West would call them mountains, and so they seemed to us. The view of the queer old city was fascinating. It was to be our home. Had we friends, or even acquaintances there? Not one. What were to be our experiences? The answer came, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," and that was enough.

We soon quitted the desolate hotel lodgings and

commenced home-keeping for ourselves. I had rented a one-story adobe dwelling, centrally located on the principal street. At our back rose the "Mountain of the Cross"—in fact, the house was built upon its slope, the five rooms being on ascending levels and connected by stone steps. The yard enclosure in the rear, where we might keep a *burro*, was almost overhead. What a view from there! One could look down upon our own housetop and upon the neighbours' roofs. More than one-half the city lay spread out on both sides of the river, forming a charming picture. To the southwest, beyond the hills encircling Parral, was a blue, pine-clad range of the Sierra Madre. Across the street, directly in front of us, was a huge stone building (still standing), once a church, or monastery, said to have been erected by the Jesuits some three hundred years ago. Beneath the building, hewn in solid rock, are dark, mysterious cells of which are told ugly stories of Inquisition days.

What did we do during those first months? How did we live? Happily, we found friendly neighbours. The day after our arrival smiling Francisco brought to us some Mexicans—a man, two women and some children—whom he delightedly presented as "*hermanos*"—Christian brothers. Such a hearty welcome as they gave, not only shaking our hands, but embracing us warmly and patting us upon the shoulder in true Mexican fashion. Intelligent words are not the only means of communication. Without them these simple-hearted people made clear to us their interest and sympathy. Of their sincerity there was no

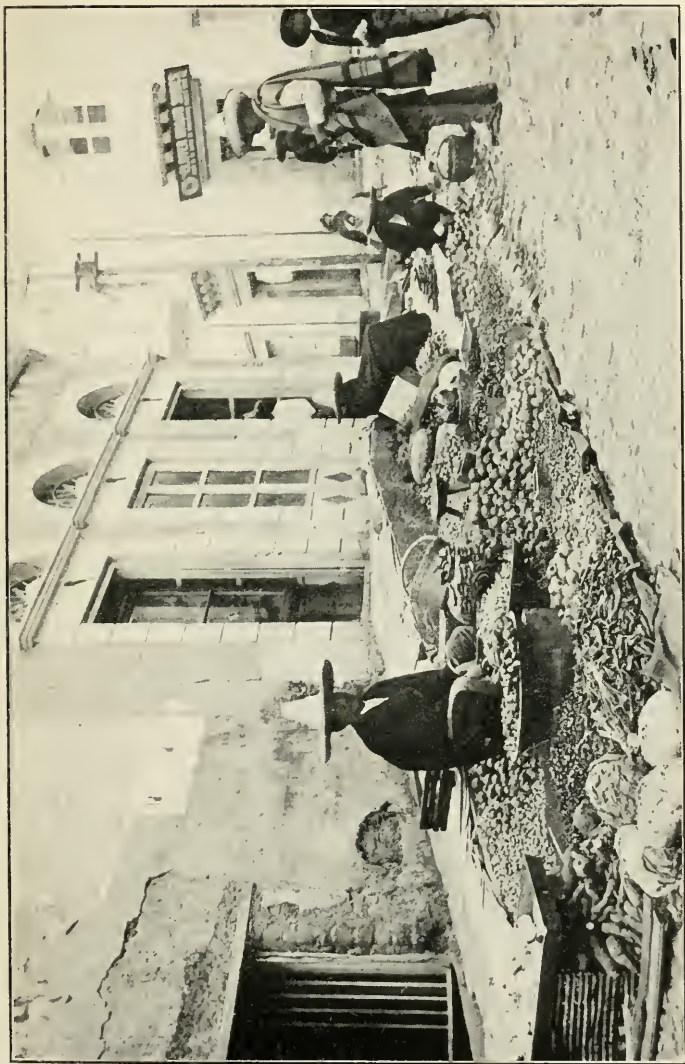
doubt. They had become attracted to the Gospel through a mission farther south, and had but recently arrived in Parral. For some time not a day passed without a call from them, inquiring solicitously for our health and seemingly anxious to assist us. They settled for us the matter of house help. The younger woman, Jesusita—feminine for Jesus—in need of a home and glad to earn, became a most valued member of our household. Such a sunny-faced, willing and faithful servant as that jewel of a Jesusita proved, is rarely found.

There were about twenty-five American men in and around Parral, nearly all engaged in mining. Many called on us and all were friendly as we met them on the streets.

It is needless to say that our first business was learning the language. Spanish is very easy to acquire, especially for those who are familiar with Latin. As the vowels have but one sound only a few days' practice is needed to give one a fair reading pronunciation. I began taking lessons of an ex-priest who lived near us. The man was unfrocked, not because he loved a pretty *señorita*, or for having a family of children, but for boldly marrying his lady love and *acknowledging* his wife. While no longer a priest, he claimed to be a good Catholic. He was a fine teacher and most friendly to his Protestant pupils. But happy Jesusita gave us more practical instruction than any one. She was constantly explaining things and never laughed at our mistakes, not even when I asked her to sew a boot to the back of my neck, as I did one day.

Almost from the first I managed to do our own marketing. Of all places to visit in a Mexican city the municipal market is the most interesting. Here every conceivable thing is encountered: meats, vegetables, fruits, bread, confectionery, groceries, hats, shoes, baskets, pottery, bird-cages, toys and notions of all sorts; in coffee shops every kind of Mexican food may be had, especially dishes for the poorer class, as baked pumpkin, roasted sheep's heads, boiled corn, beans, and *more* beans with chili sauce, coffee, milk and fancy-colored drinks. Some of the displays are on shelves and tables, but more are on the flag-stone pavement where the vender has arranged his, or her, articles in piles of varying values. Do you wish this bunch of radishes? Throw down a copper and help yourself. That pile of peanuts is a *centavo*.

Being at that time without railway connections, tropical fruits in Parral were disappointingly scarce. We were more than a mile above the sea. The few shrivelled oranges were grown more than five hundred miles distant. Even grapes and figs were high.



A Mexican Market

IV

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF THE PROTESTANTS

I HAD not anticipated being able to hold the first service in Spanish within three months after arriving, as was the case. My first sermons had one merit, that of brevity. They were fully written out, then corrected by my teacher, after which no small pains were taken in preparation for delivery. Continuing the same care the five-minute sermons gradually grew to ten in length (I wonder if the amount of good was thereby doubled). In the matter of prayers, help was obtained from a Spanish copy of the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. Our Spanish hymnal was published by the Methodist Mission in Mexico City; a good little book, the hymns being mostly translations from the English. The Mexicans are extremely fond of music, and new converts, whether or not acquainted with the tunes, are certain to join vigorously in the singing. A single hour of service rarely satisfies them, it often occurring that after the benediction has been spoken the congregation resume their seats and commence calling for more hymns!

Meetings were held in our own house, and at first were private. Later, however, our front room was

consecrated to chapel uses and the gathering of five or six soon increased to a dozen and more. The first public service attracted a larger crowd than was anticipated. At the sound of the organ the attention of street passers was arrested. Curious persons began to stop before the open doors. As the service progressed the gathering thickened. The word passed about that it was a *culto protestante!* These poor people had been taught to believe that the most damnable of known evils is Protestantism, a thing to be shunned, hated and exterminated. The crowd withdrew from the immediate vicinity of the doors and filled the center of the street, which at this point is of unusual width. The first low mutterings soon changed to insolent hoots of ridicule mingled with curses. Not half the service hour had passed before a throng of some two hundred people had collected, assuming with every moment a more threatening attitude. We prudently closed our doors, and not a moment too soon, for as the multitude slowly dispersed not a few stones were hurled our way. The authorities were duly notified of this disturbance and civilly assured us of ample police protection in future, which was accorded.

With the old-time, gross misconception of Protestantism which obtained in Mexico, it was impossible that its active representatives should not be objects of hostile feeling. The spirit of intolerance was, and is, more intense farther in the interior of the republic. Since the opening of evangelical missions, more than forty years ago, one American missionary and not less than fourscore native Christians have suffered

martyrdom for their faith. The laws may provide for entire liberty in matters of religious belief and worship, but where the local authorities share the sharp hostility toward Protestants, as was the case in many sections, little security could be expected. As a rule government officials in the north of Mexico, if not openly friendly toward evangelical religion, were at least disposed to give its adherents the full protection of the laws.

I early made the acquaintance of the city mayor by calling upon him at his office. This genial man received me with all courtesy and expressed feelings of friendliness toward our work.

When we took possession of our house it had just been put in good repair within and without. The lime-finished front was a stainless white, as attractive, if not as grand, as any dwelling along the street. Coming out one morning soon after our first public meeting, I noticed a disfigurement of the spotless front. Some one had written in sprawling charcoal letters extending entirely across the building, "*Aquí viven los demonios!*"—Here live the demons! Not a few people seemed to believe it and avoided the house. Rather than pass by it, many pedestrians on approaching would suddenly leave the sidewalk, cross the street and pass by on the other side.

Our Mexican friends informed us from time to time that in the principal parish church of the city warnings were given respecting the Protestants, strictly commanding that no dealings should be had with them. Selling to them, buying of them, listening

or speaking to them, or assisting them in any way—all this was forbidden on pain of excommunication. Children were taught that the simple act of looking upon a Protestant would cause evil to fall upon them. This explains what frequently occurred as the missionary passed along certain streets—children would at once cover their eyes and remain blindfolded until the “Evil One” was supposed to have gone by!

Into a Protestant American family came one day an infant girl. She was the delight of the home. Her clear blue eyes and fair skin attracted no little attention wherever she was seen. One day her nurse in taking her for an outing came upon a group of *señoritas*, who greatly admired the little one. They took her in their arms, caressing her and calling her, “*Dulce angelita!*”—sweet little angel! On giving her back they said, “Oh, what a pity it is that they are *protestantes*,” adding in a low voice, “How could it be wrong to steal a child like this and rescue it from the perdition of its people!”

But from the beginning we found those who were glad of the message we brought. Within two months after arrival I began to place Bibles in families where they were read with the greatest interest. One of the first to buy was a shopkeeper in the outskirts of the town, who was immensely pleased to see the book and to learn that he might have it for the surprisingly low price of forty cents of their money. This man became a deacon in our church, and to-day in his old age still loves his Bible.

Aside from my own stock of American Society

books, I found on investigation that there was but one copy of the Bible on sale in the city of Parral. It was in Latin and Spanish, with notes, in five volumes, and priced at \$25.00. A travelling agent had sold a box of Bibles in Parral shortly before our coming. Prices being low, the books were quickly disposed of. Word of the sales was not long in reaching the church authorities and a solemn order was at once issued, demanding that every copy of this book should be brought immediately to the hands of the *cura*. With little delay the most of them were turned in, and then, to impress the community with the dangerous character of these Bibles, they were publicly burned in the street before the *cura's* door. Yet, in spite of the fact that the Bible was a forbidden book, and that a threat of excommunication (which to them meant loss of soul) hung over those who dared to own or to read it, scores of copies were sometimes sold from my stock during a single month; besides large numbers of Testaments and portions thereof, and beautifully illustrated books published in Spanish by the American Tract Society. Often ranchers, or miners, living miles away, having heard of this new literature, would come in to see it for themselves and talk with the missionary. On departing they would carry, in carefully wrapped parcels, various volumes of condemned books, among which was sure to be a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Such experiences as these were worth while, outbalancing a hundred times all trials encountered.

M

NOVEL STREET SCENES

ALL northern Mexico is semi-arid. The rainy season ordinarily extends from the latter part of June to the first of September. Fifteen inches is more than the average annual rainfall on the central plateau, and there are years when the clouds yield less than four inches. In these years thousands of cattle die upon the ranges, and the non-irrigated crops of corn and beans are exceedingly light, if not failures.

The hottest month is just before the rains—May or June. While the sun is fiercer than in Chicago, the air is never stifling. The shade is always comfortable and the nights are cool. Sunstrokes are unknown. Thunderstorms are often terrific. Occasionally a dust blizzard of a day's duration sweeps the country. Yet, taking one month with another, the coast, the tablelands, and the mountains, Mexico's climate is extraordinarily fine.

In attempting to describe some novelties of a city like Parral, then and at the present time, let us fancy ourselves at a magnificent lookout on the mountain back of the missionary's house. The city lies spread out below us. Those solid buildings are adobe, mostly one-story, as you see. Over there on the outskirts the houses show their original clay colour; but notice the

attractive finish of the buildings along the principal streets. The door and window casings are of neatly cut stone, quarried near by. The ordinary windows are simply openings in the walls which may be closed and barred from within by heavy wooden doors; in addition to these, the better class of houses now have modern glass windows. The flat roofs are of well-prepared mud spread to a depth of four or five inches over the timber foundation, which is laid with slight incline across the adobe walls. The better roofs have a covering of brick or cement. If they do not always afford adequate protection from the rains, they are a complete barrier against a burning sun. The Mexican buildings, however lacking in variety and beauty, are far better adapted for that climate than the light wooden structures so common in the States.

Down here is a man walking upon his housetop. As house joins to house, nothing would prevent this man from passing to his neighbour's roof and so on to the end of the row. "Let him that is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house." In case of sudden danger of Indian attack in the city, this man we see could best make his escape to the hills by *not* coming down from the roof.

On the farther side of the street immediately before us is a stone fountain. See the women with their earthen water jars. They come, sit a few minutes upon the curb, leisurely gossip one with another while filling their jars, then, dexterously adjusting them on their heads, they give place to others coming on like errand. Here, at the right, is another oriental scene—

a baker shop with its immense adobe oven. For some time before the bread is ready to go in a fierce fire is kept burning in the oven. When sufficiently heated, the embers are swept into the far corners and the baking is thrust in. Various sorts of fuel are used, even brush, and, for kindling, dry grass. We recall "the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

For a near view of the street scenes our own house-top gives a more favourable lookout. We descend and climb up to the flat roof. This front wall of the house, rising some thirty inches above the level of the roof, forms a kind of breastwork; and now, inconspicuous ourselves, we may watch at leisure the movements below. Were I needing firewood, I should hail that countryman approaching with his pack of burros before him. There are a baker's dozen of the long-eared animals, each with a bulky and well-balanced load of wood bound skilfully upon his back. While we were still asleep they were already on the road and are tired, if they but knew it. See how the panting beasts jostle one another as they attempt to avoid this enormous wagon which wishes to take all the road. But their driver is experienced, and they are obedient. This man will ask fifty cents a load for his wood; and it is well worth it, but competition is brisk, and he may take three reals ($37\frac{1}{2}$ cents) or even two, and with the proceeds carry a scant burro-load of provisions to his family on the lone ranch.

Look! Coming up the street to meet the wood-carriers is what appears to be a section of some corn-

field which has taken to itself legs and is marching into town. At first glance one sees nothing but huge corn-shocks—fifteen or twenty of them—and seemingly alive! As they approach they are nodding right and left to every passer-by. Now you see some legs treading the sound stone pavement, and an occasional donkey nose peering through the stalks. Winter fodder will never be cheaper. Some one will beat down the moderate price asked and take the lot. To-morrow will bring many like offers, and on each of these November mornings dozens of cornstalk droves will present themselves upon the streets.

Not far behind this rustling forage comes a caravan — on wheels—three, four, five wagons, tremendously heavy, drawn each by fourteen mules. They come from the railway station laden with mining machinery — and general merchandise. They go in caravans for mutual protection and assistance by the way. Those two machinery *carros* will soon mount the heavy grade toward the mill above town. At its foot they will halt and “double teams.” Then, amidst the lively hallooing of various drivers and incessant shrieking of whips, twenty-eight plucky kickers will strain every muscle to place the freight at its destination.

See the two-wheeled carts jogging everywhere over the stones! Some of them sport one mustang, others two. Here is a combination of horse and donkey, but the stocky mule rivals the ubiquitous burro in this kind of labour. This passing cart has a bulky load; nor is it light, judging from the way the mules are breath-

ing. The boxes are piled high upon each other. No small skill is required to adjust such loads that they may preserve their proper balance. I once witnessed a curious accident caused by the sudden shifting of cargo on one of these two-wheeled affairs. As the lofty load lurched backwards, the astonished mules were lifted from the ground and in spite of their excited struggles were soon swinging in mid-air above the heavy cart. It was a lively scene, but, curiously enough, the incident terminated without serious injury to any of the parties concerned.

Nothing interests a stranger more than the picturesque street venders. Over here is a baker's man with an enormous basket easily balanced on his head. It contains bread, hot from the oven, rolls in variety, coarse water cakes, and French-like loaves a little finer. He calls, lustily, "*Pan caliente! Ya se acaba!*" Fresh bread! It will soon be gone! At the corner over there you see a woman seated beside her low table of cakes and candies. When not occupied with customers, she is softly whisking the flies from the sweets, while from the corner of her eye she watches the pilferingly inclined hands of passing urchins.

This boy carries upon his head a tempting basket of baked sweet potatoes, whose merits he loudly advertises. Others have boiled corn-in-the-ear or fruits. Were it early morning we should see the milk-sellers—burro, boy, and jars of milk, all in one figure. In certain parts the milkman brings the cow, or goats, to the customer's door, and in his presence fills the receptacle. He (or she) passes from door to door leaving

in waiting hands little foaming jars, until the milk route ends or the fountain has been drained.

Another scene: it is a funeral procession. There is no hearse; no carriages. The deceased, in open coffin, is borne on the shoulders of men. Distinctly we see the reposing figure, face turned skyward. The mourners are few, and poor. The coffin is not only rude; it is a rented one. After the burial it will be returned to the shop and the small rent paid. Few own their own burial lots. In a few years their bones may be thrown out to give room for other occupants of the ground. Mexican funerals among the better classes are marked by the same ceremony and elegance known elsewhere, but such as here described are the more common.

VI

INTERESTING INCIDENTS

PUBLIC denouncements of the Protestants from the pulpits served to awaken curiosity and bring us more listeners. Absurd stories were told of impious and ridiculous ceremonies practised in our services, and on dark evenings, when they would be unobserved, a crowd of persons were accustomed to gather at the open door and windows of our chapel to see and hear what they could of these strange things. Many new converts informed me that in this way they were undeceived and their interest awakened. First, it would be curious, timid observation from the street—the observer being ready to run at the appearance of an acquaintance or of a suspected spy. After a few evenings of such investigation, surprised at hearing no abuse of the Virgin Mary, and astonished at the reverent explanation of truth, one would slip through the door under cover of other incomers, and seek the most inconspicuous seat. Thereafter with growing interest would come increasing boldness, and finally—decision. Two years after opening the mission we had a larger average attendance at services than in our Dakota church: also more men of real religious strength in the Mexican congregation. The Sunday-school had an enrolment of fifty, and the

people were contributing with remarkable liberality toward current expenses and for benevolences.

But according to the degree of success was the strength of the opposition. The presence of policemen was necessary to insure against disturbance at all evening meetings. Our people were subjected to stiff persecution. They not only received severely cold treatment on every side, but experienced difficulty in obtaining employment, or their places of business were shunned. Acceptance of the truth divided some families. The wife of one good man in Parral became simply furious because her once respected husband was "crazy" enough to become a "heretic." As a rule the Mexican women are notably submissive to their lords, but this one believed that her legal head had forfeited all rights and privileges formerly due him in the home. This view, if not inspired by her confessor, was supported by him. But the brother usually endured in discreet silence the dreadful tongue-lashings, not without hope that some day doña Inez would accompany him in the new Way; nor was he disappointed.

Another convert was so systematically abused by his angry wife and grown daughters that he prudently took a few weeks' "leave of absence" from his home. In his case, also, the divided family was reunited by the female members all coming repentantly over to the Gospel side.

Before conversion a carpenter member of our flock was so given to intoxication that he made little pretense of supporting his numerous family, leaving that

burden to his helpmeet. Through the personal influence of a brother carpenter he bought a Bible, was converted, and quit drinking. At the American mine on the hill he obtained employment, earning more in a week than formerly in a month. His children commenced wearing clothes, the wrinkles of his wife's sad face were smoothed out; but his aged mother said, "I would rather see Francisco under the ground than to see him a *protestante!*" The poor woman was entirely sincere. According to her lifelong understanding of truth her dearly loved son had deliberately chosen the road to endless perdition: a life of drunkenness was a dreadful evil, but Protestantism was infinitely worse! Her unwillingness to listen to explanations and her inability to comprehend the change that had come over her son deeply grieved him.

Notwithstanding the "light afflictions," the satisfaction which those people found in their new faith was precious to see. One old Indian woman, having heard one afternoon the Gospel explained for the first time, said to me quietly, "I shall sleep very contentedly tonight." One of our most active believers told me, "Long before hearing of a better religion, I had lost interest in our own. For ten years I was seeking—I knew not what—but in this Bible I have found it." An aged man and his wife had at the same time accepted the Good News. They did not require weeks of explanation and much persuasion, but with the simplicity of children received the Word which entirely changed their outlook on life. One morning shortly after their conversion there came a knock at my study

door. This old brother was there, his face beaming. After a hearty salutation, he exclaimed, "Señor, can you tell me where this light has been hidden all these years that it has only just reached us?" He was happy to have seen it before passing on, but wished that it might have come to them sooner.

Our first trip beyond the limits of the city was to the village of Santa Barbara. Friends were visiting us, and a combined outing and missionary tour was planned to this large mining camp nestling at the foot of the blue Sierra, fifteen miles distant. Into our carriage, besides the lunch, went a "Baby" organ and a supply of Bibles. Our reception in the village was soon changed from reserved wonderment to cordiality. At various houses where we called the entire neighbourhood gathered to hear the unusual music and the sweet words. Attractive literature was freely distributed and six Bibles were sold. We returned home the same evening.

This experience was so encouraging that the following week found me again in Santa Barbara—this time alone. The situation had changed. People last week friendly now looked at the stranger askance. What was the matter? Word had reached the parish priest of the previous visit, of the interest aroused, the literature distributed, and the Bibles purchased. In solemn assembly the simple people were told of the dangerous character of their visitors. "Wolves in sheep's clothing!" "Come not but to kill and destroy!" The books were ordered delivered up at once, and in general the people were obedient. But so violent were

the denunciations that a reaction was provoked. While many doors were closed and faces turned away on this second visit, not so everywhere. One independent villager, after relating what had transpired, added, "But I did not surrender my book; it is my own property!" That afternoon, before returning home, I had sold fourteen Bibles—all my stock. I thoroughly enjoyed this kind of work and soon after purchased a horse and buckboard for the purpose of making more extensive tours.

1887

VII

A THREE-HUNDRED-MILE TOUR

THE year 1887 was eventful. Our Mission day-school was established in the spring, in charge of an American lady teacher sent by the Woman's Board. It occupied a commodious apartment of our new house, and was soon filled with children of the congregation. With twenty candidates ready to be received, our church was at about the same time formally organized, and no Communion service passed that year without the reception of new members on confession of their faith.

Touring in the surrounding region now occupied a large proportion of my time. The first considerable trip undertaken was one of three hundred miles through the southern part of Chihuahua. Four of our men accompanied me, two mounted on their lively ponies, and two sharing with me the buckboard, for which two horses had been provided. The Annual Meeting of the Mission was to be held in Chihuahua, and it was proposed to make a missionary tour of the trip, going by one route and returning by another; thus, a score of towns and villages never yet visited by an evangelical worker might be reached. Besides provisions and camping outfit for the way, we carried a large box of Bibles. It was December. The roads

were excellent, the weather was delightful, and our animals, as well as ourselves, were in the best of spirits. My companions were acquainted with the country, which was entirely new to me. The itinerary planned for a short drive each day, then house-to-house visiting, and a public meeting every evening. We were to follow the Parral River to its junction with the Conchos, a larger stream, down which we were to proceed several days before crossing the divide to Chihuahua. The first halt was at a group of quaint ranch houses beautifully situated amid fruit trees and gardens upon the river bank. One of the men having acquaintances here, our party was given a friendly reception, and as word passed around that we had a message for them, the entire community came together and listened with respectful attention. The chief man of the place hospitably entertained us for the night, and in the morning became the pleased owner of a large Bible. On our departure this kindly host gave us the genuine Mexican embrace, saying, heartily, "*Qué Dios vaya con ustedes!*"—May God go with you! It was a hopeful beginning, and we set forth with confidence that our expedition was to be a success. What a fine morning! Our road took us at times through stretches of live oak, or cottonwoods, with occasional cultivated fields, and then under rocky bluffs or along levels with growths of heavy mesquite. By the middle of the afternoon we had reached a large village, where, seemingly, respectable strangers would be well received. Who can explain it? Not a door was opened to the travellers. Repeated efforts to gain

an entrance failed: no room for a meeting, or even for lodging, could be obtained. The simple people seemed to regard us as so many attacking devils and were firm in their resistance. But there was a good road leading away—and we took it.

La Cruz (The Cross) is a snugly built city attractively situated on the right bank of the Conchos. Here, being unable to secure accommodations at the public inn, we were received for the night by a prominent citizen, who showed every kindness. Our character as Protestants, however, was soon suspected, and in the morning our host gravely informed us that we must seek other quarters. It was Sunday. Invitations had already been given out for a meeting at ten o'clock. What should be done? Oddly enough, a brother of our unfaithful host, a man in much poorer circumstances, offered us his own near-by house, with every privilege desired. Exactly at the appointed hour for the meeting, the city mayor appeared, followed by twenty-five or thirty young men of the better class, all of whom entered our room and listened with respect to the message, as did also a large number of people who crowded about the door and windows. Among those who remained after the service to converse with us was a judge, who expressed no little interest in what he had heard. This man purchased a copy of the Bible and tarried with us more than an hour, seeking further information.

El Saucillo (The Little Willow) is an *hacienda* of a thousand souls. An *hacienda* is sometimes so large as to appear town-like in its extensive aggregation of

houses, but is in reality a private estate. The owner, or owners, may deny entrance to whom they choose and may expel trespassers. When we entered El Saucillo that afternoon we were ignorant as to the ownership conditions of the place, but—as was our custom—we at once inquired for the village president, that we might inform him of our presence and business. The president, however, was found to be temporarily out of town. A convenient room for lodging was without difficulty secured. In our visits a schoolmaster was encountered, who expressed great pleasure in seeing a copy of the Scriptures, and on hearing of our desire to hold a meeting that evening he at once offered his schoolroom for the purpose. Taking each a different street, my helpers soon gave wide notice of the proposed gathering. At an early hour the missionary group proceeded to the school, which, by the way, was a private establishment conducted by the master in his rented house. The place was dark. The door was locked. It seemed that the alarm, “These men are *protestantes!*” had been hastily circulated, producing no little excitement among the people. As the situation was being discussed in the open square, a number of villagers gathered about us, curious to see what the outcome would be. Before many minutes had elapsed an emissary of the legal authorities appeared and, addressing himself to me, said, “Sir, you are wanted at the Council Hall.” All of my companions desired to accompany me as I set out to follow the officer, and the request of one who was particularly insistent was accepted. We were conducted to a large and elegantly

furnished hall, where were already seated and awaiting us the *hacienda* owners and representatives, fourteen of them, fine, dignified-appearing men. With cool, ceremonious politeness, chairs were assigned us near the centre of the assemblage and directly facing the *Presidente*. Without delay or preliminaries the case was opened, and conducted by the president.

“Where are you from, sir?”

“We are from Parral, your honour.”

“Where are you going?”

“We are bound for Chihuahua, sir,”

“Of what nationality are you?”

“I am an American.”

“And what may be your business in this country, sir?”

“I am a minister of the Gospel, sir; my only object here is to spread as widely as possible the teachings of Jesus Christ.”

“What books have you?”

“Chiefly the Holy Bible, entire and in portions. We have also ‘The Story of the Gospel,’ and other similar books.”

“Are these books in Spanish? Where are they published? What is your purpose in visiting this *hacienda*?”

“Your honour, our object is to call attention to these books and their teachings and to sell at low price to those who may wish them.”

“Who has authorized you to attempt this kind of business in El Saucillo?”

“Your honour, on arriving at this *hacienda* to-day

my first business was to seek an interview with you. Unfortunately, you were away. However, we are honest men and have attempted to do nothing here which is not freely permitted by the authorities in other places."

"That may be true, but it is our desire that by nine o'clock to-morrow morning you shall be outside of this town."

"Our departure shall be as your honour requests; indeed, our own plans require that we shall be upon the road by six o'clock."

"Very well, sir."

With this, we were courteously dismissed.

Still farther down the broad Conchos valley two other cities were visited. At one our reception was hostile, so much so that my prudent companions urged immediate withdrawal; at the other a respectful and most encouraging hearing was obtained.

The three days' missionary conference in Chihuahua was of more interest than this brief mention would indicate. It was the first time that the Parral believers had ever attended a like convocation, and they had great reports to render on their return to the home church.

The outgoing trip from Parral was a wide swing to the east. The return route was a curve to the west, over high mesas and rolling hills, by the foot of rugged mountains, and through narrow defiles, a country offering first-class facilities for successful brigandage. The December air was delightfully bracing, and even two snowstorms were encountered on the heights.

The principal towns on this road were Satevó and Zaragoza, each of about three thousand souls. Two years before our visit one of our colporteurs had called at Satevó, but was unceremoniously driven from the place and the Bibles which he had already disposed of were immediately collected by the priest and reduced to ashes. Here our party arrived early one afternoon. The mayor received us pleasantly in his office and gave unhesitating approval of our purpose to hold a meeting in our rented room that evening, offering all needed protection. At the appointed hour the large room was filled. While the invitation did not so indicate, it proved a meeting "for men only."

There being no seats, these men stood in solid mass, with bared heads, and listened with curious, yet respectful, attention to the selections of Scriptures read and the simple explanations. My companions sang effectively one of their favourite church hymns. A half-hour passed. The faces of the listeners told that real interest was displacing the curiosity. Suddenly there was a movement among the throng of people in the street without, and among those who filled the vestibule of our room. A man had forced his way through the crowd and was now standing menacingly on the high threshold overlooking the audience. He was an unmistakable brigand in appearance, tall sombrero, black, heavy mustaches, cowboy leggings reaching to the thighs, and stirruped boots. In his extended right hand he flourished a huge revolver. Addressing the leader of the meeting, he called, in deep

tones, "The people of this place, sir, do not believe in your religion of lies!"

Turning then to the assembly, every eye being fastened on him, he shouted, "Who of you accept the teachings of these men?" And then, with a wild flourish of his gun, he roared, "All who do not wish to die with the *protestantes*, leave this room instantly!" There was a moment's pause, followed by a mighty stampede for the street, and, with the last one out, went also the desperado, well satisfied with having effectively accomplished the will of his employer (the priest) in disbanding our meeting. It appeared like a case of the Evil One snatching away the good seed which had been sown. Yet not all. In a short time a number of persons returned to our open window, and here questions were answered and further explanations given. Later a courageous Mexican came to the room, the possessor of a Bible which now had a new interest for him. He was full of queries as to its contents and use. He was accompanied by his son and a friend, both sharing his concern. When, at midnight, we bade those men *adios*, it was with the conviction that the Truth had gained a victory.

As the disturber of the meeting had infringed the law of the republic guaranteeing freedom of worship, the mayor offered to proceed against him; but the evil character of the region, together with the limited time at our command, decided us to continue our journey as planned.

At Zaragoza was a band of firm believers. Our coming was warmly welcomed; the entertainment was

most cordial, and we enjoyed delightful fellowship through one afternoon and evening. Reports of the Chihuahua conference, together with the recountal of touring experiences—given most graphically by my companions—aroused the enthusiasm of the Zaragoza believers and gave an additional grip to their firmness.

The last day's drive was over a rolling prairie, with an occasional tree, a dry run, or group of ranch houses to relieve the monotony. The snowstorm which broke upon us as we arrived in Parral that evening was hardly appropriate to that sunny land, and, happily, such an episode is rare.

VIII

MEXICAN HOME LIFE

MY little family occasionally accompanied me on tours to the out-stations, where we were always welcomed in the homes. We did not always sleep on the floor, as many do, but often on soft wool mattress beds between clean, white sheets, sometimes enclosed in mosquito netting. Nor did we usually eat on the floor, as some do; our table would be quite decent, although simply furnished. The corn *tortillas*, made as they are in some Mexican kitchens, white, delicately thin, toasted to a crisp, often with a puff, and served hot from the earthen griddle, are—well, we would take them most any day in preference to the best product of American ovens. Beef is—or was—abundant in that cattle country. No family was too poor to afford meat of some kind. The *chili* sauce, or red-pepper dressing, so commonly used with meats, we learned to enjoy, but partook of it cautiously. Pepper as a food is said to be anti-malarial, and this may explain the craving for highly seasoned dishes so common in hot countries. Pepper in one form or another is rarely absent from the Mexican bill of fare. When green and tender it is boiled and served like spinach. Hot? Yes, as fire to the unaccustomed mouth; yet in my tours, at tables where

other food was scarce, I have had my plate heaped with it, and, though unadulterated, one is expected to swallow it calmly, and clean his dish with tearless eyes—as do his table mates.

Chili con carne—red pepper with meat; *enchilados*—*tortillas* with cheese and red-pepper paste made into sandwich rolls; *rellenos*—green peppers stuffed with hash or other delicacy—all these are favourite dishes. Many of our ordinary vegetables we found strangely uncommon in Chihuahua. We missed potatoes. They were in the Parral market, but being the size of small hickory nuts one would hardly recognize them; then their price was in astonishing contrast to their size. (At the present time fine potatoes in enormous quantities are grown in the state of Chihuahua.) Green corn on the cob is greatly prized and abundant in its season, as are pumpkins. The latter they begin to use when about the size of one's fist, throwing them into the pot with the meat, as an attractive element of the stew. When mature, the pumpkin is baked, or boiled, and eaten with milk.

But *the* food of the Mexican home, that without which no family, poor or rich, can pass the day, is *frijoles*, or beans. The Mexican beans, a large, pink variety, are richer and of quite superior flavour to the white bean of Boston fame. They are put into the earthen boiling pot early in the morning, remaining over a slow fire until the dinner hour. Then, shortly before serving, they are turned, with sharp sputterings, into a hot skillet of lard, and a plentiful amount of grated cheese is stirred in, making a royal dish!

