

NATIVE LIFE IN GUANAJUATO



SCENE IN GUANAJUATO

A STRIKING picture of native life in Guanajuato, the treasure chest of mercurial Mexico, is given in a communication to the National Geographic society by Frank H. Probert. Mr. Probert reveals the Mexican peons as they are known only to the American who has lived among them.

Leaving the walled inclosure of the railroad yards, says he, one looks down on the apparently cramped and crowded city of Guanajuato, capital of the richest of the south central states of Mexico. Hard by, to the right, is the bull ring, the scene on Sundays and fiestas of farcical combats between two-legged brutes and four-legged beasts.

In the soft sunshine of summer days the first vista of the city is striking indeed. Churches of magnificent proportions; ancient and modern architectures strangely blended in the same edifice; stately buildings; imposing markets; stores of all descriptions; and dwelling places, rudely bare, variously colored with neutral tints of calcimine, their grated windows and open doors exhibiting to all the sparsely furnished interior where bird, beast and human eat and live together. The sordid squalor of the many contrasts strikingly with the oppressive opulence of the few.

The cobblestone streets are crooked and narrow; so narrow, in fact that caballeros must take to the sidewalk to permit of the passing of any kind of vehicle. The dingy tram cars drawn by relays of mules, three abreast, beaten into subjection by the stinging lash or coaxed into action by the curses of the youthful drivers, whose vernacular is wonderfully expressive and effective; indeed, I doubt if anything but a mule can really appreciate the depth of feeling and irresistible persuasiveness of the vile expressions.

Odd Sights in the Streets.

What strange sights one can see in these main arteries of the city! I have set my camera on the balcony of my room at the Woods hotel and will snap what passes by. At first, a herd of patient-plodding burros loaded down with slabs of the pale green sandstone quarried near by and used for building purposes; a legless cripple shuffles along on a board, propelling himself with his hands; a cargador trots along tirelessly with his awkward burden, in this case a sewing machine; more burros overloaded with charcoal; another pack struggles under the weight of sacked ore from the mines; still another bearing grain to the market, and the street car demanding loudly a clear track; a funeral procession where laughing children carry a baby's casket, swaying from side to side to the accompaniment of anything but appropriate music, and behind the mourners in silent solemnity.

Strangely superstitious are these people. Grossly ignorant, constant in their faith, pathetic in their simplicity, kindly and respectful, their life is epitomized in the verse:

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low."

Hanging Judas Iscariot in Effigy.

'Tis Eastern Sunday morning. I am awakened at early dawn by the tooting of tin horns, accompanied by the sonorous screeches of bass viol and fiddles as sounds are seen from their strings; by the shuffling of sandaled feet over the stones of the street, and by the babel of voices of passing peons. Church bells clang, sirens scream, whistles wildly mingle in the melody of merriment; for is not this the day when Judas Iscariot is to be hung in effigy.

A grotesque dummy figure is paraded through the town, followed by the jeering and cheering crowds, who have risen early to give expression to their righteous indignation against the betrayer. After circling the city the procession halts, Judas is promptly yanked by the ropes from the bearers and dangles in midair, a sorry sight, spit upon, cursed, condemned, consigned to everlasting purgatory, to which place, at sunset, he is sent by the explosion of dynamite concealed in his carcass. Ribaldry runs riot as the day advances, and night falls on an exhausted though happy people. What matters if the prison is overcrowded that night, or that the supply of pulque or mescal is depleted almost to the degree of exhaustion?

To the casual visitor from the States the habits and customs of these lowly people are strange, but fascinating. They do not need our com-

miseration or sympathy; they are content in their mode of living, and who shall say that they are the less happy or human in their habitat than many of us?

Peon is Always a Peon.

The Mexican peon knows that he is born to serve, as did the old southern dandy, and caste or class distinction is emphasized on all occasions. The mozo rides silently behind the lordly caballero; the peon woman steps into the street and bows her head as the padre passes; in the plaza on Sunday evenings, when the melody of martial music fills the air, the upper classes parade in one direction, while the peons gyrate as an outer ring in the opposite direction. As a class they are industrious and skillful if the time element is eliminated.

The peon miner is a competent workman when unhampered by modern machines and has a "nose" for ore that is truly remarkable. As tillers of the soil their methods are primitive but productive; they still use oxen and the wooden plow share, and the fields are fenced with imperishable dry-rock walls. In the making of pottery and basketry they excel; in tanning hides, saddlery and the working of metals they are inimitable. The women, too, can grind corn on a metate, cook tortillas and frijoles, raise families, launder clothes on a rock near the creek, and make the most exquisite laces and the finest of drawnwork with equal skill.

