

As a Salt Lake Girl Sees Picturesque Old Mexico

Special Correspondence.

As we alight from the train at Nueva Casas Grandes late in the afternoon, the broad, sunny plain stretching before us is indeed Mexico. There are the low adobe houses, with the doorways full of blooming cosmos or Mexican flowers, Chinese restaurants, pigs grunting along the streets, and little mouse-colored burros laden with packs larger than themselves, a vicious brown bear chained up back of the saloon, dark-eyed somorials, and villainous looking men strolling around in long Spanish capes—admirably adapted for hiding disks.

Here at the station we take the stage for Colonia Juarez, 13 miles away, and if we are very lucky we may catch a glimpse of Lady Flo Beresford as we climb into the stage. Lady Flo was the negro wife of the English Lord Beresford, who owned one of the largest ranches in Mexico. Lady Flo is considered a great beauty and dash among this dark-skinned people, and wherever she goes there is always "something doing." Just now social life at the station is under a temporary eclipse as the lady is decked out in widow's weeds for her recent lord and master, Lord Charles Beresford, who was killed in a train wreck a month ago.

OVER CASAS GRANDES.

We go through the beautiful calm flowing Casas Grandes river, banked by great cotton weeds. Then as we drive in the fragrance of the evening through the fields of corn—some of which stalks 12 feet high—potatoes, alfalfa, myriads of glow worms appear. It is night when we see on an eminence looming before us the black walls of the old town of Casas Grandes. It is with a feeling of awe that we enter the town, which, as it lies silent in the moonlight, seems like a city of the dead. The gray adobe walls cast diurnal shadows, and when we are told that this town has 2,000 inhabitants, we think they must crawl into their holes like rats. Not a breath stirs the trees in the plaza, and yonder in the dim light of the church are two women kneeling. As the stage driver stops at the postoffice, a Mexican walks by with something white in his arms and that wicked cow puncher at our side suggests that it is a dead baby.

BUILT UPON AZTEC BONES.

Casas Grandes (Big Houses) was built 200 years since by the Spaniards, upon an Aztec town 2,000 years old. Underneath the crumbling walls of the present town lie the mounds and bones of the Aztecs. Although this is a rich field for the archaeologist, practically

no excavating has been done, as the Mexicans are averse to disturbing the dead. Besides they believe that gold is buried there and manana (tomorrow) they will dig it up themselves.

AN EARLY CIVILIZATION.

The early inhabitants of Casas Grandes had reached a high state of civilization. They had constructed aqueducts to bring the water from springs three miles away, to the old town. There is an old story that one of the Mexican kings came from Casas Grandes. It is believed that the ruins on Montezuma Mountain (Mountain of the King)—which well deserves its name, as it overtops all the surrounding peaks—and the old town of Casas Grandes, bear some connection. Upon this hill are the ruins of dwelling houses, and on the pinnacle, what appears to be the ruins of a temple, well fortified by two high walls, constructed of lava rock. Certain it is that the place is ideal either for the summer home of a king, or a temple for the worship of the Lord, as the hill commands a magnificent view of all the surrounding country, and up there where the air is never still we are exhilarated by the pure, rarified, atmospheric. In the side of the mountain leading directly under the temple is a dark tunnel which was originally thought to be an old mine, but as there are no signs of ore, it was probably as a secret passage to the temple.

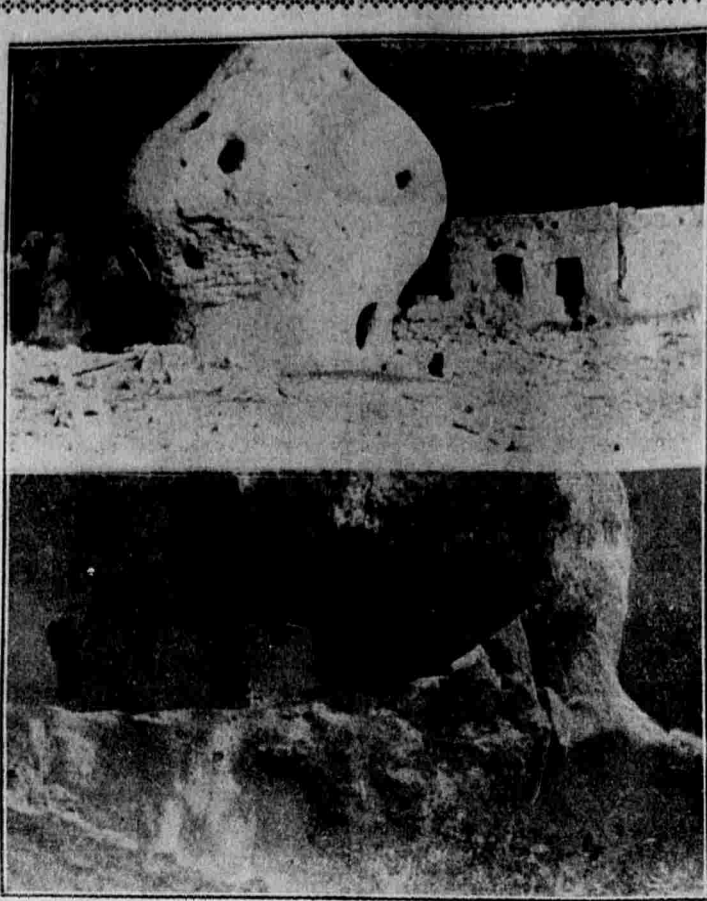
DELIGHTFUL JAUREZ.

