

LETTERS FROM MEXICO: I

EDITH WAGNER

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letters were written by Mrs. Wagner in 1911, while she was living in Gomez Palacio, a short distance from Torreon. They gave vividly the impressions of an eyewitness of events in the revolution which raised Francisco Madero to the presidency. For a short time after the date of these letters the rebels were the government party, but the following revolution, in which Madero was killed, put most of those who were classed as rebels in 1911 once more into the rebel ranks. Thus the fighting which is at present going on around Torreon is in most respects a close parallel to that which Mrs. Wagner described in these letters written nearly three years ago to her friends in the United States.

Thursday, 4 p.m., May 4, 1911.

Such excitement! Our next-door neighbors, the Suarezes, just piled into a coach with four mules, a trunk and a half-dozen valises, six small children, papa, mamma and two nurses, and attempted a hike to Torreon, only to come back in a few minutes—papa looking as though suddenly smitten with jaundice, mamma melted in tears and the servants saying their prayers out loud,—came back saying that they were not allowed past the guard sent over from Lerdo today by the rebels. I had just got back from Mrs. Wafford's. We were playing cards. There are only enough American women left here to make a table at bridge. We had only played a rubber or two when one of our husbands burst in and told us for God's sake to fly home, as the federals were coming from Torreon and the rebels from Lerdo and the big fight was to be here in Gomez. We flew. So I was in time to see the Suarez flight and return.

7 p.m.—Nothing but a rumor that the federals were coming. But the rebels did come—indeed they have hardly gone. Pablo Lavin, the half-crazy, degenerate son of a millionaire family, is the leader in Lerdo. He is only twenty-two, a sulky-looking young devil with slumbrous black eyes. He raided his own brother's place and took from it sixty peons, and that many horses and a large number of work-mules.

His lieutenant, Juan Ramirez, who has just finished looting here, was one of the criminals released from the Lerdo jail last week. That is the procedure of the rebels so far in every town they have taken—kill all the policemen and municipal officers they get their hands on, burn the records and release all prisoners.

We have been out in the street watching the rebels ride into the stores and help themselves to what they want. They are principally after horses and arms. An Arab, a cottonseed dealer, lives on the corner of this block, which fronts the plaza; when he heard the rebels coming he hid his beautiful riding mare in his bedroom, but it was all no use, for the rebels hunted until they found her.

They stopped private carriages and took out the horses and left the vehicles right in the middle of the street. Mr. Behringer, a young German in business here, was driving by about a block away. Through the big crowd of peons that followed the looters, we caught sight of them stopping him. He stood up and shook his head, but the rebels calmly unhitched his nice, big, black horse and left him sitting up in his light trap looking rather foolish. He passed our house wiping his red face with his handkerchief and swearing in German, English and Spanish. It must be some solace to be able to express one's feelings in so many languages and so effectively!

Gomez is alive with foreign flags; not many American flags, though. We put ours up this afternoon. You don't know how good it looks. Bob went over to his work this

morning in Torreon. The streetcars were stopped by the rebels about three o'clock, and I don't know how he is going to get back. We are in the hands of the enemy. Quite a decent-acting enemy.

May 5, 8 a.m.

Well, Bob did get over last night. He had such adventures! It is about three miles—or whatever seven kilometers are. Bob and a friend walked from the river, which is a dry, sandy bed between low banks. They skulked and dodged, and when they were on the Torreon side they answered the sentries' calls by "Viva Don Porfirio," and on the Gomez Palacio side they cried, "Viva Don Pancho!" Wallace thinks that peace will be declared in a week, and I am buoyed by the hope, but even in that event these *rebeldes* are forming habits that will take time and force to conquer—riding around on handsome, spirited horses, eating and drinking of the best, no work and a gorgeous good time. They are not going to give up that without a struggle.

10 a.m.—Today is a holiday. One of the gayest in Mexico, usually, but for the fifth of May this is rather *triste*. Early a brigandish-looking rebel came and told the servant that we must decorate with bunting in honour of Don Pancho. He said that there is to be "*unos discursos*" (speeches) in the plaza. We need the money for other things, so we have not decorated. I see very little decoration. On the streets here facing the plaza square I see some of the Spanish business houses have put up Chinese lanterns and bunting. I dare say they are afraid not to. It is pretty well known now that the rebels intend occupying Gomez and operating against Torreon, with this place and Lerdo as a base.