IS MODERN MILES STANDISH

Bashful West Virginia Youth Speaks Proposal into Phonograph and Sends Record to Sweetheart.

It is too bad to have to climb up and remove the laurel wreath from the beetled brow of Miles Standish. His has always been a name to thrill the youth of the seventh grade and the inroads he made upon the Indian population of New England entitle him to a high place in the hall of fame.

That little piece of love-making which he carried on with Priscilla, with John Alden as his proxy, has long appealed to the hosts who look upon bashfulness as one of the attributes of a brave warrior.

Of course, Napoleon, Alexander and Antony weren't particularly backward about their wooings and Richard III was rather a parlor favorite in his way; but soldiers, that is, good American colonial soldiers, have usually been bashful.

Washington was; he says so himself. And so was Standish. Both lost girls because they were too slow. But when it comes to downright dyed-in-the-wool bashfulness we must all stand back and let the ushers lead Alfred B. Manning of Parkersburg, W. Va., down to the front seat, says the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. Gentlemen, bring forward the cruise of oil and anoint Mr. Manning. Hand him the cake.

Amid all these wars and rumors of wars comes from Parkersburg a story which alleges that Mr. Manning, unable to nerve himself to the point of asking a young woman to be his wife, spoke his little piece into a phonograph and sent her the record.

By and by he received another record. Putting it on his machine and cranking up, he released the mechanism and, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, he heard the little oak doors emit the single word "Yes."

To the captious, Mr. Manning's methods might be considered as smacking too much of Indian customs. It will be recalled that the aborigines, meaning to declare war, would send their enemy a snakeskin filled with bullets.

But these critics are too harsh; proposing by phonograph is businesslike, to the point and sanitary. It may lack some of the sentiment, but it accomplishes the purpose. It fetches home the matrimonial bacon. We sincerely hope that in the years to come Mr. and Mrs. Manning will have no occasion to smash the record!

Strongly Disapproved.

"We won't stand for suggestive motion pictures in this town."

"No?"
"Yesterday, just as a kiss began on the screen, something went wrong with the projecting machine and it lasted for nearly three minutes."
"Well! Well!"
"But in the meantime 24 indignant matrons got up and left the place."

The Gossip Say-

IF THE SHOE FITS YOU— THEN WEAR IT!

—By—

ADAM LIAR

Ancient Costume
There was once a young lady named Duff.

Who sat out in the sun on a bluff;
"You've a nice coat of tan."
Said a timid young man,
"But I hardly think that is enough."

—Oh, Lorenzo!

The Lorenzo Adolphus MacBride,
Told Miss Millyuns his poor wife had died,

But she lit on them there,
And pulled Adolphus hair,
For Lorenzo Adolphus had lied.

Any Queen Can Do It

May and Myrtle don't speak now,
alack,
It happened at bridge, not long back;

Myrtle's old sweetheart, John,
Was kidding them on
When May simply took Myrtle's "Jack."

—Always Be Sure

He came down town Sunday night,
"Excuse me if I see a little excited,"
he said to a friend he met on unpaved Box Butte avenue, "but only a few minutes ago I saw a man jump out of a second story window. I was going past the house. I rushed

up to him, expecting to find him dead or at least injured, but instead he was only slightly bruised. So I said to him, "Why did you jump out of that window?" He said, "because a woman lied to me." I said, "you don't mean to tell me that you jumped out of a second story window because a woman lied to you?" He said, "Yes, she told me her husband was in Denver."

—Yes, Yes—Of Course

Most teachers are annoyed by the frequency with which pupils want to leave the classroom. So this particular teacher made a new rule that no scholar would be allowed to go out during school hours unless they had a written excuse from their parents. One of the youngsters bro't in an excuse written by his father and here is how it read: "Please let my boy go outside, because he's sick inside."

—Some Job For Sure

I went to the Imperial one night this week. Two seats ahead of me sat a large woman who wouldn't take off her hat. A cross-eyed man came in and sat down in the seat in front of me and behind the woman with the hat. He couldn't see either. So he tapped her on the back and said, "Lady, oh lady, I want to look as well as you do." She turned around in her seat and gave him a harsh look and said in a rich Irish brogue: "Oh, yer do, do you? Then you'd better run home and change your face."

