

"This country is safe," I said to myself, "as long as it has a good percentage of these imperishable ones. Long live the Violses, long live the spirit of the old lady of seventy-four, who standing in cold water up to her arm-pits could still think that the moon looked "awful pretty."

We went into Mexico as far as Cuernavaca and had a wonderful eight days in this country where for the most part, time seems to have stood still. Changing money at Laredo and receiving three pesos for every dollar gives the purse a fine bulging appearance and the owner a feeling of wealth, false, but flattering. "Lettuce money" is the name given to these green bills which look like money and feel like money, but lack the full authority of money when they reach the market place. However, the prices asked for food and lodging were not excessive.

One of the most comfortable places we stayed was at Lenares, between Laredo and Monterey, where the words "Canada Court" drew us like a beckoning finger. There we had an auto cabin with tiled floor, many windows, easy chairs, Durango pine wood-work—shining like satin, a reading light over the bed, plenty of hot water, sandal-wood soap, and a home-cooked supper of roast beef, sweet potatoes, frijoles, and cauliflower, with lemon pie and the best coffee we had in Mexico, and all this for nine pesos per person. The cabins have orange trees at the front door, orange trees in bloom and in fruit, and we crossed a clear, swiftly running stream on our way to the dining-room; a wide cool room with a concrete floor, and adobe walls a foot thick, where the cool breeze from the open windows was comforting after a hot afternoon of driving.

"Canada Courts" are owned and run by a Winnipeg man and his wife, who are the only English-speaking people in the town of Lenares. Their three children can