The beans, while usually the major part of the meal, are served as dessert, except at high-class tables, where they are followed by some sweet "finisher." So prominent a feature of Mexican living are the *frijoles* that as one would say to a friend, "Come home to tea with me," the Mexicans are accustomed to say, "Come with me to *beans!*"

The chief table drink of Mexico is black coffee—by no means weak—sweetened to a syrup. Sometimes it is made of concentrated strength and reduced as one may like with hot milk. This is not bad. Tea—what we know as such—is not common; indeed, is almost unknown among the poor people. A native weed, of vile savour, is sometimes brewed; so are orange peels and leaves; but steeped cinnamon is more often served at night, and makes quite a tolerable beverage.

Cook stoves were little known in those days, and even now are rarely found in the country places. The kitchen is furnished with an adobe fireplace, whose base is raised two feet above the floor and occupies the entire end of the room, giving space enough to roast a pig and an ox at the same time! Usually, however, a modest fire of three crossed sticks suffices for all needs, and the empty space is occupied by pots, empty and full. It is cupboard and pantry combined. In cool weather and warm, here are sleeping cats and a dog, with one eye open to opportunities; and, during the busy cooking hours, one or more happy babies share the ample shelf, under the mother's eye.

Speaking of babies introduces a feature of foremost interest in all Mexican homes. Nowhere under heaven



A Picnic in El Valle

are babies more plentiful. Families of eight, twelve, or fifteen are the rule. One of our believers at Zaragoza has been the proud father of thirty-one Mexicans! When a mere boy he married a girl of fifteen, who bore him fifteen children. Soon after her death he remarried, again to a girl in her teens. Up to date this second wife has brought sixteen dusky infants into his home. Little danger of race suicide there! But there is another side to the story. Twenty-two times has this same good father marched to the cemetery, carrying each time for burial a child from his own home. (Curiously enough, his humble property adjoins the cemetery!) Of his first family only three arrived to adult age, and of the second, ten of the sixteen have passed on. If the birth rate among the Mexicans is extraordinary, no less so is the infant mortality. A favourite hymn in our congregation is a translation of the song some of us knew long ago—

*“ Around the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand.”*

In announcing that hymn at country meetings, I used to ask, “ How many of you, fathers and mothers, have children in heaven?” Usually all hands would promptly go up, while the replies came, “ *Tengo cinco.*” “ *Tengo ocho,*” I have five, I have eight, etc. Deplorable ignorance as to proper sanitary conditions in the home and the care of children is responsible for a large proportion of this death harvest among the little ones. Children’s diseases, as measles and scarlet fever, carry

multitudes away. The parents, with remarkable fortitude, are accustomed to say, "It is God's will; I must be resigned." Smallpox, though not nearly so serious as in the North, is never long absent from many Mexican communities, and with all of these plagues few, or no, precautions were taken against contagion. In the streets, even in a city like Parral, I have met frightful pox patients, such as one would think should remain at least another two weeks in the pest-house. While on a journey once I called at a ranch for a drink of water. Among the children standing about was a three-year-old boy, entirely naked, his pox in "full bloom," and he contentedly chewing a *tortilla*!

But a change is even now coming in Mexico. Samaritan-like neighbors—both Mexican and foreign—will teach the simple-hearted peons how to care for themselves and their children. They will minister not simply to their souls, but to their bodies as well. With the checking of infant mortality and the scourges which now sweep away such multitudes, the increase of Mexico's population and her advance toward the front rank of world peoples will be one of the surprises of the coming years.

Mexicans are very fond of animals; so much so that they often allow them a generous share of the home privileges. Dogs are especially valued, often more than one claiming membership in the household. It is not an exception to the rule that these "eat at their master's table." Not crumbs, but generous morsels of the best the table affords, are every now and then thrown into their expectant jaws. Ranch life in most

sections would be unsafe without the protection of dogs. Two, at least, are always on guard against intruders—a small cur whose sole business is vigorous, incessant barking, and a large one with silent mouth, but—beware of him! Not infrequently a full pack of these “home guards” will sally to meet the stranger, be he bandit or honest traveller. In such situation one should at least be provided with a stout stick and a strong heart; but he would better do as the prudent Mexican who, having advanced to within hailing distance of the house, halts and calls—as a steamer wishing to make port calls for the pilot. If satisfied with the evident intentions of the visitor, our good ranch people restrain their faithful dogs and courteously receive the guest.

A tidy hostess at whose home we were once staying, while attached to her animals, denied them admission to the living-rooms. Yet I was entertained for several weeks in a home where kind-hearted hospitality overflowed; but the chickens, old and young, were not excluded. Some had nests inside. The pigs—all sizes—were wont to make their hourly incursions, passing from room to room plunder-bound, and bent on reminding their superiors of appetites unsatisfied.

At our bountiful table several cats, an occasional hen, with peeping brood, and various other fowls would all draw near in receptive attitude. Once at breakfast an enterprising broiler flew entirely over the table. Again, while diligently attempting to get my share of the meal, I was startled by a vigorous push

in the rear, and turning discovered a huge ram glaring at me with beseeching eyes!

My sleeping-room was tidily kept and satisfactory, with a single exception. In one corner was tethered a handsome game-cock, a valuable bird, being trained with care for contests in the pit. In another corner was another of these animals, likewise tethered by the leg. During the day they were picketed outside, but at night, for considerations of greater safety, they were lodged with the guest in the "spare room"! Being highly bred animals, of great esteem in the family, the arrangement was in no wise discourteous. It was winter, and when I closed my door the first night for retiring, it was with gratitude that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. I was not then aware of the presence of room companions. At about midnight I was aroused by the most startling sound which I had ever heard! While trembling in horrified amazement, the crowing of a cock in shocking proximity served to explain the situation. Before the day had fully come, not twice nor thrice did those birds lift their voices; and not only they, but scores of others throughout the village. I heard them all, and marvelled at the individuality of crow each separate cock possessed and the wide variety of expression to be noted in a group of some threescore crows.

On the second night the recurrence, while less a surprise, was scarcely less arousing. I thought to accustom myself to the experience and cease to be disturbed, but after a few nights I abandoned the idea and wonderfully enjoyed thereafter the room by my-

self. However, one morning, the door connecting my room with the parlour having been left ajar, as well as the door leading to the rear yard, I was surprised, while still in bed, to see the family cow thrust in her head, then calmly walk through my apartments en route to her calf in the yard. Wearied of waiting in the street, and seeing an open door, she profited by the short cut!

During the winter, in the house I speak of, only two meals a day are served—breakfast about ten and dinner at three. Hot coffee, however, was taken informally on arising, and a cup of *atoli*—a thin corn porridge—at night. This custom is common, especially in the country places. But in high-class families the day commences with a cup of hot chocolate or coffee and a light roll, while one is still in bed. Breakfast comes at nine, dinner at two, the *merienda* (light lunch) about five, and *la cena* at eight or nine. This supper, or evening dinner, is the most elaborate meal of the day.

Among the upper-class Mexicans the sleeping accommodations are unexcelled. The beds are beautiful and luxurious. The parlours in these homes are provided, in almost superfluous abundance, with expensive furniture once imported largely from Austria. The great majority of Mexican homes, however, are very scantily furnished. Homemade benches, stools, and tables are common—if, indeed, a table is aspired to. As to beds, the peon class know or desire nothing better than a blanket and a rush mat upon the hard ground floor. Many, more aspiring, provide raw-

hides—usually from a handsome cow. These, cured flat as a table, nicely trimmed, and laid hair side up, make ever-enduring rugs and beds. The next step toward a higher civilization is a light mattress and sheet, one or two. In more aspiring homes the home-made wool mattress is thicker, and, in addition to sheets and blankets, there is a tasty “store” spread. Home-made wooden bedsteads are often seen in the ranch houses, but they are usually infested, and a clean bed on a well-kept rawhide is to be preferred.

We would not be satisfied with the sleeping ventilation, especially during the cool months, for doors are tightly closed and barred. There are no windows, or, if so, they are also barred. And there you are, with perhaps a dozen other occupants of the floor all about you. But you close your eyes and forget it. It is strange how soundly one sleeps after a long day in the saddle!

The American finds much lacking in the ordinary Mexican home. Often the surroundings are utterly forlorn. Where with little enterprise shade trees might abound, for decade after decade the vertical sun beats down unhindered. Thousands of country children grow up scarcely knowing the taste of fruit. Their fathers passed their lives on the same old ranch, with the same experience. And yet fruit trees may grow everywhere, and all are fond of fruit. Pure shiftlessness? Not far from it; and yet not one in a hundred of these home places is owned by its occupants. Rarely does the proprietor concern himself with bettering the condition of his tenants; and these

are very apt to be satisfied with things as they find them.

During the short but somewhat sharp winter in Chihuahua there is no little suffering from cold. As a rule, no provision is made for heating the living-room—and this even in the better class of houses. During the day the sun takes pity on the thousands of ill-clad people. On the south side of buildings the old folk, the infirm, the children—when not at play—and all the loafers are found, usually in crouching position, backs to the wall. It is not strange that little or no ventilation is allowed at night.

In the humble Mexican home few or no books are found, and no newspapers. The postman never comes. There is no evening lamp; no easy chairs; perhaps no table. The cigarette, of home-grown tobacco, deftly rolled in cornhusk, takes the place of books. The ranch house not only serves as a dwelling, but for place of storage. The flat roof is often piled high with provender. Inside the front door (often there is no other) the first objects seen are the saddles and other cowboy equipments. In the more pretentious establishments is a vestibule, and here is kept the family vehicle. On entering the more humble ranch dwelling, you notice in one corner of the living-room a pile of wheat; in another what remains of the corn harvest. If you are a guest here, in your bedroom you discover hanging on the walls glowing strings of red pepper, little cheeses on suspended shelves near the roof, a line of jerked beef, and a box of beans (unfortunately not baked!) at the foot of your bed. From

his place high on the wall at one side looks down solemnly upon you a great wooden image of San José and on the opposite wall is an immense and faded print of the *Virgen de Guadalupe*. It is an heirloom, sacred, but neglected.

While awaiting breakfast in the morning the traveller should not fail to visit the corral at the rear of the house, for if it is the milking season he will be interested in the method. The hind legs of the cow are first securely bound together with a rawhide thong. The calf—a loose line dangling from its neck—comes bounding toward her and eagerly commences operations. Only well started is the flow of milk, when the poor animal is jerked away, and his place taken by the milkman; and when he has finished, the calf is allowed to return for further fruitless exercise. This is the universal process of milking in that country. The Mexican cows lack what we would call civilized training. Yet this is not strange, for after the cheese season—August-October—most of them run wild with their young.

A by-product of cheese-making is a peculiar brand of ranch butter, made as follows: A porous earthen jar of ample dimensions is fixed upon a high, three-pronged post set conveniently near the milking yard. Into this jar are turned each morning (for there is no milking at night) the “strippings” of the milk. The cloth cover is designed to protect from dust and insects. Day by day the hot sun causes evaporation, while day and night constant percolation through the fine interstices of the jar extracts the watery element,

leaving the pure butter fat. A few weeks after the close of the season the contents of the jar have sufficiently "ripened" to be drawn upon for use. Excellent? Whew!!

Contrasting with the dreariness so often encountered are not infrequent evidences of homely cheer—house plants, climbing vines, a tiny plot of flowers protected by quaint enclosure, rustic cages of singing birds and a parrot. In addition, there may be a diminutive vegetable garden, and where irrigating water is plentiful, as in valley towns, few houses are without fig trees or pomegranates, a number of seedling peaches, perhaps a quince, and English walnut; rarely grapes or apples, and still less frequently berries.

Once when visiting a little *pueblo* for the first time a very tastefully finished adobe dwelling attracted my attention. The front yard was beautified with shrubs and flowers and enclosed with a pretty picket fence. When had I ever seen anything so homelike! I later learned that the handsome young Mexican wife had spent some years in the society of Americans. This was suggestive.

I have spoken on a previous page of infant mortality, and will close the chapter with an instance of longevity, in the person of the grandfather of an esteemed member of our Zaragoza congregation, herself the mother of a large flock. They assured me that he was one hundred and eleven years old, and there could hardly have been a mistake about it. And yet, while he easily looked as if he had endured the knocks of a century, he was far from infirm or feeble-minded,

as I discovered in conversation with him. The family informed me that he was "at present engaged in breaking some colts," an accomplishment in which he had had more than a hundred years of practice. I may have shown incredulity on hearing this, and don Tomás at once proposed a test of endurance between us. "If you please," said he, "we will go on horse-back to-morrow to Parral—fifty miles. We will set out at six in the morning and see which one will arrive there first." Observing the vigour and considering the advantage in experience of the centenarian I prudently declined the challenge. He might have outridden me!

IX

A MEXICAN MISSIONARY FAMILY

IN August, 1887, we received from the Union Park Sunday-school of Chicago the gift of a portable organ, to be used in our missionary tours. I introduce here a letter written later to the Sunday-school:

“DEAR FRIENDS: Nearly a year has passed since we received your present of the ‘Baby’ organ. Unlike most foreign missionaries, the organ was not obliged to acquire a new language, but—like the Apostles at Pentecost—it speaks and all understand, in their own tongue.

“The Mexicans are very fond of music. Their instrumental bands are famous. It is music that summons to the theatre, to the bull fights, and the cock pits. One might almost say that there is never a gathering of people here without music, and equally true is the reverse, that there is never music without a gathering of people.

“So, the part the organ plays in our work is mightily important, for it is still often difficult to induce the people to listen to us. A Protestant missionary here is considered an agent of Satan, whose aim it is to way-lay souls for destruction. We are called ‘wolves in

sheep's clothing.' Our teaching, although virtuous-appearing, is believed to contain deadly poison. The *padres* persist in solemn warnings, threatening to excommunicate those who attend our places of worship. But never does this little instrument fail to attract listeners, and for this reason when holding services in a new place we keep it busy.

"A short time ago the organ made a tour with the missionary family to Zaragoza, an interesting outstation at the north. To my knowledge, it is the first and only instrument of the kind that has ever been heard in that sleepy old town, and in spite of priestly protests hundreds of villagers at one time and another came to listen, many not entering the room, but crowding one another at the windows and door that they might not only hear, but *see* the 'pleasant-voiced creature.' They heard many Gospel melodies familiar to you, also clear Gospel truths never heard by them before. We know not a few cases in which music has opened the door of the heart and held the door ajar while conviction of sin entered and, finally, Christ Himself, never to depart. Such progress is the work making in Zaragoza that the organ is still there, where it is likely to remain for some time. It was in daily use in the meetings, and instrumental lessons were given to a young Mexican woman, who is rapidly learning to play."

The story of this young woman's conversion, together with that of her father and mother, and their subsequent Christian activity, is interesting. Zaragoza

was their old home, but years ago they were living in Chihuahua. One evening, passing down a street of the city, they heard unusual music, and crossing to the door of a brightly lighted hall they saw a large and, to them, uncommon assemblage. They were filled with wonder. Curiously peering in, and lingering, an usher politely invited them to enter. They did so, little realizing the character of the meeting. As there were no vacant seats in the rear they were shown to one well forward. It was the organization meeting of the first Protestant church of the state of Chihuahua, and was one of most unusual interest and solemnity, closing with the administration of the Lord's Supper. The impression made upon these visitors was extraordinary. They had heard of Protestantism. This was totally unlike their conception of it, and whatever it might be had gripped them with a power never before experienced. They returned that night in silence, quietly admitting to one another their feelings of amazement. They had received pressing invitation to attend succeeding meetings and agreed to do so. The result was confirmation and strengthening of first impressions, and their early reception into the church. By nature earnestly religious, the wonderful change which had come into their lives would not tolerate inaction. To return to Zaragoza, explain their new-found faith to their old neighbours, and persuade them to accept it was now their purpose. But that they might be the better equipped for this effort, they remained some months in Chihuahua, studying constantly their Bible, and availing them-

selves of every possible opportunity for instruction.

The difficulties encountered in their enterprise at Zaragoza would have weakened a zeal less courageous and persistent than theirs. Juan de Dios (John of God) Loya, Marcela, his wife, and Cleofitas, the daughter, had always been held in esteem, but as the word quickly ran that they had become *protestantes*, their salutations were coldly received, and before long doors began to be closed in their faces. If they chose to enter the way of perdition themselves, that was bad enough, but that they should attempt to draw others with them into the pit was insufferable. John of God was now called "John of the Devil," and he and his were treated as emissaries from hell.

So patiently and tactfully, however, did these Christians pursue their undertaking that within the space of three months prejudices had begun to yield, and among five families—not of the lower class—a lively interest had been awakened. That interest extended and deepened, resulting in the organization of a vigorous church.

X

HOW THE RANCHERS BUILT THEIR CHURCH

AS I come to some experiences in an out-station of the mission, I am reminded of the many trips which I made, unaccompanied, over those lonely country roads, and of the safety of travel in those times, as compared with the risky conditions prevailing in recent years.

It would be difficult to imagine conditions more favourable for the operations of banditti than are encountered in Mexico. Mountains, cañons, natural caves, or thick brush are never far away. Isolated *haciendas* are numerous, having valuable accumulations of goods and small means of defence. There are never lacking—there, as elsewhere—half-savage men, fond of adventure, and at home in the saddle. From the gaining of national independence until about 1870 Mexico was in an almost continual state of revolution, one faction preying upon another, with methods often not clearly distinct from brigandage. After a peace had been declared, it is easy to understand how armed bands, particularly of the defeated faction, would prefer a profitable outlawry to the surrender of arms and the return to honest labour. When President Diaz assumed the reins of government, Mexico was infested

with these outlaws. By a tactful policy many of these were induced to accept amnesty and become incorporated with the Federal troops, their well-known valour being utilized in a better cause. With respect to all others the most drastic measures were employed. They were hunted down like wild animals and became practically exterminated. For twenty-five years before the uprising of 1910, highway robbery was not more common in Mexico than in many parts of the United States. Rarely did one hear of an instance.

On going to that country, I was advised never to travel alone, and for a year or two I minded the advice; but I soon began to make tours of fifty miles or more without company. I always went unarmed, except that, when driving, a good shotgun was carried for small game by the way. The occasional cases of assault reported were usually upon agents of rich mining companies who were supposed to be carrying funds for the weekly payment of labourers.

Being evidently mistaken for an American paymaster, I one morning had the novel experience of being "held up" while on the way from Parral to Las Cuevas. I was on horseback and did not follow the well-travelled road, but took a short cut by a more unfrequented trail. While leisurely winding my way up the narrow cañon leading to the high mesa at the south I was startled by a pistol shot. Raising my eyes I saw emerging from a turn in the path ahead two mounted men. They were some three hundred feet away, and as I looked one of them raised his arm, pointed a pistol toward the sky, and again a shot rang

out. I was puzzled. Were they merely drunken, and thus risky men to meet? Or was their motive in firing to discover if I were armed and what my attitude might be? In any case, what course could I take other than straight ahead, like an honest man? So on we went, mustang and I, as if to meet old friends. The narrow gorge allowed no room for *détour*, had that been prudent, and as we met I gave the usual salutation, and made as if I would pass on. But a firm hand was laid upon my pony's neck, grasping the reins. We stopped, facing each other.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Case."

"Are you an American?"

"I am."

"Where do you live?"

"In Parral."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children have you?"

"I have three."

"Is your wife a Mexican?"

"No, *señor*."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a minister of the Gospel."

"Where are you going?"

"To Las Cuevas."

"What will you do there?"

"We are to have a meeting of our people there this evening."

The two men now appeared satisfied with the exami-

nation and exchanged glances, as if to say, "This is not he." With profuse protestations of friendship, the reins were released, and I was bidden Godspeed on my way. "*Sírvase usted perdonar la molestia, señor. Tenga usted buen viage y vaya muy bien.*" Please to pardon the molestation, sir. May you have a good journey and be prospered. With friendly bows and courteous waving of hands they continued forward.

Las Cuevas—The Caves—is a large, easy-going agricultural village fifteen miles southeast of Parral and near the Durango state line. Here my little family stayed with me a few months while our adobe church was being erected. The house we occupied was commodious and convenient to the church, but not remarkable in the way of elegance or comfort. It was built long before the village of which it is now a part and is one of those rarely interesting old ranch compounds still encountered here and there, relics of the past century. It is surrounded by an immense adobe wall, which encloses, with the house, a yard of ample dimensions. Into one corner of this wall was built a massive circular tower, designed as outlook and for defence against brigands and Apaches. The tower is still intact and apparently might stand the storms of another century. The lookout at the top still commands a wide sweep of surrounding mesa, mountains, fields, and river. There are the loopholes through which muskets long ago were aimed—perhaps not only in the long ago, for not two generations have passed since the Apaches were a scourge to all north-

western Mexico. Only some thirty-five years have elapsed since the still remaining bands were rounded up or finally dispersed by the government troops.

The Las Cuevas mission church originated, as did that in Zaragoza, through the activity of converts. A member of the Parral congregation, formerly of Las Cuevas, returned there for private talks with his old neighbours. After a few such visits he took the missionary with him. Comparatively little opposition was experienced. Our first public meeting was a gathering of honest farmer-folk interested to learn more of a purer form of Christianity. The church membership increased steadily. It included the capable village president, his sweet young wife, and other leading families of the place. The rented room soon failed to accommodate the growing congregations, and the proposition to erect a church building was received with enthusiasm. Little cash could be raised in the community, little outside help could be expected. But we could make our own adobes—thirty thousand of them. We could get out our own pillars and roof timbers from the near-by mountains. We had carpenters, masons, and all other necessary workmen in the church itself. The missionary accepted a place on the building committee and had his hand (if not his foot) in about everything from start to finish. The lot abounded in good adobe material, and when our “bee” came together one morning there was “something doing”! As Mexico is largely built of sun-dried brick, my readers may as well understand how they are made.

With picks and shovels some begin loosening the gravelly clay. Others throw on water. How the great hoes swing! The boys bring straw, which is sprinkled upon the mixture, and then the young men, with legs bare to the hips, plunge into the sticky mass with a shout, and tread, and shout, and tread, and tread, until the now finely mixed mud is ready for the moulds. Meanwhile, others of the crew have been busy smoothing off a great space of level ground, and the mud-carrying commences. A quantity of the well-mixed dope is thrown on a small platform built upon two light poles, which two men bear between them, going at Indian trot from mud pile to drying field. Here are the moulds—wooden frames—each for a pair of adobes, size 10 by 20 by 4 inches. The frames, lying upon the smoothed ground, are filled with mud, the top surface being deftly trimmed off even with the frame. This is then gently lifted, leaving the great smooth cakes to bake in the sun. There are no drones here to-day, or any need of the taskmaster's lash. Steadily goes the digging, the water-bringing, and the mixing of the straw. The hoes keep swinging and the brown legs treading, while the carriers keep trotting, and the fine, fresh adobes already make an imposing show upon the field. In a few days they will be turned up on edge, and in a couple of weeks they will be sufficiently dry to cord up. In the piles they should further season before going into the building.

I started to tell how little our church enterprise depended upon cash contributions. The expedition to the mountains in quest of timber was at once a delight-

ful pleasure excursion and a successful business trip, yielding the desired quantity of select pine poles without the outlay of a dime. The most competent master mason of all the region was a genial deacon of our church, under whose direction the massive walls arose. Both roof and floors were of adobe mud, so excellently placed and so thoroughly finished as to almost rival in service and appearance the baked tiles.

There were no stained-glass windows, nor, indeed, glass of any kind, but in its place white native cotton was tightly stretched, admitting the light and excluding the dust. The building was finished in four months. It exceeded in capacity and attractiveness the Roman church and soon drew larger congregations than that. Families from outlying ranches became regular attendants. In the absence of the missionary or other minister, services were conducted by resident brethren, a number of whom were quite capable in leadership. Good American friends provided an organ, and a bright *señorita* learned to play it. A day-school was established for the children, and this occupied a portion of the building. One promising youth from the community was sent to our Mission Training School, then at El Paso. Was the enterprise in Las Cuevas worth while? Our people thought it the greatest thing which ever came to the region.

As the mission work developed, more and more time was devoted to touring. As before mentioned, my family, or at least one of the youngsters, often accompanied me. Among our most pleasurable ex-

periences were the days upon the road together. It was a picnic for the children and a recreation for their parents. There were famous camping places for lunch and rest by the way, or for stopping at night, under the wild olive trees, or the grateful shade of cottonwoods or giant mesquites. The ranchers on all the roads were friendly, as gifts of a lamb, or other pets to the children testified. On certain routes were "rabbit towns," so named by the little ones because of the multitudes of these animals invariably encountered in those sections. Coyotes were often seen, as were quails, road-runners, snipes, ducks, and other game-fowl. Occasionally a storm added excitement to the trip.

The rainy season usually sets in the last of June, but there are years when there comes a violent down-pour in May, as was the case one spring when I was on the road, having as companion our little son, then aged five. It had been raining heavily in the mountains, but not in our vicinity. On reaching one of those "dry runs" which abound in Mexico, I was surprised to find a muddy stream of considerable width. As it was yet neither swift nor deep, I at once undertook to drive across. Having proceeded without difficulty some two hundred feet and being near the other side, the river suddenly seemed to rise, as if by an oncoming wave. In a moment the buggy was overturned, spilling us into the yellow flood. Grasping the lad with one hand, I struggled for the shore, which was reached in safety. The horse was also at the brink—still upon his feet—but so severe



Mexican Laundry

was the strain of the overturned vehicle, and so abrupt the bank at this point, that he was unable to emerge until disconnected. This having been done, the buggy swiftly rolled downstream, until caught by some friendly bushes. In the course of an hour it was recovered—minus its top!—and we proceeded on our way, now in the furious rain. Among the many articles swept away from us was my pocketbook, containing thirty Mexican dollar bills. In spite of his ducking, the lad had not uttered a word of complaint; on the contrary, he was in a cheery mood. He had momentarily grieved at the disappearance of our luncheon, but on the discovery of the money's loss, he remarked consolingly: "Oh, they will get that where the river comes out!" On one short trip this same boy and his younger sister were beside me on the seat. Mixed flocks of sheep and goats are frequently seen, and we found ourselves driving alongside one of those great moving masses. Naturally, the children were interested, but who would have imagined the suggestion the sight would bring to the mind of a five-year-old lad? Turning to his little sister he solemnly remarked, "Martina, do you know that all those goats are going to hell!"

Speaking of wild game, the mountains of Mexico abound in deer, which are entirely unprotected by game laws. Bears are encountered, as are wolves, mountain lions, and wild cats, but better than these are the wild turkeys, which are abundant in some sections.

XI

FROM PARRAL TO THE CAPITAL

WE did not see Mexico City until 1893. Does it seem strange that we should reside so many years in the country we loved before visiting its famous capital? Few realize that it is a thousand miles from Chihuahua to Mexico City. If the republic is comparatively a small one, it is well to know that its area is more than that of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Spain combined. All of these countries could be laid down in Mexico, and there would still be room for more than half of New England!

Our journey south on the Mexican railway occupied two days, and we passed through many important places. At Zacatecas we crossed the Tropic of Cancer, so were within the Torrid Zone; but the air was good and frosty because of the altitude of more than seven thousand feet. This is one of the important cities of Mexico. Its population is sixty thousand, and it is famous for its silver mines. The town lies in a deep valley hidden from view at the railway station, but it presented a rarely interesting sight from the car window as the train moved south. The Presbyterians have a strong mission here and a well-organized work in the surrounding region, including in all more than a thousand communicants.

Aguas Calientes is the capital of the state of the same name. These words signify hot waters, and no wonder! The road crosses a hot, swift stream and the picture from the station is captivating. Along a shady avenue, kneeling at the edge of the stream, we saw scores of washerwomen contentedly scrubbing, sudsing, and wringing their clothes, for the river bank is the universal washing-place in Mexico. Flat stones served as washboards. All the bushes and rocks of the vicinity were decorated with clothes. And the bathers! Children, children everywhere, with skins all shades of brown. Every woman had brought her tribe, and, judging from appearances, their clothes were being washed "while they waited"! Hardly out of view were bathers other than children—while we were told that numerous private baths were in constant use. It is not surprising that the infirm and well, the poor and rich, flock here from near and far. The traveller notices a most agreeable change of climate, the descent from Zacatecas, eighty miles to the north, being fifteen hundred feet. The air is summer-like. Singing birds and fragrant flowers are everywhere. Tempting tropical fruits, cheaper than one ever saw them before, are offered at the station.

The Cumberland Presbyterians have a mission among the thirty thousand population.

The train skirts the eastern edge of Jalisco, a state having one-third the area of Chihuahua and more than three times its number of people. In fact, its nearly one million inhabitants make it the most populous state in the republic.

The rainfall is heavier than at the north. The soil is even richer, and the climate—well, it would seem that paradise could produce no better. While uncultivated tracts of country are of less extent than in other parts, they are still in evidence. But there are no tropical jungles, neither are extensive forests seen on this table-land, although it is much better wooded than farther north. The giant cacti arrest attention. Many specimens are six to ten inches in diameter and fifteen to twenty feet or more in height. Some are simply great, green spiny *posts!* Others, a whole family of posts! Still others assume curiously fantastic shapes, huge, single trunks rising a couple of yards, then branching grotesquely into a heavy top. Some varieties of cactus produce such excellent fruit as to furnish in its season no inconsiderable portion of the poorer people's diet.

Oranges abound in this state, as also bananas, avocados, guavas, mangoes, and, on the lower levels, pineapples. There is also a tree-melon of which the natives are fond, though it is said that, when first opened, it "emits a smell as of something which ought to be buried"!

Lagos, a large city on the line, has been especially intolerant to Protestant propagandism. Some years ago, I was on my way to Guadalajara, and had left the train at this point for the then necessary stage ride of nearly one hundred miles. It was my first trip so far into the interior. The city was strange, and I was curious to know if any Americans were to be found there, or any Protestant Mexicans whose

acquaintance I might make in the few hours at my disposal. I could find no trace of either.

While enjoying a seat on the lovely plaza, I fell in with some young boys, who civilly replied to my questions. "Are there any Protestants in Lagos?" "There are none." "What would the Lagos people do if Protestants should come here?" "We would drive them out, or burn them!" They were serious. A neighbour of mine in Parral was driven from this city for refusing to uncover his head before the Host as it was solemnly carried in street procession.

At one side of the plaza in Lagos is the magnificent parish church. Few cities, even of much larger size, in the United States, can boast of so imposing a structure. Its massive stone walls and lofty towers of the same enduring material inspire profound respect. Yet, as one reflects on the quality of the religion represented, respectful admiration is mingled with sorrow. I obtained permission to climb one of the towers, and once in the roomy belfry, far above the highest trees, the interesting outlook may be imagined. As I gazed down upon the flat-roofed dwellings, saw the people in their open courts and passing through the narrow streets, a novel effort of evangelization was suggested to me. My pockets were filled with attractive Spanish leaflets. A fine breeze was sweeping through the tower. Taking a package of the leaflets, one by one I gave them to the wind and watched them fly away with their messages. Some lodged upon the housetops, but others entered

the courts to the living apartments. Many fell in the streets and were picked up by passers-by. I observed persons looking upward to discover the source of the falling leaves, and it occurred to me that the sender of the missives might properly efface himself and let the good seed do its own work. The sun was setting. There had been a dim light in the winding stairway when I ascended, but it was now in total darkness, and I was obliged to feel my way down the seemingly interminable stone steps. As I neared what must surely be the bottom of the tower, I peered in vain for the light of the open door by which I had entered. At last I bumped against it and found it—closed and barred! The thought flashed upon me, "Notice of the leaflets has been given to the church authorities. They have been pronounced heretical. Their origin has been discovered. I am a prisoner and in this stone tower I am to pass the night. What of to-morrow?" Yet, not fully admitting this plausible and disquieting suggestion, I ventured to knock—with the result that the door was presently opened by the courteous janitor, who was surprised to learn that the American visitor was still within.

Passing the populous manufacturing city of Leon, one comes to Silao, where passengers for the city of Guanajuato take the branch line for that famous mining centre and state capital. I once spent a delightful day there, but no description of my own can equal that given by a lady, from which I quote: *

* Travels in Mexico—Reau Campbell, p. 85.

“Quaintest spot and most delightful under the sun! The little city of Guanajuato—may its name be written in letters of gold!—has succeeded in charming away the few remaining senses which this enchanting Mexico has left us. A city upon the mountains, a fortified place set upon the side of heights so steep that the houses seem to be fastened to the rock rather than resting upon it, and a misstep on the dizzy uppermost level of the narrow, steep streets would precipitate the unlucky one into the midst of some plaza three or four hundred feet below. A lovely, bewildering spot, full of lanes and archways and winding, twisting market-places, with a crowd of picturesque people selling every oddity under the sun under a screen of matting; with a crossing, an interlacing of narrow paved ways which give at every ten steps the effects of a kaleidoscope with a vista of infinite beauty and novelty at every turning.”

The Guanajuato silver mines have produced fabulous quantities of the white metal. One fortunate miner, when his son was christened, paved the sixty yards of street from his house to the church with silver bars, for the procession to pass over. From the government mint located here come millions of silver pesos, which circulate not only throughout Mexico, but in China and other parts of the far East. Guanajuato has a population of seventy thousand, among which the American Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches maintain missions. The latter has a splendid hospital and training-school for nurses.

At Irapuato, where the branch road leaves for Guadalajara, especially attractive fruit may be of-

ferred. A score or more of boys and girls, old women and men, come flocking about the train as it pulls into the station, thrusting small baskets before the windows and crying, "*Fresas! fresas!*" Strawberries, yes, and deliciously sweet ones—not commonly seen in northern Mexico. You buy quaint basket and all, and congratulate yourself on your bargain, pick off a few top berries, and discover almost directly beneath a huge cabbage leaf, convex side up; a novel way, as some one has said, of locating the bottom of the basket near the top. It is said that every day in the year passenger trains here are greeted by the berry venders.

No visitor to Mexico should fail to see Guadalajara, the famous "Queen of the Orient," and capital of Jalisco. It is one of the three first cities of the republic, rivalling Puebla for second place with the Mexican capital. The population is a little above one hundred thousand. Guadalajara is distinguished for its refinement, its notable cathedral, its religious and medical schools and its wonderful potteries. The American Colony is (ordinarily) large, and occupies its own beautiful quarter of the city.