The rebels just passed. I stood up in the barred window and watched them. Wallace with the boys stood on an iron bench in the plaza. They rode, without a smile, between such crowds that they had room to ride only four abreast. My! They are a wicked-looking bunch. They held their rifles straight up in front of them. They never looked right nor left. Some had handkerchiefs over their faces. Blake came over from the plaza after they had gone by—we counted nearly three hundred—and told me he recognized several of the masked ones as boys of good families here. That sort of thing appeals to a boy.

Blake is out of films and we can't get a film. Too bad! There are lovely pictures at every corner. The plaza is in full leaf and is so restful and green. Today it is filled with excited men. Only peon women are out, and very few of them. It must be lots of fun to be a man in wartime. I cannot be too glad that we live on the plaza. I would die on a back street.

I hear the roaring,—they are coming,—the band is playing a lively quickstep; it is called "Pascual Orozco." After all, the speeches were made from the balcony of a *meson* about three blocks away. But now the crowd is back, the band is playing, the people cheering and the leaders making speeches from the band pavilion. Such a crowd! I wish you could see Ramirez, the captain from Lerdo, a big fat Mexican, who overlaps his silver-mounted saddle. He has a heavy, black mustache and restless, black, bead eyes; he wears an enormous red felt sombrero trimmed with gold braid, a short, brown leather jacket and leather chaps. He rides a perfectly beautiful horse,—loot, of course,—and carries superb arms. The expression of his face is amusing: he tries to look stern and bloodthirsty and only succeeds in looking pompous and self-satisfied.

When the boys came back from hearing the speeches, they told me that Jesus Flores—but a few yesterdays

ago a bricklayer and now captain of five hundred men—made the most incendiary speech. He preached universal suffrage (by the way, the Mexican women are beginning to sit up and take notice), equality, fraternity—the usual socialist dream; but what is ominous, he assured them that if they joined the cause of Don Pancho Madero they would have a share of all the riches in Torreon; that on taking Torreon everything is to be turned over to the soldiers; they will be able to eat and drink their fill; anything that pleases their eyes they can take. He fairly inflamed them against the Chinese. I could hear them shouting, "*Bajo los Chinos!*" and "Death to the Chinese." Jack, who was quite near the speaker, said that he kept repeating, "We will suspend the barbarous Chinese like spiders in their webs!" Seems a little venomous, but most of their venom is expended in talk, so I think nothing will come of it. He reminded them that the Chinese had taken the best stalls in the market and sold their vegetables cheaper than the Mexicans, and—greatest crime of all—how their laundries had taken the bread from the mouths of "our hard-working mothers and wives!" Jack said tears actually choked his voice when he denounced that last outrage.

One good thing—not a *cantina* is open. They fined one near us one hundred and twenty dollars for keeping open until seven when the order was to close at six last night and stay closed until Torreon is taken.

All the children have been sent home from the convent—the Sisters are awfully frightened,—so the boys went out to bring in Max. I was helping the cook with the lunch—we had one of our own fat chickens in order to have an extra nice lunch for Max—when Blake called me to the door to see Sixto Ugalde's vanguard from San Pedro come in. It was a picturesque sight. As I looked down the long street, I saw about two hundred of them with conical hats, floating red sashes and high, fluttering banners. They swept round a corner, down a block, and around another corner. Their shining, big, fine horses kicked up a wonderful cloud of dust, and the riders made a great display of horsemanship: pulling their horses to their haunches, spurring them in forward leaps and making them dance sideways. All to the intense admiration of the *plebe*. I forgot to tell you that always a bugler goes ahead of any number of rebels. When I went back to my chicken I found all my men had deserted; even Max had chased off.

I know you are perfectly sick of this revolution, but it is all we talk about or think about. The boys are so ashamed of me. I go out in the street and hold up any one—peon, *frutero*, *aguador*—who will talk to me, and I am simply "pals" with the dreadful old women who sell *dulces* in the plaza. I credit everything they say and—believe me—one has to be a past-master in credulity to achieve that.

Our milkman, an Englishman, came this afternoon bursting with rage. The rebels had taken his horse and he was driving a mule. He had up the British flag, he told me plaintively, but even so they overhauled his house, taking a pair of solid silver spurs, two rifles, field glasses and a new harness, besides the horse.

It is eight o'clock, the band is playing, and the plaza lit up with strings of red, green and white electric lights, but few people are out. Bob is tinkling on the mandolin in the band—pauses and Max and his father are playing casino. Jack and Blake are out seeing what they can see. Every one who goes out of the house comes back with the most startling rumors that never amount to anything.

