

for putting up cabins, also clothes, beds, bedding, cooking utensils—in short, everything. Soon as she arrives on the field, she quickly sets to work to organizing the men and women on the ground into working committees. Her aids know just what should be done, first, second, third; and by their thorough system the most urgent needs of the suffering are provided for in the shortest possible time. This accomplished, the Red Cross committee stays on, weeks and months when necessary, expending its money freely but judiciously, counselling, sustaining, helping the stricken and impoverished to begin life over again.

No better illustration of the methods and magnificent bounty of the Red Cross has been afforded than in the Johnstown flood. After that unparalleled horror, the first train from the East brought Miss Barton and 50 aides, with everything imaginable which human beings, stripped of their all, could require. Establishing themselves in tents, they began to give out food; a house to house inspection being set up, that all might be provided. So perfect and universal was public confidence in the society, that money and supplies came in such quantities that depots had to be erected to receive them. The women of Johnstown were brought together, bowed to the earth with sorrow and bereavement, and the most responsible were formed into committees, charged with definite duties toward the homeless and distraught. Through them the wants of more than 20,000 persons were made known in writing to the Red Cross, and by it supplied; The white wagons with the blessed red symbol fetching and carrying for the stricken people. Barracks were erected in which large numbers were housed and fed. Then came the erection of two and four-roomed dwellings for the people, in which families at once began to live, furniture being supplied by the society. Miss Barton and her corps remained five months in the devastated city. Among the most melting words ever written are those in the Johnstown paper of that date, in regard to the Red Cross and its deeds.

In March of 1893 the American society received a long desired and welcome gift. It was a tract of land, comprising more than one square mile with buildings, fruit trees and all appurtenances of a fertile and beautiful farm, presented by Dr. Joseph Gardner, of Bedford, Ind. In accepting the gift Miss Barton said: "This land, as the property of the American National Red Cross, will be the one piece of neutral ground on the Western hemisphere, protected by the international treaty against the tread of hostile feet. It is a perpetual sanctuary against invading armies, and will be so respected and held sacred by the military powers of the world. Forty nations are pledged to hold all the materials and stores of the Red Cross, all its followers, neutral in war and free to go and come as their duties require. I will direct that monuments be erected defining the boundaries of this domain, dedicated to eternal peace and humanity upon which shall be inscribed 'The ensign of the treaty of Geneva.' Not only our own people, but the peoples of all civilized nations will have published to their knowledge that the American National Red Cross have a home and a recognized abiding place through all generations." FANNIE B. WARD.

HOW SPANIARDS FIGHT.

Hon. Anthony W. Ivins, formerly of St. George, Utah, and now one of the presiding officers in the Mormon colonies in Mexico, writes a most interesting letter from the City of Mexico. It is specially apropos at this time of the

Spanish-American controversy, since it gives a recital of how both Americans and Spaniards have fought on the historic battlefield, at the Mexican capital, and also exhibits the feeling, in the present crisis, of those who have gone from Utah to Mexico, in case this country needs their services. Brother Ivins was in the City of Mexico on land business connected with the Mormon colonies in our sister republic, and while waiting there on the routine of business in such affairs penned this letter to his cousin in this city, Hon. Heber J. Grant, by whom it was received today, and through whose kindness the "News" is able to present it to its readers:

The time at my disposal, when not occupied by the matters of business which brought me here, has been pleasantly, and I trust, profitably, employed in visiting people and places, the friends and haunts of other days; cherished, not only for the recollections of missionary life long since passed, but for the flood of historical romance which forces itself upon the mind as one passes from place to place in this remarkable valley.

I say historical romance; for whether ancient or modern, social, political or archeological; whether written in the pleasing style of Prescott, the vivid pictures of Lew Wallace, or the primitive prose of Bernal Diaz, who was an eye witness to its most interesting chapter, the history of Mexico, from the day the Aztec pilgrims, led, as they thought, by the prophet of the Lord, located on the barren rock where this city now stands, till the triumph of the great man who is at present the arbiter of his nation, the history of Mexico reads like a fairy tale. Am I justified in this assertion? Standing here and looking backward, let us see.