No visitor passes through Querétaro without a feeling of sympathy for Maximilian, whose execution took place here in 1867. The Austrian prince was misled into the belief that his empire would be acceptable to the Mexican people. On that little hill yonder he faced the firing squad and his last words were, "*Viva México!*"

Querétaro is at an altitude of six thousand feet.

The immense Mexican plateau lies between the Sierra Madre of the east and the more important range bearing the same name near the west coast. At the north these Cordilleras are more than four hundred miles apart. The altitude at El Paso is slightly more than three thousand feet and the rise is gradual, although irregular, toward the south. Before reaching Mexico City the train climbs to nearly ten thousand feet above sea level, but descends again to seven thousand five hundred.

This trip in daylight awakens unbounded enthusiasm. Especially fascinating are the first glimpses, obtained through the mountain gorges, of the glorious valley of Mexico, and finally of the old capital itself.

XII

IN MEXICO CITY

ONE thousand years ago—according to best tradition—the Toltec kingdom was in its glory; it is believed to have been destroyed in the twelfth century, having stood four hundred and fifty years.

While the Aztecs were not the immediate successors of the Toltecs, it is evident that much in their remarkable civilization was due to the older people.

The Aztecs arrived in the valley of Mexico early in the fourteenth century, and were the founders of that ancient Mexican empire, the remains of whose capital—their first-built city—lie beneath the present metropolis.

My description of the famous metropolis shall be of its peace period and as we saw it during our visit of 1893.

The city has changed since the days of Cortez and Montezuma. It is not now the New World Venice whose streets were canals and whose connections with the mainland were boats and causeways. Modern Mexico occupies the identical ground of the ancient city, but in the four hundred years since Montezuma's time the waters have receded until the nearest shore of Lake Texcoco is three miles distant. Notwith-

standing all the changes, one is pleased to learn that the old capital still counts among its dwellers many Aztecs as pure in blood as the old-time defenders of Anahuac. Yet one cannot believe them as red-blooded as those who drove the invading Spaniard from their city and gave Cortez that memorable *noche triste* (sad night).

The Indians, of various tribes, encountered here are a thoroughly subject and seemingly degenerate people, occupying the lowest stratum in the social make-up, servants, street-labourers, venders of toys and curios. It is interesting to learn, however, that Aztecs still dwell in this valley who have through all these years kept themselves more apart from the conquering race. These speak a language believed to be substantially that of their fathers. They are of more independent spirit and proud of their ancestry.

Of this city I can hardly attempt a description; but let the reader imagine himself in our company to-day and we will show him some things that have interested us.

The morning is cool. Were we to ride, rather than walk, it would be wise to take our overcoats; but long before noon they would be a burden. Still, the heat is not excessive, the temperature never passing ninety degrees and rarely reaching eighty degrees in the shade. Let us go first to the centre of things—the *Plaza Mayor*. On the north side is the cathedral, a remarkable building. Its site is about that of the Aztec Temple of Sacrifice, where unknown thousands of handsome Indian youths were offered to the god

of war. The first stone of the cathedral was laid in 1573. It was dedicated in 1667, the towers were completed in 1791. Its dimensions are 387 by 177 feet and the interior height is 179 feet. Its cost was approximately \$2,000,000. On the entire American continent there are few edifices of equal magnificence and interest. Suppose we climb the right belfry tower, going slowly, lest we get out of breath. Every step brings us nearer heaven. Now look!—first on the mountains encircling the famous valley of Mexico, glorious under the morning sun. Two thousand square miles lie before our eyes. See the suburban pueblos and villas: to the north is the line of the Mexican Central Railway; to the west, the Mexican National leaves the city; to the northeast the Vera Cruz trains are running, and to the southeast is the Inter-oceanic road.

You perceive that the valley is not a level plain, but contains numerous lakes and imposing hills. Three miles to the east gleams the broad expanse of Lake Texcoco, connected with the city by a canal. Another canal stretches to the south connecting the capital with Lake Xochimilco. Flanking this canal are the far-famed "Floating Gardens." If they ever floated, they are now fast on the shoals of the one-time lake, which is still so near the surface that the gardeners reach all their plats by waterways. There are many miles of these intersecting canals, quite narrow and separated only by the great beds of vegetables. With the richest of soil, abundance of water, a vertical sun, and patient labour, one is not surprised at the pro-

digious output of these gardens, from which every day of the twelve months come boats laden with supplies for the city markets.

It is not difficult to believe that the City of Mexico was at one time surrounded by water, at least during certain periods. The valley has no natural outlet and seasons of exceptional rainfall have repeatedly caused alarming inundations. So serious were these in the first centuries following the Spanish occupation that a change of site for the capital was more than once considered, but finally abandoned in the attempt to drain the district. For this project enormous sums were expended, the efforts extending over a period of two hundred and fifty years, but without success until American engineers took hold of it.

What a view below us—a checkerboard of broad, flat roofs and deep street lines, set here and there with picturesque towers and resplendent domes, representing some seventy church edifices, all of the Roman faith. At our left rises majestically the National Government Palace. There is the National Museum, the Mint, the Monte de Piedad, a famous government-controlled pawnshop, sometimes styled “Uncle of the impecunious Mexican.” Here is the Bazaar, whose numerous *portales* attract a constant stream of sight-seers and shoppers. The great plaza far below and directly beneath us holds the eye as with a spell. Street cars are continually arriving and departing, fine carriages and two-wheeled carts are passing. And what throngs of pedestrians! Merchant princes and beggars, silk-hatted representatives and scantily

clothed peons, important policemen and tipsy *pulque* drinkers.

“Some in rags and some in shags,
And some in velvet gown.”

But from our viewpoint all are Lilliputians.

A foreign tenderfoot may have difficulty in making his way through those plaza crowds, as well as by the swarming *portales* and market-places. At the very entrance of the cathedral an eager lottery agent cries, “Only a dollar and a great fortune may be yours.” On the street a Querétaro opal merchant thrusts his tempting collection before your eyes. The stones are beautiful, and genuine, for here they are so plentiful and so moderate in price that imitations are not worth while. Better invest for friends at home; at one-half his first-named prices you may finally take your choice.

Here is a brown, barefooted flower girl, black-eyed, beseeching. Those lovely violets are only three cents a bunch. This other girl has roses: for six cents she gives you a handful. “*Muchas gracias, señor.*”—Many thanks, sir. Look here! This Indian has his arms full of canes! He looks as primitive as his forefathers. The walking sticks are curiously carved, attractively tinted, and bear in cunningly cut letters the legend “*México.*” The bargaining is highly satisfactory to us all.

The second-hand market is interesting. “Thieves’ Market,” it is called, and doubtless most of the articles found here were stolen. Some of these traffic places

cover the space of an entire block, where scores of second-hand men are assigned trading locations under municipal supervision. The dealers are as poor as the articles they deal in. Everything is arrayed upon the ground, with only an occasional box or shelf. The universe seems to have been ransacked for oddities, yet nothing under the sun "common or unclean" is wanting! There is a general similarity in assortments, but some are more extensive than others. The following, which I quote from the man who took the stock, is unusually small:

1 sickle; 3 electrotypes; 1 jewelry case; 1 monkey wrench; 2 crosses; 1 set of teeth; 1 sofa; 1 bung-starter; 6 balls twine; 1 book; 1 guitar; a quart of nails; 3 tape measures; 1 hoopskirt; a mouse-trap, and a bouquet.

Pulque is the Mexican national drink and is the fermented juice of the maguay, or century plant. Every morning *pulque* trains arrive from the suburbs. The liquor is distributed among the thousand and one *pulque* shops of the city; there dispensed and consumed, producing intoxication. To some extraordinary brain stimulation may be attributed the names of many *pulque* resorts; on one shop front in immense letters you read, "*Una Noche de Deleite*"—A night of delight. Across the road is another, "*El Séptimo Cielo*"—The seventh heaven. Other names encountered are, "*El Triunfo del Diablo*"—The devil's triumph; "*La Cola del Diablo Rojo*"—The tail of the red devil; "*El Ultimo Esfuerzo*"—

The last effort. Just what is the idea in this last one I leave to you. Even such sacrilegious titles as the following are found over *pulque* dens: "*El Retiro de Juan Bautista*"—The Retreat of John the Baptist; "*El Retiro del Espíritu Santo*"—The Retreat of the Holy Spirit; "*El Retiro de la Santa Virgen*"—The Retreat of the Holy Virgin.

As in all Mexican cities, here also are found queer names of streets, as, "Street of the Lost Child"; "Street of the Sad Indian"; "Holy Ghost Street"; "Blood of Christ Street"; "Crown of Thorns Street"; "Mother of Sorrows Street." There is a lane called "*Callejón del Ratón*"—Lane of the Rat—and another so narrow that it has received the sobriquet, "*Sal, si puedes*"—Get through, if you can!

As to cleanliness, the less said about some quarters of the city the better. In certain localities the odours are neither few, feeble, nor far between, and no small variety may be encountered in a morning's walk. A lady friend having occasion to drive through such a district, passed in discreet silence many offensive airs only to remark at last with vigour, "Enough! This is the thirty-second variety of smell since I began to count."

But Mexico has charmingly attractive streets, as the *Calle de San Francisco*, where are most handsome stores, stately hotels, and splendid private residences. The *Paseo de la Reforma*, which leads to the Castle of Chapultepec, is a boulevard of which any city in the New World or the Old would be proud. It is five hundred feet wide, two and one-half miles long,



Ancient Ruins—Casas Grandes



Interior Court—La Casa Grande

and is lined by double rows of magnificent trees, beneath which are promenades. At intervals are immense circles—*glorietas*—with imposing statues in the centre. One, of Charles IV of Spain, was declared by Humboldt to have but one superior in the world. It is of bronze and thirty tons of metal were used in its casting. This avenue of almost unparalleled beauty is the work of Maximilian. Passing statues of Columbus, and of the Aztec emperor, Cuatemoc, we ascend the far-famed hill of Chapultepec. Here is a wonderful forest of cypresses, the trees dating back at least twenty centuries. Some are more than forty feet in circumference and nearly two hundred feet high. Tradition says that the Aztec emperors lived upon this hill. We know that it was the home of the Spanish viceroys, and later this castle—which was begun in 1783—became the “White House of Mexico.”

The view from Chapultepec is unspeakably glorious. Says a one-time visitor, “From this beautiful spot one looks across a valley fair as a dream of paradise, with soft green fields and waving hedges and avenues of lofty trees outlining grey country roads that fade into the azure distance. In faint lines, pale blue mountains, purple sometimes with deep shadow, rest like brooding and watchful spirits around the dim horizon; and farthest of all, beautiful with that sublime sense of remoteness and awfulness which belongs only to them, the solemn presences of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl rise like radiant clouds against the serene heavens above. Everything we had before

known of mountain scenery becomes secondary in the imagination compared with these wonderful heights. The great serenity of the plain, the soft changing greens which cover its entire extent, and the undulating, exquisite line of hills, like the frame of some rich jewel, is something unspeakable when contrasted with the grand solitary state of these twin monarchs who dominate them all. If no more loveliness than this view can give were added to one's inner life, the journey to Mexico would be fully requited."

There are four perpetually snow-capped mountains in Mexico, of which Popocatepetl is most famed. Its altitude is 17,800 feet; the crater is 5,000 feet across and 1,000 feet deep. An enterprising Mexican has now undertaken the business of extracting its age-long accumulations of sulphur. Cortez at one time, running short of gunpowder, despatched men here on the same errand. Many tourists make the ascent.

The National Museum houses a vast collection of Mexican antiquities. The *Aztec* relics—a remarkable assemblage—are quite modern in comparison with others belonging to prehistoric races of a far distant past. The famous Aztec Calendar Stone, which was unearthed when levelling the ground for paving the *Plaza Mayor* one hundred years ago, was a most extraordinary "find," testifying to a higher civilization than the Aztecs were considered to have attained. In size the stone is impressive, its diameter being eleven feet and eight inches and its weight more than twenty tons.

The Sacrificial Stone is scarcely less mighty, and is

grimly fascinating as one pictures the horrors once enacted upon it. That bowl-like cavity in the centre was chiselled out to collect the blood of the victims, and from that to the border runs the canal for carrying away the overflow. Enough is known of the Aztec religion to warrant the belief that more than one hundred thousand Indian youths were immolated upon this very stone. On days of special religious celebration, long processions of intended victims were marched to their sacrifice. For many hours together human blood flowed in a constant stream, and hearts just torn from human breasts were offered to the hideous god of war. Beside its Sacrificial Stone is the statue of that same stone god, Huitzilopochtli, whose propitiation was sought at such tremendous costs. The victims were captives taken in war.

Was the Aztec religion cruel? They did not so consider it. When the Spaniards made shocked protestations against the practice of human sacrifice, the reply was that to slay their enemies as offerings to their god was no worse manner of death than to slay them in any other way. In fact, death as it came upon this stone was almost instantaneous. Their religion was barbarous, but not cruel.

The conquering Spaniards at once threw down the Aztec temple, abolishing forever its shocking rites; but they set up the Inquisition in its place. Dr. William Butler, in his "Mexico in Transition," tells that workmen, when examining the foundations of an old monastery in Puebla, came upon a number of secret cells in the solid masonry, each cell containing

the skeleton of an Inquisition victim. Alive and in upright position these Indians had been sealed in by the mason's hand and left to die! The horrors of the Inquisition in Mexico are not generally known. For three hundred years its terrible machinery was in operation there. The last victim was General José Morelos, who was burned at the stake in 1815.

We pass hours in the *Museo* and in the National Library, coming away with increased respect for the Mexican people and for the government which has made these magnificent collections.

Protestant work is well established in this great strategic centre. The churches, day-schools, colleges, Young Men's Christian Associations, and busy printing presses are slowly, but effectively, dissipating prejudices, winning confidence, and laying the foundations for the new Christian Mexico which is to be. There is abundance of room for the various denominations which are labouring in such splendid coöperation for the coming of our Lord's kingdom in this land.

PART SECOND
IN REVOLUTION

I

EL VALLE AND LA CASA GRANDE

ONE of the most famous valleys in northwestern Mexico is the Santa María. At the point where General Pershing's forces crossed this valley in their chase after Villa is El Valle de San Buenaventura, the largest town of the district. It is one of the great agricultural villages frequently encountered where soil is fertile and water abundant.

The population of four thousand is made up largely of middle-class Mexicans, home-loving, industrious, strongly attached to their farms, and making money from their cattle which fatten on the slopes of the mountains to the east and to the west.

Before the revolution this valley was peaceful and prosperous, and its principal town—everywhere known as "El Valle"—The Valley—was one of the most attractive in the entire state. Its ideal climate, its abundant fruit, its immense crops of wheat, its grist-mills and well-stocked stores were noted through a wide region. El Valle wagons laden with flour, or peanuts, or magnificent onions, or even watermelons, might often be seen at Guerrero, a hundred miles to the south, or at Madera, still more distant to the southwest.

Even in its most prosperous days El Valle was a

quiet place, for its nearest railway station is fifty miles to the northwest. The mail stages used to arrive and depart three times a week. On various occasions a passing auto caused excitement on the streets, and at times the appearance of a bicycle reminded one of the outside world.

In the centre of the rose garden at the plaza is a band-stand, where on Sundays and feast-days excellent music was dispensed. On national holidays there were games and races in which young men of the best families participated, and the cowboys of the Valley performed astonishing stunts.

The municipal school for boys occupies three large rooms in the rear of the city offices, which face the plaza. Three blocks away is the girls' school, housed in a neat building by itself. Both these schools are equipped with modern desks imported from the United States. At the west side of the plaza and fronting the city offices is the parish church, an imposing stone and adobe edifice whose windowless walls rise to more than double the height of all the surrounding buildings, and would appear like a fortress were it not for the handsome bell tower surmounted by its lofty cross. This pink stone tower, thrusting itself far above all the trees of the valley, is a landmark pointed out by travellers leagues before their arrival in the city.

On another street, precisely at the rear of the church, and looking towards it, as if to say, "Look out, I am coming!" is a modest Protestant chapel. This commodious and well-furnished place of worship

has a history rare, if not unique, in the annals of missions in Mexico. The Señor Teofilo Romero, first convert of the Valley, had been prospered in his harvests. He was grateful for this, but more particularly for the new light which had come into his home.

The church—erected entirely at his own expense and adjoining his own dwelling—was an expression of his gratitude. Not only in the matter of building, but in all that concerned the new congregation, don Teofilo was the leading spirit until his decease a few years ago. His large and remarkably fine family hold steadfastly to the faith, and in the absence of a minister are responsible for the services.

The Santa María is scarcely two hundred miles in length, rising in the mountains at the south and discharging its surplus waters into a lagoon seventy-five miles north of El Valle. During the rainy season it is often a raging flood, uprooting huge cottonwoods along its bank; but for six months of the year its entire flow is diverted into various irrigating ditches, which are the life of the land.

El Valle is five thousand three hundred feet above the sea. Thirty miles up the valley is the big village of Las Cruces, and twenty miles beyond is Namiquipa, whose population of two thousand is scattered along five miles of the river bank. Down the stream is the less important town of Galeana and across the divide beyond the Chocolate Pass to the northwest are the famous ruins of Casas Grandes. Here was a city whose builders, with all their race, disappeared evidently not less than five hundred years ago. The im-

mense sun-baked clay walls which still tower above the mounds show a manner of construction entirely distinct from that ever in use by Mexicans or present-day Indians. Many extremely interesting relics have been taken from these ruins, but as yet little excavation has been made. Numerous other mounds and foundation stones encountered here and there over a wide region, including El Valle, give evidence of a somewhat numerous tribe, and of no mean civilization. Did they migrate to the south and become merged with the Toltecs or the Aztecs? So tradition affirms.

El Valle is situated on the east bank of the Santa María. On the opposite bank is, or rather *was*, the great *hacienda* of Dolores, a tract of land having a frontage of three miles on the river and extending back twelve miles to the highest peaks of San Miguel.

About the year 1835 the owner began to build him a new house, not in town, but on the property, near the river and a half-mile downstream from the city. The house was of adobe and it was planned on a magnificent scale. It was four-square, each exterior side measuring 150 feet, having, of course, an extensive inner court, or *patio*. (As will be understood, this house, had it been built on one line, instead of around the hollow square, would have measured 530 feet in length by 17 in width.)

In this extraordinary building there were apartments for the proprietor and several families of dependents. There were rooms for storing produce and provisions; others for farm implements and rawhides;

rooms for the saddle and work animals, places for provender, and a shop for all kinds of repairs. Because of its remarkable size, the house became known through all the valley as "*La Casa Grande.*" It was not only large, but the best-built house of the region. Especially well constructed was the side occupied as the family residence. This was erected first, and the adobes going into its walls were of surprising size and toughness, such, the neighbours say, as are nowhere made in recent times.

The massive wooden doors were carved and finished in a fashion which would be the envy of many modern homes. Facing the *patio* was a grand portico nearly one hundred and twenty feet in length. This was the most pleasant quarter of the entire establishment. Here were the great dining-table and the benches; farther down, the saddles, harness, and the carriage. Here, on the handsome rawhide rugs, were taken the after-dinner *siestas*, and in warm weather all hands slept under this airy, covered colonnade.

The exterior of Casa Grande was not beautiful. At the middle of the east and the west walls were arched doors of sufficient size to admit a horse and rider, the family carriage, and the wagons of produce. At one corner was another door, small but heavy, opening into a living-room, and one two by three window, protected by thick wooden bars and strong shutters. Aside from these the vast expanse of walls was unbroken by opening of any kind. The interior court was more home-like, for into it opened the door of every apartment. Here were figs and pome-

granates; perhaps also roses and laurel—tradition does not say.

But that was long ago, and sad changes have occurred. Owners have come and gone. The Dolores *hacienda* has been many times divided. Other houses have been built in the vicinity, and the Great House, occupied through long years by careless tenants, was allowed to fall in decay.

In 1906 La Casa Grande, with forty acres of irrigable land and water right, together with a generous strip of pasture ground, was offered for sale. Why did I, a missionary, buy it? I confess to an extreme liking for ranch life, having been raised upon a farm. But there was no idea of abandoning Christian work. The purpose was rather to undertake a new line of effort which had long been appealing to me. Here at El Valle was a little church of our mission much in need of leadership. Here was a section of the state equal in area to Ohio without a Protestant missionary. Here was a piece of ground where with good management we might find our own financial support, and yet not entirely sever our connection with the mission.

And so in 1907 the title-deed of the Casa Grande passed into our hands. The once noble compound was now so nearly a ruin as at first to appear almost valueless. The splendid portico was gone, and two-thirds of the building resembled the homes of the Mound Builders. Only those family apartments so solidly constructed seventy years before remained to a degree intact. Choosing—at one corner—the best

of these for ourselves, there were at the other remaining corner accommodations for the two Mexican families who were to assist in caring for the place. There was no expectation that we should ever be able to entirely reconstruct the great building, but our home corner must be improved—room by room—new floors, new wall and ceiling finish, and real windows, looking both in and out, must be added. The rooms were of ample dimensions and when finally furnished in the modest manner possible to us, we were not ashamed to receive our Mexican neighbours, who from the first showed a friendly interest in our settlement among them and were particularly pleased to note the beginnings of transformation in the Casa Grande.

As means permitted, one side of the great quadrangle was rebuilt, providing for the storage of produce, the housing of animals and provender, as well as vehicles and implements. But first an eight-acre plot of ground adjoining the house was prepared and set to fruit. Many of the El Valle families had seedling peaches, good quinces and figs, a fair sort of plum; but no apples, no berries; almost no grapes. There were few pears, and these of a very inferior kind. But, strange as it may seem, in such a climate, hundreds of families in the valley were raising no fruit whatever.

One feature of our enterprise was to introduce into the region the choicest varieties of American fruit, and my first planting was, in effect, an experimental orchard. Fortunately my younger days were not

without horticultural experience, and additional study was now made. Apple trees, peach, pear, and plum, in considerable varieties, were obtained from Missouri; also a large selection of grapevines. From California came English walnuts, apricots, figs, almonds, grape, and berry roots. These latter were soon producing abundantly. In two years the plums and peaches began showing what they could do in their new climate. The native clingstones of the neighbours begin ripening the last of August, but our little trees commenced giving us delicious fruit the first of June, and throughout the summer were maturing a continual succession of different varieties. The other trees likewise gave splendid results.

Of course our neighbours were interested. Almost daily came visitors from town, basket on arm, begging the privilege of seeing the trees and of buying a little fruit to carry home.

Not unexpected were the numerous inquiries as to where such trees might be obtained for planting—with the result that while ordering more stock for myself, many orders for my neighbours were included, and a small nursery was started on my own ground.

Finally our *patio* was again enclosed, the gaps being filled by a single wall, and the trees and flowering plants of the quadrangle doubtless exceeded in attractiveness any previous period of the Casa Grande's existence. Improvements were made outside. The farm was neatly fenced. Shade trees were planted and made prodigious growth. A few acres of alfalfa

were soon furnishing six fine cuttings each season. A large piece of pasture land was fenced. The best cows obtainable were purchased and thoroughbred sires were brought from a Mormon colony at the north-west, for the beginning of a choice herd.

Our Mexican dependents carried large responsibility for all our crops—wheat, corn, and beans; also for the livestock, in the management of which they were expert. These men and boys were honest, capable, and faithful. There were periods when additional help was required, and at times twelve or fifteen men were in the Casa Grande employ. In this way, and a hundred others, opportunities were ever occurring for becoming acquainted with the valley people and establishing friendly relations with them. I was simply *one* of the neighbours, a rancher among ranchers, and talked corn, beans, and peanuts, cattle, hogs, and fruit, things present and things to come, with the rest of them.

From time to time the ranch people on our side of the river, men, women, and children, were invited to spend an evening in our great sitting-room. Pictures, songs, piano playing, a Bible reading, a neighbourly talk on present and future interests, and a prayer, usually had place in the informal program. At other times young people from across the river came to pass an evening in the Casa Grande, with singing, pictures, games, and refreshments. The old house also received visits from the more prominent citizens of El Valle. Town officers, merchants, teachers, and the courteous parish priest called on us.

The mayor and his associates were invariably friendly, even during the revolutionary years when political factions were literally at swords' points and chasing each other out of office and out of town. Even the military commanders, now federal, now revolutionary, gave the American family—as will later appear—the full weight of their protection.

Responsibility was assumed for the conduct of services in our Protestant chapel, and frequent visits were made to the pleasant neighbourhood of believers five miles down the river.

With stereopticon, Bibles, and other literature, the rancher missionary and his wife made occasional tours to other towns in the valley and beyond its borders. Guerrero, at the south, and San Pedro, a great mining camp eighty miles to the north, were the extreme limits of such tours. These journeys, taken alone, with our own carriage and camp outfit, were over delightfully picturesque roads and always thoroughly enjoyed. There never occurred a case of misadventure or ill treatment. On the contrary, friends and welcome were uniformly encountered.

Life at the Casa Grande was so full of labour and incident, the planning of improvements and receiving of visitors, that little opportunity was presented for loneliness. Never-to-be-forgotten *días de campo*—picnics—in well-watered cañons of the near-by mountains were occasionally taken in the company of congenial neighbours. The shaded river, just down the bank from the house, afforded opportunity for delightful outings and experiences in bathing. Ducks and

rabbits were abundant, and at night the coyotes rarely failed to remind us of their presence. Several families of valley quail made their homes in our orchard, nesting each season and bringing off their large broods near the house. Particularly happy were the summer vacation seasons, when one or more of our children—once all four—were with us. But these young people, who became passionately fond of “the Ranch,” must return to their studies in the States, so that during the most of every year my wife and I alone occupied our side of the Casa Grande, while our faithful Mexicans were at home just across the *patio*.

It may easily be imagined that the most interesting days of the week were those when the mail-stage arrived, bringing letters and periodicals from the dear homeland.

II

THE REVOLUTION STRIKES EL VALLE

THE growing political uneasiness in Mexico culminated when President Diaz decided to take the executive office for his eighth term—seven of these being consecutive. The dictator-president had been a remarkably able ruler. He had given Mexico the only real period of order and prosperity in her history. But in recent years many of his immediate associates had been men in whom the people had no confidence. These wealthy landholders and capitalists—some of them now members of the cabinet—were largely in control of the administration and were running the government in their own interests rather than for the public good. So, when it became known that Diaz was again to succeed himself, and also that he had chosen as vice-president and probable presidential successor one of his most unpopular associates, dissatisfaction assumed serious proportions. “No reëlection” and “effective suffrage” became favourite catchwords of the threatening revolt.

There were also other causes for the widespread discontent. Complaint was made of the favouritism shown the great landowners in taxation, and favouritism shown to certain private enterprises in which friends of Diaz were financially interested. There was

a demand that the people should be allowed their proper share in the government; that the immense *haciendas* should be broken up and opened to settlement, and particularly that the Reform Laws, guarding the liberties of the people from the encroachments of the Roman Church, should be enforced. A careful writer, referring to the causes of the revolution, says: "Another source of irritation, more profound and widespread than any outsider could suspect or discover, because it operated so secretly, was the growing power, during the least decade especially, of the Catholic Church. The old General's (Diaz) antagonism to ecclesiastical influence in politics was well known. He knew who had caused the bloody war over the Laws of Reform and who had later brought on the French intervention, with its long list of woes. But either because he himself relaxed somewhat in his attitude as old age came on, or others took advantage of him by acting without his knowledge, some who were of his official family began to show great deference to the Church authorities. These, of course, promptly took advantage of it. Convents and monasteries were conducted in defiance of the law, Church schools were subsidized from public funds, public processions took place unmolested by the police. When taxed with their neglect the officials shrugged their shoulders and hinted of orders from 'higher up.'

"The sense of uneasiness which all this inspired can be comprehended only by one who has intimately entered into the life of the Mexican people and has come to understand how deeply distrustful they are of

Catholic influence in public affairs. The men of the country are a unit in resenting such interference and almost equally unanimous in pronouncing adversely on the moral character and standing of the priests. The sense of apprehension lest through the inattention of an old man whom personally they still loved and admired, the nightmare of ecclesiastical oppression should once more be fastened upon their country, became so acute that they were willing to demand that this same honoured and venerable ruler go into exile rather than run the risk." *

Francisco I. Madero, a young man of wealthy family, who had himself been a candidate for the presidency, was the leader of the revolution which caused the overthrow of the Diaz government and the exile of the aged leader—in May, 1911. The first armed uprising took place in the fall of 1910, with Chihuahua state the principal scene of action.

Having briefly explained the conditions leading up to the serious overturnings in Mexico, it is not my purpose to follow the course of various revolutions in general, but to describe how they affected El Valle, including the Casa Grande.

I had Mexican Protestant friends who were members of an anti-reëlection club which had existed for some time in Guerrero. Through these friends I had been confidentially informed of the character and the seriousness of the discussions looking toward better government. It was the avowed object of this club, and other similar ones, to work for the desired reforms

* Winton, "Mexico To-day," p. 59

only by legal and peaceable methods. While Guerrero was one of the first and strongest centres of the revolution, the call to arms did not come from this club, but from another element in the city too impatient to await the result of peaceful efforts in the correction of abuses. The club members, however, were drawn into the armed uprising.

By November, 1910, disquieting rumours reached El Valle of troop movements in the Guerrero valley. On account of the strict censorship immediately enforced we could learn nothing definite concerning this, and as the federal government had become suspicious of this entire section of Chihuahua, we soon found ourselves *incomunicados*, our mail service completely cut off, and a company of federal soldiers garrisoning the town. Our city officials were loyal to Diaz and they were evidently receiving secret information as to the situation, for trenches were dug and defences thrown up at the entrances of various streets. The city building was converted into a stronghold, as were also a number of private houses in different wards of the town. Finally, the mayor, with a strong guard, took up his quarters on the flat roof of the parish church, while the church itself was made into a veritable fortress. From their high lookout on the church sentinels with field glasses were unceasingly scanning the valley, up and down, but particularly the passes in the mountains at the east and the west. Evidently the enemy might appear at any hour. But days and weeks went by with no unusual occurrence. Our citizens, very nervous at first, became accustomed to the situa-

tion, and there was no little quiet jesting at the expense of the handsome young mayor in his high office on the church.

The people of El Valle were not disposed to be revolutionary. They were too busy with their fall harvests; then, few were expert with the rifle, like the mountaineers about Guerrero. Many prominent citizens were well-known strong supporters of the established government and were coöperating freely in the preparations for the city's defence. In this all property owners were asked to assist, and the Casa Grande furnished its quota.

One did not hear it on the streets, but there was everywhere sympathy for the revolutionary cause. Within closed doors, or in low tones, there were sentiments expressed which should never reach the ears of the authorities. So delicate was the situation in those days that one imprudent word might mean the calaboose.

One morning early in January (1911), my cowboy, Eleno, reported our pasture fence cut on both upper and lower sides, making a gap of several hundred feet, through which, judging from all signs, an army had passed down the valley in the night. There could be no doubt of it, and our military chiefs took interested notice, but no one had seen, no one had heard, no one knew anything of the matter. The following day word came that several hundred men were encamped in the cottonwoods near Galeana. Not many days later report was brought that an engagement had occurred in which the two hundred soldiers of the

federal garrison had been annihilated and that our neighbouring city was occupied by the revolutionists.

For several days following this sensational news there was anxious suspense. The many who had doubted our ever seeing an invading army were now convinced that our turn would come. Not only did the appointed sentinels keep doubly vigilant guard, but, standing on housetops everywhere, outlooks with hands shading eyes were scrutinizing all directions of the valley. Especially noticeable were moving clouds of dust, such as a herd of animals might make. We learned subsequently that the first herald of an approaching army is a distant movement of dust. But, as the days still passed without event, vigilance was relaxed.

Just before noon on January 27, one of the boys working with me in the orchard suddenly exclaimed, "*Alli viene gente!*"—There come people! He was pointing down the river to a moving mass which I soon perceived to be mounted men in considerable numbers. They were emerging from the trees at the river's bank, having evidently just crossed the stream, and were heading for the El Valle road leading by our house. We afterward learned that the military and townspeople were already aware of the presence of this troop, said to number six hundred. Only an hour before it had passed quite near the city in quiet reconnoitering and disappeared in the trees from which we had seen it emerge.

Practically the entire city was standing on its housetops watching breathlessly this menacing parade. For

a brief space it had been lost to view, but now the dust arising on our road indicated that the army had again turned toward the town. The excitement was intense.

I admit that we also were a little excited, and our home Mexicans were pallid with fright when it was seen that the cavalcade had left the main El Valle road and was approaching the Casa Grande.

My wife and I were standing by the entrance when the leaders halted and dismounted. To our astonishment we distinguished among the foremost several of our Guerrero friends, who hastened forward and gave us the hearty Mexican embrace. At once they presented to me their commander, who immediately asked if I could place at his disposal a room, with table and writing material. In a moment Colonel García was seated with a number of his officers and dictating a note to the mayor of El Valle. This note—demanding the surrender of the city—closed with the words, “If by three o’clock this afternoon I do not receive a favourable reply from you, I shall be obliged to enter the town by force.” The missive was at once despatched.

It was now twelve o’clock. Already the chief of commissary had inquired, “How much flour have you on hand?” Learning that we had less than one hundred pounds, he remarked, “Then we will fill ourselves with something else until we take the town.” Inquiries after provender resulted in an arrangement to take from my alfalfa bins, which were abundantly supplied, and soon the hundreds of army beasts were contentedly feeding. In an incredibly short time many

scores of fires were burning, inside our *patio* and out. Coffee pails were steaming and beef—still warm from animals on the near-by range—was broiling.

We had invited our Guerrero friends to dine with us. Leaning their rifles against the wall, but not removing their cartridge belts, they seated themselves at the table, and while eating explained why they had joined the Madero revolt. "The reforms we seek are of supreme importance, and we are convinced that only by fighting for them are they to be secured. We are willing not only to fight, but, if necessary, to die for them."

