

garden where the amber Mexican sunlight falls on the neglected walks and broken statuary. Though the grand piano is silent, a lovely song called "Annitzia" sung by Seniorita Ruis came in on the radio and following the song came the newscast telling of an uprising in San Luis County, led by General Cedillo in which twenty people had been killed. So the old Mexican drama was going on just the same, with its music and beauty, its hatreds and sorrows—the old drama in which only the actors change.

There are two pictures seen in Mexico which will ever live with me, though I know that no outsider can understand their significance nor adequately describe them in words, for in both of them the past beats through the present, and the future stands, an unknown actor in the wings, ready to make entry. The first one is the whole wide picture of the countryside, with the fertile valleys which lie between the mountains, far below the highway, with their tiny cultivated fields, which not only cover the valley, but run up the mountainside, in squares of greens and browns in great variety of shade, according to the crop. Corn, beans and coffee are the staple crops and surely no one but a native could do this perpendicular work. The people dress in a white cotton cloth, which they make themselves and it must take a lot of washing to keep it clean. The Mexicans are not concerned about the future. Their needs are simple. A coffee dealer told us that the natives who raise coffee bring down only enough to buy what they need and let the balance of their crop rot in the fields. Every third day in Mexico is a feast day and then the people walk on the highway to the market towns, carrying their wares on their heads with the pride of creation. Some places we saw them spinning the fibre of the manguely as they walked. Out of this they make ropes and baskets. They