We are almost under the equator, but still it is not uncomfortably warm. The great altitude of the valley, 7,400 feet, insures a cool and bracing atmosphere the year round. At such an elevation it must at times be cold and frosty? No, we are too far south for that. One of those spots where trees and grass are green from January to December; where song birds trill their lays the year round, where a flake of snow is never seen, and flowers never cease to bloom. We know by the seed time and harvest, that the seasons come and go, but scarcely note the changes.

Bounded on three sides by ranges of low, volcanic mountains, and on the southeast of the mighty Popocatepetl, whose smoking summit is never free from snow, and at whose base the orange and banana grow, where the branches of the palm and pine almost intertwine, what a heterogeneous country it is, and yet how homogeneous it all appears. Is it strange that the people should be like it? The greatest extremes of nationality, wealth and social condition, all apparently happy in their sphere, a prototype of the country in which they live.

The City of Mexico has three hundred thousand inhabitants and its death rate is fifty per day. It has hundreds of millionaires, and thousands of beggars. It has more churches than any city in America, and 2,000 criminals confined in its jails.

While I stood for half an hour on one street 530 carriages passed me without any unusual occurrence to bring them out. At the time thousands of people passed barefooted and their clothing in rags.

It has many palatial residences and its public parks are among the most beautiful in the world; on its by-streets the filth and squalor are appalling, and one wonders that the death rate is not greater.

Its population embraces people from every civilized country, and many of its brightest and most promising men are of pure Indian descent. Its churches

are magnificent in architecture and adornment, and the vast sums expended in their construction make our Temple building seem insignificant. It is well governed, well policed, and well lighted.

Today I visited Chapultepec (hill of the grasshopper). The base and sides of the hill are now a well kept park, with lawns, monuments and fountains, while the summit is surmounted by the famous castle which has been the home of kings and presidents for more than four hundred years. In 1520 Chapultepec was the palace of Moctezuma, and later the viceroys of Spain made it their summer home. In 1821 the republicans established a military school there, which still exists. It is now the summer residence of President Diaz. It was around this hill that the battle of Chapultepec was fought, September 13, 1847, when a small body of Mexican cadets cheered on the regulars, and in defence of the spot made dear to them as the scene of their sports and studies, joined in the gallant defence made against the Quitman, who, in the face of a shower of shot and shell stormed the storming parties led by Pillow and heights and drove the enemy from his position.

Standing on this hill and looking south the field of Churubusco is plainly visible, where on the 20th of August, 1847, the Americans, 8,000 strong, engaged the Mexican army of 20,000 men, strongly entrenched, and gained a victory which cost them 1,015 men in killed and wounded. It was at this battle that Captain, afterwards General, Phil Kearney, after the recall had been sounded, led his fighting dragoons into the gates of the city in the face of belching batteries, and where he lost an arm.

Just to the left is the old "Molino de El Rey," a range of massive stone buildings with crenelated walls and parapeted roof, and where the bloodiest battle of the war was fought on the 8th of September, and which resulted in the surrender of the city. Three thousand Americans attacked a strongly fortified force of more than twice their number and when darkness intervened retired, leaving 787 comrades on the field in killed and wounded, many of the fallen being officers; in one assault eleven out of a total of seventeen officers had fallen. These were the decisive battles of the war. From an army of 11,000 men Scott had lost 2,700 in killed and wounded while Santa Ana from an army of 30,000 which opposed the American advance, had lost 7,000. It is not strange that sentiments of patriotism are aroused in the breast of the American, Mexican or Aztec who stands on this historic hill and contemplates the past.

As I walked down one of the principal streets my attention was attracted by a peculiar monument cut in stone. I stopped and read: "Such was the slaughter which the Aztecs made upon the Spaniards at this spot on the night of July 1, 1520, known as the Noche Triste, that when the conquerors had entered the city triumphant the following year, they decided to erect a hermitage here, called 'The Martyrs,' and dedicate to San Hipolito. Said hermitage was under the care of the city council until 1533, when the present church was commenced on the spot where it stood."

I entered the building. For 365 years the foundations have sustained the grand old pile, and it looks as though it might withstand the elements for ages yet to come. Its exterior is impressive, its interior grandly magnificent.

I mounted a streetcar going west, and as it rolled along I thought of that fatal night when Hernando Cortez and his little band of adventurers, fought, cursed and prayed over that same