Suddenly came the sound of firing in the direction of the town. It was the answer to the demand for surrender, coming in the form of bullets having the Casa Grande as target. Instantly our guests sprang from the table, seized their rifles, and joined their companions, who were already on the run towards town, leaving only a guard at the house. We were directed to keep well within the protection of our thick adobe walls.

The battle was on, and it raged intermittently through the afternoon and until the morning of the third day, when the surrender was made.

Those were thrilling days and nights, for who could sleep, with bursting bombs and scattering fusilade and the bringing in of wounded men? Early on the morning of the second day I was asked to designate a place for the wounded. Not until then did we realize that the Casa Grande was headquarters of the insurgent army. A huge room emptied of provender was con-

verted into a hospital and presently filled with poor fellows, some with fearful wounds, but not one complaining—except a boy of fifteen, who had both legs shot through, and a bullet in one foot. No surgeon accompanied the troop, only a man slightly skilled in surgical first aid, and with a very limited supply of hospital material. There was much in our own medicine chest to help out, and we were both soon giving our main attention to the wounded.

“*Señor*, where can we put our prisoners?” and looking out I saw a squad of men being brought in. Another empty provender room was assigned as a jail. None of these prisoners were soldiers; all were citizens of the town, and many were well known to me. With one of these, don Ramón, and with his three sons, also captured, the Maderista soldiers were very angry. It was claimed that they were responsible for an unfair ruse by which the invaders had lost men.

Don Ramón was one of our most valued citizens and an esteemed friend of ours. When the old man was brought into the great living-room—now officers’ quarters—I feared the worst, for the guards standing with rifles in hand while the case was being conducted were constantly muttering, and my Guerrero friends informed me that it would be very difficult to save his life. I could not see such a man die without making an effort in his behalf, and obtaining the presiding officer’s permission to speak, I told of the esteem in which the prisoner was held all through the valley, of his unquestioned integrity, of his kindness to the poor, and I did not fail to tell of my own friendship for him.

Perhaps my interference in the case had no effect, for no promise of leniency was made; but the kind-hearted Ramón and his excellent sons are still living in El Valle. They were, however, subjected to some rough treatment while at the Casa Grande. At one time they were placed in line with a dozen other prisoners, the arms of all were tightly bound at the back, and each man to his fellows—one lariat rope being used to unite the entire gang. Several of the guard now walked up and down in front of the hatless men, roundly berating them, each one in turn, for his supposed crimes. When one guard had delivered his mind, another would take his place in cursing, and sometimes several were thus engaged at once. The abused men prudently kept silence, perhaps wondering of what further more serious treatment this was the preliminary. Soon, with menacing guns, the men were forced to the rear, until the long line was standing with backs to the wall. Their faces paled, for this could only mean position for the firing squad. A tragedy too horrible for belief seemed about to be enacted at our own home. The whole affair was but a huge fright, in which the perpetrators evidently found immense amusement as they walked away, leaving their victims to stand a while before untying them.

These men, although rough, were not bad-hearted. Our Protestant friends exercised no little influence over their comrades. Wounded enemies were taken up and brought into our hospital, where they received the same kind treatment as the others. Only one execution took place after the surrender, and that was of

an evil adviser from another city. The El Valle mayor was urged to continue his service under the new government, but, declining, was given his freedom.

Upon don Ramón was imposed a fine of five thousand dollars, which he raised with great difficulty. He believed himself justified in defending the established authority, and in doing so had lost one son when he himself was taken prisoner. His opponents believed just as sincerely that the uprising was a righteous one. As my old friend faced the young men who were demanding his death, he turned to them and said: "Boys, I may have made mistakes, but, if so, they were of ignorance. We are all Mexicans: we are brothers."

In the occupation of the Casa Grande for three days by the insurgents the American owners were treated with marked respect. All damages to property and all provender or provisions taken were promptly paid for. The fact that the attack upon the city was made from our house did not compromise us in the opinion of the townspeople. On the contrary, the great ranch house became more popular in the days which followed.

III

EL VALLE "REVOLUTIONIZED"

IT was on Sunday morning, January 29, 1911, that the revolutionists occupied El Valle. Before noon the Casa Grande was vacated and troop headquarters were established in the town. The wounded were carried on stretchers to the boys' school, which, with desks removed, was to serve as hospital.

As the last of these men were borne away, Mrs. Case and I followed, expecting further aid would be needed. We were not disappointed. What a sight was that great schoolroom as we entered! Lying here and there upon the floor in their bloody clothes were our wounded men, with others, and more were being brought in. Standing about each man was a group of his comrades, personal friends, cartridge belts still buckled upon them, and spurs jingling at their feet. Some were kneeling by the side of their disabled companions, ministering food or drink. Others were looking on, busily puffing cigarettes, and all were in lively conversation.

Here was a task, and with some others who had come in we set ourselves to it. The room was first cleared of the noisy soldiery, then hastily cleaned. Men were sent to the neighbouring houses in quest of mattresses and comforts, which were quickly secured.

In a marvellously brief time a company of women had converted a bolt of cotton into nightshirts, another into sheets, and before night the room appeared quite like a hospital, and the men like patients. There was about it an air of decency, and even of comfort.

A town doctor had been pressed into service, but aside from giving directions as to the preparations of antiseptics and the application of bandages, this man—secretly hostile to the revolutionary cause—was of no use about the place, for he gave his own hand to nothing. Having myself had some hospital experience, and remaining on the job day and night, I found myself bearing more and more responsibility, until within a few days the military commander called me to him and asked me to assume the entire charge of this department of their service, placing at the same time in my hand a roll of bills for purchase of supplies and payment of assistants. This hospital possessed no trained nurse and rarely was seen in it a physician or a surgeon. Upon the lay director fell not only the management, but much of the detail service, as the dressing of wounds, taking of temperatures, bathing of the patients and the preparation of their food. The neighbours were warmly sympathetic, and many were the delicately prepared dishes sent in at meal-time. What appetites those men had! What stories were told, as their pains became less severe, and how the ties of friendship were tightened between us as the weeks went by! Only at the end of three months, when the most of my men had reëntered the ranks or received their discharge, did I lay down this task.

During these three months the Casa Grande affairs were managed entirely by our capable Mexicans, under my wife's superintendence. Only on rare occasions was I able to pass even an hour at home. Some of the days were filled with peril and the nights with excitement. Scarcely had the Maderistas established themselves in the city before a rumour filled all ears that a force of government soldiers, outnumbering the insurgents, was marching upon El Valle from the east. Before evening of that day the information was more than rumour. The enemy was known to be encamped within two miles of the town and an attack was probable that evening.

Our hospital patients were greatly alarmed. In previous battles which had taken place at the south the federals were understood to have spared no prisoners—all "rebels" falling into their hands had been executed, including the wounded found on the field. As night drew on, my men became exceedingly uneasy. There was serious talk between bed and bed as to the prospects of the place being taken and of their own fate in such a case. My efforts to quiet their fears were without avail. Among the more than twenty wounded were many whose *legs* were still in good condition. Several had holes in the head and others in the arms; two men had bullet gashes in their backs and another had a bad tear through the side. Evidently these men were not disposed to lie still and be bayoneted.

Shortly before nine o'clock a scattering fusilade at the north edge of town announced the attack. The

hospital was at once in commotion, and every man with sound legs was standing upon them. In the excitement wounds were forgotten; bundles were hastily thrown together, and within five minutes nearly one-half of my patients had disappeared. The sound of firing drew nearer. Bombs began exploding in the vicinity. Fierce, uproarious, and prolonged shouting of men reached our ears.

Juanito Aguilar, whose left leg was fearfully shattered, grasped in his right hand a huge pistol, and his grim expression of face plainly said, "Some of them will fall before they take me!" No others had guns, and all lay trembling. But the battle sounds became more intermittent and before midnight all was quiet. The city's defenders, short of ammunition, had responded to the attack with a widespread fusilade, as if coming from a large force, and their shots were accompanied by blasts of human voices, rolling out on the night air like a score of college yells! The ruse was completely successful, for the terrified invaders hastily withdrew to their camp, and soon retired from the valley.

Only a few days elapsed before El Valle was again thrown into excitement by the word that a still larger body of federals was approaching from the direction of Chihuahua. More ammunition now having been obtained, the Maderistas did not await the assault, but, keeping secretly informed of the enemy's movements, and learning when they would be in the narrow defile at the foot of Cerro Grande, they surprised them there. The engagement resulted in a thorough defeat

for the government soldiers, two hundred of whom were reported killed, and the remainder dispersed. If any casualty occurred among the insurgents we did not hear of it! One wounded prisoner was brought to our hospital. He became a favourite among the patients, and as soon as able to bear arms again he enrolled under the Madero banner.

A remarkable change had come over El Valle. When we followed the victorious troops into the city that Sunday morning we were shocked by the havoc apparent on all sides. The parish church was badly disfigured, likewise the municipal and many private buildings. Branches had been shot from shade trees. A venturesome pig was lying where he had fallen near the plaza, and the great blood stains here and there told of affairs more serious.

But where were the townspeople? All places of business were closed and all dwellings apparently deserted. Not yet did the citizens care to venture forth from their heavy adobe shelters. Some men were to be seen and a few daring boys, but no woman. A number of stores had already been sacked and others were soon to be. The plaza and the streets were full of mounted revolutionists, under no sort of control by their officers. Every man was now for himself. The greater part had already tasted liquor and thirsted for more. They had laid their hands on plunder and were not satisfied.

If silence reigned within the homes, not so upon the streets; *there* was pandemonium. Not a moment passed without the discharge of firearms, and often a

whole volley of bullets was sent skyward, giving vent to the excess enthusiasm. From time to time a squad of horsemen would come dashing down the street with cheers that seemingly might awaken their Indian ancestors, had they been in the vicinity!

Who were these men? Excepting the officers, they were mainly of the peon class, ranchmen and cowboys, the majority under thirty years of age, and a free sprinkling of boys from fifteen to seventeen. Many had no clear idea of the aims of the revolution, but were out for a good time, and incidentally to boost "the cause." They were not bandits. At home and in time of peace they were good fellows, law-abiding, and trustworthy. But these years of revolution in Mexico have been for thousands a training school in brigandage. Many good men have become bad men, and many of previous doubtful character are now confirmed and dangerous desperadoes.

Before I had reached the hospital that morning and while pushing my way through the crowded plaza to see Colonel García—who was attempting to set up a provisional local government—I was accosted by one of the city merchants. Evidently greatly disturbed, this young man called my attention to the fact that his store was at that very moment being sacked. It was situated at one corner of the plaza and was one of the best in El Valle. Looking across I beheld all doors open and the place swarming with soldiery, among them being also some of our own townspeople, men and boys of the poorer class.

There were two streams of pillagers, one coming

from the building with arms piled high with merchandise, the other entering with eager steps to make selection. The stock was speedily disappearing.

Knowing that I was personally acquainted with the commander and possibly had influence with him, don Angel begged me to notify him of the affair, to the end that he would intervene. The colonel seemed annoyed at the word brought him, but immediately excused himself and accompanied us to the store. Entering, he began a vigorous protestation against the unauthorized and lawless outrage. The men listened sullenly, then with audible mutterings, and finally menacing handling of weapons, seeing which, the chief prudently retired. These men were as yet totally ignorant of military discipline and would tolerate no interference with their taking that which they believed to be the legitimate spoils of war. As we withdrew their leader acknowledged to me in low tone that it would imperil his life to press his authority on such an occasion.

One should not think of these revolutionists as soldierly in appearance. Later in the struggle some had a semblance of uniform, but not at this stage. Nearly to a man they were dressed in coarsest cowboy clothing and wore great Mexican *sombreros*, making them most picturesque.

The day following the taking of El Valle a notable change of apparel was seen. With few exceptions, the men came out reclothed from sole to crown. Many of the new *sombreros* were very expensive, such as the wearers had never owned before. Some of the

suits taken from the clothing houses were excellent "fits." In other cases exchanges were made among the boys until all were suited.

The revolution came to El Valle as a great *leveller*. The rich were relieved of their superfluous wealth, and the poor, for the time being, at least, lived in plenty. Men well to do financially and not known to be in sympathy with the revolution were called upon to contribute heavily to the cause they detested. Sums of \$3,000, \$5,000, or \$10,000 were "squeezed" from certain individuals, and in a few cases contributions of large size were repeatedly demanded of the same person.

The military committee soliciting this financial aid were, of course, friendly in their approach to the moneyed men on their list. The business was conducted in a courteous way—yet effectively. The citizens honoured by these visits could usually count on the outcome as being either the *cash* or the *calaboose*, and they could take their choice. Notes were duly given in return for these "loans," made payable on the establishment of the new government.

Men favourable to the revolution were also asked to assist the cause; but such men having surplus means were not common. The funds obtained by this method were doubtless for the most part expended quite legitimately in providing munitions and other needs of the army.

In various other ways besides payments of cash might a citizen show his patriotism. There were "loans" of private houses for soldiers' quarters,

"loans" of provisions for men and beasts. Beans, flour, corn, alfalfa, etc., were "contributed" in wagon-load amounts by those who possessed beyond their own immediate needs. One man "loaned" his grist-mill for three months, and from all the country about were collected "loans" of wheat. The product—thousands of sacks of flour—was sent in wagons to supply the army on its forward march. Horses and wagons were requisitioned to haul these supplies. These "loans" are still to be repaid.

In the army commissariat nothing is more important than beef. The Santa María valley abounded in herds of cattle. Some of the largest owners of these were non-residents—men of great wealth—strong supporters of the Diaz government, and therefore unpopular with the masses.

On the taking of El Valle the matter of meat supply not only for the soldiers but for the entire population as well was taken in charge by the military. A drove of fat beeves from these large herds was brought in daily, slaughtered wherever convenient—at first on the main streets—and sold to the townspeople at a very low price. This helped to fill the treasury of the revolutionists and at the same time tended to make them popular with the common people.

Many of the soldiers—although not all—soon found quarters with private families all through the city. No money was tendered for board, but fresh beef was supplied to these houses in prodigious abundance. In the sacking of the stores quantities of groceries were secured by the men, and those families who were so

fortunate as to have revolutionist boarders were under no necessity of buying sugar, coffee, lard, and the like for some time to come.

The soldiery found in their raids numerous articles which by no possibility could they apply to their own use, such as ladies' gloves, hosiery, shoes, embroidery, dress goods, and loads of feminine knickknacks. Many a young lady might have married with the outfit presented to her at this time, and many poor mothers and children went better dressed that year than ever before. Money was never so plentiful in El Valle as under the régime of those first Maderistas. It was good money, too; and after the first shocks of the revolution had passed the town assumed an air of unwonted prosperity and gaiety—*for a time*.

The days of greatest anxiety for El Valle were those when the city was in imminent danger of recapture by the superior federal forces encamped outside. Such were the reports of atrocities committed by the federals that the citizens—still unnerved by the recent three days' fighting on the streets—were exceedingly alarmed. Not a few families hastily piled beds and baggage, pigs, children, chickens, and provisions into their carts and fled the town.

For many families at that time the Casa Grande became a house of refuge. It was well known in town that the commanders of both opposing factions had issued strict orders that their troops should guard against the molestation of foreigners, and particularly of Americans.

Over the great front entrance of our house during

those days waved the American flag. It was a small specimen of the Stars and Stripes, but it represented a great country. And so the week following the evacuation of the Casa Grande by the Maderistas saw its reoccupation by frightened Mexican families from both sides of the river. As possibility changed to certainty that another battle for the possession of the town was pending, these people came flocking with beds and food supplies and begging the privilege of encamping within our walls.

Through such experiences as these the relations of friendship were strengthened between the American ranchers and their Mexican neighbours.

IV

MADERO AND ANTI-MADERO

DURING the month of February (1911) El Valle was without even the form of civil government. Under this military rule no one dared to say that his property was his own. If the army needed a ton of alfalfa which was stored in a citizen's back yard and a ton of flour in a merchant's warehouse, they were appropriated for "the country's good," and the former owners were handed papers saying, "Received from —," etc., in place of the goods taken.

This ever-present contingency was a cause of great anxiety for those who still possessed something which might be demanded for patriotic uses, and as the Casa Grande was exempt from search and its owner not liable to levies of this kind, many of the neighbours desired to place property in my hands.

"Señor Case, I have a bin of grain here which I should like to give you. We have only to arrange papers showing that you are the legal owner, but you are to pay me nothing, and some time we will settle the matter between us." Much as I sympathized with this friend, his generous offer was declined. At another time a poorer neighbour came begging permission to store his little crop of beans in my granary. I

did not refuse. Aside from liability of this nature, orderly disposed persons were as secure under military rule as in ordinary times, but conditions were peculiarly perilous for the lawbreaker. Military discipline was also becoming very strict. At dawn one morning a rifle volley was heard at one edge of the city. A member of the troop fell, shot by his own comrades. This man had waylaid the parish priest and picked his pocket. Another civilian had also complained against him for a similar offence. His summary death was a warning to others.

At the outbreak of the revolution Madero was on the Texas border. Hearing of the successful uprising in the Guerrero district he crossed into Mexico to join his men.

At noon, on March first, the "Supreme Chief" with his little army entered El Valle under escort of our own garrison, which had sallied to meet him. It was a notable day for the rural valley town. The man whose name had been for weeks on every tongue was received not only with great military pomp, but with evident satisfaction by our citizens. The plaza and the streets leading to it were swarming with people. Men, women, and children were eager to catch their first glimpse of the new leader.

Madero was accompanied by about three hundred men, among whom were sixty Americans—young fellows whom he had attracted to his cause. Garibaldi, a nephew of the famous Italian patriot, was also one of his attachés. In his company was don Abram Gonzales, the provisional governor of Chihuahua, who im-

pressed us all as an able, honest, and lovable man. His cowardly murder during the Huerta régime caused universal indignation in our state.

Madero, confident of success, had even now assumed the title of "*Presidente Provisional de la República.*" Under these two men civil government in our immediate region was reorganized. National reforms were promised to our people. Encouragement was given to important local enterprises and especial attention was called to the necessity of an extended and improved educational system. The stimulus given in this direction resulted almost immediately in the erection of a new school building in a neglected part of our city.

Madero remained but one week in El Valle, but in those few days he won for himself the confidence and the esteem of all classes. Even those who had strongly opposed the reform movement were not backward in their protestations of friendship for its leader.

My connection with his wounded soldiers gave me opportunity for personal acquaintance, and in describing this now lamented chief I may not do better than to quote from a note written soon after meeting him:

"Francisco I. Madero is under forty years of age, of blonde complexion, slight of stature—even insignificant looking, but for his noble head. He speaks English well; is warmly favourable to the Protestant religion. He is a forceful speaker, always brief and to the point, as appears in his public addresses, both to citizens and to the troops. He impresses me as a man of high ideals. He certainly shows a fine type of courage, and no one can doubt his kindness of heart."

Yet Madero did not impress me as a great man. What he might have accomplished for his people had they given him the opportunity the world will never know. His ideals and methods were much in advance of the times and conditions in his unhappy country. The opposition which resulted in his overthrow was clearly unjust, and unquestionably his will be a permanent place among Mexico's national heroes.

On his departure from our city Madero took with him the El Valle garrison, together with many new recruits from among the valley ranchmen. For nearly a year, with the restoration of civil government and a small home guard, our people enjoyed peace. Freedom from military molestation and immunity from the irritating levies restored confidence and contentment, in spite of the disturbed conditions beyond our valley which interrupted commercial intercourse and postal communication with the outside world.

The anti-Madero revolt—which was becoming widespread in 1912—burst upon El Valle with bewildering suddenness. Not that our city authorities proved treacherous or that any considerable number of our citizens were disaffected. They were not.

But one morning—soon after the election which placed Madero in the presidency—El Valle awoke to find herself under a government openly hostile to the new president. So secret had been the plotting and so thorough had been the organization and arming of a small minority that an entirely bloodless, but complete, revolution took place in the night. There was no fighting; the day simply opened with the former

city officials in the lockup and new men in their places.

The position of the new authorities was made secure by the presence of their own military, a small body, but abundantly able to control the situation. There was no immediate probability that the Madero government would be able to send a force to our relief.

For years I had known with some intimacy the leaders of this uprising. While not members of our mission church, they had often attended its services. They believed that my sympathies had been with the Madero revolution, and on the first day of the new government an armed deputation representing it appeared at the Casa Grande demanding aid—horses, arms, money, whatever I might be disposed to contribute. "Our cause is the same as that of one year ago," they said. "Madero has deceived us. He does not fulfil his pledges. He has climbed into the presidential chair and now allows things to go on in the same old way. We have still to fight this thing through in order to gain our rights."

I replied, "But you are not giving Madero time. He has only just entered office and his reforms cannot be effected in a day. In any case, you should resort to reasoning and to the ballot rather than to arms so soon." They were not convinced. However, my right to neutrality as an American citizen was respected. The request for assistance was not pressed and the new officers remained friendly.

Except for a brief period—when El Valle was captured by a passing troop of Maderistas—this faction

continued in control some nine months. The leaders, being of our own citizens, were disposed to run the government fairly and so win popular favour with the townspeople. But the anti-Madero revolt, gaining momentum in the region about us, began to affect our peaceful local conditions, and El Valle now entered upon a long period of almost intolerable suffering. Our own authorities, in sympathy with that revolt, could not refuse it assistance.

After the wheat harvest in June heavy levies were made upon our valley ranchers. Few of them escaped without contributing one-fourth or one-half their year's crop to the insurgent cause, with which few of them had sympathy. The Casa Grande, however, was still unmolested, and for several months about one thousand *pesos'* worth of others' harvests was permitted storage there, at the owners' risk.

In July, after the defeat of Orozco south of Chihuahua, his army of some ten thousand men, broken into small independent bands, retreated hastily to our mountainous frontier. Several of these bands, one after the other, passed through El Valle in their line of retreat and halted with us a few days for the laying in of supplies. These men came to us sore and ill-tempered from recent defeat, fatigued from long marching, and in desperate need of provisions. They were supposed to be mounted, but the horses of many had fallen by the way, and the mounts of many others were disabled.

Our people, already greatly impoverished from the

revolution of the year before, gave free entertainment to these men during their stay, provender was provided for their horses, and on their departure fresh beasts were provided from the best the valley afforded, and tons of provisions were despatched with each troop for its future need.

The first of these visitations came upon El Valle as an affliction, grievous to bear, yet received with thankfulness when past, and with prayers that it might not be repeated. The second visitation, coming a few days later, was looked upon in the light of a disaster, and the third, which soon followed, was a calamity. These armed bands, having no other way of supplying their imperative needs, came upon the community like quickly succeeding blasts of a great storm. No opportunity was given to recover from one onset before another was upon us.

This despoiling of an already oft-pillaged people was the more difficult to endure from the fact that the looters represented a political movement thoroughly detested by the great majority of our citizens. The people were loyal to President Madero: the ravaging troops were bent upon his overthrow.

A band of three hundred under Gen. J. J. Campos had orders that every man should secure a fresh horse in addition to the one already in use, so as to have a change for rapid marching. Every man was authorized to appropriate for himself any animal which might suit him, wherever it might be found, and there occurred at once a scramble among the three hundred to see which should obtain the best mounts. On the

morning of the first day, both in town and at the ranches outside, armed men were hurrying here and there laying hands on horses. Farmers driving their wagons were halted on the road. One horse was taken and the other was left—if inferior! Our neighbours engaged in their ploughing were likewise served. Many a rancher was left destitute of work animals, while saddle beasts were still more scarce. Those were days when even our best citizens went afoot or ventured forth only on most skeleton-like nags, with disreputable accoutrements, for good saddles were especially coveted, and those who still possessed them kept them well secreted. Not only were horses and saddles appropriated, but nothing needful to the troop was left behind.

The Casa Grande, heretofore strangely free from molestation, now began to suffer from these predatory incursions, and only by maintaining a firm stand for our rights as American citizens were we able to escape ruinous losses. It was strange that our orchard with its tempting fruit had not been disturbed by the scores of armed men daily seen upon the premises. Many were the honest buyers and the few who respectfully asked without money received. One day three men entered at the rear of the orchard, and taking pains that their guns should be seen, began boldly filling their sacks with ripe pears from a tree near the house. Such impudent robbery could not take place without protestation. Some plain words were addressed the thieves by the man of the house as he approached them, and a pistol shot replied. But, in a moment,

the parties were face to face, and a vigorous conversation ensued. An appeal was made to the honour of the men, and to the consequences should the incident reach the ear of their commander. The would-be robbers changed their minds, cheerfully paid for their fruit, received some sound advice and a Gospel each, and departed in a friendly mood. The orchard was not soon again molested.

The day following the arrival of the Campos band my cowboy came to me in much excitement and said, "*Señor*, there are men taking horses from your pasture!" I started at once for the pasture gate, some two hundred yards away, and arrived just in time to see them leading out my two best mares. There were ten or twelve rough-looking men, well mounted, and well armed. Several of our faithful Mexicans had followed me—of course, unarmed. Stepping boldly in front of the first man I asked what he was doing with the horse. "Is she yours?" he inquired. "Yes, my friend, she is mine, and you may hand me the rope." Without a word of protest he surrendered the animal. Going to the other man I demanded the fine creature he was leading, which he at once delivered, remarking that he did not know she was mine.

Later in the day a bunch of these men came to the house determined to take other horses which were kept in the stables. I persuaded them to delay until I could see their commander. Mounting a horse I rode to town and was admitted to the general's quarters. Introducing myself, I informed him of the situation.

He listened respectfully, seated himself at the table, wrote the following order and handed it to me:

“To all the *Laguneros** under my command: You are hereby directed not to molest in any way the American—bearer of this note—but are commanded to assist him in every way possible, as is your duty to a foreigner. In case you have taken any animal from him, you are obliged to restore it.

“(Signed) J. J. CAMPOS.”

With this in my possession I returned home and dismissed the marauders without difficulty. I had, however, little occasion to show the order, which was held as a last resort.

On this same day, between the plaza and my home, two more horse hunters were encountered. One of them stopped me, saying, “That is a very good beast you have there.” “Yes,” I said, “but he is mine.” “That makes no difference,” he answered; “and that saddle you have is all right.” “Yes,” I replied, “but I shall keep it myself.” I did so, but my cowboy that day had his saddle taken from under him, being considerately given a miserable one in its place.

After two weeks of daily depredations the *Laguneros* withdrew from the valley, seemingly highly contented with their accumulation of spoils. Among the hundreds of fine saddle beasts going out in their company was the Casa Grande’s choicest one, which was treacherously seized at the last moment.

* From the lagoon district in Durango.

From El Valle the troop went on to Madera. Arriving at this city, every man was permitted to sell his extra mount. Naturally, the market was flooded, yet, being offered at low prices, all of the animals were sold. After the band had withdrawn from Madera—very early one morning—it was discovered that all of the purchased horses had likewise disappeared. Each man had *stolen back* his own!

The unenviable experiences of our city were duplicated, with variation of detail, in all the surrounding towns. Even more serious devastation was wrought in some of them. The first year of revolution was serious enough. The second year saw vastly more suffering, and the end was not yet.

What thrilling months were those: the alarms, the disorder, the molestation of families, the looting of houses, the wholesale robberies, the imprisonment of prominent men and demand of a round sum for their liberation, the paralysis of business, the suspension of ordinary administration of law and of schools and religious services, the stoppage of the mails for months at a time, the making of all travel and commerce exceedingly perilous—these were among the inconveniences of living in revolutionary Mexico.

V

CONDITIONS—JOURNEYS BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

NOTWITHSTANDING the wholesale and oft-repeated robberies in the valley, there was at no time danger of starvation. Nor did there ever occur even a scarcity of flour, corn, or beans. In ordinary years all of these commodities were exported in vast quantities, as were also beef cattle; and of these great herds still pastured on the ranges.

In spite of all these outrages our farmers continued to plant and cultivate and gather in their harvests—except as they were gathered for them! The unfortunate ones who had lost work animals were able to obtain others, for there yet roamed in the region thousands of untamed horses. At first no one supposed the revolution would last through the year, and when it still persisted there was always hope that the end would come soon.

The public schools resumed their work in the intervals of quiet, and the churches were again open. During the months of constant hospital activity formal services in the Protestant chapel were suspended, and on the reopening of doors there appeared among the worshippers a number of our wounded men, now sufficiently recovered to venture out. While under hos-

pital care there had been opportunity to interest them in spiritual things and they wished to learn more of the new faith. All of these men on reëntering the ranks carried with them a Bible, a New Testament, or a Gospel.

The El Valle farmers were drawn closer together through their trying experiences. No grumbling was heard. Men smiled as they related to each other their losses. They loaned to one another, cheered, and assisted one another. After all the plundering there still remained in El Valle hundreds of tons of produce to sell. But here difficulty was encountered. The roads leading to the markets—the railroad station and Chihuahua City—were never free from armed bodies of men. For months in succession all travel was perilous, and particularly was this the case with wagons carrying produce or merchandise of any kind.

As reports reached us of the holding up and confiscation of such wagons, or of horse and saddle being taken from the venturesome wayfarer, or of the unfortunate foot traveller arriving at his destination minus money and coat, travel in every form was soon suspended.

For several months after our valley towns had passed into the hands of the Maderistas the region about us remained in possession of the federals. Nueva Casas Grandes, our railway station, was garrisoned by a very superior force of government troops, and El Valle, therefore, was completely shut off from markets where her farmers might dispose of their produce, or where her merchants might obtain goods

for replenishing their stores. It will be recalled that on the taking of El Valle some of these stores were completely cleaned out and others seriously broken up.

This, then, was the situation: while the prices of corn, meat, and beans went down, the prices of salt, sugar, and coffee went up, together with those of all goods obtained from outside. Continuing to rise, the prices of many articles finally disappeared, until no money could buy sugar, salt, or coffee.

If anything tries the soul of a Mexican it is a coffeeless breakfast. But even that was more endurable than beans and beef day in, day out, and week after week without salt. One could much better afford to go without his horse. People visited their neighbours, seeking to borrow, trying one, then another, until disheartened. Ranchers from miles away came to the Casa Grande begging us to sell or to loan a cup of sugar, a spoonful of salt, a spool of thread, or a few matches. (In one of these periods of privation we supplied ourselves and our immediate neighbours with salt refined from supplies which had been thrown out for the cattle; and our necessary sweetening was supplied by opening, as needed, a jar of preserves.)

The time came when there was imperative need of hospital supplies—antiseptics, absorbent cotton, and chloroform for a leg amputation which could not be delayed, etc. Some delicate articles of diet for our patients were also needed. The military commander to whom I made known the situation failed to find a man in his troop who cared to undertake the exceedingly risky trip to Nueva Casas Grandes, even dis-

guised as a civilian. He had been wishing to send a man to bring information as to the enemy's strength, but spies too often failed to return.

It occurred to me that under existing conditions an American might make that expedition with less risk than a Mexican, and I said to Captain Flores, "With your approval, I will go for our hospital supplies."

"When will you be ready to start?"

"In three hours."

It was necessary for me to arrange my hospital affairs for two or three days' absence, go to the Casa Grande, and have my best team put in condition for a speedy journey. I expected my wife to oppose the project. She did not, but simply said, "I am going with you." She believed that the trip would be safer for me if made in her company, and persuaded me to see the matter in the same light.

The captain had desired me to call on him before starting, that he might give me a passport and a final word. Knowing that he wished to gain information as to the enemy, into whose camp I was going, I mentally resolved to take no commission from him which might compromise me. On presenting myself the commander said that on the whole I would be safer without a passport from him, as such a paper found on my person by the federals would only cause me trouble, while passing Maderistas, if encountered, would not molest me. "And I have no instructions whatever to give you." This was said in a voice intended for the men outside to understand. At the same time the officer's gestures—such as only a

Mexican can make—said impressively, “Keep your eyes open!”

The spring-wagon which rolled along the down-river road that afternoon carried a very ordinary-appearing old rancher and his very ordinary-appearing old wife. Not a soul was encountered before nightfall, and after driving for a time by starlight, camp was made among the wayside bushes. Soon after midnight we were again on the road. Galeana was passed in the darkness, with only the salute of barking dogs. Another halt was made for breakfast—quick camp fire and hot coffee. We were now on the crest of Chocolate Pass: three more hours would complete our fifty miles and bring us to the station. What a deserted road it was! Usually much frequented, even signs of recent traffic had disappeared. Yet, while the continual scene of abandonment depressed us, it was with decided relief that we left league after league of absolutely solitary way behind us. The cattle quietly grazing to the right and left were pleasant companions, as were the occasional coyotes. Human beings we did not wish to encounter—at least, armed horsemen.

By ten in the morning we were nearing our destination. On the flat roof of the depot building we distinguished sentinels pacing back and forth, scrutinizing every point of the compass. They were in dark-blue uniform and represented the authority of the established government. The farmer's rig, although approaching on an unfrequented road and from a suspicious direction, apparently attracted no attention. The wearied ponies entered the streets and found their

way through groups of soldiers to their usual stopping place with their everyday air of honesty. It was seen that the rustic parties were Americans—probably Mormons—bent on their own business, and to our immense relief not a hand was lifted to detain us, or even an inquiry made.

During lunch in our café there sat at a near-by table a group of army officers in showy uniform. They were superior-looking men, conversing freely of their own affairs, and courteously non-inquisitive as to ours. The purchases were satisfactorily made, and in addition to the hospital supplies our load included some sacks of sugar, coffee, and salt.

It was toward evening when our ponies set their faces homeward. There were many sentries to pass. Would it be possible for us to leave town unchallenged? Happily, the last guard was left in the rear and no one had asked, "Who are you? Where are you going?"

One incident alone caused us momentary concern before reaching our camping-place. The dusk was deepening when on looking ahead we were startled by what appeared to be a considerable body of horsemen approaching. "Now," we said, softly, to ourselves, "we shall surely be stopped and searched and ordered back to the officers' quarters." Still, our only course was to drive forward. As we did so and the dark objects considerably turned to give us a free road, we perceived that we were face to face with—some thirty fine cows! Who can picture our relief on seeing those soldiers instantly transformed into innocent four-legged animals? Surely we had never seen such hand-

some cows! As we drove on our hearts went out to them with real affection.

Before noon of the following day we arrived in El Valle, having accomplished our journey without the slightest molestation. For a few days, at least, the community was supplied with salt, and many neighbours again enjoyed the taste of sugar and coffee.