Well, I will close for tonight. I must say you all seem very, very far away. Now I do not mean that the

way I am afraid you will take it. I mean it is so different here. A few minutes ago I went to the *zaguan* door. The band was playing all the dear, well-remembered airs from "Martha," the night is so balmy and pleasant, and as I stood there I could look at the crowd walking in the plaza. Among the crowd I could see groups (usually in threes) of rebels carrying big Winchesters and trailing clanking sabres at their heels. Think of that! Wouldn't the presence of a lot of armed men throw a damper on any festivity in the States?

11 p.m.—The band has been playing the national hymn again and again. I wish you could hear the yelling—or, rather, I am glad you can't, for it would frighten you to death. It sounds so hoarse and menacing—a note in it hardly human. I remember the first night I heard the mob. It was in Puebla. We were living upstairs. It was midnight one sixteenth of September. I was dressed for some reason, and when I heard a deep, rolling roar I went out on the balcony and saw below hundreds of drunken, baying peons running like madmen through the streets. It was the night of the *grito*—their one hour of liberty. When I realized that they were howling "Death to the Americans!" I shook so I could hardly get back in the room. I was alone with three babies and knew no one in the town.

Well, again good-night. There is not much use posting this. I am afraid it will be a long time getting to you. Even the railroad offices are closed and the telegraph instruments broken. Max says the Sisters pray for peace every night—the dear things!

Do write and assure me that you do not feel alarmed over us. Not that I expect any letters for weeks, but I may get vibrations!

May 11, 8 a.m.

I have a big, fat letter to you all, resting right here on the desk, that I wrote a week ago, but there was no use in mailing it, with all the bridges burned and the track torn up for a thousand miles. It is ten days since we received any mail.

Every day now for ten days, rebels have been coming in from every direction. Petra Herrera came in last night. They (her men) were from San Pedro. She is a tiny little thing about five feet tall. It is said that she had two horses killed under her when she helped take San Pedro. She was at the head of over a thousand, a ragged, dreadfully wicked-looking lot! Blake and I ran about three blocks to see them. She had been in the saddle all day, and rather sagged in the seat, and had on a man's shirt and chaps. A feminine touch was some artificial pink roses around the crown of her conical sombrero. Her men adore her. As they rode through the streets—it was dusk—they threw up their guns and kept shouting:

"We are Petra's men!" and "Live the Virgin of Guadalupe!" Then they'd howl like coyotes.

This afternoon when Ugalde arrives there will be over five thousand armed and well-mounted rebels in Gomez. Castro's men appear to be the only disciplined body. He is very prosperous-looking. Wears a uniform with a sword. The Peñoles Mining Company, it is rumored, gave him ten thousand dollars in recognition of his services in preventing a strike and disorder in Mapimi. An acquaintance of his tells us that he has "cleaned up" with the various "recognitions" at least eighty thousand dollars, and he is comparatively obscure! He was a humble streetcar inspector before the revolution, but he can read and write, which is more than most of the leaders can do.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM MEXICO: II

EDITH WAGNER

4 p.m., May 11, 1911.

Tonight we hear Torreon is to be attacked; two days ago they made an attack on the outpost. About five or six rebels were killed and probably that many federals. The Americans laugh because so few are killed. Well, that does not argue anything; it has always been a saying that it takes a ton of lead to kill one soldier in battle. The rebels have the irrigation ditches to protect them in their advance on Torreon; the federals have the rocks on the hills on three sides of the city, also the breast-works and defenses they have been making for three months. From one o'clock until nearly five the fire continued. We could hear distinctly the gatling guns from the hills. The rebels have several carloads of dynamite in bombs, that are to be thrown into Torreon. They dynamited the town of Parral, and we are told that the only big buildings or business blocks left are those belonging to foreigners; they were protected by their flags.

Fancy these people, so long cowed, so obedient to government, so subservient, suddenly finding, almost accidentally, that they are free, not slaves; that there is no authority; that they can loot, riot, murder, rape with absolute impunity. It has gone to their heads. Of course you will think that I am unjust to Castro. Didn't he keep order? For a bribe! And what of the condition of the country when any streetcar inspector or brick-layer or released criminal has more authority than the President of Mexico? Of course stable, strong men may come to the surface of the wreckage of law and order. Poor old Don Porfirio! The results of his thirty years of the Iron Hand have disappeared in a day. No one of the lower class is afraid now—except of not getting his share of plunder. I may be wrong about these people, but to me they seem like people who must be kept in awe of authority. They will steal and murder for the love of God and country,—they are strong on patriotism,—but it takes the fear of the devil to get a bit of honest work out of them.

