

# THERE IS ONLY ONE FURNITURE HOUSE IN MEXICO

where such tremendous bargains in good, dependable

# FURNITURE

CAN BE OBTAINED.  
 We make it here from the best seasoned Oak that can be bought in America. We save you the enormous duties, and freight, and give you better money.  
**EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.**

**LOOK WHAT \$150 WILL BUY**

- 1 Solid Oak Bed with spring and A No. 1 Cotton Mattress.
- 1 Dresser.
- 1 Washstand.
- 1 Night Table.
- 1 Center Table.
- 2 Chairs.

These goods are all **SOLID OAK** Not a Cheap imitation.

This is without question the **BEST** bed room outfit to be found in Mexico for less than.....\$200.00

**\$ 345.00**  
**Elegant Birdseye Maple Suit** consisting of  
 Bed; Swell Front Dresser; Swell Front Washstand, with Mirror; Swell Front Chiffonier; Swell Front Night Table; Best Spring and Acme Cotton Mattress; Chair, and Rocker.  
 This is only one of the MANY combination bargains we are offering.

**\$1000.00**  
 We are offering choice of TWO ELEGANT SUITS, well worth 25 per cent more than this special price.

<b>Walnut Suit.</b> Bed, Dresser, Washstand, 2 Night Tables, and 3-door Wardrobe with mirror in each door. <b>LOUIS XV STYLE.</b>	<b>Quartered Oak Suit.</b> Bed, Dresser and Washstand, 2 Night Tables, and extra large Wardrobe with 3 French plate Mirrors, one OF THE MOST <b>Massive and Elegant Suits in Mexico.</b>
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**\$ 325.00**  
**Magnificent Solid Quartered Oak Suit**  
 Very Massive; with extra large beveled pattern French Plate Mirror.  
 Bed, Dresser, Washstand, Spring and Mattress. One of the few opportunities to buy a strictly high grade suit at the price of the ordinary kind.

**3 Dining Room Offerings**  
 Positively these prices are unequalled and represent values much beyond the prices quoted.

<b>\$150.00.</b> 1 Extension Table. 1 Sideboard. 1 Carving Table. 6 Chairs. <b>All Solid Oak.</b> Well made and finely finished.	<b>\$200.00.</b> 1 8-ft Extension Table. 1 Sideboard. 1 China Closet. 1 Carving Table. 6 Cain Seat Chairs. <b>ALL</b> <b>The Above Fine Solid Oak.</b>	<b>\$300.00.</b> 1 Extension Table. 1 Sideboard. 1 China Closet with bent glass. 6 Chairs. <b>ALL STRICTLY</b> <b>High Grade Polished Oak.</b>
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**\$ 230**  
 is well spent for this  
**ELEGANT COMBINATION**

- 1 Bed.
- 1 Dresser.
- 1 Washstand with Mirror.
- 1 Woven Wire Spring.
- 1 Acme Cotton Mattress.
- 1 Night Table.
- 1 Center Table.
- 2 Chairs.
- 1 Chiffonier with Mirror.

**ALL SOLID OAK.**  
**FINELY FINISHED.**  
 These goods cannot be duplicated for .....\$300.00 in any other house in Mexico.

**Complete Line of OFFICE FURNITURE.**

## The American Furniture Mfg. Co. S. A.

FIRST INDEPENDENCIA NUMBER 4.

ROCKERS | CHAIRS | DRESSERS | WASHSTANDS | CHIFFONIERS | WARDROBES | LADIES DESKS' | BOOK CASES

## After Carrying Commerce of Mexico for Centuries, Burro Is Rapidly Being Supplanted by the Railroad

How close the relationship may be between the immortal Dapple and the plodding burro of Mexico, has been an important subject which has been sadly neglected by the student of the times, whose researches, indeed, extend well back into the myths of an earlier day. Donkey lore is a much neglected subject, and neglect is only emphasized by the weak efforts which have been made from time to time since the day of Cervantes to put him into print. The net result seems to be only painstakingly humorous bits regarding his stubbornness, his self-sufficiency and his sad lot.

Dapple was an ass with a personality, and a personality infinitely above the tourist "home letters" regarding the stubbornness of the Mexican burro. And yet one will search the glistering pages of Don Quixote, and follow Dapple as she mingles along with those dainty steps under the load of her master Sancho, and one can find nothing that is really different about Dapple. Her personality, of course, was a thing apart and need not enter into the equation.