As hospital duties grew lighter upon me and road conditions continued desperate I was besieged by friends earnestly requesting me to make another journey to the station. "We cannot go," they said. "You, an American, incur no danger." They were hungering for the provisions which would be furnished them at little above cost.

Other journeys were therefore undertaken, sometimes with my own home companion and best protector, at other times alone. (The presence of a Mexican would have compromised me.) By the advice of the authorities, these travels were mostly made at night. As time passed Nueva Casas Grandes fell into the hands of the same faction which controlled El Valle. But even then the roving bands—some of them nothing less than highwaymen—rendered travel no less dangerous than before.

Under these circumstances twelve different trips were made, usually in the spring-wagon, instead of a heavier one, for the sake of speedier travel. The average value of my loads was \$300.

Of these trips I have absolutely no loss of supplies, or even serious incident to report. Yet they were not without many thrilling experiences, and the preserva-

tion from harm through them all we shall always regard as something more than good fortune.

At one time, while driving alone in the night I came upon a large party of "Red-flaggers" (opposers of Madero). They were encamped by the roadside. On approaching, I was commanded to halt: many questions were asked, which were answered without evasion. To my surprise, I was respectfully told to pass on.

Again—travelling this time by day—I met one of the retreating armies, of which mention has been made. One should not imagine that the men were in marching order. They were scattered over thirty miles of road. From morning until late at night I encountered them, a dozen here, a larger bunch further on, now one by himself, now four or five. The day was hot; the road dusty; water was scarce. The men were in ill-humoured retreat. I carried provisions of the kind they sorely needed. They had encountered no other such prize that day, for no other wagons were out. For nearly an hour before meeting the foremost stragglers I had comprehended the situation; for the eye was able to take in many miles of that treeless plain and the sight which was presented naturally inspired uneasiness. For my personal safety I had little to fear, but what of the supplies? Surely everything would be taken from me. Yet I reached home at the expected hour with the load entire.

Once and again, however, I was stopped by the eager inquiry, "*No trae agua?*"—Haven't you water? As long as I had, I gladly gave. On meeting

another group would come the question, "Have you no fruit?" I was sorry that I had not, but cheerfully distributed my generous lunch among the men, some on one side and some on the other side of the wagon. How may one account for the fact that many hundreds of such men passed me that day with no discourteous word, no question as to the merchandise I carried, or the slightest molestation?

At another time I was relieved of a somewhat expensive raincoat which protected the sacks of sugar behind my seat. Four men, unusually well mounted, came galloping up the road in my rear. On overtaking me two remained behind, while two rode to my side and engaged me in conversation. Suddenly the men at the rear put spurs to their horses and flew by in a cloud of dust. The other two, nodding me a hasty farewell, accompanied their fellows. On glancing behind I perceived that the raincoat was gone—nothing more—and I did not feel unlike joining those fellows in the laugh which they were surely having at my expense.

One morning, during the long and trying period of no mail service, we were happily astonished by the arrival of a daughter from the States. Not being able to endure longer the uncertainty as to the parents' safety, she had braved the perils of the journey to them, riding the last fifty miles on horseback in the company of a trusty Mexican. Travel, at that time far from safe, became worse during the weeks of her stay. Bands of highwaymen infested the region between us and the railroad, and only the urgent neces-

sity of her return caused us at last to risk the trip. Our city mayor gave us passports and private, important advice as to method of travel. Arriving at Galeana, we found that three bandits had been hung that day in their streets, and that the friendly Maderista troop which was effecting this "cleaning up," had but just taken up its march over our own road to the station. Following now in its rear, and also under cover of darkness and an autumn rain, we arrived with no untoward incident.

There occurred periods when travel seemed attended with so much less risk that general communication with the outside would become in a measure re-established. Our farmers then ventured to haul their produce to the railroad market and, in turn, purchase their own supplies. Yet conditions were at all times "subject to change without notice," and new reports of raiding would again sweep the highway clear of traffic.

In the fall of 1912 I undertook to market my own ingathering, with the idea of our passing a part of the winter in California. I started out late one afternoon with two wagons, taking with me Bernabé, one of my Mexican boys. At dusk we halted for refreshments, intending to drive the greater part of the night. While sitting beside the cheery camp fire, finishing our coffee, we were startled to see emerging from the darkness two decidedly brigandish-looking men. Their rifles were held in such a way as to forestall any movement of resistance on our part—which, of course, we did not think to make. I at once called

out a hearty "*Buenas noches*"—Good-evening—and invited them to the fire. They paid little attention to my salutation, but remaining about twenty feet distant, asked where I came from and where I was going. Then, placing a hand on the loaded sacks, one of them said, "What have you here?" I answered frankly and pleasantly and again invited them to join us in a cup of hot coffee. One man stepped nearer: the other followed, both advancing very suspiciously; but we soon had the satisfaction of seeing them seated at our fire and partaking of our hospitality.

They asked for news, inquiring if I had no late paper. Going to the wagon, I found an *El Paso Herald* and read them information of recent encounters and movements of troops. Knowing them to be "Red-flaggers," or Orozco men, I then asked them of this chief, telling them incidentally that I knew him and that his family were once my parishioners. I talked with them of other rebel generals whom I had met. I told them of my home, the Casa Grande, of which they had heard, and of my children—natives of Chihuahua.

The men listened with interest, their hard features seeming to soften. After asking many questions, they at last arose, bade us a civil "*Buenas noches*," and disappeared in the darkness. About midnight we hitched up our six horses and proceeded on our way. We had gone but a few rods when a turn in the road around some heavy mesquite bushes brought into view four immense camp fires. Unknowingly we had halted our wagons close by a strong

rebel encampment, from which our two scouts had come. However, they had eaten with us and there was now nothing to fear.

The return trip afforded us a new experience. As usual it was toward evening when we set out from the station. In the dusk now coming on I chanced to glance backward and saw the dust and moving figures of an approaching body of cavalry. I knew from information received at the station that it must be a Maderista troop destined for El Valle, which had now for the third time come under the control of the Madero government. We were soon overtaken. An officer ordered an inspection of our wagons and satisfied himself that we were not connected with the Orozco rebels. Some two hundred men passed us, and as we dropped to the rear we found that another body of equal size was advancing from behind. For several hours our wagons maintained their position between the troops, thus furnishing us with an advance and a rear guard. We were not permitted to separate ourselves from this little army—which moved more slowly than we cared to—but arrived in its company at El Valle.

One other trip is of sufficient interest in my memory to be recorded here. As has been intimated, the most trying experience of the Casa Grande family during these years was the frequent and prolonged suspension of mail service, cutting us off from all communication with the States, as well as from other parts of Mexico. At the beginning of the revolution four or five months passed without our being able

to send word to the children in college, or to hear from them. It was finally learned that a lot of El Valle mail had accumulated at the railway station, which was now in the hands of the Maderistas. The old federal postal system had for months been completely disorganized, and the new government in our part of the state had not yet established one of its own. Consequently, no one had authority to touch a mail bag. The El Valle people seemed to us provokingly resigned to this situation. In an interview with the mayor I learned that only by a special order from Madero himself could those sacks of mail at the station be obtained. Madero was then with his troops on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso. To secure his order it would be necessary for some one to go and see him. Rail communication with El Paso had been destroyed, and much of the territory between us and that point was still in the hands of the federals. One could reach Madero only by an overland tour via Columbus, New Mexico.

“If you are sufficiently interested in the matter to go,” said the mayor, “I will give you a passport, together with my official note requesting Madero to issue you the order.” The papers were given me, and on the following day—April 9, 1911—taking my lightest two-horse rig and our boy Arturo, I set out for Columbus. It will be remembered that Columbus was, later, the scene of the Villa assault, and the road which we travelled is the same as that followed by the “Punitive Expedition” in its search for that notorious chief.

The distance from El Valle to Columbus is one hundred and eighty-five miles, and was covered in three days, at the end of which the splendid ponies enjoyed a two-day rest—in a foreign land.

Arturo and I completed our journey to El Paso by rail. Madero—who was then on the point of attacking the important customs city of Juarez—was found, and promptly wrote me the desired order. The homeward trip was equally swift and without incident.

I had now, however, to return again to the station with a large wagon for the mail—twenty-seven sacks. This time the lady of the Casa Grande accompanied me. As many of the sacks had been delivered to us unsealed, scores of letters from dear ones found their way to our hands during the journey home.

Under the circumstances we did not consider it an abuse of our privileges to abstract such letters—especially as that was our only recompense for bringing to El Valle its mail, and the effort had cost me an overland drive of four hundred and seventy miles.

VI

MIDNIGHT VISITORS

IN the early fall of 1912 the situation in our valley became increasingly serious. In addition to the organized troops—both federal and insurgent—which were constantly chasing, or avoiding, one another, we now began to hear of highway robberies committed by independent companies of marauders. Not only did the roads again become exceeding unsafe, but out-of-the-way ranches here and there were looted.

The American Mormon colonies, to our northwest, which up to this time had not been seriously molested, were now subjected to gross outrages. One of their mercantile establishments was broken into and goods to the value of \$200,000 taken. This deed was perpetrated by the "Red-flaggers." I chanced to be in Nueva Casas Grandes the day that the great wholesale German store at that point was sacked by the same revolutionary faction. The loss was enormous. Not a dollar's worth of goods was left behind.

Hitherto the persons and the property of foreigners had been respected; but not now. The Mormon families were everywhere assaulted and commanded to deliver up their horses, saddles, and arms. The demand was met with refusal; and as a consequence

these Americans incurred the violent ill will of the bandits, were despoiled and driven from their homes.

As these hostilities had been directed especially against the Mormons, and other Americans residing in the same region were still undisturbed, we did not believe ourselves to be in any danger. All the valley-people remained as friendly as ever. Even the "Red-flag" authorities, when in possession of the town, invariably showed us the same good will as did the Maderistas, when these were in power. Both factions were accustomed to furnish me with free travelling passports—assuring, as far as possible, every protection.

One afternoon in September a boy belonging to don Jorge, a good friend of mine in town, came hurrying on his pony to our door. Without dismounting, he at once called out, "My papa says to tell you that a lot of men are on their way from Galeana to sack your house. They will be here this afternoon or evening. Papa says for you to hide your valuable papers, your money, and everything that you can." I thanked the boy for his kindness, and we immediately set about putting our house in order. The time at our disposal might be very short, and the secreting of things in what seemed to us good places was quite exciting. We had about a hundred dollars in cash. It was hidden inside the piano. An expensive saddle was covered with a pile of stalks in a field near the house. It was in the midst of our cheese-making season, and four dozen fine cheeses were curing upon the shelves. I carried many of these to the alfalfa

room and buried them in the hay. Another lot was placed evenly upon the springs of a "spare" bed, covered with the mattress; then the bed was made up, and the lady of the house said she would get in when the visitors came.

But they did not appear. The uneasy hours passed by and we finally retired, expecting that we might be awakened at any time to receive callers. Morning came and it was ascertained that the plundering party had indeed arrived in El Valle. They were of the same faction which had been persecuting the Mormons, and their chief, Salazar, hearing that we were of the same religion, had sent them to us. On their arrival in the city our authorities (then of the same faction) informed them of their mistake and persuaded them to leave us undisturbed.

Two weeks later a similar warning reached us that a night attack was to be made upon a number of houses, including ours, and again we experienced the excitement of preparing for bandits, who a second time happily disappointed us.

Between twelve and one o'clock on the morning of November 8, I was awakened by a light tapping at our kitchen door. Supposing that some one of our Mexican dependents—in their apartments across the *patio*—might be ill, I arose, went to the door and asked who was there. The answer came softly, "*Soy yo*"—It is I. But not recognizing the voice, I repeated my question, which again brought the same reply, but now in a tone sufficiently clear to convince me that a stranger was outside. "Open the door,"

he said. "But I cannot open the door until you tell me your name and your errand," I replied. The man now stepped to the adjoining window and said, "Come to the window; I wish to talk a little with you." "I can talk very well where I am. Tell me your name and why you are here." "Give me five hundred dollars or I will kill you!" This was said in a low, but decidedly menacing, tone. Suddenly another voice was heard, "Open the door, or we will throw in a bomb!" Understanding clearly that there was trouble ahead, I returned to the bedroom and hastily dressed. My wife appeared to be asleep. There was no light.

I now went back to the kitchen and found that the robbers were at a window on the other side. They were easily distinguished in the clear starlight, and also three rifle barrels, already pushed through the window and pointing in the direction from which I was supposed to be advancing. Taking a position hugging the wall, I approached the men and endeavoured to reason with them. "I have almost no money in the house, nothing like the sum you mention," I told them. "It certainly will not pay you to persist in breaking in." But they would have no words, and I offered to get a light.

Coming again to the bedroom I lighted a lamp and saw that my wife was now awake. "What is the matter?" she asked. Speaking quietly, I said, "There are robbers in the house,"—for, as she spoke, I heard the men springing through the window. "How do you know that they are robbers?" she

asked without excitement. I did not need to reply, for at that instant four ruffians burst into the room and covered me with their guns.

This cowardly action and the insolent attitude of the men at my wife's bedside angered me and I unconsciously addressed them in English—"Get out of here, you ——." Instantly I gave them the same idea in Spanish, assisted by readily understood gestures. The next moment the men were with me in the other room. The leader of the band now ordered me to open the door at which they had first demanded entrance. As I did so, one man was stationed there to guard against assistance which might come to us from our Mexican people. Another man was placed at the foot of the bed, to see that my wife did not attempt to give the alarm.

By this time I was inclined to agree with our callers that it would be prudent for me to find what little money we had and hand over. Leading the way to the sitting-room, I unlocked a drawer of my desk and drew out two bills, one a five and the other a twenty. Taking out my pocketbook, which contained less than five dollars in change, I offered bills and change to the chief, saying, "This is all the money I have." He did not believe me, but looking scornfully upon the insignificant amount, refused to touch it. Whereupon I at once returned the bills to the drawer and the change to my pocket. At their command I opened another drawer, which they inspected, but found no cash.

Thinking that I had a large sum of money in the

house, which I was endeavouring to keep from them, the leader became furious and shouted, "Find the five hundred dollars at once, or I will shoot you!" And he presented the muzzle of his rifle within a yard of my breast.

"It is useless to search farther," I replied, "there is no more money than I have shown you."

"If you have not five hundred, find me four hundred, and be quick!"

The ruffian now took a step backward, deliberately aimed at me, and pulled the trigger, once, twice, three times, but the gun did not speak, neither did I, for there was nothing more to say.

Knowing that I believed their threats only an attempt to frighten me into finding what they asked, the bandit chief now shouted, "But I will kill you if you do not get that money at once!"

"Then you will have to kill me," I answered, "for I have told you nothing but the truth. There is no more money."

So suddenly as to take me completely by surprise came a terrific blow upon my chest with the butt of the gun. I should have fallen, had I not caught for support at a door near by. The other man now sprang forward and grasped me by the wrists, holding me firmly.

"Shall I hit you again?" said the chief, raising his gun threateningly.

I well knew that he was capable of repeating the act, and once more I attempted to reason with him. "I have recently had money in the house," I said,

"but I have sent some to my children in the home land, and I have paid a number of bills. I am not deceiving you, sir."

"Open that upper drawer," he demanded, pointing to one which had not yet been examined.

This I did willingly, for I knew what it contained. Taking out the drawer I showed them its contents. "These are old sermons, see?" The sermons, old and dry as they were, had never in their existence seemed to be so effective as now, for the crisis was passed.

Addressing me now with something of respect, the bandit said:

"Sir, you will please to hand out those bills and that change."

This I cheerfully did.

Grasping the money and thrusting it into his pocket, he said, "I understand you have arms," and he put his hand to my hips.

"I have nothing that you care for," I answered, "but come and see."

We returned to the bedroom where was found a little .22-calibre rifle used for rabbit hunting. This I handed him. He examined it a moment and returned it to me.

"Where are your pistols?" he asked.

"I have none; I never carry them."

During all this time my poor wife had been listening and observing the proceedings as best she could from the bed. She was more troubled than I, for she feared that any moment might bring a rifle report or that they would at least carry me away

with them to hold for ransom, as had been the experience of many men in our vicinity.

As I appeared in her room accompanied by the men, she believed that they were now about to take me away, and burst into tears. Seeing this, the chief, raising his hand to her, said not unkindly, "Lady, do not cry." He then called his men together and all departed.

Within a half hour we were startled by a hand bomb explosion some distance away. We learned in the morning that our visitors were part of a large band who were making a demonstration in the town; but the Casa Grande was the only house assaulted that night.

Our own Mexicans across the *patio* were aware of the arrival of the night visitors, and without attempting to interfere, tremblingly awaited the outcome. While horrified by the thought of a possible atrocity being committed, they rightfully believed that their unarmed presence might complicate matters unfavourably for us all, and remained quiet. Good, faithful people are Emilio and doña Juana with their children, some of them born in our house. May God bless them! Also Gerónimo and Antonio and theirs!

Our friends and the authorities believed that we were no longer safe at the ranch and urged our taking a house in town. We had, however, previously decided to spend the winter in California, and quietly proceeded with our preparations for coming away. Funds would be necessary for the journey, and to secure these our produce was sold at a sacrifice. Act-

ing on previous advice of the United States consul, we took an inventory of our property and left the ranch in the care of faithful Mexicans who had long been in our employ.

During the recent months rail communication with El Paso had become utterly unreliable. Trains were infrequent, and none at all had been running of late. We had, therefore, little expectation of being able to get out of Mexico, except by driving our own team across the national line into New Mexico.

Travel had never been beset by more peril than then, and especially was the road dangerous as one neared the border, where frequent assaults on fleeing Americans had been reported. As we would be obliged to carry considerable money, and as El Valle was believed to harbour some secret bandit allies, our plans, as to date of departure and destination, were kept closely to ourselves.

In order to make our light wagon present the least possible attraction to highwaymen, I removed the good coach top, and put in its place a rather disreputable old wagon cover. The best driving horses, put in their best condition, were taken; but so mean were the harnesses thrown upon them that they appeared ashamed.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving that we said *adios* to the dear Casa Grande Mexicans, and at midnight we drove out, carrying one trunk, two valises, and three days' lunch for ourselves and ponies.

Five hundred Mexican *pesos* were secreted in various places about our persons and the wagon, and the

“robber’s purse”—which I always carried—was in readiness to hand over on demand.

Now, if this were fiction, I should doubtless insert here thrilling adventures of that journey out. But, considering conditions, the truth is even more strange than fiction. We made a perfectly safe journey to the station. We found that on the following day a train was to leave for El Paso. (None had come or gone for weeks.)

We had said one to the other on nearing the depot that should we learn a train was to leave soon for the border it would be the happiest Thanksgiving Day of our lives. The ponies were provided for, and on December first we were under the protection of “Old Glory” in El Paso.

VII

STILL MORE YEARS OF REVOLUTION

THAT was in 1912. Four more evil years of revolution and counter-revolution have now rolled over Mexico, and the end is not in sight. To consider briefly the conditions in El Valle through these years is worth while, for the experiences of this one valley may be considered a fair epitome of Mexico's sufferings.

Although our residence has not been reestablished at the Casa Grande, repeated visits to the Mexican home have kept me fully informed as to the movement of events there and throughout that part of the country.

The close of 1912 saw President Madero's government fairly well established in El Valle. The city was garrisoned by three hundred federal soldiers, and the greater part of the citizens were in entire sympathy with the new administration. Yet the whole region about was infested by bands of "*Colorados*" ("Red-flags") who, although officered by "generals," "colonels," and "captains," continually occupied themselves in works of destruction and robbery, rather than in fighting, which they avoided. It is but fair to say that the "*Colorados*" were not the only faction composed largely of a bad element. As to char-

acter and disposition there is little difference to be noted between the soldiery of the opposing parties.

The burning of railroad bridges, cars, and even of entire trains, the capturing of engines and of trains and letting them loose at full speed to work death and destruction at some point down the track, the rounding up of immense herds of cattle and selling them to cattle buyers, the looting of mines, the kidnaping of prominent citizens and holding them for ransom, the maltreating of women—all these things are counted among the attractions and rewards of the insurgent's life. Too many of the revolutionists are of the work-avoiding element from the towns and ranches, men who have no intelligent understanding of why they are in arms, but like the kind of life proposed by their officers—a good mount, two or three belts of cartridges, a rifle, a jolly crowd, exciting adventures, no work, plenty to eat—especially fresh beef—and a ranch to plunder, a store to sack, a saloon to drain.

In January, 1913, the "*Colorados*" gathered their forces and made a night attack upon the El Valle garrison. It was a complete surprise, and the garrison might have been annihilated had it not been that—unknown to the attacking troop—a strong reinforcement to the federals had just arrived. As it was, many men were killed while asleep and a terrific struggle followed, ending in the rout of the insurgents.

Local conditions in the valley were not improved by the incoming of the Huerta régime. The "*Colorados*" having opposed Madero, might naturally be

supposed to affiliate with Huerta, who had caused Madero's overthrow. Few of them, however, recognized Huerta. Some later united with Villa, and some with Carranza, but the greater part never allied themselves with any other party.

When I visited El Valle in the summer of 1913 I found the city in the hands of a small independent band of "*Colorados*," who had captured the town, repeating the same outrages so often experienced by our people. Fine beef creatures were shot down in their owners' pastures, their hides, with choice pieces of meat, taken, and the carcasses abandoned to the dogs and buzzards.

The little bunch of Casa Grande cattle was rapidly diminishing by this method. But at nightfall, two days after my arrival, our cowboys started the herd toward the railway station. (Trains for a brief period had been running.) The neighbours were apprehensive: pursuit and capture seemed probable, but every creature of the more than one hundred was delivered safely to the American buyer.

This particular body of men who now held El Valle in their grip had a somewhat remarkable program, which was set forth in printed notices posted about the town. The main features of which I made note were, "*Free land, free water, and free flour.*"

During the rule of Villa in the north (1915) there were intervals when El Valle enjoyed quiet. While Villa was loyal to Carranza and the memory of Madero, he was considered as Mexico's strongest champion of the greatly needed reforms. He was of mean

origin; he was without education; he was said to have been a bandit; his moral character was unworthy. But he was a man of extraordinary force, a military genius. He was popular, ardently admired by his followers, and even by his enemies, who regarded him with almost superstitious fear.

After Villa had quarrelled with Carranza and established his own authority as supreme in the northern states, he showed no little political ability in associating with himself extremely capable men, and in organizing—so far as conditions would permit—a beneficent government. He was doubtless honest in his purpose to correct abuses and promote the permanent welfare of the people. From his first appearance as a leader until the recognition of Carranza by the American government, Villa uniformly manifested a friendly spirit toward Americans. He was strongly desirous of retaining the good will of the Washington administration and, perhaps for this reason, he was especially energetic and effective in his hostility to the bandit element wherever encountered. The "*Colorados*" who refused to accept amnesty in laying down their arms or joining his own troops, were treated as outlaws and hunted down like beasts. Never had Porfirio Diaz in the days of his iron rule exhibited more relentless vigour or success in the suppression of brigandage than Francisco Villa in the brief era of his supremacy.

The funds for the support of his government and the prosecution of his contest with Carranza were secured in part through the confiscation of great

estates whose owners were politically hostile. The cattle of such owners were driven off by the tens of thousands and sold for gold. In this way the cost of war munitions and other necessary imports was met, but his soldiers were paid, and all other expenses covered by his fiat paper money, of which by June, 1915, the state of Chihuahua had issued some 300,000,000 *pesos*, counted at its face value. The first effect of this easy-flowing money was apparent prosperity. But its real value—never much—fluctuated with Villa's fortunes and went to zero in his fall. Sane business men, even those in political sympathy with Villa, distrusted the neat, new bills; but a stringent regulation was passed requiring their universal acceptance. It was understood in El Valle that certain men in Chihuahua had been summarily executed for refusing to take the money. This inspired wholesome fear, and until Villa's reverses became alarming no other money dared to show itself.

The economic situation in our valley region—as throughout the entire country—had been steadily growing from bad to worse. Mining and other enterprises conducted largely by Americans, and which had employed hundreds of thousands of labourers, were obliged to suspend operations, thus bringing enormous financial loss to the country. Many extensive *haciendas*, which ordinarily supplied great quantities of farm produce, flour, and manufactured goods for market, had been confiscated. General farming and business of every kind suffered. The cattle industry was destroyed. The railroads were one day

in clumsy repair and the next entirely out of commission. With public highways unsafe, internal commerce was paralyzed, and the importation of foreign goods became prohibitive because of the excessively high prices in Mexican currency. The many excellent stores doing business in El Valle at the outbreak of the revolution six years ago have not yet reopened, except a few of them on a pitifully small scale.

In our city it became more and more difficult to obtain the articles of prime necessity, such as dry goods, manufactured goods of all kinds, material for clothing, blankets, bedding, soap, and general groceries. These necessities through many weary months were either impossible to obtain, or the prices of the limited supply were beyond reach, hence there was much real suffering, particularly from insufficient clothing.

The seizure of horses, of provender and other produce without compensation to the owner has continued, and our once forehanded farmers are left with little else than their bare land. The Casa Grande has now shared to the full the misfortunes of its neighbours.

The rapid decline in value of the Villa currency caused untold confusion and loss in business affairs. As confidence lessened various expedients were employed to avoid accepting the money, or offering it—which act was finally taken as an offence. If doña Ramona wished a kilo of lard or a pound of sugar, she would take a measure of beans or a dozen of eggs to some neighbour and dicker an exchange. Don José, needing a horse, would search until he succeeded in

finding a man willing to take a cow and a load of corn for his grey nag. Soldiers of the El Valle garrison received their pay in the despised paper; but the time came when they were ashamed to tender it in payment of any purchase. At this period there were no butcher shops in the city. Beeves were slaughtered only for the military. But in such abundance were the soldiers provided that they acquired the custom of slyly taking to their families, or citizen friends, enormous cuts of meat. These would be retailed among the neighbours, who were eager to obtain them, and in return the soldiers were provided with needed articles which money (like theirs) could not buy. This custom was winked at by the officers, who well understood the situation.

At the northern outskirts of El Valle is a little sorghum factory where in the late summer hundreds of gallons of excellent syrup are produced. The difficulty of obtaining sugar caused this sorghum business to become important. In 1915 the output was unprecedented and in the syrup season buyers were numerous. They came from near and far. They came with bottles, with cans, and with vessels of every description. Many were despatched with their sweet and with the word, "Pay me later." Some brought articles for exchange; but much worthless money was taken in. Because of Villa's declining fortunes the hard-working sorghum man conducted his business that year at a ruinous loss.

Foreseeing a rise in prices on the appearance of this money, the Villa government issued a decree

fixing the maximum prices on staple commodities. Beans, commonly worth \$8.00 an hectolitro (about one hundred and sixty pounds), were not to go higher than this in the new currency. The prices of corn and wheat were likewise limited. Confiscation of one's entire harvest was the penalty for refusing to sell at the regulation prices, or demanding more. Instances of such confiscation occurred in the valley.

While the non-producing public was temporarily benefited by this measure, the effect upon farmers and dealers was disastrous. At the time of my visit to El Paso in 1915 one could buy thirty *pesos* of the Villa money for one dollar in gold. At this rate I found that corn might be bought (in gold) in the Santa María valley—or anywhere in Chihuahua—at five cents a bushel. Beans—of the finest quality—came higher; they were ten cents a bushel. The best of beef could be bought in any market at three-fourths of a cent a pound. In ordinary years the Casa Grande bean crop amounts to about \$200 (gold); but the four-ton yield of 1914, still lying in the bin, was worth less than \$14.00—not enough to meet the cost of three small ploughs sent from El Paso to the ranch that season. The wheat, the corn, and the alfalfa harvests are more important, but the entire product of the farm that year could have been purchased for \$50.00 in United States money.

Any effort, however, to export this, or to buy from the neighbours for shipments into the United States, would have subjected all to certain confiscation. A

considerable part of this produce remained stored at the Casa Grande until the arrival at El Valle of General Pershing's troops and was disposed of to them at a reasonable figure in Uncle Sam's good money.

As there was no attempt made by the government to regulate prices on everything, and particularly not on imported articles, it is easy to see how the cost of many things must have soared as the value of the state money went down. No imported goods were now to be seen in El Valle, but the most ordinary pair of domestic-made shoes was valued at \$50.00. Under normal conditions in Mexico a good pair of imported ladies' shoes might sell for eight Mexican dollars (\$4.00 gold). In Chihuahua City at the time of which I write, a lady setting out to buy foreign footwear needed to place in her bag not less than \$150, and before long \$500 was the cost of a modest pair of shoes. An American lady tells of buying in the Chihuahua market a dozen imported apples for which she paid out an assemblage of bills amounting to \$100. Yet rates on the Mexican railways remained the same in the depreciated paper as before. The tickets for my tour in Chihuahua in 1915 cost me the astonishing sum of \$1.61 for the seven hundred miles of travel, and a long day's ride over one of the most delightful scenic routes in America cost me exactly eighteen cents—or, including three excellent meals on the way, together with the charge at a really good hotel the following night, a total expense of three American dimes! One dollar of the Villa

money would still buy about as good a meal (especially in the rural districts) as a silver dollar had formerly secured. The prices of meat, bread, and the principal articles of Mexican diet were kept down by law, and the cost of eggs, milk, vegetables, and the like was not immediately affected. Therefore, country wages and the pay of railroad labourers were slow in changing.

Even in the cities, like Chihuahua, the rise of wages did not nearly keep pace with the depreciation of currency. This circumstance was favourable for all enterprise backed by United States money.

During this year our missionaries in Chihuahua were constructing a large and beautiful dormitory for the *Chihuahuense*—Girls' Normal School. At the time of my visit thirty labourers were employed, including the master workmen. They were paid higher than the average wage, and considered themselves fortunate. At the close of each workday the roll was called and the men, each in turn, stepped forward and received his daily earning—a generous handful of bills. As I watched this interesting scene one afternoon it seemed as if a prodigious sum of money was being paid out. I was informed that the entire amount was within \$4.50, gold!

Before Villa's retirement from the state that year his monetary system had utterly collapsed. The majority of our valley people inclined to sympathize with Villa through the period of his ascendancy, and even in his reverses—until his more recent atrocities caused loss of confidence and respect. Villa had re-

peatedly visited El Valle and become well known to the citizens. Among his recruits from this region was a Casa Grande dependent who for two years faithfully followed his chief.

The "Punitive Expedition," on its arrival at the Santa María, established a base just above El Valle and during its permanency military motor trucks were constantly passing the Casa Grande on their way to this encampment. Friendly relations existed between these Americans and the valley people. While there was general agreement that United States soldiers had no business on Mexican soil, the benefits of their presence reconciled the people to their stay. In their road- and bridge-building the Americans furnished employment for many day-labourers. They bought quantities of grain and other produce from the farmers, paying liberal prices in American gold.

In September, 1916, the enterprising women of El Valle planned an elaborate bazaar for the purpose of raising funds to improve their plaza. To this festival a special invitation was extended the soldiers of the encampment, who responded in large numbers. They made friends with the charming *señoritas* and with their mothers: they bought souvenirs for their own sisters and their sweethearts at home, and left in the hands of the women some four hundred gold dollars for the plaza fund. The presence of American troops resulted in great improvement of local conditions and the immediate region occupied by them was freed of bandits.

The Mexicans generally have become exceedingly,

tired of revolution. They recognize and are ashamed of the evil reputation which Mexico has been gaining for herself among the nations. Not only those of the higher classes, but the plain, level-headed common people admit that their country is vexed with self-seeking, unpatriotic leaders; also that there exists in their midst an element adventurous, foolhardy, and ignorant, too ready to follow such leaders. One of these clear-thinking men said to me one day, "*Un hombre vivo y mil hombres tontos, es una revolucion!*"—One bright man and a thousand fools, that is a revolution! This obscure man represents a not inconsiderable class who have little respect for some of the present leaders.

Since the outbreak of the struggle seven years ago no man has appeared who has won general esteem. He who is honoured in certain quarters is equally detested in others. But this does not mean that there is little interest in the great matters that divide public opinion.

The two parties in Mexico (although not known by these names) might be called the Conservatives and the Progressives. On the one side are arrayed the Roman Church, the great landowners, the big business interests, which aspire to governmental favouritism, and with these a multitude of men, generally well to do, who are not yet ready for radical changes. On the other hand are the awakening masses led by a rising and intelligent middle class who are calling for reforms in the governmental, economic, and social systems, reforms which will provide justice and

greater opportunities for the people so long held in ignorance and practical serfdom.

It is true that our neighbouring country has been suffering from deplorable internal disorder, but less than one per cent of the people have been, or are, actively participating in this. The Mexicans are too often misjudged by Americans. Our neighbours themselves have been the victims of the various uprisings. Through all the tiresome period the masses have been endeavouring to pursue their usual vocations of peace. They want peace; are praying and longing anxiously for it. They are praying that God may raise up from among themselves a man, strong and wise and unselfishly patriotic enough to compel the confidence of all, one who fears God and who under Him may bring order out of the confusion and lead the people on to a successful solution of their many problems.

PART THIRD

PAST, PRESENT, AND OUTLOOK

I

CAUSES OF BACKWARDNESS— GOVERNMENTAL

THERE are too many still alive down there! They are ignorant, conceited, shiftless. They are but half civilized; little more than half savage. They are ages behind the times and will never make good."

The individual who thus declaims represents a certain class of Americans who have mingled more or less with the lower type of Mexicans in their own country, or along the border. Their acquaintance is sufficient to discover characteristic faults and defects. These, through lack of any fellow-feeling of sympathy, appear in magnified form, or, by unfair treatment, these Americans succeed in exciting into exhibition the worst elements in the people they despise. With anything like kindness of attitude toward the Mexican his many admirable traits do not fail to appear.

No one may claim that the Mexicans have nearly reached the front rank of civilization. In matters of self-government, of education, social conditions, and moral attainments, their position is yet low in the scale of nations. But whose is the blame? How much

farther advanced would the Americans be to-day with only the opportunities which fell to the Mexicans?