All the Americans here are afraid of short rations. I got the madness yesterday, and rushed over to the Spaniard who keeps a grocery store near here, and bought all the canned goods I could lay my hands on, and now this morning comes Wallace with *cargadores* carrying a half hectoliter of corn for the chickens, fifty kilos of flour—and we buy our bread! twenty-five kilos of beans, two pieces of bacon and a ham. We haven't had butter for a week. I always liked the man who said he could get along without the necessities of life if he could just have the luxuries. Well, now butter is a luxury and any one may have all our flour and beans in exchange for butter and ice. Oh, the ice!

We still keep Cenobia and Chavela with us. I suppose we are foolish to feed them, but I not only feel sorry for them, but also for myself if I have to do the work!

May 12.

Now we hear that the concerted attack on Torreon will be made tomorrow. We hear every American woman left there on the last train nearly two weeks ago, but everything is rumors.

If you see in the papers that the water supply of Gomez is poisoned, do not believe it. There is enough that is true. It has been a perfect carnival of fear. This poisoning scare started in the market. Some fish spoiled for lack of ice. It was taken away to the outskirts of town, but these old market women who keep eating-stalls are real scavengers, and, it being Friday,

they felt they must have some fish, so they dug around and found a lot of the fish only a *trifle* tainted. They stewed and fried and seasoned the fish highly with chili and herbs, and a number ate it for breakfast.

The first to feel the effects was an old woman who drank an *olla* of milk and ate a plate of fish-stew—a deadly combination at best. She began screaming that she was poisoned, and fell in a sort of rigor. In a few moments a number of others were writhing on the stone floor of the market. Right away it was claimed that the federals had bribed some of the market people to poison all the food and throw poison in the wells. I won't say but that they are treacherous enough to do it—but they didn't do it. The doctors are sure that it is ptomaine poisoning. Every one is getting better. I saw some of the victims staggering out of a drugstore. The market will be sealed now for two days and all the food in it is to be destroyed. I saw about thirty butchers—poor devils—being marched along between rebel soldiers. And all the old women from the market trailing behind, in their rags and shrouding *rebozos*, most of them crying and saying their prayers. It's like what you read of Italy during the civil wars of the Renaissance. The very year Columbus discovered this country the old Milanese market women were accused of selling poisoned flour to the French allies.

May 13.

I am so restless that I cannot write long, but I will try to tell you a little of what is going on. All the morning these picturesque scoundrels have been galloping through the streets; the bugles have been calling and the leaders, on their beautiful stolen horses, have been dashing round corners, wheeling and turning, and conferring importantly together. Then about one o'clock long lines of rebels began riding out toward Torreon. The machine guns and firing began shortly after in Torreon. I can hear it this minute; it is continuous and very rapid. We do not know what the execution is—it all sounds wicked and murderous. The boys took my opera glasses up on the high water-tank, but could see nothing but bands of horsemen riding toward the dry river-bed.

The firing has been steady since one, and it is now four o'clock. The sound of cannon and machine guns is terrifying. The street in front is very quiet; it is a beautiful sunny day and the air is so clear and fresh. Just a little cool breeze moving the green leaves and the roses in the plaza. The poor old peon women are standing out on the sidewalks saying prayers for the souls in battle.

This is very disconnected, as I keep going to the window to listen. I do so hope no American women are left in Torreon. Two riderless horses dashed by. Wallace would say their riders probably fell off in a panic of fear. But surely such incessant firing must mean that some are killed.

Right after lunch (and all Bob could take was a plate of soup) the male members of the family disappeared and I am alone. I'll finish later. Something has happened. A man with a livid face ran by. He shouted in to me as he passed. I think he called, "*Mis hijos!*" He keeps calling it, as he runs down the street, "*My sons! My sons!*" Others are running. I will write it later.

Next Morning.

Yes, he was calling about his sons. He had just heard that both were killed. He was a railroad man; had worked for Wallace. He has always been loyal to Diaz and felt dreadfully apprehensive when his sons joined the Maderistas. Last night about seven the Watkinses from Mapimi arrived. They are staying with us.