We leave the sleeping town of Casas Grandes and drive through the hills until, when high on the rocky up, we catch the welcome twinkling light of Juarez in among the trees below us. It is with a feeling of genuine relief that we view the next morning in the brilliant Mexican sunlight, the green hills, the orchards, and the comfortable two-story brick houses of Juarez. The little town is hemmed in on all sides by green hills, where cattle graze, except to the south, where extends the San Diego ranch of Don Luis Terrazas, the cattle king of the world. Here graze his numerous sleek, big-eyed cattle. A mustang was up here recently buying bulls for the bull fights, as he said the Texas steers they had been using were entirely too fierce.

To get to the Juarez State academy we must pass through the park, where mocking birds and canaries sing, and where among the dark foliage of the cottonwoods all the gay plumage of the gorgeous and the foolbird. On a high swinging bridge we cross the picturesque Rio Piedra Verdada (River of the Green Rocks), where some fishermen, sparkling and graceful, through its green banks, and at other times comes roaring down brown with the mountain rains.

A SPLENDID SCHOOL.

The academy building is large, and



CLIFF-DWELLING RUINS IN CAVE VALLEY.

built of red brick and gray limestone. In the front is a fountain, and at the rear the carpenter shop, where the students make the tables, museum cabinets, and book cases of the school. As we enter we notice the Mexican eagle with the serpent in his mouth, above the portico. Besides the regular class rooms the academy boasts a girl's rest room, President Wilson's office, office of "Southern Rays," the new academy paper, a large, sunny library, and last but not least, the assembly hall, with its beautiful frescoed ceiling done in green, lavender and gold. Many are the gay scenes that the old Mexican pastimes, Morelos, Juarez, and Hidalgo, decorating the walls, look down upon here. The students' programs are the best I ever heard. Recently at one of the Wednesday meetings some of the features were "Shubert's Serenade" played on the violin by a Mexican student, the "Life and Melodies of Paul Laurence Dunbar," "Poems from Elizabeth Barrett Browning," a debate, a trio composed of two harmonicas and a

guitar, and popular music by the orchestra. This academy, consisting of 150 students, supports two orchestras and a 30-piece brass band—also a championship baseball team and a school paper which has to be sent to El Paso, 150 miles away, to be printed. There is no round dancing here; but on Friday nights the young people skip gaily through Berlin polkas and quadrilles.

The Mira Sol society (Sunflower Girls) recently gave a character ball, in which one of the features was having the boys get their partners for supper, by bidding on the girls' shadows, as the Japs, Indian squaws, princesses and flower girls walked between a light and a curtain, which caught their shadows. The students here are entirely self-governing, and order is kept by the hall disciplinarian, an office which the students take turns in occupying.

The people of Mexico live their religion and the young people are—as the children of pioneers always are—self-reliant, strong mentally and physically,

and are chiefly blessed in that they live in this new-old country where there is much work to be done—so much to be accomplished.

ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON.