I once passed a little time in the great National Library of Mexico City. I found there remarkably interesting histories, like "*Mexico Atravez de los Siglos*"—Mexico Across the Ages. No one can read Mexican history and not be impressed with the disadvantages encountered by Mexico from the first days of Spanish occupation until now.

We are accustomed to regard the Mexican as inferior in origin. We would not have chosen the Mexican Indians and the Spanish adventurers of the Inquisition age as our progenitors. While recognizing the handicap in respect to ancestry one may not deny that, given time, Mexico may overtake the leaders of world civilization; yet this disadvantage must be considered in judging of her people to-day.

In the matter of government no people were ever more afflicted. The period of the Conquest was marked by unspeakable cruelties. It is a Spanish writer * who says that in one year of merciless massacre more victims were sacrificed to avarice and ambition than had ever been offered by the Indians to their gods. And it is a Spanish versifier † of early colonial days who writes,

*"For Spanish inhumanity and guilt,
Transgressing all the laws of war, gave birth
To such atrocities as ne'er before
Deluged a conquered land with gore."*

* Clavijero.

† *British Quarterly*, August, 1829. Quoted in "Temple's Travels."

The political machinery set up by Spain in Mexico after the Conquest was not intended to run with the interests of the newly conquered subjects in view, but entirely for the benefit of the Crown and people of Spain. A Mexican writer * says, "They denied the Aztecs even the gift of reason. Laws were concocted and put into play whereby Mexico should not produce wines, nor silks, nor pottery, nor tobacco; but should simply supply to the conquerors the precious metals." Spain ruled her colonies for what she could get out of them. True, some of the viceroys were good men and the period of Spanish rule in Mexico was not one of unmixed cruelty; yet injustice prevailed to such a degree that had not the Mexicans been of docile spirit, and had not their subjugation been severely complete, they would not have endured those centuries of cruel Spanish oppression. The uprisings which took place from time to time were crushed with an iron hand.

In Spain herself the administration of government was abominably corrupt. The "graft" system was no novelty there, and flourished luxuriously when transplanted to Mexican soil. Public officers, from the viceroys down, were accustomed to act on the assumption that governmental positions were primarily designed for the pecuniary benefit of the holder. Hence, the one thing steadfastly borne in mind by these men was not the welfare of the people, but their own growing cash pile, or widening area of real estate. So the enormous resources of the country,

* Ignacio Ramirez. Quoted from "Mexico in Transition."

its prodigious mineral richness, the extreme fertility of the soil, joined with the labour of a long-suffering people through a period of three hundred years, meant little in the way of progress for Mexico.

Aside from the stream of riches constantly flowing from this land to Spain, a small privileged class became established in the country itself, in whose hands was held all power, political and religious, and in whose hands also was retained whatever of wealth did not go abroad. The material well-being of the masses was a matter of little public concern, as even to the present day their condition bears witness.

In the matter of education the policy of the Roman Church prevailed, i.e., that the all-important attitude of submission to temporal taskmasters and spiritual directors is best maintained through ignorance. One viceroy said that only the catechism should be taught in Mexico! The ninety per cent of the Mexicans who were illiterate at the end of Spanish rule is proof that the policy in question was thoroughly carried out.

As is well known, Mexico did not finally gain independence because she had become strong, but because of the harassed condition of the mother country at that time. The example given by our own American colonies in throwing off British rule was the inspiration which led Mexico, with all Spanish-American colonies, to free itself from the European yoke. The spirit of freedom in those southern lands was, perhaps, just as fine as that shown at the North, and the story of the struggle for Mexican independence is a story

of heroism, of stubborn determination, and unwearying persistence.

But, having succeeded in freeing herself from Spanish domination, Mexico was now to encounter most serious difficulties in setting up a government of her own. In casting off foreign control, she did not rid herself of the dangerous privileged class at home. This class consisted principally of the Spanish element of the population, the heirs and the proprietors of the great estates, the greedy office-holders, the Spanish clergy and numerous representatives of the religious orders, men ambitious for personal power, for political and religious leadership, and for great wealth. These men, thoroughly selfish and unpatriotic, while unfortunately a part of the Mexican people, were inimical to the public welfare. They composed that infamous Tory party which, in the popular movement for independence, joined forces with the Spanish government to suppress the rising spirit of liberty. It was because of this powerful opposition at home that the success of the revolutionary cause was so long delayed. The war was of eleven years' duration, and yet, in the hour of victory, this class was eager to grasp the reins of the new government and erect a home despotism in place of the foreign one.

The patriot leaders representing the people had viewed with ardent admiration the liberties gained by the United States, and the free republic there established was taken as the ideal to be realized in Mexico. The name of Washington was nowhere more venerated than in our neighbouring country.

There are distinguished names in Mexican history, such as Hidalgo, Morelos, Guerrero, and Juarez, which are well worthy of a place beside those of Washington and Lincoln. The fact that such rare patriots, and only such as these, are popularly held as heroes in Mexico, speaks as no words may do of the real aspirations of this people.

So one may better judge of the disappointment suffered by the popular cause in the result of independence. The longed-for blessings of freedom did not follow. All abuses arising from the pernicious class and church systems remained, while new and more threatening evils appeared. The old government, at least, had the merit of comparative stability. But for some two generations nothing like a safe or stable government was seen. Empire; revolution. Republic; revolution. Dictatorship; revolution. One faction to-day in control, to-morrow another. A successful chief takes his oath of office in January. In June he goes before the firing squad, and the leader of the new revolution is sworn in president. The first sixty years after the establishment of the republic saw fifty-two changes of national administration.

Is one surprised that right here I declare the Mexicans a peace-loving people? In all seriousness I affirm this. The Indian element, which so predominates, is markedly characterized by patience and docility. Never did a peaceable and liberty-loving race contend with greater difficulties in its endeavour to attain the privileges of a just and free government. All power, material, spiritual, and political, was in

the hands of an unsympathetic minority. Submit, and have peace? Submission, while by no means insuring a stable government, would mean the continuance of despotism. It would mean continued deprivation of rights. It would mean doors to progress still closed to them and to their children. We honour the Mexicans because they did *not* submit.

The net result of persistent turmoil in that country has been progress, slow and costly, yet real, towards ideal government. The leaders of the masses were of their own ranks, men of humble birth. Many fell as martyrs to their cause.

Miguel Hidalgo, the "Washington of Mexico," was a village priest greatly beloved of his flock, for whose temporal, as well as spiritual, welfare he laboured. For his heroic activity in behalf of national freedom he was degraded from the priesthood and excommunicated by the Church. Early in the war of independence he was captured, shot, and beheaded. This occurred in the city of Chihuahua, July, 1811. His head was then taken to Guanajuato, where he had gained an important victory, and suspended at the corner of a public building, where it remained for ten years as a warning to revolutionists. Imagine, if possible, Washington suffering such a fate.

José María Morelos was a mule driver until thirty years of age. Opportunity presenting for study he became a priest. A student and admirer of Hidalgo, he offered his services to this leader and became famous for his hundred victories. It was he who summoned the first Mexican Congress. This able and

honest man, devout and patriotic, was also covered with ignominy by the Church: was finally taken and shot—December, 1815. A grateful people revere his memory. A capital city and a state bear his name.

Vicente Guerrero, of a poor Indian family, fired with rare patriotism, attained distinguished rank as general in the war. He persisted heroically at the head of his ill-equipped forces when success seemed well-nigh hopeless, and survived to see the triumph of his cause. He became the third president of the republic. Under his brief rule slavery was abolished. But after three months in office the opposing party obliged him to retire. He was later condemned to death and shot—February, 1831. An important state perpetuates his name.

Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Mixtec Indian, did more to advance Mexico toward the goal of free government than any other man in her history. He was a shepherd boy: spoke only the Indian tongue until the age of twelve, when he learned the Spanish. Ambitious, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and finally became the governor of his own state, Oaxaca. He next became vice-president, then president of Mexico. Juarez was a man of keen intellect and indomitable will. He was honest and God-fearing and had been urged to enter the priesthood, but did not because of his liberal views. He made the cause of the people his own cause and to it devoted his life. Washington was his ideal hero, and he himself is justly called the "Lincoln of Mexico." After Juarez had led his country to a successful issue

in the serious crisis of French intervention, a *Frenchman*, Victor Hugo, wrote him the following: "America has two heroes, Lincoln and thee—Lincoln, by whom slavery died; and thee, by whom liberty has lived. Mexico has been saved by a principle, by a man. THOU ART THAT MAN."* But Juarez is not known chiefly for having conducted Mexico through that perilous period of intervention. The Reform Laws and the Reform Constitution proposed by him and carried through after a long and desperate conflict with the Clerical party have made his name immortal.

I began this chapter with the purpose of calling attention to some reasons why the Mexicans as a people are still backward in their attainments, and of showing that instead of blame, they merit most generous sympathy and admiration for the progress made by them in the face of such difficulties. One should bear in mind that the masses in Mexico have suffered the dire disadvantage of ignorance, the responsibility for which was not their own.

To her bad leaders may be charged a very large part of the disturbances which Mexico has experienced in these last seventy years—and particularly at the present time. Never in the history of nations has an ignorant and credulous people suffered more from able, but unprincipled upstarts, professedly taking arms at the call of their country, but in reality conceitedly seeking their own ends. Santa Anna, for example, succeeded in mixing himself thoroughly in

* Quoted from "Brown's Latin America," p. 167.

Mexican history and causing some of the darkest pages. He was president six times, military dictator four times, and overturned as many as fifteen governments. He died an old man, neglected and unloved by all parties, and his name is honoured by none.

Nothing is clearer than that Mexico has been steadfastly aspiring to better things, and, considering the fearful odds, her progress has been marvellous.

II

CAUSES OF BACKWARDNESS— ECCLESIASTICAL

THE political difficulties of Mexico have ever been intimately connected with the Church of Rome and its church system introduced from Spain. No one can understand Mexican history or the Mexican people without knowing the nature and workings of this system. The avowed object of Spanish conquests in America was to extend the sway of the Church, and there is no question that among the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries were some devoted and self-sacrificing men. Strange methods were often employed in making converts, but it may be admitted that in some respects the religious condition of the Indians was improved. Yet with the passing years the abuses which the church system imposed upon public affairs in Mexico became intolerable. Ignacio Ramirez, a noted Mexican writer whom I have already quoted, says, "The clergy, with rare discretion, never lost an opportunity for extending and strengthening their own influence. For three hundred years the clergy governed Mexico by means of the bishops and archbishops seated on the thrones of the viceroys. They even held the lay viceroys them-

selves in their power under the threat of excommunication. The clergy legislated in their very missions. They monopolized public education: they became capitalists, and in their acts of usury far surpassed the Shylocks of the Middle Ages. The Jesuits were their secret police, and the Inquisition was a living tomb. They mingled their European blood with that of the Indian and then conferred on their bastard offspring the Church's best curacies. They raised cathedrals of mocking splendour and built great convents and churchly retreats, while the viceroys built jails, mints, and tax offices. They merged God and the Pope into two invisible sovereignties. Madrid was for us but an office of Rome." *

The Roman Church became possessed of enormous resources. Not until Mexico had gained independence and was struggling to establish her own government did she begin to realize the great riches and almost unlimited political power of the Church. It was found that the clergy and the various religious orders held more than one-third of the entire real estate in the republic. It is said that they at one time controlled two-thirds of the wealth of Mexico. And yet they were contributing nothing financially toward the support of the government. It was only little by little that this condition of things was brought to public attention.

From its beginning in Mexico the Church had adopted the policy of concealing its financial prosperity. No account of its property was ever

* "Sketches of Mexico," Butler, p. 236.

rendered to the government. In the year 1850 Lerdo, the Minister of Public Works, secured at least approximate figures, showing that the Church then owned between two and three hundred million dollars' worth of property—a prodigious amount for the country in those times. The archbishop of Mexico then owned nearly one-half of the Capital City. His yearly salary was \$130,000, and bishops were receiving the pittance of \$110,000 annually. It has been said of the archbishop that he was “the greatest loan and trust company in Mexico.” He was spoken of as “the Church Lord who carries in his hand the treasures of heaven, and in his money bags the material that moves the world.” Is it any wonder that when the patriots secured their precarious hold of the government they were overawed and alarmed, in view of the tremendous political and financial power of the Church, whose entire influence had been thrown against the people in their uprising for national independence?

But how was the Church employing its vast wealth? Ramirez says, as already quoted, that “they raised cathedrals of mocking splendour.” The magnificence and costliness of cathedral furnishings in Mexico is a matter of amazement to all beholders. Millions upon millions of dollars, gold, silver, and precious stones were expended on the dresses and adornments of the images of the Virgin and of the saints, and on priestly robes—all intended to attract, to dazzle, and inspire the worshipper with awe.

Madame Calderón de la Barca, wife of the first

Spanish ambassador to Mexico, writes thus of the cathedral at the capital: *

“Its magnificence struck us with amazement. Its gold and silver jewels, its innumerable ornaments and holy vessels, the rich dresses of the priests, all seemed burning with almost intolerable brightness. We were shown the jewels, which are kept buried in case of a revolution. The gold stand in which they carry the Host is entirely incrustated with large diamonds, pearls, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, and rubies. There are four sets of jewels for the bishop. One of his crosses is of emeralds and diamonds, another of topazes and diamonds, with great rings of the same belonging to each.”

Describing the image of the Virgin Mary, nearly life size, in the cathedral at Puebla, Madame Calderón says: “Dressed in the richest of embroidered satin, she displays a string of the largest pearls, hanging from her neck to below her knees. Around her brow is clasped a crown of gold, inlaid with emeralds of marvellous size. Her waist is bound with a zone of diamonds.”

Speaking of the image of “Our Lady of Remedios,” “a wooden doll about a foot high, holding in its arms an infant Jesus, both faces evidently carved with a rude penknife, two holes for the eyes, and another for the mouth,” the same writer says: “She enjoys the exclusive right, amid her other treasures, to three pet-

* “Life in Mexico.”

ticoats, one of them embroidered with pearls, another with emeralds, and the third with diamonds, the value of which is credibly stated at not less than three million dollars!" This gives some idea of the wealth contained in the churches. In the City of Mexico there were between sixty and seventy church edifices, some of which were but little less wealthy than the cathedral. In addition, there were untold riches in the convents, of which there were more than fifty in the capital alone.

The erection and maintenance of these was an enormous burden upon the people. As long ago as 1644 the City of Mexico sent a petition to the king of Spain asking that no new monastery be founded, "otherwise the religious houses would soon acquire the property of the whole country."

It is interesting to note the methods employed by the religious orders in their extravagant scheme of building. In 1556 we find one ecclesiastic accusing the monks in the following fashion: "They think nothing of undertaking a new work which may cost from ten to twelve thousand ducats. To say and to do are the same thing. In the work they employ Indians in relays of five hundred or a thousand men, and without wages or even a mouthful of bread to eat, the men being rounded up for the work from a distance of four, six, or twelve leagues. Others prepare the lime and other materials for what they actually cost."

The viceregal government gave the religious leaders much authority over the Indians. They could exact labour from them and inflict corporal punishment

at will. In the extensive building enterprises methods similar to that described above were commonly employed.

Among the reforms provided for in the new constitution introduced by Juarez was the nationalization of property held by the clergy to the value of two hundred million dollars, the complete separation of church and state, freedom of religion, freedom of the press. Other provisions were these: "The state does not recognize monastic orders nor permit their establishment. The association of Sisters of Charity is suppressed in the republic, and the Jesuits are expelled and may not return. Matrimony is a civil contract: the religious service may be added. Cemeteries are open to all classes and creeds. Education in the public schools is to be free and compulsory." *

The popular movement in favour of these reforms was fought obstinately and through a long series of years by the Clerical party, backed by all the power, spiritual and material, of the Church of Rome.

Here are some of the laws which were called by the Pope "odious and abominable":

Laws establishing liberty for all opinions, liberty of the press, and liberty of faith and worship.

Laws granting to the members of all denominations the right to establish schools and colleges.

Laws permitting civil marriage.

Laws establishing public schools for secular education that shall be free from the control of the Roman priesthood.

* Butler's "Mexico in Transition," p. 137.

The Pope, in denouncing these laws, said: "Let it be understood that the Roman Catholic Church declares such laws as these, wherever they may be enacted, to be null and void."

It is clear that the Mexican Church held the people in ignorance and treated them most unjustly. She was greedy for wealth and has used much of that wealth for unholy and frivolous ends. More serious by far has been her attitude of persistent opposition to the people in their struggles for liberty.

What of the religion that was established in Mexico? If we are to judge from the writings of the early historians, the activity of the first Spanish missionaries was nothing short of marvellous. It is affirmed that within twenty years after the political conquest of Mexico the religious conquest was practically complete. We read of five thousand "converts" being baptized in a day. Two of the early missionaries declared that their ordinary day's work was from ten to twenty thousand souls. One is reminded of the rapidity with which the Mohammedan faith was spread in ages past. It is not difficult to imagine how these Aztecs were baptized in this hasty and wholesale fashion. Their own temples were destroyed by the Spanish soldiery, their idols were everywhere broken down, and they were overawed and intimidated by their conquerors. Priests and soldiers went hand in hand. With no adequate time for instruction in the nature of the new religion, the crucifix and an image of the Virgin were held up before the simple people, and they were given to understand that their future

well-being in this world and in the next depended on their immediate reverence of these symbols of the white man's faith and the acceptance of the water, whose application alone would save from the eternal fires of hell and admit to the joys of heaven. They were given new images for the broken ones and new religious ceremonies in place of the old. It was not required that their beliefs should be greatly changed, nor were they given to understand the necessity of change of heart and character. Many of their old superstitions were retained. Humboldt, writing of Mexico, says: "The introduction of the Romish religion had no other effect upon the Mexicans than to substitute new ceremonies and symbols for the rites of a sanguinary worship. Dogma has not succeeded dogma, but only ceremony to ceremony." Protestant missionaries in Mexico, and other Protestants who are well informed as to religious conditions in that country, all agree in the conviction that Roman Catholicism has produced no better results there than has Hindooism or Confucianism among the peoples ruled by those faiths. But I wish to introduce here other than Protestant testimony on this subject.

The Catholic prelate, Emanuel Domenech, who was chaplain to Maximilian, and who had made a special study of religious conditions in Mexico, said: "Mexican faith is a dead faith." "It is in vain to seek good fruit from the worthless tree, which makes religion a singular assemblage of heartless devotion, shameful ignorance, insane superstition, and hideous vice." "The worship of saints and Madonnas so absorbs the

devotion of the people that little time is left to think about God. Religious services are performed with the most lamentable indifference and want of decorum. The Indians go to mass with their poultry and vegetables which they are carrying to market. I have had to abandon the cathedral of Mexico, where I used to go every morning, because I could not collect my thoughts there. The gobble of the turkeys, the crowing of the cocks, the barking of the dogs, the mewing of cats, the chirping of birds, and the flea bites rendered meditation impossible to me, unaccustomed to live in such a menagerie." "I say that Mexico is not a Catholic country, first, because a majority of the native population are semi-idolatrous; second, because the majority of the Mexicans carry ignorance of religion to such a point that they have no other worship than that of form." "If the Pope should excommunicate all the priests having concubines, the Mexican clergy would be reduced to a very small affair." "The clergy carry their love of family to that of paternity. In my travels in Mexico many pastors have refused me hospitality in order to prevent my seeing their 'nieces' and 'cousins,' and their children. It is difficult to determine the character of these connections. The people consider it natural enough and do not rail at the conduct of their pastors, except when they are not contented with one wife. Can a clergy of such character make saints? I doubt." "One of the greatest evils in Mexico is the exorbitant fee for the marriage ceremony. The priests compel the poor to live without marriage by demanding for the nuptial bene-

diction a sum that a Mexican mechanic with his slender wages can scarcely accumulate in fifty years of the strictest economy. This is no exaggeration." *

I may add that to this day the same abuse prevails. While now only the civil ceremony has legal effect, and the poorest may thus be married with little or no expense, the priests teach that civil marriage is unholy; that without the church ceremony God's blessing is withheld. But the charges for this ceremony are beyond the reach of thousands, who therefore join lives with no form of wedlock. The kind of spirituality taught by the priests in Mexico is illustrated by another quotation from the letters of Madame Calderón de la Barca. She says, "All Mexicans at present, men and women, are engaged in what are called the *desagravios*, a public penance performed at this season in the churches. The women attend church in the morning, no men being permitted, and the men in the evening, when the women are not permitted. Both rules are occasionally broken. The other night I was present at the discipline performed by the men, admission having been procured for us by certain means, *private but powerful*. Accordingly, when it was dark, enveloped from head to foot in large cloaks, without the slightest idea of what it was, we went to the Church of San Augustine. The scene was curious. About one hundred and fifty men, their faces entirely concealed, were assembled in the body of the church. A monk had just mounted the pulpit, and the church was dimly lighted, except where he stood. His

* "Mexico and the United States."

discourse was a rude, but very forcible, description of the torments prepared in hell for impenitent sinners. The effect was very solemn. It appeared like a preparation for the execution of a multitude of condemned criminals. When the discourse was finished, they all joined in prayer, beating their breasts and falling upon their faces. Then the monk stood up, and in a very distinct voice read several passages descriptive of the sufferings of Christ. The organ then struck up the *Miserere*, and all of a sudden the church was plunged into profound darkness—all but a sculptured representation of the crucifixion, which seemed to hang in the air illuminated. I felt rather frightened and would have been glad to leave the church, but it would have been difficult in the darkness.

“Suddenly a terrible voice in the darkness cried, ‘My brothers, when Christ was fastened to the pillar by the Jews He was *scourged*.’

“At these words the bright figure disappeared and the darkness became total. Suddenly we heard the sounds of hundreds of scourges descending upon the bare flesh. I cannot conceive of anything more horrible. Before ten minutes had passed the sound became *splashing*, from the blood that was flowing. Incredible as it may seem, this awful penance continued without interruption for half an hour. It was perfectly sickening, and had I not been able to take hold of the Señora ——’s hand and feel something human beside me I should have fancied myself transported into a congregation of evil spirits. Now and then a suppressed groan was heard, and occasionally

the voice of the monk encouraging them by ejaculations or by short passages of Scripture. Sometimes the organ struck up, and the poor wretches, in faint voice, tried to join in the *Miserere*. At the end of one-half hour a little bell was rung, and the voice of the monk was heard calling upon them to desist, but such was their enthusiasm that the horrible lashing continued, louder and fiercer than ever. In vain he entreated them not to kill themselves, and assured them that Heaven would be satisfied. No answer but the loud sound of the scourges. At length, as if they were perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and little by little ceased altogether. We then got up and groped our way in the pitch darkness, through the galleries and down the stairs till we reached the door and had the pleasure of feeling the fresh air again. They say that the church is frequently covered with blood after one of those penances and that a man died the other day in consequence of his wounds." *

While at the present time we hear little of this terrible form of penance, I myself have witnessed other forms scarcely less shocking, showing that the unchristian idea still persists.

The unprogressive attitude of the Church, the immoral character of so many of its leaders, the lack of instruction in the services, and the retention of nonsensical, heathenish customs has caused the Church much loss of influence in these later years. A very large number of the more intelligent classes, particularly of the men, while still nominally Catholics, have

* "Life in Mexico," by Madame Calderón.

little respect for the Church. Free-thinking and indifference to all religion is widely prevalent. The popular sentiment was strikingly expressed by a Mexican school-teacher who once said to me: "I want to hear of nothing which has the *smell* of religion."

For a period of nearly four hundred years the Roman Church has had unlimited control over the people of Mexico. The actual condition of the masses at the present time speaks more convincingly than any words can as to what the Church has done, or, rather, has not done for this people.

As an agency of evangelization, as a power in the hands of God for establishing His Kingdom, as an influence enlightening, uplifting, urging on to the best things in this world and pointing with loving hand to the next, the Roman Church has been a failure in Mexico.

III

PROTESTANTISM IN MEXICO

THE constitution adopted by the Mexican Republic at its formation in 1823 provided that the Roman Catholic faith should be the religion of the state, to the exclusion of all others. It was not until 1867 that the new constitution and the accompanying Reform Laws went into effect, giving Mexico religious liberty.

Notwithstanding the long struggle between the people and the Church party, it must not be supposed that there was now a general desire for the suppression of the Roman Church and the establishment of some other. It is true that the people had come to understand that their religious leaders were opposed to liberty and that there were serious abuses in their Church system. The aim of the Reform government was to remove these abuses, at least in so far as they interfered with the progress of the state, stripping from the Church its political power, but leaving it entire freedom in its proper sphere of operations, and extending equal freedom to all other faiths.

Yet even as long ago as the middle of the last century there were Mexicans who realized not only the need of separation of church and state, but the necessity of a new religious element in their civilization.

President Juarez himself was one of these. He is quoted on good authority * as saying that "upon the development of Protestantism largely depends the future happiness of our country."

Even before the appearance of Protestant missions we hear of clubs being formed in many places, one prominent object in them being the study of religious truth.

The Mexican War—1846-1848—naturally called the attention of the United States to Mexico, and the American Bible Society began to circulate the Scriptures along the border and across the Mexican line.

As early as 1854 Miss Melinda Rankin became interested in Christian work among the Mexicans at Brownsville, Texas. She later crossed into Mexico, and in 1866 established a school at the important city of Monterey, giving also much attention to the distribution of Bibles, which were eagerly received by the people.

In 1869 Mr. H. C. Riley, a missionary from South America, being influenced by Miss Rankin, opened work in Mexico City. His mission was prospered, drawing to it several priests who had renounced Roman dogmas, and many others who welcomed the Protestant movement. The Juarez government showed its approval of the mission by aiding it in the matter of housing. This work, at first independent, was adopted by the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has been prosecuted with marked success.

Several other foreign mission boards of the United

* "Mexico To-day."

States were only awaiting opportunity to enter this field, hitherto closed, and in 1870 the Friends opened work. In 1872 three great societies established missions in Mexico—the American Board (Congregational), the Presbyterian Board (North), and the Methodist Episcopal Board (South). These were soon followed by other societies, and at the present time not less than sixteen American missionary organizations are coöperating in the movement to give Mexico the blessings of a pure Gospel.

By the year 1913 there were 331 American missionaries—men and women—in the republic. Nearly 700 mission stations and out-stations had been established. There were upwards of 26,000 living church members, in addition to an equal number of adherents not yet communicants. A force of 634 native workers was employed. There were 143 mission day-schools, with 14,826 pupils, and 36 schools of higher education, having 5,526 students.

Since 1878 the American Bible Society has put into circulation 810,560 copies of the Bible. In addition, several hundred thousand Scripture portions from the Los Angeles Bible House have been distributed in Mexico.

For more than thirty years a prodigious stream of splendid literature has been flowing into the country from the rooms of the American Tract Society. But still more influential are the presses operated by the various missions in Mexico. The evangelical periodicals put out from the large centres are remarkably wide-awake, clear, and fearless in their exposition of

Roman error, and equally effective in their setting forth of a constructive Christianity. These papers are attractive: some of them are finely illustrated and all have a variety of departments full of wholesome interest. They circulate not only in Protestant homes, but in thousands of others nominally Roman Catholic.

The results of evangelical mission work in Mexico, if judged by mere statistics, are not as striking as those obtained for an equal period on some other foreign fields. A constant pressure of opposition from the leaders of the old religion was to be expected. But a greater obstacle to progress has been the religious apathy everywhere encountered. This widespread indifference has resulted largely from disgust at the many senseless forms connected with popular Mexican worship, and repugnance to dogmas not reconcilable with reason. But of still more effect have been the well-known immoral lives of many priests, and their disposition to make commerce of religious blessings. Lacking true spiritual power, the Mexican Roman Church has been steadily losing its hold upon the people as they have advanced in intelligence. Very many, having lost faith in their own church, dismiss the entire subject of religion as unreal, and care not to investigate other forms—of which they have heard evil reports.

But Protestant missions in Mexico have accomplished vastly more than the statistics tell. While multitudes have not yet seriously investigated Protestantism, this heretofore unknown type of Christianity has now had a period of trial in Mexico, and there has

resulted a notable change of opinion regarding it. Thirty years ago it was commonly believed that *el protestantismo* was a damnable heresy, more to be avoided than cholera, death, or the devil; that its object in the world was to destroy the "True Church" and lead souls to everlasting perdition. It was everywhere believed that Protestants held in mockery the sacred truths concerning God, His Son, the Virgin Mary, and the saints; that their Bible was a book of deadly error, and that they themselves were, of all human beings, the most dangerous, and therefore their appearance in a community was an unspeakable calamity.

But it was this very appearance of Protestants, the teaching of their doctrines, and the living of their lives among the people that is transforming popular judgment concerning them. I do not refer merely to foreign missionaries, but particularly to the fruit of their teachings in the lives of Mexicans who have accepted them. Notwithstanding intense prejudices, it has come to be recognized very generally throughout Mexico that *los protestantes* are more trustworthy than other people. They are freer from vices. They tell the truth. They are more dependable as labourers. They are better neighbours. And as to their religion, it *satisfies* them. They are contented even in the midst of ill treatment or hardships because of it. They seem happier than with the old religion and persist in urging their friends to join them. But, what is most astonishing of all, is that without confession and priestly absolution they die happily. They have no fear of

death, or of purgatory, or of hell. There is a power and a comfort in their faith that others do not know. It is becoming well understood that Protestantism has been very seriously misrepresented by Catholic leaders; that it is *not* a protest against the doctrine of the Trinity; it is *not* abusive of the Virgin Mary. "The things we have heard about them are not so." "These people are reverent; they are more truly religious than we." "Their Bible contains the same stories of Jesus and Mary as ours." "They repeat the same Apostles' Creed." "Their hymnal is full of beautiful praises and prayers." "They do not try to destroy our faith in God and the Church, but only protest against what they call errors and abuses in our religion."

It is clear that this change of opinion, still going on, is preparing the way for a coming great forward movement of evangelical Christianity in Mexico. But our missions have also shown to the Mexican people the attitude of true Christianity toward education. Our schools have been everywhere welcomed. They are popular, enrolling not only pupils from Protestant families, but also thousands of children and young people from Catholic homes; and this notwithstanding the decided evangelical character of the schools. To the Mexicans it was entirely new—religious leaders concerning themselves in something more than the mere propagandism of church doctrine and schemes for money ingathering. "These Protestants are interested not only in religious teaching, but in secular education. They work for the general enlightenment

of the people." This was a striking contrast to the unprogressive policy of their own church. So greatly appreciated is the superior work done in these mission schools that graduates, regardless of their known Protestantism, are urged to accept positions as teachers in the public schools, and hundreds of such teachers are now employed. It is needless to say that these teachers have directly and indirectly a wholesome influence over the rising generation.

Protestants in Mexico, through their periodicals, their pulpits, and their no uncertain attitude on public questions, have shown themselves strongly on the side of progress. No Mexicans are more ardent supporters of the great Reform Laws than the members of our evangelical congregations. None are more intensely patriotic, none more desirous that their land shall become a real republic—something more than in name. In this respect they contrast favourably with the Church party element. Especially during these years of revolution is the progressive tendency of Protestantism being brought to public notice. In the present movement to establish a real constitutional government and initiate greatly needed reforms, the interested political chiefs understand well who are friendly and who are opposed.

Incidentally, the missionaries in Mexico have contributed materially in awakening and maintaining a feeling of friendliness toward Americans. Notwithstanding all that is heard to the contrary, our people and our institutions have hosts of admirers in that country.

In the summer of 1913 I revisited the district of Guerrero, Chihuahua, where I had previously been located. The little mountain city, peaceful and prosperous when I had last seen it, now showed in every quarter the cruel marks of revolution; few cities in all Mexico have suffered more. There was an air of abandonment and sadness about it which made my heart sick. The streets and plazas, usually filled with people, were lifeless. Rarely was a man to be seen. Where were they? Those still living were serving with armed troops or were hiding in the near-by mountains—for the larger part of the families remaining in town were of the opposite political faction to that then in control. Our Protestant families had suffered grievously. Of several, the father and the older sons were missing and would never return. There was no attempt to have a preaching service, only a meeting for prayer. Ordinarily the chapel would have been filled: now there was only a small assemblage of women and children. The leader spoke of the Gospel as the only remedy for the evils afflicting Mexico. The thought was received with hearty assent. A very intelligent woman, formerly a teacher, arose and in a few clear sentences called attention to the character of the religion which the Spanish conquerors had given Mexico, and affirmed that the present unhappy condition of their country was due to the fact that their fathers had never known the Gospel. Then, with animation she exclaimed: "Do you know why the United States is the greatest nation in the world?" Evidently she expected to answer her own question, but as she

was about to continue a remarkably bright and pretty girl of sixteen sprang to her feet, and in her beautiful Spanish told briefly the story of the Pilgrim Fathers and explained to her interested audience that the wonderful greatness of the American people resulted from the religion of the Bible which that country had enjoyed from its beginning. The girl was a student in the *Chihuahuense*, the mission normal school of Chihuahua City, whence she had recently come to pass the vacation with her family in Guerrero. She believed, as a great and growing number of her fellow-Mexicans do, that their country's one supreme need is a Bible Christianity.

They are exceedingly grateful to those who have brought them the Gospel and are patiently helping them to lay the foundations of their new Christian civilization. On no other line will a permanent settlement of Mexico's difficulties be worked out, and Mexicans themselves must now bear more and more the responsibility of their own transformation.

A most hopeful feature of the present situation is the little army of graduates from Protestant schools, who are everywhere filling positions of influence—teachers, preachers, editors, government officers, leaders in business and in professional life. These men and women are talented. They are respected by those not of their own faith. Many young men serving effectively as pastors of Mexican evangelical churches are in these present days being urged to accept important public offices at two or three times the salary they are now receiving. Such offers as these are al-

most invariably refused. The schools which are every year turning out hundreds of such Christian patriots were never so crowded with applicants for admission as during these dark days of revolution. Likewise, whenever possible, Protestant places of worship, instead of suffering diminished attendance because of the seriously disturbed conditions, were never so well filled as now. The increase in interest is extraordinary. Explain it as we may, there can be no doubt that the Protestant movement in Mexico is at the beginning of a new and notable development.