Jack enlisted last night with the Red Cross for field work. So far the carriages with Red Cross flags have been returning without wounded. They claim they can't get near the firing line.

This morning we learn that the firing kept up nearly all night. I didn't stay awake all night, but when I was awake I could hear the roar and rattle of the guns.

Jesus Flores, one of the leaders, and a former bricklayer, was brought in dead yesterday afternoon. Last night in revenge a wounded federal was tied to the end of a rope, and a rebel on horseback dragged him from the river to the *meson* here in Gomez where Jesus Flores' men are quartered, and from there they dragged him through all the streets. We could hear the "vivas" and yells and thought it was a victory. The Pattersons had come in and we were repeating to each other unfounded scarehead rumors, when Blake came in and told us that the "vivas" and howling were over this ghastly trophy. Can you imagine our horror?

Bob is ill with grip and cannot go out. Poor Bob! We all feel so sorry for him, and all run away and leave him. Mr. Watkins, though, is very decent; he sticks around pretty close and tries to keep Bob from fretting. We eat standing up, and if we hear any shouting or commotion in the street we all make a break for the *saguan* door. This morning I took my coffee in the window-seat of the barred window looking on the plaza. Only the iron bars separate me from the populace on the sidewalk. That way I garnered a lot of nice gossip. Every old peon—recognizing in me a kindred spirit—stopped to tell me the latest. One said General Lojero—that's the general commanding in Torreon—had an enemy within his gates, that the whole *plebe* had risen, and that the thunderous boom of dynamite that we heard early was the mob dynamiting the buildings; another said that all his men had mutinied; another that the town was a network of mines, and as soon as the rebels entered everybody was to be blown to kingdom come. I enjoyed it. Me for the window for a dining-room!

Jack left this morning without his breakfast to help on the field. The British consul, Mr. Cummings, has organized a British Red Cross Hospital. I fussed a little about Jack going, but Wallace was very calm over it. Said if Jack didn't have sense enough to dodge Mexican bullets he didn't have sense enough to live, anyway. Jack is back, or I wouldn't be writing so heartlessly. It's eleven o'clock. He got back about ten minutes ago. He says the firing is much lighter; indeed, we had noticed it. He says he was fired on whenever he lifted his head from a ditch. When they would raise the big Red Cross flag, ping! ping! but the Mauser bullets would sing over the ditch or pop into the bank. Wounded are at a premium. I understand that the brave Red Cross workers did manage to snatch, as it were, one wounded rebel from the field, and were returning in high feather with a lady or two to soothe his brow and a gentleman or two to tie up his wounds when they were met by some ten or twelve screaming relatives and they were obliged to disgorge—unhand him, so to speak.

5 p.m.—We found out why the firing seemed to lessen this morning. About a thousand of the rebels came back here to give Jesus Flores a military funeral. The procession was quite impressive. They marched with a band at the head and in mounted companies of a hundred, with a bugler for each company. We live around the corner from the church (you'll think we live around the corner or in front of everything in Gomez—well, we very nearly do), and when we saw the crowd

and the mounted rebels we followed—Wallace and I—and went to Jesus Flores' funeral. The crowd was tremendous. Just before the coffin was brought out of the church, the band, which was outside, played "On the Other Side of Jordan, Where the Sweet Fields Are Blooming." Wasn't that a funny thing for a Mexican band to play? It was played so sweetly and tenderly, but I could not help thinking it was a little incongruous for a bloodthirsty, looting bandit like Jesus Flores.

I have some disquieting news. It is certain that at least ten American families are left in Torreon. I know all of them. Think of them tonight! All the streets in complete darkness, for all electric light and telephone wires were cut a week ago. If you could hear, as I am hearing this moment, the firing and dynamiting! There are over six thousand rebels and only eight hundred federals.

Monday Night, May 15.

I have not had time to write. We've lived in the street, and what few Americans are left here were running in and out. The siege of Torreon is over. We heard this morning that General Lojero had evacuated the city, and we would not believe it. He is a stern old soldier of the Diaz type, and we could not imagine him giving up so tamely. But fully two-thirds of his cartridges were found made of painted wood. He left hundreds of boxes of this sham-battle ammunition. Whether it was furnished in deliberate treachery or was sent in mistake by some muddle-headed underling, no one will ever know. Well, the blunder, if it is one, will have a far-reaching influence, for without doubt Madero will win. Torreon is the railway center of northern Mexico. Torreon won means Mexico won.