EVEN FROM THE MOUNTAINS

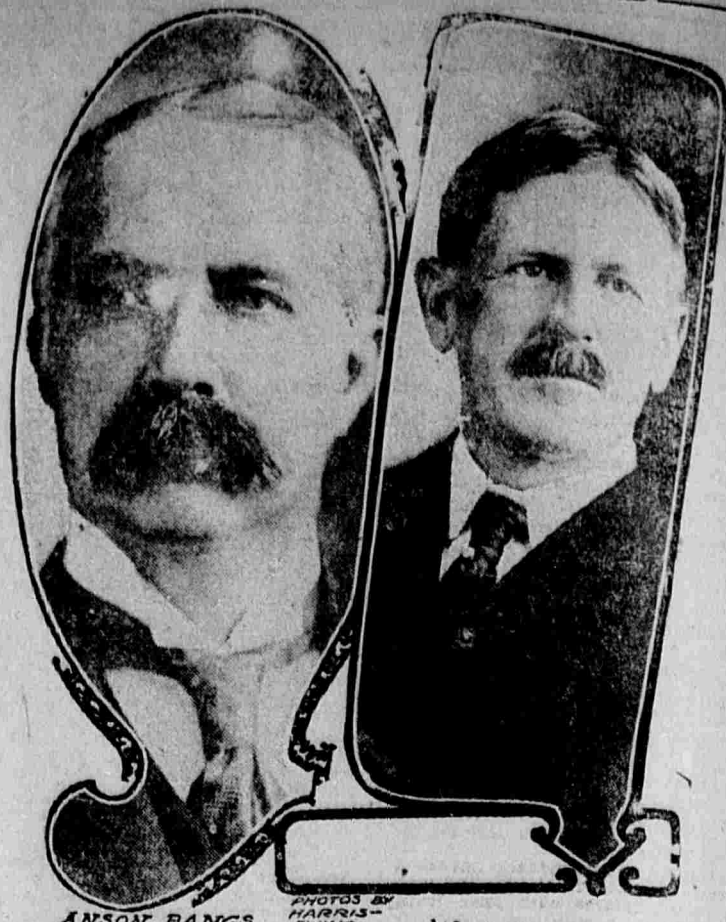
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PROFESSOR DOOLEY'S DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. Dooley, in his recently published "Dissertations," discusses domestic discipline in his own inimitable way: "No gentleman should wallop his wife, an' no gentleman wud. I'm in favor of havin' wife-beaters whipped, an' I'll go further an' say that 'twud be a good thing to have ivry married man scooped about wanst a month. As a bachelor man, who rules entirely by love, I've spent 50 years investigatin' what Hogan calls th' martial state, an' I've come to th' conclusion that ivry man uses violence to his wife. He may not beat her with a table-leg, but he coerces her with his mind. He can put a savage remark to th' pint iv th' jaw with more lashtin' effect thin a right hook. He may not drug her around by th' hair iv her head, but he thrags her by her sympathies, her fears, an' her anxieties. As a last resource, he beats her by doin' things that make her pity him. An' th' ladies, Gawd bless them, like it. In her heart ivry woman likes th' strong arm. Ye very seldom see th' wife iv an habitoonal wife-beater lashtin' him. Th' husband that gives his wife the violet bokay is as apt to lose her as th' husband that gives her a violet eye. Th' man that breaks th' furniture, tips over th' table, kicks th' dog, an' pegs th' lamp iv th' lady of his choice is seen no more often in our justly popular divorce courts thin th' man who comes home arly to feed th' canary. Manny a skilful mandolin player has been unable to prevent his wife from elopin' with a prize-fighter."

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ANSON BANGS

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MAY GET PANAMA CANAL CONTRACT.

Anson Bangs and N. J. Oliver, if their financial and business responsibility is satisfactorily demonstrated to the Panama Canal Commission, may be chosen to dig the great interoceanic waterway. But there is a "fly in the ointment" because of the connection of Bangs with the Greene and Gaylor firms when those men, who are at present Federal convicts, were engaged with Captain Oberlin M. Carter in stealing millions from the government from the funds appropriated for improving Savannah harbor. Captain Carter served a five-year sentence in prison for his share in that enterprise and in a report to the President and the Canal Commission, Judge Advocate General Davis, of the army, will show just what connection Bangs had with the work at Savannah. Gen. Davis will include in this report a letter from the chief of engineers, dated July, 1900, in which the secretary of war is asked if a contract should be awarded to a firm one member of which was mentioned in connection with the Carter frauds, the member mentioned being Anson M. Bangs. Gen. Lieber was at that time judge advocate general of the army and answered this query for the secretary of war in the negative. It remains to be seen what effect the former decision will have upon the present contract, all other points being settled to the satisfaction of the president.

Mrs. Margaret Robertson Kerr and Prof. J. McClellan, assisted by Hugh Douglass, soloist, will give a piano recital at the Salt Lake Theatre, Feb. 2nd, 8:15 p. m., for benefit of Organ fund First Presbyterian Church. Tickets 50c to be had at Clayton's Music Store.

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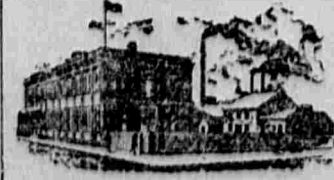


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