IV

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE AS I KNOW THEM

AFTER a varied life of more than thirty years among the people, I ought to know them. For reasons immaterial to this narrative it has been my part to labour in different sections of the country—in Chihuahua, in Sonora, and for a time among the Mexicans on the American side of the line. Then, again, along the west coast in Sinaloa, and for a brief period in Jalisco.

I have mingled with the people in the large cities and in the country; among the farmers and the miners. I have ridden with the Mexican cowboys, and have taken long tours in the saddle, crossing and recrossing the western Sierras and the lowlands bordering on the California Gulf, thus encountering and becoming familiar with interesting Indian tribes which help to make up Mexico's millions.

The Tarahumares of western Chihuahua are a peaceable, even timid, people. They still live in almost primitive simplicity, speaking their own language, and avoiding contact with Mexicans. Small groups of them are, however, occasionally seen in the streets of Parral and Chihuahua. Always with naked legs and with bows and arrows, they are picturesque. They inhabit the deep mountain cañons, where they till their

small patches of corn and beans and tend their goats, or an occasional cow. In years long past Catholic missions were maintained among them, but these are now mostly abandoned.

The Yaquis are a superior race. Thousands of them are fairly well civilized and are found living with the Mexicans in the Sonora cities. The larger part of them, however, are *brancos*, occupying their own districts, from which they frequently make hostile raids upon their white neighbours. They are a high-spirited people and do not take kindly to the unjust treatment they have received from the Mexicans.

The total population of Mexico is not far from fifteen millions. Of these, more than one-third are pure-blooded Indians, living principally in the southern half of the republic. About one-half are of mixed blood—Indian and Spanish. The remainder are of pure European blood—mostly descendants of the Spaniards. The upper class of Mexicans is composed largely, although not exclusively, of these.

This class is distinguished by a marked degree of refinement and often by no little wealth. Nowhere in the world may be seen men of more splendid physique and handsome appearance. They have a certain dignity and pride of bearing which, if it does not always attract, at least inspires respect. These men, successfully managing large business affairs, capitalists, professional men, or in public office, all impress one as possessing mental ability of high order.

Mexico has most excellent bankers, merchants, doctors, and lawyers. Everywhere are met able editors

and eloquent speakers, while brilliant literary men are not wanting. Many of these have travelled in Europe and in the United States. Not a few of them were educated, in part, abroad. They often address you in excellent English, and surprise one ignorant of Mexico by their unmistakable culture, breadth of information, and sane judgment.

The Mexican women of this class are in every way worthy of their men, although they have not enjoyed equal educational advantages. The young women, as a rule, are fine-appearing, coy in manners, and of agreeable disposition. As wives they are home-lovers, submissive to their husbands, and as mothers are fond of their children. While the men of this class commonly show little interest in matters of church, the women are faithful attendants at mass and zealously care for the religious training of their children.

As may be supposed, the wealth of the country, the land, the paying mines, the large business affairs, are in the hands of this higher class or in the hands of the very shrewd. A business transaction in Mexico, from the purchase of a fan to that of a farm, is usually a tussle of wits, each party contending craftily for the advantage. Strict fairness may be the outcome when two persons of equal shrewdness confront each other. But fairness, or justice, is rarely the end in view; rather, the best end of the bargain. To such a degree is this trait (not exclusively Mexican) carried, that to outwit the opposite party in a deal and "put him in a hole" is not considered dishonourable. The matter is



Pima Indians of Sonora

a test of acumen, of astuteness, and the winner deserves the honour. Nevertheless, justice is a universally admired trait—in *others*. This disposition to overreach is not so lamentable when the two parties are of the same class, and each is able to accept with good grace the discomfiture he would like to have inflicted on the other. But it is in the dealings of the powerful with the weak that one finds shocking injustice in Mexico. The ignorant and the inexperienced are unmercifully imposed upon. The already extensive landholder, with large rents and ambitious to widen his estates, is always finding among his smaller neighbours men who are in financial straits. To such money is loaned and mortgages are taken on the smaller properties. So it occurs that the capitalist is frequently taking over, here a desirable ranch, there a fertile *hacienda* at a fraction of its real value. If this man, in addition to his wealth, holds a high political office, or is on good terms with the governor, or has powerful influence with the judges before whom his suits are carried, so much the more sure and rapid are his accumulations. In Chihuahua there is a man (just now this side the line) who owns some twenty millions of acres of the choicest land in the state.

The peonage system is still extensively practised. A land proprietor may have in his employ five men, or five hundred. A wage of twenty-five to fifty cents a day, Mexican silver, will support a family living as the very poor are accustomed. This is commonly paid in provisions or merchandise of some kind, the price of which is often unfairly in favour of the proprietor,

who keeps his own store. It always occurs that the labourer is in need of more than is due him, so that he overdraws and the account may show him fifty or one hundred dollars in debt. The law does not permit him to leave the service of his master until this is paid. If by any possibility he can borrow money elsewhere he may settle the account, but having no property of his own to secure the loan his services are now due to his new master.

It is a common custom for a youth of eighteen, wishing to marry, to borrow fifty or one hundred dollars for this purpose, agreeing to give his labour at a fixed low rate until all is paid. Current needs permit of small, if any, payments on the original debt, and old age finds him still on the same plantation, serving an heir of his former master. While it is common for the proprietors to take unfair advantage of their ignorant labourers, enriching themselves from their toil, and allowing them little opportunity to rise, it is only right to say there are many most honourable exceptions to the rule—exceptions in which the relations between employer and employed are kindly and just.

Not all the blame of the peonage system can be laid upon the master. At the beginning the youth may voluntarily contract his labour, and the fact that he never rises out of servitude is often due to his own indolence and lack of ambition. I have known many a man to live on, year after year, in good-natured contentedness with his penniless condition, who with a fair measure of energy and thrift might have become a small property owner and managed his own affairs.

Examples of this are becoming more frequent than in the past.

The word "peon," as now commonly used, includes the very numerous class of unskilled labourers, who, while not property owners, are masters of their own time, working when and where they may choose.

With the improvement and extension of Mexico's educational system and more general information as to better conditions in other lands, this seeming contentment will some day give place to a restlessness and awakening which will result in the breaking up of the old order and the gradual formation of a new and better.

My work has brought me constantly into contact with a class between the very rich and the very poor. There are many who own their humble homes, a small strip of land, one or more work animals, a few head of cattle, sheep, or goats. These small farmers, with their limited crops of corn and beans, and sometimes wheat, with a few pigs and chickens, their own firewood, milk, and homemade cheese, live in comparative independence and comfort. One must not think of the Mexican tillers of the soil as living like our American farmers—scattered throughout the township, each actually residing on his farm. One occasionally encounters lone ranches in Mexico, but the communal life prevails. All the small landholders of a certain district build their houses side by side along the stream in a central locality, and from the village thus formed go back and forth to operate their lands.

Pasture and woodland are held in common. Few fences are seen. These villages vary in size from half a dozen families to a municipality of several thousand souls.

Besides these small ranchers, the Mexican middle class includes multitudes of small merchants, office-holders, artisans, miners, and professional men. Our Protestant congregations are largely composed of such as these, together with unskilled labourers and their families.

For a people who have had comparatively few opportunities, the Mexicans are a remarkably interesting race. More than a passing and unsympathetic acquaintance is needed to form a just judgment of them. A striking characteristic is courtesy. Not only among the higher class, but everywhere this is seen. Even *peons* lift the hat in salutation, take the street side of the sidewalk in passing, and say "*con su permiso*"—with your permission—if obliged to pass in front of another. Should a comparison be drawn between the manners of the ordinary American in Mexico and the every-day Mexican, the result would easily be in favour of the latter. The Mexicans are accustomed to wonder at the bluntness of Americans and their seeming lack of good breeding. Our doctor, Gonzales, in Parral, was finely educated, skilled in his profession, and a perfect gentleman. On one occasion after he had met some Americans—who were no credit to their country—my wife, surmising what his opinion of them might be, remarked to him that he should not judge the American people by such representatives. "Oh, no," he re-

plied, "I have no doubt that the better class of Americans may be as refined as our Mexican people."

In their homes and in the schools the Mexican children are carefully trained in the forms of urbanity. But Mexican politeness is not merely form. The people are notably kind-hearted, rich and poor, everywhere we find them so. In cases of sickness, bereavement, or misfortune, sympathy is generous and sincere, and shown not only in words but by kind deeds. If death is evidently near, friends come from a distance and the entire neighbourhood gathers at the house to watch the sad departure. If there are orphans to be cared for, there is never lack of homes offered, and often there is friendly strife as to who shall have the privilege of adopting the homeless ones. I have in mind a Mexican family, once members of our congregation in Parral, who later moved to El Paso. Fourteen children were born, one-half dying early. To fill the vacant places these parents sought each time some homeless infant to adopt. Calling on this family not long ago, I found among the adopted children two little Americans, who were the favourites of the household, petted alike by foster parents, brothers, and sisters. There may be orphan asylums in Mexico, but I never heard of one, nor can I see how such an institution would be needed in that country. No family is so distressed with poverty as to be unwilling to receive into the home some still more destitute relative, or even stranger, and share with him their meagre living. Especially are the aged cared for with kindness.

Hospitality is a striking Mexican characteristic. It is not customary for a traveller to seek a hotel when he has acquaintances in the place, nor would this be expected. The wayfarer, arriving belated at an unknown *hacienda*, has only to announce his presence to make sure of an ungrudging reception, with generous accommodation for himself, companions, if any, and animals. One of many similar experiences of my own may be related as illustrative of this national trait. In company with three other Americans—one a lady—I was once travelling in a region to which we all were strangers, except one young man of the party. We arrived weary one evening at a small village where there was no hotel. Among the several well-to-do planters of the place was one whom the young man had formerly known. For him to have passed by without a call would have been considered discourteous. That, calling, he should be made a guest was natural; but that his stranger friends should be received and entertained with cordiality only proved our host a typical Mexican of his class. Had we been old-time friends of the family, I hardly know how our welcome could have been made heartier, or how more solicitous attention could have been given for our comfort. The great dining-room table was loaded that evening with the best the house could provide. It seemed like a banquet for especially invited guests, in which all the members of this beautiful family sought to make the occasion a pleasant one. Profuse regrets were expressed that our departure must be at dawn the next morning, and this was not allowed without refresh-

ment of hot coffee and rolls, urging upon us an appetizing lunch for the road, and commending us kindly to God's care.

Reverence is another characteristic of the Mexican people. In telling of one's plans or hopes it is common to add, "*si Dios es servido*"—if God is willing. Perhaps no phrase in all the language is more often heard than "*gracias a Dios*"—thanks be to God. This comes properly after good information of any kind, but there are some simple-hearted persons who have the expression so constantly on the tongue that it occasionally slips off with strange effect, as when an aged brother was telling me of his life companion, whom I had not known, he finished the story with "but at last my good wife died, *gracias a Dios!*"

The common people on passing a church are accustomed to uncover the head. Also, when the church bell signals the noon hour, or the sunset—as is everywhere the custom—at least the men in working garb remove the hat. These bells are calls to prayer, the idea being that every person within hearing, wherever he may be, should then pause and repeat the Magnificat, or, if unable to do this, at least an Ave Maria or the Paternoster. Many who do nothing of the kind, by uncovering the head, recognize the call.

Matutinal singing is a beautiful custom, though, unfortunately, rarely met with in American homes. At the hour for arising, the father, sitting in bed, commences the chant, which is taken up presently by one, then another, until all members of the household are sitting and singing together. The soft and beautiful

music is most appropriate to the words of the morning prayer. Imagine that you are ignorant of this practice. It is your first night as a guest of a numerous Mexican family at their summer camp in a shady cañon. It is the cheese-making season that has brought them to this arboreal home, where water and fresh pastures are abundant.

The milking commences with the first rosy streak of dawn, when not only the men and boys, but the women-folk as well, must begin the duties of the day. The guest had been previously directed not to notice any early signs of activity. But while still sleeping he is dimly conscious that the birds have commenced twittering in the branches all about and above. Then, as the birds break forth with less reserve, he hears human voices joining them in reverent adoration. At first, one voice, then others, until—scarcely knowing whether it is a dream or not—he hears a full chorus. Now the anthem seems to be finished. But no: after the pause follows another stanza, then another, and another. The early devotion is not hurried. Pleasant slumber is briefly renewed, and at the breakfast table information is asked and one repeats for you the words of the matin hymn:

*“ En este nuevo día
Gracias te tributamos,
Oh, Dios Omnipotente
Y Señor de lo creado.”*

It is not easy to reproduce in English the rhythm and beauty of the Spanish lines, whose origin I have not been able to ascertain:

On this new day, oh, God Omnipotent,
 Lord of the creation, we render thanks to Thee.

Thy clemency divine has deigned to bring us
 From the fearsome night to the clear light of day.

Joyful in the branches let the birds adore Thee.
 In the waters let the fish sing thy holy name.

Oh, God, immensely great, direct and guide our steps.
 So that we eternally may keep thy holy law. Amen.

The similar evening devotion observed in some places is equally impressive.

In spite of the few privileges and comforts enjoyed by the vast majority of the people, cheerfulness is a racial trait. Cases of grumbling and surliness are exceptional. No disappointments, afflictions, or reverses of fortune, however serious, are sufficient to repress, except briefly, the natural flow of good spirits. A good brother, don Amado, who has already lost one wife and twenty-two children, has invariably a smiling face.

The Mexicans are charged with being treacherous, given to vices, improvident, and indolent. It would be strange if faults like these were not found among them. The constant wonder is their very many admirable traits. My years of experience have impressed me more with their constancy and faithfulness than with the opposite characteristics.

Intoxicating drinks and cigarettes are unspeakable curses in Mexico, being responsible—as elsewhere—for the major part of all crime, poverty, and ineffi-

ciency among the people. Outside of Protestant circles such a thing as a total abstinence movement is unheard of; while local-option laws, state or national prohibition, hardly yet exist, even in idea. In some localities, however, the entrance to saloons is forbidden to minors, and in some public schools textbooks and wall charts are found teaching the evils of the higher per cent alcoholic drinks and encouraging moderation in the use of lighter beverages.

Unquestionably much of the proverbial laziness and *mañana* disposition of Mexican people is due to the very general use of intoxicants and narcotics. Some of it may be laid to climate, which does not permit the strenuous activity of the higher latitudes. Not without effect has been the peonage system, wherein the labourer, hopelessly bound to tasks in which he has little interest and reward, seeks to save himself by methods of much delay and little exertion. Lack of opportunity and of ideals whereby the ordinary individual may accumulate property and make something of himself, is also largely responsible for the trait in question. When the millions of *peons* have little farms of their own or become property owners—members of a great middle class—Mexico will have awakened in a manner to astonish the world. Stable employment, fair wages, and just treatment under the numerous new industrial enterprises established in Mexico by Americans and others will develop a large army of excellent labourers with habits of promptness and system.

The Mexican is impressed by the American's capacity for work and love for it, and his example of in-

dustry is not without its effect, but the *over-strenuousness* so often exhibited by Americans does not appeal to him. Particularly is this true of the upper class, to whom haste or excessive activity appears a fault, a mark of ill-breeding, a trait destructive of happiness and health.

The attitude of many Mexicans toward the intense mode of life peculiar to Americans is illustrated by the Parral watch repairer who visited Chicago. He was in need of supplies in his line, and as I was about to make a trip North, don Nicolas asked the privilege of accompanying me. His company was accepted with genuine pleasure—the more so as my friend had never been across the border and little realized what such a trip might have in store for him. It was a joy to point out new and strange scenes and observe his interest in them. The broad and handsome farms, the splendid herds of cattle, particularly the immense mules of Missouri and the magnificent horses of Illinois, the great rivers, the prosperous towns, and, not least of all, the vast extent and richness of the country from El Paso to the City by the Lake, greatly impressed and delighted him. Our train was nearly an hour running across and through the Chicago streets before landing us at the depot. He thought we would never arrive. He had seen no more than a two- or three-story building, and the skyscrapers amazed and awed him. Calling his attention to one particularly imposing structure, I asked him what he thought of it. His reply—as he attempted to reach the top with his eye—was, “*Que barbaridad!*”—What a barbar-

ity! He did not exactly mean that the enormous edifice was an outrage against humanity or good civilization, but that it produced an overwhelmingly stunning effect upon him. He probably meant to say, "Well, that's the limit!"

But the incessant and thundering roar of traffic in the downtown district, the jams at the street crossings, the peril of being crushed in the endless variety and infinite number of vehicles, public and private, none of which paid any attention to him—these silenced and took away his little remaining spirit. Nor was this all. The people which filled the sidewalks—what endless masses of them! It was the summer of the World's Fair, and a matter of 100,000 extra people were in the city. "Where do all of these beings come from?" "Where are they going?" "Why are they in such haste?" More than once don Nicolas was jostled without ceremony into the gutter. No one turned to see where he alighted, much less to say, "Please excuse me." Every member of the senseless and interminable stampede was still rushing on! Don Nicolas was not favourably impressed with it all, but in thought turned longingly to his own beloved Mexico, where people may walk the streets with safety, where they lift their hats on meeting, and each offers the other the inside of the walk; where there is quiet, calmness, moderation, dignity, and where *some* things may be done *mañana*.

V

MEXICANS IN THE UNITED STATES *

SINCE the outbreak of revolution in Mexico they have been pouring across our border by the thousands and tens of thousands. Fifteen years ago the entire Spanish-speaking population of California was about 50,000, and of these the greater part were native Californians of the old stock. It is estimated that there are to-day (January, 1917) in southern California alone not less than 150,000 Mexicans, mostly fresh from the fatherland. Of these, 75,000 are in Los Angeles County, and every day brings new arrivals.

The other border states, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, are receiving their full proportion of this remarkable influx. El Paso, a city of sixty-odd thousand inhabitants, has now more Mexican residents than American. Our country may look for a still greater tide of Mexican immigration.

A small percentage of these people are of Mexico's wealthy class. They have suffered confiscation of property. They have lost much through enforced

* Eight of my thirty years with the Mexicans were passed in Southern California, and employed in itinerant evangelism. Constant touring through six counties, together with no little experience in the large cities, brought me into close personal contact with the Spanish-speaking people of all classes.

levies for revolutionary expenses and by brigandage, and, finding themselves in danger of losing all, they hastily fled the country, bringing with them all movable funds. These families—of high intelligence and refinement—are living unobtrusively in the large cities near the line, watching with deep concern the receding and oncoming waves of disturbance in their land, hoping against hope for the final establishment of order which will permit of their return.

Not a few of these new immigrants are of a very respectable middle class, and bring means sufficient to secure land or to engage in business here in a moderate way.

The great majority, however, are of the labouring, or *peon* class. There are multitudes of boys and single men; but thousands also came with their families, and a large proportion are bound to remain permanently. Texas and New Mexico have a much larger native Spanish-speaking population, but otherwise the situation in southern California may be taken as typical of that in the other border states.

Here there are no exclusively Mexican communities, and yet there are no cities, or scarcely country places, without their Mexican residents. These are usually located in a quarter by themselves, where they continue speaking their own language and mingle little with Americans.

The pick-and-shovel labourers, seen on all lines of railway, are Mexicans. The gangs of workmen everywhere encountered on the city streets are Mexicans. Thousands of them are employed in the sugar-

beet fields, and thousands in the orange, lemon, and walnut groves. In general they give satisfaction to their employers. They are strong, active, and uncomplaining. It is a question what we would now do without them, for as yet the supply of labourers does not exceed the demand.

These people come for work, which of late is not to be found in their own country. They also come to escape the calamitous conditions at home. As a class they are ignorant and given to vices. Shooting and cutting affairs are not infrequently reported from the Mexican quarters. They are fond of intoxicants, and are often found living in untidy and insanitary conditions. All this being true, too many Americans hastily form the conclusion that these "*Cholos*" are little better than cattle. They are classed as low-grade Indians, not worth serious regard. It is commonly believed that their language is a crude jumble of Indian words with a certain admixture of doubtful Spanish. This is a great mistake, for while naturally they do not use the beautifully correct and elegant Spanish of the educated Mexicans, the common *peon* speaks a better Spanish than one will hear in many parts of Spain. Not only in pronunciation, but grammatically, their use of the language is better than the use of English by uneducated Americans. A considerable number of these day-labourers are able to read, and Mexican literature is identical with that of the purest Castilian. They possess few books, but eagerly read the Spanish newspapers which issue from the Mexican presses of Los Angeles, and from

every important city of our Southwest. They appreciate gifts of other literature in their language and buy when opportunity offers.

Many of these Mexicans are surprisingly intelligent as to conditions in their own land and are strong in their sympathies with one revolutionary faction or another. Yet all are more or less disgusted with the long-continued disorder there. One young fellow said to me the other day, "The Mexican is not yet born who will be able to unite our people and establish a firm government."

Not a few of these immigrants are ardent in their admiration of our great country and our superior institutions, being especially appreciative of our public schools. As a rule, those who come to us have sturdier, more aspiring and promising qualities than the majority of their class who remain at home. Americans who know them best are impressed with their many excellent qualities, and in spite of their faults consider them most worthy of esteem. It is no mistake to say that even the lowest have in them—undeveloped—all the elements of noble manhood and womanhood.

Coming into a foreign land and enjoying the protection of our better government, they naturally bring no ill will toward Americans, but they soon find that they are looked down upon as inferiors. Being sensitive, they feel this, but say nothing; accustom themselves to receiving scant tokens of respect from Americans, and to giving as little in return. They ask few favours of those above them, cling all the

closer to one another and to their own language and customs.

Not infrequently in visiting their humble homes, I have encountered cases of lingering illness accompanied by extreme want. Mexican neighbours were assisting and sharing their scanty provisions, while Americans in the vicinity who doubtless would gladly have helped, neither asked nor received information. There is room for the expression of a genuinely friendly spirit toward these strangers. Acquaintance with the Spanish language, while helpful, is not an absolute requisite for those who would show good will.

A young lady missionary of a Los Angeles church once said to me, "You know I cannot speak a word of Spanish, but in my visits I once found myself in a Mexican home where was a sick woman. I seated myself at her bedside, took her hand in mine, and smiled. It was all I could do, but she seemed to appreciate my sympathy and so I remained a little while, pressing her hand and smiling. In a few days I was surprised to receive word from the sick one, begging me to come again. I went and in the same silent way told her that I loved her."

As far as they can be said to possess any religion, these incoming Mexicans are Roman Catholic. But whatever ties may have held them to that church at home are loosened, if not severed, on their arrival here where services are commonly in English. Not a few of these people, however; miss their old church privileges. One such, in reply to my question as to

what he did on Sunday, said, "I went to the church: the preaching was in English, the mass in Latin; I understood nothing and came away fasting." He had received nothing and would not be likely to go again.

A Mexican woman who had long ceased church attendance accepted an invitation to our mid-week prayer service in Pomona. She listened in her own language to some happy testimonies of converts, and was moved to tears. Afterwards she said to me, "Sir, we have lost our religion!" In answer to the question, "How long since you have been to mass?" some say, "Twelve years," or "Sixteen years." "I believe in God; that is enough."

What good, if any, are these thousands of Mexicans getting from their close contact with our civilization? In one noteworthy respect they are receiving positive evil. Their first and often their only acquaintances in the communities they enter are of our lower classes—with which they have most affinity. These lower-class "Americans" are often Italians, Portuguese, or French. The similarity of language facilitates acquaintance, and the fact that all are foreigners becomes a bond of friendship. Of whatever nationality, these American intimates of the Mexicans are not only irreligious, but often anti-church and even anarchistic in their sympathies. The "Little Plaza" of Los Angeles, where hundreds of Mexicans congregate on Sundays, is often the scene of fiery discourses in Spanish. In these harangues by forceful orators present-day Christianity is ridiculed, and in place of what the church stands for, are presented

the crudest and most objectionable theories of socialism.

Pastors of Protestant churches in California, men who have had experience both in Mexico and this country, are agreed in declaring Christian work more difficult among this people here than in the homeland. And the explanation they give is the fact already stated—the peculiar evil influences encountered here, particularly in the cities, influences of an anti-religious nature rarely met with in Mexico, and which are extremely injurious to the ignorant, simple-minded *peon* class, already out of sympathy with the church of their fathers.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, our Protestant churches are making earnest efforts to share with the Mexicans the best that we have. A number of the principal denominations maintain Spanish missions and several thousand converts have been gathered into Mexican congregations, of which there are ten in Los Angeles alone.

In some cases the converts are received into an existing American church, which conducts for these members separate services in Spanish. Pilgrim Congregational Church, of Pomona, has in this way received sixty-five Mexicans to its membership, and these dusky Spanish-speaking people are made to feel that they are brothers.

One of our little country churches was bravely pressing on with a membership of only nine Americans. Then, during one month they received to their communion twelve Mexicans, seven on one Sunday

and five on another, and each time the whole church arose, came forward, and gave the incoming members the right hand of fellowship.

There are two well-equipped boarding-schools for Mexican girls in Los Angeles, and a fine Industrial School for Mexican boys has just been established in Gardena by the Methodists, and they are now planning an Institutional Spanish Church on the "Little Plaza."

Counting all the evangelistic and educational work that is being done, the startling truth remains that less than five per cent of our Mexican element is as yet reached by it. In addition and supplementary to present efforts, there is urgent need that a work on more popular lines should be instituted—something that will attract and influence the masses. A Mexican Centre, or clubhouse, is suggested—a place which the people could look upon as their own, and in whose privileges the whole Spanish-speaking community would be invited to share. In connection with this should be a reading-room provided with current Mexican periodicals and a variety of other attractive literature. There should be night classes for the study of English—meeting a real need, especially for young men beyond school age. The program might also include popular talks in Spanish (often illustrated by the stereopticon), on such topics as American history, Mexican history, stories of travel, of famous men, talks on hygiene and sanitary living, on temperance, etc. There could be an occasional musical program, or popular entertainment, in which the people themselves would take part. Mothers' meetings could be

arranged in which practical instructions would be given on the care of children, and on domestic science. Organizations like the Boy Scouts in some instances would be useful and practicable.

This kind of work would in itself be thoroughly Christian, if conducted under the direction of leaders whose hearts were fired with the love of God and their Mexican neighbours; yet it should develop into and be carried on in connection with an aggressive evangelistic enterprise. The one in charge of such a Centre should be able to enlist capable help from Americans in the community, irrespective of denomination. All citizens should take efficient interest in its support.

A veteran missionary of the Southwest spoke from experience when he said, "No more important work can be found in the world than the work among our Spanish-speaking Americans. The churches do not know about it. They have no idea of the number of these people; nor have they any conception of their religious needs. If only they lived in Africa the churches would go to their relief."

The children of Mexican families in the United States share freely the privileges of our splendid public schools. Tens of thousands of bright-eyed boys and girls of Spanish-speaking parents are now under American teachers, laying the foundations of good citizenship. These little Mexicans enter the first grade knowing little or no English. In many places it is the custom to group these children in separate rooms under teachers conversant with the Spanish

(which is the method giving best results). So bright mentally are these little ones that in spite of their handicap in language it is common for entire roomfuls of them to advance from grade to grade with no loss of time, mastering the English, and yet covering the same studies as their American mates without falling in the least behind them. After three years by themselves they enter the same rooms with American pupils who began at the same time, and easily keep pace with them,—so the teachers, who are enthusiastic in praise of their Mexican pupils, inform me.

Through the favour of a teacher I give the following as a sample of English composition. Given one word (the italicized), each child in the room composes his own sentences. This is the work of a Mexican girl, aged eight, in the 3A grade.

“ I saw an *elephant* in the circus.”

“ Miss Machado buys some *grapes*.”

“ I mount on the *horse*.”

“ I *like* potatoes.”

“ In the bakery they sell *pies*.”

“ The *ostriches* hatch in six week.”

“ Miss Machado *saw* the Fair in San Diego.”

“ The man is walking on the *street*.”

“ I lost my *page* in book.”

“ (Signed) Agnes Noriega.”

This is only a fair sample of dozens of others shown me.

The teachers in our public schools having charge

of Mexican children are in most instances doing as fine a work as if they were missionary teachers in a foreign land. The attachment between pupil and teacher is strong, and the personal influence over the children—and through them reaching their families—is not insignificant.

The following letter is from a little brown boy, born in Mexico, to his first-year teacher (American), of whom he became very fond. Although not now in her room, he often runs in to see her, and is anxious that she should not forget him.

“Chino, Cal.

My dear teacher,

when you need somebody to help you and you do not no what to do just tell me and I will do everything for you that you need and do not forget me because I was in your room and do not be afraid to ask me anything and if you no that I am a good boy why cant ask me to clean your blackboard at any time that you what to. and do not feel sorry because this letter is not in a envelope, and I thing(k) you havet forget my name.”

As the little fellow brought the letter himself, it was unsigned. The public schools are doing a magnificent work for Mexican children in this country, and public funds might most properly be appropriated in aid of social service enterprise, as here outlined.

The Mexican element in our American population is certain to increase and, for the southwestern border

states, at least, the Mexican problem *cannot be ignored*. Is not the hand of God to be seen in the presence of these people among us? Are they to blame for their ignorance and their defects? With only their wretched opportunities, would Americans be any better? They urgently need what we can give. It is possible for American Christians to win their confidence, their admiration, and their love, and then influence them as they will.

The question is, shall they be left, as at present, to the corrupting influences of the cities, and so become more and more a menace to our society, or shall we overcome the evil influences with good ones, and help these unfortunate ones into the ranks of Christ's people?

I repeat that the present urgent need is a social service work established in every considerable Mexican community, a work so sympathetic, and connecting so vitally with the every-day interests of the people that the attention of the masses may be compelled and their confidence won. So may they be brought to share with us the best of our Christian civilization.

VI

AMERICANS IN MEXICO

THEY were to be found everywhere, building railways, digging out the precious metals, operating great stock ranches, planting immense rubber and coffee plantations, cultivating citrus groves and other fruits, both of the tropics and the temperate zone. There were thousands of all-round American farmers applying to Mexican soil and conditions the best of modern methods—and prospering.

Not a few were operating up-to-date flouring mills. Some had invested in the cane-sugar industry; some in breweries, in manufacturing, or in lumbering. Others were becoming rich in the petroleum business. There were American merchants, and agencies of all kinds. American land and water companies were opening new and wonderfully rich regions for settlement.

Everywhere, at least in northern Mexico, were found American doctors and dentists, not only in the principal cities, but in smaller places. These physicians have usually most excellent reputation, although some of the travelling “specialists” find it convenient not to revisit their former scenes of practice.

Indefatigable prospectors, pick and hammer in hand,

were searching the mountains for new El Dorados, or to uncover some lost mine of fabulous richness.

In addition to these strenuous "*Yanquis*"—tens of thousands of them—there were to be found in Mexico multitudes of "tramp" Americans, mere idle hangers-on, many of them: others looking for employment in American enterprises, or seeking opportunity for easy riches, or—not a few—to escape arrest for misdemeanours in their own country.

Every year saw an increasing number of American tourists in Mexico, some spending a fortnight or less in the "Land of Sunshine," while others lingered months, passing leisurely from city to city, enjoying to the full the matchless climate, the magnificent scenery, the remarkable antiquities, the tropical fruits, and the curiously interesting types of humanity.

Many American enterprises were on so large a scale and occupied such numbers of American employés as to create about them communities dominantly American in character and privileges, having schools for the English-speaking children, stores, hotels, hospitals and like institutions, all under American management. Such were many of the great mining camps of Mexico, as the notable lumber town of Madera, and such the half-dozen Mormon colonies in Chihuahua and Sonora.

Americans in Chihuahua City were especially numerous. Scores of families were permanently settled. A good American newspaper was maintained. Mexico City had an American colony of more than six thousand. Here were two American newspapers,

one—the Mexican *Herald*—being a leading daily of the capital, having an extensive circulation throughout the republic.

I say “*were*,” for the recent violent disorders have driven the majority of Americans from the country. Nevertheless, thousands remain, none of the various crises in the relations between the United States and Mexico having been sufficiently serious to force them from the country. And thousands who came out when international difficulties threatened, soon returned that they might stand by and guard, as best they could, their business investments.

Not a few Americans in Mexico have more than property interests there. They have Mexican wives and children. It should not be understood that these men have married beneath them. Probably they have, in some instances; but often the Mexican bride is of superior family and brings to her Northern husband beauty, wealth, high refinement, and lovely character. Such Americans—and many others—consider themselves permanently established in Aztec Land: some dwell in charming villas with no lack of comfort and luxury, take prominent part in the social life about them, and are thoroughly respected by their Mexican neighbours.

A few have become naturalized as Mexican citizens, and wield an influence in local politics. Such the postmaster at our near-by city of Galeana, my good friend, Henry Porter, whose quiet, affable manners won him universal esteem, and whose decease was the occasion of popular municipal obsequies. The

Señor Enrique Creel, a former ambassador from Mexico to Washington, was the son of an American father.

But as the Mexicans are now pouring into the United States thinking only to better their own condition and with no thought of contributing anything of value to our civilization, so multitudes of the Americans who have interests in Mexico have gone there attracted by great opportunities and with no other purpose than to turn these to their own advantage. Not all were becoming wealthy, but, while some failures were made, large fortunes were also accumulated. Investments were fortunate for capitalists; mines and other enterprises were prodigiously profitable for the operators, and salaries were generous for the American employés—mostly skilled labourers, or heads of departments, having under them Mexican *peons*.

The aggregate of American capital invested in Mexico in 1910—at the outbreak of the revolution—is said to have been not less than \$1,000,000,000 gold. The enterprises which represented this investment furnished employment to hundreds of thousands of Mexicans.

One hears in these days of the ill will on the part of Mexicans towards Americans. Does it exist? Why? Are Americans in large degree to blame? How? The answer cannot be given in few words.

While it is true that Americans are in Mexico for their own profit, it is also true that they have contributed enormously to the material prosperity of

Mexico through the development of its natural resources. As a rule Americans have benefited the masses with whom they have come in contact, not only by furnishing them employment at wages higher than they had been accustomed to receive, but by teaching habits of promptness, diligence, and thrift. Considerate treatment is accorded these labourers. Their physical well-being is made a matter of concern, and well-appointed hospitals with trained American nurses and first-class physicians are found in connection with all American enterprises of importance. The *peons* who fall ill or meet with accident are freely given the best and kindest of treatment. Of course this pays as a purely business measure.