We were all up at five this morning. No one could sleep, anyway. The early part of the night we could hear the most terrible cannonading and explosions of dynamite. It was rumored that Torreon was to be razed to the ground. Thirteen wagons of dynamite had been brought from Parral and a number of carloads were already here from Dinamita.

At an early hour the rebels entered the city, finding the sentries withdrawn. We hear that Castro and Emilio Madero, Don Francisco Madero's brother, tried to control the mob, but the two did not leave Gomez, where they were eating breakfast, until nine, and by that time nearly all the dastardly work was over. The savagery is past belief. Over three hundred inoffensive, unarmed Chinese were butchered. Jack was over there in the afternoon and he says the streets are literally running blood. Thrown in one heap he counted seventeen bodies. Hovering over the grisly piles were old women stripping the bodies of shoes and clothes, unless too blood-soaked or saber-cut. Targets were made of little Chinese boys, and the Maderistas emptied their six-shooters into these poor children.

By some miracle Dr. Lim, the Chinese consul, was saved, and is now here in Gomez; Jack came over in the Red Cross carriage with him. Jack said he was unafraid and cool. He is a very progressive man and respected by everybody; was at one time president of the Chinese bank. The Chinese have done a great deal to develop Torreon, have put up some beautiful buildings, and have stores and laundries and vegetable gardens; were in the course of building a new tramway to Lerdo, and own stock in every notable business operation in this part of the country.

The Chinese and the Arab shops were completely gutted. Exquisite embroideries, delicate porcelains, lacquer work, enamels, brass and copper ware, bales of silk and pongee were being carried off all day by the

peons. All the peons in Gomez have gone over to help pillage. I wish you could see some of the things they have toted by. One barefooted fellow had two billiard cues and a piano stool. A friend saw a ragged woman, with three little children hanging to her skirts, proudly carrying an electric coffee percolator. And Petra Herrera, the woman leader—who, by the way, was much braver or more reckless than the men leaders—is wearing a gorgeous Paris hat belonging to the colonel's daughter in Torreon. Petra looks as though never, with malice aforethought, had she taken a bath.

All the jails were opened, as they were in the French Revolution. The post-office was broken into, as some Chinese had hidden there. They were dragged out and chopped to pieces with machetes. Then the post-office was sacked and the mail thrown in the street. The cabs and hacks standing in the streets without horses were filled with women from the underworld and dragged through the crowds by screaming Maderistas. The women, with hair down and wreaths of flowers on, stood up drinking out of bottles of wine and crying, "Liberty! Equality! Universal Suffrage!"

The boys returned about an hour ago from Torreon. Bob is better and was out. They say the town looks sacked—windows broken, stores empty, sidewalks and streets still bloody and filled, filled from wall to wall, by rebels on horseback. The saloons are closed, and an order has been sent out that any one caught with plunder will be shot. A peon just went by with a handsome new leather Morris chair perched on a burro. I am in hopes he will not be found out, he was looking so pleased.

I want to assure you all about our treatment. We cannot complain. Of course the mob in Torreon did not always discriminate, and looted and burned some American property. I suppose the owners will get indemnity of a sort—or their grandchildren may.

May 18.

I had not closed my letter, as no trains are running yet, and I thought I might want to add something. And I do.

Whenever you agree with Mark Twain that "Sometimes it does seem such a pity Noah and his party did not miss that boat," then usually something comes up that revives your faith in humanity and you're glad they caught the boat!

While the mob—the rebels a-horseback and the *plebe* a-foot—ran howling and blood-crazed, hunting Chinamen in every hole and corner, twenty-eight of the poor frightened wretches managed to escape out of a laundry. They crawled over Señora Cadena's patio wall and she hid them. The rebels suspected her of hiding them, and they gathered in front of her *casa*, screaming with fury, spurring their horses up to the door and beating on the iron-barred windows with their rifle-butts. For trying to protect some Chinese, the rebels, earlier in the day, had killed a Mexican lawyer, stripped him of clothes and thrown the body in the street; and they were in no mood to allow a Spanish woman to balk them. They fired through her heavy, iron-banded door. She opened her window and defied them, and told them they could kill her but she would not let them in nor give up the human beings that God had put in her care. By a miracle she was able to daunt that dreadful mob. She saved the twenty-eight!

It is now very late and I will go to bed. I cannot help being sad tonight—the future looks black for the American in Mexico. I am afraid we will all have to leave. The sixteen years we have lived here will go for nothing then.