—Bang!

You'll all no doubt read about that squib in my column about the woman who said one of the Alliance boys had "hardening of the artillery." Well, at one home they were talking it over. The little girl in the home caught some of it and of course had to know all about it, child fashion. "Papa, what are 'pieces of artillery'?" she asked. Her papa replied, "I think they must be the kind that the

girl next door plays on the piano," was the reply.

Fine For a Fat Man

According to the St. Paul Dispatch, "All the apparel necessary for your sojourn in Southern California is nabduwofsuworbs a jebel wksoenub-III heveyegwvscf oevdhks j jetaoin."

—Some Man, For Sure

"Why, do you know Jesus Christ overcoat wouldn't make that man a comfortable vest," is the way one Alliance professional man sized up another business man this week. And the best of it is, the words fit.

—Fall Style For Men

Now that the season for fall styles shows is almost over and men are beginning to think of what they will wear this winter, I will endeavor to present a few of the latest fashion hints. If every man in Alliance will carefully observe these few and simple rules, I assure you there will be a swell bunch of swells hereabouts this winter.

You know the B. A. B's and others will not wear green four-in-hand ties with dress coats and celluloid collars will not be much in evidence at their functions.

Vests for the laity will button up the front this season. Those for the clergy will button up the back, mostly.

The tails of dress coats will be two in number this fall and winter, the tailors say, and they will hang down behind.

Shirt collars will contain two collar buttons—one in front and one behind.

Trousers will be very much worn, especially around the edges. This will be true in artistic centers.

Tuxedo coats will be without tails this year and will have satin collars and lapels. They will button up the front.

Spats will be popular, particularly among Alliance men who are mar-

ried. They will be particularly in evidence at the breakfast table.

Socks will be two in number and in many cases footless. Home darning will languish for the period of the war.

Solid bone collar buttons will be appropriate for young gentlemen who travel the primrose path, as they will match the heads.

Dress shirts will have hard bosoms. On account of the war there will be only 657 pins in them instead of the usual 983.

—Exact value of a slacker.

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Classic Library

You know in those dry times it is well to get your think tank busy. I have designed an advertisement which I think maybe I can sell to someone if I can get hold of the right people. I have thought it ought to go something like this: "CLASSIC LIBRARY—Not a dry line in any of the volumes. The book comes in pints and quart sizes, any titles desired. Can be shipped without detour. A boon for prohibition states or communities, hepcakes and others. Marvel Distilling Co." Don't cha think I could sell that ad?

Oliver Oil

I guess I'll call it off now for this week. By the way—you fellows who had some materials for this column. Bring it in. I don't like to work so hard, myself.

Migratory Birds.

The sense of direction in migratory birds is as marvelous as it is mysterious. The familiar inhabitants of our dooryard martin boxes return the next year to these same boxes, though meanwhile they have visited Brazil.

PUBLIC AUCTION

Having sold our ranch, located fourteen miles north of Bingham, eighteen miles northwest of Ashby and eight miles south of the Spade ranch, we will offer at Public Auction, at that place, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, following a dinner served by the Red Cross ladies of Bingham, on

TUESDAY, OCT., 9th

The following described stock and property:

140 HEAD OF CATTLE

75 head of cows and heifers, including several good milk cows. 35 head of yearling and two-year-old steers. 30 head of calves.

2 EXCELLENT BULLS

1 Three-year-old pure bred Angus bull. 1 Two-year-old high grade Angus bull.

6 HEAD OF HORSES

1 pair two-year-old mares- 1 pair black geldings, coming 3 and 4 years old. 1 yearling colt. 1 8-year-old saddle horse.

FARM MACHINERY, HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ETC.

1 hay stacker. 1 hay rake. 1 hay mower. 1 low down iron-wheel wagon with hay rack. 1 buggy. 2 sets work harness. 1 Fremont saddle, almost new. 1 kitchen range, almost new. 1 piano, Gerhard make, good condition. 1 Minnesota sewing machine. And complete set of household furniture, including chairs, beds, rugs, stoves, etc, 10 dozen chickens. 50 bushels rye.

DINNER to be served by the Red Cross ladies of Bingham.

TERMS:- Six months time at eight per cent interest on all sums over \$10 on bankable paper approved by the clerk. No property to be removed until settled for.

TUTTLE BROS.

COL. H. P. COURSEY, Auct.

CLYDE RAY, Clerk

Alliance

Ashby