I know of cases where employers go farther and establish reading-rooms, night classes, and provide innocent and helpful entertainments for their men. As one instance, the Nacozari Mining Company, Sonora, maintains at no small cost what is in effect a Young Men's Christian Association with privileges open to its hundreds of employés.

A Batopilas mining company has repeatedly paid the expenses of a missionary from Chihuahua to that distant mountain town. These Americans also assisted liberally in the support of the mission out-station—with which they had no denominational connection—and for a number of years they maintained, entirely at their own expense, an excellent school for the children of their employés, this school being under the direction of graduates from Protestant institutions and recommended by the missionary.

Some of the Americans at Parral have become possessed of considerable wealth through their mining, railway, and lumbering undertakings. Through these the city and all the surrounding region have received great benefit. Thousands of poor families have been comfortably maintained and kind treatment given. To-day, should one ask of these people, "What kind of a man is don Santiago?" (a prominent American), the answer would be, "Don Santiago is a good master. He has been fair with us. He is our friend." Instances are rare where relations between American operators and their Mexican workmen are otherwise than friendly. The same may be said of all well-disposed Americans in Mexico. While recognizing the faults of the ignorant *peons*, they do not fail to be attracted by their good qualities and to esteem them. "Don Santiago"—a millionaire—always has a good word for his Mexicans. He has fairly earned their good will and greatly prizes it.

Nevertheless, in certain quarters there exists strong ill-feeling toward Americans. Some of this dates back to our own war with Mexico seventy years ago. This country was clearly unjust in her treatment of the weaker nation. Some Mexican histories prepared for use as textbooks in the public schools, describe plainly the unfair treatment, so that the rising generation of Mexicans may bear it in mind. Many a high-spirited boy does not lose the grudge toward "*gringos*" which was first awakened in his history class.

A good deal of unpleasant feeling against Americans has been naturally aroused by an unworthy class of our countrymen in that land—men overbearing in their conduct with Mexicans, rude, discourteous, abusive, persistently seeing only the defects in the less fortunate people and making no attempt to conceal their contempt for them. It is this class of “*gringos*” (they deserve the epithet) that one hears loudly defaming the whole Mexican race. Naturally such Americans do not succeed in winning the respect, much less the esteem, of a sensitive people—who are, moreover, apt to judge all Americans by these bad samples. Most unfortunately, the United States has many such undesirable representatives in Mexico and along the border. It is they who are responsible for much of the ugly feeling reported, and it is such as they who are loudest in their demands that there shall be armed intervention in Mexico.

There is just cause for dissatisfaction with Americans who, bringing large capital into the country, have succeeded in securing most valuable concessions there through “private understanding” with high officials in a corrupt national administration. To be sure, other foreigners and many shrewd Mexicans themselves did the same thing. Thinking Mexicans seriously blame the old Diaz government and all concerned in the administration grants which made possible such monopolies as that of the oil trust in Mexico, by which foreigners are piling up vast wealth at the expense, in part, of the Mexican public.

Another thing contributes to the lack of cordial

feeling toward Americans. It is jealousy of the greatness and power of the United States, of its prosperity and marvellous capacity for accomplishing things. The "Yankees" go into Mexico and uncover opportunities which the easy-going Mexicans had never seen, and whatever they attempt they carry through. They set a pace in all lines with which the Mexicans are unable to keep up. This is especially true of Mexico's leading class, business men and capitalists. "Upon our own soil these foreigners come and by their inventiveness, tremendous energy, and their everlasting perseverance do things little short of miraculous." The Americans introduce new and entirely superior methods of reducing ores. They buy cheaply mining properties of little further use to their Mexican owners, and soon put them on a good paying basis. They even extract fortunes from "tailings" abandoned during the use of obsolete methods. They bring in from their own country astonishingly improved mining and milling machinery which put to shame the old processes. American farmers introduce combination harvesters which make the Mexican sickles appear childish. They set up their humming threshers which in a day clean up more grain than the Mexican ponies across the road can tread out in a fortnight. I do not mean that there exists widespread jealousy toward Americans on account of these things. The masses have only admiration; leading Mexicans also become interested and see the importance of falling into line by adopting the undeniable improvements, but it would be easier to accord all due honour to the Northern

neighbours did they not so often calmly assume the air of superiority.

During the last few years there has been much complaint in Mexico against the Washington administration for its unwarranted interference (so all classes believe) in Mexican affairs. I was in Hermosillo, Sonora, when the news came that Vera Cruz was occupied by American troops. The startling report quickly spread and the city's traffic suddenly came to a standstill. Groups of citizens promptly collected here and there, angrily discussing the situation. Mexican friends came to me to obtain my views of the matter. While endeavouring to put the best construction possible on the motives of the Washington government, it was not in my power to give a satisfactory explanation. Interference in favour of one Mexican faction was sure to arouse the fierce hostility of the others, and the incoming of the "Punitive Expedition" disgusted all.

The common people of the civilian class have ordinarily no anti-American sentiment, except on the ground of threatened or actual invasion.

It is inevitable that there should be lack of congeniality between races so different as the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin-American, but there is nothing of existing ill-feeling which may not be removed by better acquaintance, and a genuine respect for each other's rights.

What do Americans in Mexico and those whose property interests are there, think of the outlook for that country? The prospect seems to them discourag-

ing, because of the bitter factional divisions, the personal ambitions, the seriousness of the problems to be faced, and the difficulty of uniting on policy and leader.

Undoubtedly quite the larger part of American residents and property holders in Mexico believe that a permanently stable government cannot now be established in that country without the assistance of an outside power. They, therefore, favour American intervention—in as friendly a way as the Mexicans will admit, but, in any case, intervention which will result in establishing a stable government there.

Multitudes of Americans have all their earthly interests on the Mexican side of the line. Their losses through destruction of property in the revolutions, and the interruption of business through so long a period, reach high figures. They believe that without intervention their losses are liable to continue indefinitely. While their motives are inspired mainly by the thought of self-protection, these Americans are undoubtedly sincere in their conviction that the result of intervention would be of incalculable benefit to the country as a whole, and that the people—less a small per cent of politicians and ambitious militarists—would soon recognize this benefit and accept the situation. Mexicans themselves who incline to hold this same view naturally are very cautious in expressing themselves, yet it is known that there is such a class, which doubtless increases in number as the revolutionary conditions become more complicated.

Another class of Americans in Mexico take a dif-

ferent view. The missionaries, teachers, and Christian workers, those who have spent their lives among the people and know them intimately, and have their highest well-being at heart are, I believe, unanimously of the conviction that armed intervention would be a very serious mistake; the spiritedly independent temper of the people would stubbornly resent such interference. National ill will toward the invading country would assume extreme proportions, and might not be removed by a century of fair treatment. As one says, "We should *not* intervene by sending soldiers to Mexico. That would be terrible, disastrous. But out of our strength and abundance we ought to send to our needy neighbour teachers, evangelists, friends. These will be made welcome. They will win for us the eternal gratitude and good will of an entire nation." *

* "Mexico To-day."

VII

AMERICAN HELP FOR MEXICO— EDUCATIONAL

THE two peoples can be mutually helpful: but first of all they should be better acquainted. Through better acquaintance would come better understanding and that would mean increase of confidence and friendliness. The Mexican might profitably copy from his Northern neighbour some of his overflowing energy, his promptness, his frankness, and his love of industry. The American of to-day just as much needs those qualities of courtesy, composure, and freedom from nervous strain which characterize the Mexican. In the endeavour to understand one another, Americans should bear in mind that the atrocities—like the Columbus raid and other hostile acts against our countrymen—are not blows aimed at us by the Mexican *people*, but are deeds of outlawry which cause them no less horror than ourselves. Most unfortunately for Mexico her lawless class has been very much in evidence and the outside world inclines to judge the whole nation by its small per cent of evildoers. On the other hand, the Mexicans not unnaturally fail to understand the Americans. Our daily papers, particularly those along the

border, commonly contain careless and unfair statements about the people across the line. Hundreds of intelligent, English-speaking Mexicans on both sides read these and do not fail to be impressed with the unfriendly, or, at least, depreciatory sentiments expressed. These same American dailies reach the offices of Mexican newspapers, and the result is a constant increase of misunderstanding, with corresponding decrease of confidence.

It is not strange that the Mexican people should believe themselves ill thought of by the Americans. As a matter of fact, the real American attitude toward Mexicans is genuinely friendly. We admire the spirit they have displayed in their struggles for liberty. We sympathize with them and wish them success. Everywhere in our churches are heard prayers for God's blessing upon Mexico. While in certain quarters much has been heard suggestive of war with that country, and even of annexation, the better class of Americans do not, and will not for a moment tolerate such suggestions. It is our desire that Mexico retain her sovereignty and become great and prosperous in the sisterhood of nations. In her present prolonged and very serious difficulties it is of prime importance to Mexico that Americans should understand her and treat her in a spirit of fairness. President Carranza recently said to an American interviewer, "Only your *sympathy*, that is all we are asking," and "What we would like from the next American President, whatever his name may be, is a Mexican policy which will combine sympathy with firmness and consistency."

But while the Mexican people do not ask material aid, their difficult situation urgently demands of their strong neighbour such genuine and practical sympathy as will effectively help them in overcoming their difficulties.

What are these difficulties? Or, rather, what is their cause? Mexico, in common with other Latin-American countries, has the name of being revolutionary because of the inevitable conflict between the oppressive ruling class and the ignorant masses, who are getting glimpses of better things. The time was in Mexico (in the days of the viceroys) when the masses were so completely submerged in ignorance as to have few aspirations. Those days are past, for the common people have begun to see a great light. It is coming to them in the public-school system, however imperfect. It is coming through the public press, with its recent rapid increase of circulation, and through the mingling with them of foreigners bringing advanced ideas of free government.

Mexico will never again be satisfied with the old order. The popular cries are, "More light," "More liberty," "Justice," "Reform." But the masses are not freed from the bonds of ignorance. Even to-day more than fifty per cent of Mexico's population is illiterate. They have not clear ideas of "liberty," or "justice," or "reform," and still less clear are their ideas of how these are to be secured. Unfortunately, the great majority of those who are now demanding all the rights of a republican government have no experience in self-government and are not yet prepared

for sovereign citizenship. This is admitted by intelligent Mexicans. Some of those who before the revolution joined in opposing the autocratic rule of Diaz are now convinced that a benevolent, just, and yet "iron" autocracy may be the government which Mexico needs for the immediate present, and that the masses should assume gradually, only as they become prepared, the full privileges of democracy.

Since gaining her independence Mexico has made remarkable progress in the face of gravest difficulties. Within the last generation her public-school system has witnessed notable development. In spite of all, however, her great need to-day is *more light*.

Charles W. Dabney, president of the University of Cincinnati, has made thorough study of the Mexican situation. He says,* "What is the meaning of the series of revolutions which have been going on in that country for the last hundred years?"

"These revolutions, including this last long one, have all, at bottom, been phases of a blind, misguided struggle of a strong, ignorant people for liberty. They sprang from a desire of the common people to realize the benefits of democracy, whose catchwords had reached even to them, but whose terms they only vaguely understood. They constitute a contest against a feudal system approaching slavery. They were chiefly, although not entirely, the strivings of an oppressed people to win for themselves and their children a small place upon the soil of their native land. These blind efforts have failed of their ends largely

* "A Star of Hope for Mexico," *Outlook*, March 22, 1916.

because of the ignorance of the people and the lack of true and unselfish leaders. There has never been a middle class in Mexico to supply leaders for the people in their struggles with the feudal lords. Organized public opinion is the only basis for democratic government, and this has never existed in Mexico. There are no real political parties. The only politics are wholly personal, and the only political organizations are gangs formed to advance the interests of leaders whose names they bear. There are no political campaigns to educate the voters, but only processions and rallies intended to impress them. There is, in fact, no free political discussion of any kind. Organized public opinion and the free discussion of political affairs so necessary to free government cannot exist where the masses of the people are ignorant. The only solution of the Mexican problem, therefore, will be through the establishment of public schools which will educate the people to know their rights, and train men to lead them in their struggles to win these rights." And this is what the people want. Never in the history of Mexico has there been such popular demand for education. This is hopeful and vitally concerns Mexico's future. Yet, the distressful financial condition of the country at present not only renders impossible needed development of the educational system, but is seriously crippling the existing inadequate one. Some good American friends of Mexico have said that the United States could do her sister republic a neighbourly turn by assuming for a period of years the entire financial support of her



(c) *Underwood & Underwood*

Homes and Natives of Tehuantepec Isthmus

schools. They reason that in no other way could Americans so well help their neighbour in her troublesome crisis. Such a proposal, for obvious reasons, Mexico would not accept. But a generous American loan to the Mexican government, with the agreement that a designated per cent of it be expended on public education, would be a friendly act, helping where aid is most needed and promotive of good will.

Mention has been made of the educational work carried on in Mexico by the various missionary societies operating there, and of how these schools are appreciated and patronized. There is need of more such institutions, especially of secondary schools and colleges. An American who well knows the situation says,* "Had a great Protestant college been set down in that country twenty years ago, its position would by this time be as commanding as that of Robert College in Turkey, or of some of the great missionary institutions in India and China. It is not even yet too late for the planting of such a school, which ought, if founded, to be interdenominational, liberally equipped and endowed. There are few openings in America more promising than this for the bestowment of a substantial sum of money by some philanthropist who seeks to serve his generation."

This need has long been felt by others who have given their lives to Christian work in Mexico. In June, 1914, there was held at Cincinnati, Ohio, a conference of the representatives of the principal so-

* George B. Winton, "Mexico To-day."

cieties doing work in Mexico. The main purpose of the conference was to discuss and agree upon a program of closer coöperation. On educational lines the proposals adopted were that elementary schools should be carried on wherever evangelical congregations were established, that there should be a union training school for preachers and Christian workers, to be called "The Bible Institute and Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Church in Mexico"; that there should be union normal, industrial, and kindergarten training schools in central localities, and that there should be a union college.

A great National Evangelical Convention was held in Mexico City in March, 1917, in which fourteen denominations were represented, many American missionaries and some officers of their home boards being in attendance. In spite of disturbed political conditions, this was altogether the most important Protestant gathering ever seen in that country, and was dominated throughout by a splendid spirit of coöperation. The great need of an educational institution of high order was here also expressed in a resolution looking toward the establishment of an Evangelical University in Mexico.

No little thought has been given to this subject, not only by progressive Mexicans and by missionaries labouring in that country, but by prominent American educators sympathetic with Christian work there, and some extracts from letters received by the author in the fall of 1916 will be of interest here.

Dr. John Howland * says, "I have never lost the wish, and what is almost the belief, that there shall be established in Mexico a well-equipped evangelical university. I believe that such an institution would command *large* patronage at once, and could be made to be a tremendous force for good. The Panama Congress recommends such institutions for Mexico, Chili, Argentina, Brazil, and Cuba as soon as possible. The Mexican one ought to have about five millions for outfit and endowment, and should hardly be undertaken for less than one million."

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis writes, "Perhaps nothing could do more for the people of Mexico than a good university, educating leaders and sending them out as shepherds, guiding the people into paths of peace and prosperity. Get Watt and his engine, and the invention will take care of itself. Get Paul and his idea of democracy, and liberty will make its way into all the earth. One institution that manufactures manhood of good quality will soon diffuse its influence over an entire state. Scholarly and cosmopolitan men in a university situated in Mexico City would form a standing protest against the spirit of hate and revolution."

Dr. David P. Barrows, dean of the University of California, in a letter dated November 7, 1916, says, "I can conceive of nothing but good following the establishment in Mexico of a university as an exhibit of American interest in Mexico and as a means of

* Dr. Howland, for thirty-four years in the service of the American Board in Mexico, was for a long period director of the International College at Guadalajara.

Mexican enlightenment. A university that aimed to train leaders in all sorts of fields is certainly greatly needed in that republic."

Rev. John W. Butler, D.D., who for more than forty years has been a leader in the Methodist Episcopal mission of Mexico, says, "The founding of such a university ought to be a great thing for the country. There should be very careful management at first. As you know, *the air of superiority should be avoided*. Of course the need is great. I certainly believe it would help to create and maintain friendly relations between the two peoples. I would throw my hat high in the air in favour of the enterprise."

President Dabney in his article already quoted says, "Mexico has no college or university of the modern type. She needs intelligent leaders, but has no institution to train them. One of the best possible things, therefore, that could be done in Mexico, while helping to start her elementary, agricultural, and industrial schools, would be to give her an independent modern college of the type of Robert College, of Constantinople. Only such an institution can train Mexicans in a way to make them into the wise, unselfish, and independent leaders the people need."

Nothing is more true than that the "air of superiority" should be carefully avoided in the discussion and management of such an enterprise, if undertaken largely as an American expression of interest in Mexico. A finely cultivated and representative Mexican, whose opinion I have sought as to how our people can best help his country, heartily approves the sug-

gestion of a university, and is sure that the project may be so tactfully managed as to meet the grateful acceptance of the Mexican people. He also believes that a great educational centre conducted in part under American auspices in his country would tend powerfully to promote the spirit of confidence and good will between Mexico and the United States.

No one who knows Mexico's masses questions their having—not here and there, but everywhere—all the elements of a noble and progressive people. Hundreds of that nation's foremost men, including the great reformer, Juarez, and the great Diaz, sprang from the humblest ranks. Shall not we from our abundance help Mexico to train teachers and leaders for those lower millions who are restlessly aspiring for better things?

VIII

AMERICAN HELP FOR MEXICO— RELIGIOUS

AFTER all, Mexico needs nothing so much as the Gospel. There is no other "power of God unto salvation" for Mexico, or any other people. It would be a mistake to help found institutions for diffusing intellectual light among Mexico's masses and fail to give them *the Light of the World*. Those millions have never seen Jesus the Christ, and that is their trouble. Latin masses, lifeless forms, prayers to the Virgin and to the Saints, images and imposing, mysterious ceremonies have not saved them, personally, socially, or politically. They need to know the Saviour of mankind.

Our Protestant missions have made a good beginning in that country, and yet *only* a beginning. Progress so far has not been rapid, for great foundations cannot be hastily laid. There is urgent call for a forward movement of evangelization in Mexico. Even the political overturnings, while interfering with the progress of the work in some sections, are operating powerfully to weaken the influence of the semi-pagan church, and are preparing the way for a pure and vital type of Christianity.

As the new government gains stability, a new era

of evangelism will open in that country, although new laws coming in force may require some changes of missionary methods. Already plans are being made for more effective coöperation of the various denominations. At the Cincinnati Conference, and again at the more recent Evangelical Convention in Mexico, not only was it agreed to unite in the support and management of the more important institutions of learning, but all are to unite in giving Mexico one great evangelical paper. In this periodical, Protestantism will present a solid front, and its appeal will unquestionably be manyfold stronger than the combined influence of the (excellent) denominational organs which it is designed to displace. A periodical of the character planned, preëminently able and attractive, will assuredly gain an extensive circulation, not only among evangelical readers, but among all classes.

In addition to this, there is to be an illustrated young people's paper, also under union auspices. There is proposed a great joint publishing plant in Mexico City, from which streams of literature, Christian and reconstructive, will be constantly flowing out, even to the remotest corners of the republic.

Among other resolutions adopted at the Mexico Convention were the following: That efforts shall be made to establish medical dispensaries in different parts of the country; that study shall be given to the plan for planting interdenominational hospitals; that study be made of settlement work already undertaken in several places to see if such work may not well be attempted

elsewhere; and, with reference to church coöperation, that churches of every denomination adopt the name "Mexican Evangelical Church," expressing below, in parentheses, the denomination, and that a commission be named to work out a plan of organic union of the various denominations working in Mexico.

In the prosecution of Christ's work there, it is desired to remove every possible element of friction between churches and every possible hindrance to the most efficient economy in the expenditure of money and the distribution of forces.

It was found that in 1910—on the outbreak of the revolution—Mexico had one missionary for every seventy thousand people, but that fourteen states, with five million population, had no resident missionary. In view of this situation, a redistribution of forces has been proposed, by which each society shall now become responsible for its definite allotment of territory.

The political disturbances affected Protestant enterprises in northern Mexico more seriously than at the South, but missionaries, and their boards behind them, are planning for broader and more vigorous undertakings as soon as circumstances will allow.

The following statements of the foreign secretaries of several societies having work in Mexico are representative, both as to the picture of conditions on the field at the time of writing (November, 1916) and as to plans for the future.

Dr. Ed. C. Cook, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, writes: "The revolutionary conditions in Mexico have seriously interfered with every department of

our work, resulting in the suspension of a number of schools and in general demoralization of the force and the program of activities. We have in view, in conjunction with other boards working in Mexico, a constructive program for Christian work there as soon as the situation will permit."

Secretary S. Earl Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says: "In spite of unsettled conditions, our missionaries have been able to remain at their posts. The new government of Mexico is not unfriendly to Protestants, and the people, long under the horrors of bandit warfare, are hungry for Divine consolation and for the blessings of peace. There is a remarkable *educational* awakening in Mexico. Night schools are being opened, and the soldiers and men past middle life are being taught to read and write. There is also an eagerness for the Word of God, which has no parallel in the history of missionary endeavour in Mexico. The educational, evangelistic, and medical phases of our work have gone forward with such success as to challenge the heartiest coöperation that we can render. Mexico has been neglected, but it is our purpose, as soon as conditions permit, to enter that torn and harassed land with a more adequate force of workers and to preach the good news of the kingdom in an aggressive way."

Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board (Congregational) writes: "We expect to coöperate with the other boards in the conducting of a Union Theological Seminary, a Union College, and a Union Christian Press. We are eager to see this coöperative

movement for Mexico conscientiously carried out to its proper and legitimate conclusion. We all thoroughly agree with your statement of what Mexico needs—not guns and explosives, but the Spirit of Christ that will transform character and not snuff out lives. We do not expect to take any backward steps, but to push forward with all the strength and all the resources God gives us to conquer Mexico for Christ.”

During periods of greatest disturbance in that country, those missionaries who had been called to this side of the border kept close watch of the situation, anxiously awaiting developments which might admit of their return. Some whose work was not far in the interior remained on the international line, and in the intervals of comparative quiet ventured back to their fields, if only for a fortnight's stay. One of these frequently grasped his suitcase for a trip to Chihuahua (alternating with the attacks of Villa on that city). Reporting one of these visits, he says: “I find our congregation here about as large as when I left. The Sunday-school has fallen below one hundred only twice this year and the evening services are well attended. The school has been opened by the Mexican teachers; they have about two hundred enrolled and are obliged constantly to turn away applicants for the lower grades because of lack of room.” “It is touching to see the warm welcome that our people give one, and their great desire for the return of all the mission.”

The great state of Chihuahua has suffered more than any other through the depredations of the Villa bandits, and has been the principal ground of international

difficulties. What if among the thousands already effectively reached by the Gospel in those border states, Francisco Villa had been converted! What a saving of lives and of horrifying atrocities; what prevention of difficulties in the settlement of Mexico's internal affairs and in her international relations would have resulted! What would Francisco Villa's conversion a few years ago have been worth to Mexico and to the United States? Who can tell how many potential bandits have been rescued to a useful Christian life as a result of missionary efforts in Mexico? Do missions pay? Does any other human enterprise, in the long run, begin to pay so well—even materially? What more effective protection for our southern border could there be than a tier of states dominated by a pure Christianity, a broad region filled with schools and churches and gospel-transformed people? What would it mean to the United States to have an entire nation of such people at our South? What would it mean to Mexico, to the world, to Christ? Is it strange that our missionaries, realizing as never before the seriousness of the undertaking, are urgently appealing to their boards, and through them to the home churches, for reinforcements and for more adequate equipment for the task so hopefully commenced?

“There is an eagerness for the Word of God which has had no parallel in the history of missionary endeavour in Mexico.” This testimony of Dr. Taylor is echoed from all parts of the republic. Is there here no challenge to Americans on whose lips are constantly the words, “Thy kingdom come”?

A Mexican pastor, now of Los Angeles, deeply grateful for what he himself has received through our missions, and earnestly longing that his whole people may be evangelized, says: "Only a small beginning has been made! Efforts thus far are utterly incommensurate to the needs! The situation is urgent!"

Mexico to-day finds herself in a condition not unlike that of the wounded man on the Jericho road; robbed and maltreated by those of her own nation, neglected by her own priests and religious leaders, she is awaiting the coming of a Samaritan who will be to her a neighbour, ministering to her need. "Going into all the world" includes entering every section of distracted Mexico; and "preaching the Gospel to every creature" means giving it to Ramón Montoya, Manuel Reyes, and every one of their countrymen just over the line.

IX

AMERICAN HELP FOR MEXICO—SOCIAL

SHOULD there be an American invasion of Mexico? Of soldiers, no. Of scheming, exploiting land-grabbers and speculators, no. No outside interference is wanted in Mexican politics; nor are foreigners welcomed who come in simply with the idea of benefiting themselves, caring not a straw for the country, showing no disposition to identify themselves with its interests. But there is abundance of room in Mexico for the right kind of immigrants. It may be said that all of that country is now safe for Americans, especially those of friendly spirit. Our newspapers do not fairly represent the situation across the line. Their reports are mainly of disturbances, ignoring the prevailing peaceful, though suffering, state of society.

Before the recent revolutionary period it is estimated that there were not less than one hundred thousand Americans in Mexico. A large number of these did not, at any period of the trouble, leave their homes there, and a very considerable proportion of those who withdrew have already returned. With the increasing strength and confidence of the new government, better guarantees will be given for life and property, and American immigration of the proper sort will be wel-

comed. Indeed, the reopening of American mines and industries of all kinds, giving needed employment and bringing in good money, will be an important factor in the restoration of Mexican prosperity.

With the settling of political conditions a new and undreamed-of era of enterprise will open. Few people of this country have any clear idea of the enormous natural resources of Mexico. That land may some day easily support a population of one hundred million. The development of her resources has scarcely begun. Mexico needs just the class of immigration which the United States can supply. There are to-day more than five hundred thousand Mexicans in the United States. They are well received and there is no restriction to their coming among us. Should their places south of the line all be filled from the better class of American people, both countries would immensely gain thereby. Most Americans having business interests in Mexico are of estimable character and may be counted on to contribute materially toward the future well-being of the country. Many more of this class may feel the pull of opportunity and establish themselves there, and would to God that the selfish, the unsympathetic, and those of overbearing spirit and degrading morals might be moved to turn back before reaching the border.

What is there to attract Americans to that sunny Southland? The great rubber, coffee, and sugar opportunities, commercial fruits in endless variety, precious metals, lumber enterprises, calls for factories, flouring mills, tanneries, packing houses, and fruit

nurseries. Mexican cities are to grow as never heretofore and immense unsettled areas now vacant are to be peopled. For general and for specialized farming countless leagues of rich valley land await the first touch of the plough. Magnificent sites for storage reservoirs are awaiting engineers and capital for their development, and extensive arid regions are to be transformed into growing fields and orchards through irrigating systems yet to be. In some localities there is artesian water to be developed, and in others pumping plants will multiply marvellously the value of apparently desert land.

American doctors find attractive openings in Mexico, as do dentists, photographers, merchants, commercial travellers, surveyors, and assayers.

The prospective settler should move cautiously. He should make thorough investigation before locating or making investment: should look well into the validity of property titles, should satisfy himself as to climatic conditions the year through. He should inform himself of possible disadvantages and count well all costs before making important decisions.

The call to Mexico will come most strongly to young people or to those well under middle life. Graduates of colleges, of technical and agricultural schools, student volunteers, active Young People's Society members—all with a few years of practical business experience in the homeland to test themselves—these are of the sort that Mexico needs, leaders in whatever line they may undertake.

What will be the dominant motive deciding these

young people to enter Mexico? If they are Christians, what else should it be than to help in the regeneration of that country, to give a brotherly helping hand wherever needed, to reflect in daily life the spirit of the Master, as a neighbour, as a member of the community, in all business dealings and relations? A secondary motive, yet important, will be to make a living, even to enjoy a degree of prosperity and to so lead in one's chosen line of work as to furnish a helpful example to those about him. Many will find the business openings so good and the allurements of fortune so great that caution is necessary. Let Mexico and the interests of her people be always *first*.

On arrival, these Americans should endeavour to make friends of their new neighbours. Good teachers will everywhere be found for instruction in Spanish, and in exchange they and others may want English. In a few days the newcomer will have at command the usual salutations, also enough of the buyer's vocabulary to fill his market basket. The more one mingles with the people the sooner he will pick up their idioms, and he who seeks friends will be sure to find them.

It has not been customary for Americans on establishing themselves in Mexico to take out naturalization papers and become Mexican citizens. Even those who locate with the idea of permanency rarely do this. One naturally hesitates deliberately to place himself beyond the protection of the old home government and trust himself to the care of the foreign one with its reputation of instability. Mexicans in the United States follow the same course, few becoming citizens.

Nevertheless, for the class of Americans which Mexico now needs, for the mutual good of the country and of the new citizen, I unhesitatingly and urgently recommend Mexican citizenship. Nothing the immigrants can do will so quickly secure for them the confidence and favour of the Mexican people as the fact that they seek to become citizens. From the government officials down to the humblest neighbour, all will appreciate the token of confidence and will admire the courage of the act. The step will tend to convince all of the strangers' genuine interest in the country, its people, its government, its upbuilding. "They are becoming Mexicans; they are identifying themselves with us"—this will add to their popularity and influence. My Mexican friends say, and they know, "Such naturalized citizens, if they are fitted for leadership, would in time find themselves occupying public offices in their communities and in their states. They could accomplish vastly more for their adopted land than by remaining foreigners." Should such important procedure on the part of American immigrants become common—always granted that they be of the right class—popular feeling in Mexico would be revolutionized. Confidence and good understanding would take the place of suspicion and ill will.

Especial interest would naturally be taken by the Mexican government that such colonists should not have reason to regret their change of citizenship. In proportion to the number of these ingoing Americans would be the reflex benefit to the United States, and in this way, as by no other, might many problems as to

the political, commercial, and social relations between the two countries be solved. In the next quarter century many Americans will make their homes in Mexico. Our relations with that country ought to grow in intimacy, and it lies largely in the power of Americans to determine whether these are to increase in mutual friendliness and profit.

I venture other suggestions for those Americans who, establishing themselves in Mexico, shall attempt to have a part in her transformation. The missionaries will achieve large results through preaching, teaching, touring, by printed word, and through training and directing other workers. Yet, after all, their *lives*, their *example*, the sympathetic, Christ-like spirit exhibited in their daily contact with the people will be the great transforming influence, without which whatever they do will be of little value. This same kind of daily living and friendly spirit may be practised in Mexico by thousands of other Americans who are sent by no society, whose plan may not definitely include religious work, and whose time is mainly employed in secular occupations. These colonists will have no mean opportunities for influencing beneficently the communities where they may locate. The Mexicans are a very sociable people and little difficulty will be encountered in finding one's way into their social life. The Mexican custom of neighbourly calls will include the newcomers, if these show themselves neighbourly. They will be invited to join in picnics, civic festivals, and entertainments, if the interest to do so is plain. It will not be long before the recent strangers may—

unobtrusively—begin to direct social interest into new channels, as reading circles, for example. The program of readings may be planned to include not only subjects of practical concern to those particular families, but such as will call attention to and provoke discussion of matters important, yet little considered in that neighbourhood.

A reading circle might naturally develop into conferences on such subjects as "Good Roads," "Better Fruits," "Home Hygiene," "City Sanitation," "Care of Children," "Evils of Alcohol," "Effects of Tobacco," etc. On many of these subjects there is lamentable lack of information, and thus no public sentiment. In conjunction with like-minded friends in other places, temperance conventions could be arranged in which able speakers would present the subject in a way to make profound impression on those whose attention was called to it, perhaps for the first time. The anti-saloon movement is destined to include Mexico in its world sweep, and her redemption will never be effected until the universal, efficiency-destroying cigarette is likewise banished.

It will be easy to introduce into the reading circle program selections from the Bible. Indeed, no readings would be listened to with deeper interest, especially by mothers. To the most of these nominally Catholic people the Bible is an unopened book. Who can say what might result in a neighbourhood from the tactful, prayerful reading of God's Word?

Christian colonists will desire to coöperate in every possible way with regular missionaries, and these will

rejoice to welcome such lay-workers. Social centres, recommended in work for the Mexicans of the United States, might well become common in Mexico. In connection with these there could be elevating entertainments and popular lecture courses. The masses need information on many a question vital to their highest interests. Before they can intelligently exercise the right of franchise they need instruction in the principles of democracy and good government. Along lines of public and private morals there is room for plain teaching. There is needed no uncertain application of Christian doctrine to every-day business dealings between man and his fellowman. For all public and individual betterment preaching is good; popular addresses, conferences, and conventions are important, but nothing effects so much as *concrete example*, or can take its place. Men and women whose ideas are hazy regarding such common terms as justice, truth, purity, and temperance can understand them when transmuted by their neighbour into *deeds*. No explanations which the preacher can make explain so well as his life, day in and day out. Put a little group of consecrated Christian families into every city and country town of Mexico and the regeneration of the land would be assured. I do not ignore the fact that there are multitudes of devout Christians among the Roman Catholics of Mexico and that nominally attached to the same Church there is a splendid class of citizens who are working earnestly for the right development of their native land; nor do I forget the great and rapidly growing body of Protestant Mexicans who are to have

the most prominent part in the reformation of their people. I have attempted to indicate here how *Americans* may share in the reconstruction and salvation of Mexico.

There certainly will be a *New Mexico*. That country will some day take her place among the stable, the powerful, the highly esteemed nations of the world, contributing her full share to the progress of world civilization. In another thirty years great advance will have been made toward realizing this ideal. While happily retaining her integrity as a sovereign nation and gaining stability of government through the rise of her common people, it is earnestly hoped that her relations with the mighty nation across her border may grow in confidence, in cordiality, and in intimacy. As respects commercial and social intercourse, Mexico may one day seem more like a great southern extension of our own country than a foreign land. It should be written that the transformation of Mexico was in no small measure due to the generous sympathy and co-operation of her Big Christian Neighbour at the North.

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