And yet the burro of Mexico, which is truly only the ass of Spain, has become so thoroughly a part and parcel of the life of the country, has served in such necessary work since man can remember, or history tell, that he must perform be recognized, not on the grounds of his resemblance to that gentle sister Dapple, but for his own merits.

When the Spaniards came to Mexico, there was but one beast of burden, the Indian cargador. Not in all the length and breadth of New Spain was there to be found any four-footed animal which had been broken to man's service. Apparently no idea of the possibility of such a thing had entered the simple minds of the Indians, for when the Spaniards came, many of them riding on horses, legend has it that the Indians thought that horse and man were one animal, and called that animal "gachupin," or "man-horse."

Not only had no four-footed animal been domesticated, but there was no such animal on the ranges, none which could have been broken to such service. There were no wild asses, as in Africa, no zebras, no llamas, as in South America, and even the deer, which are trained for service in some lands, were only of the tiny antelope type, unfit for real service of any sort.

The human beasts of burden packed everything that was sent from one part of the country to another, and, indeed, the immense caravans of cargadores, crossing the plains and climbing the mountains into the various sections of what is now Guatemala, Mexico, and the United States, were, in a way, armies of occupation, which took possession of the trade of regions so remote that it is difficult, now, to realize that such vast distances could be covered on foot. For the human pack-train, in its finely organized state, was no mean machine, and the space which was covered and the vast burdens which

were transported are as wonderful to contemplate as is the work done on the pyramids with none other than human hands.

All of Mexico was covered by the merchants, for the Aztecs were great traders, in pottery, cotton goods, hides, featherwork and weapons of war and agriculture. Legend has it that these caravans penetrated into the far north, where the Aztec merchants dealt with the Indians who roamed the prairies in what is now the United States, and even went so far as to trade on the shores of Lake Superior, where it is said that implements made in Mexico are found today. It is even said that the copper of the Lake Superior mines was carried down into Mexico by the returning traders, and that there it was worked up into implements by the skillful artisans of Mexico, and carried back and traded again to the northern neighbors.

It was a finely organized system which the Spaniards found, a system which embraced runners so fleet of foot that the story of the running of relays up from Veracruz to Mexico in eighteen hours, bearing the fresh fish for Moctezuma's breakfast, has never been really proven untrue, and embraced at the same time cargadores who were capable of carrying great weight on their shoulders, men whose strength by actual records, made them able to carry for short distances the almost incredibly heavy load of 500 pounds.

The Aztec was, truly, a most remarkable pack-animal. The powerful men, as noted, could carry 500 pounds for short distances, while for the long day's run, and day after day across the great distances which were covered, a strong man could carry 300 pounds—a load which a cargador of today will stagger under for only a quarter of an hour, while, however, foreigners stand by and wonder. These figures are reliable, for the records of the Spaniards tell of the work done by the Aztecs in the construction of



Photo by Cox. **BURRO PACK TRAIN ON TRAIL.**

the great cathedral here, when the burros, for the burros can be packed to but about 200 pounds for the long run, while his cousin the mule can carry about 300 pounds and the American mule, much larger and

stronger and better pack-animal than the burros, close on 400, it necessary. But the burro brought with him the advantage of his better manners on the trail, his long life as a beast of burden, and the vastly cheaper cost of his maintenance, to say nothing

of his working for nothing, while the skilled cargadores of the Aztec times had their price, worthy of their value. So the burro, descended from the wild African ass, domesticated in Spain and trained into a meek beast of burden, was brought to Mexico with the first of the tools of civilization which the conquerors imported. He was placed beside the human animal and slowly, without any ostentation, began to supplant him. He had no feelings of resentment toward either conqueror or conquered, and his work was done easily and thoroughly.

He came to spread over the whole length and breadth of the country, and penetrated along the trails where no foot but that of man had gone before. He adapted himself to the narrow paths, and made new ones where his pack would not go. He penetrated into the new mining camps of the conquerors, and while the old cargadores were trained into miners, he did their work, and the wheels of industry were oiled by his presence, leaving the men other work in the towns and centers of civilization. He became the great power on the trails, the workman who never failed, the train which never got off the track.

So he has come down to today, able, willing, always on the trail. He is a bit stubborn sometimes, but he carries his load with more patience than he is credited with, and adds his mite to the progress of the world.

The railroad is supplanting him of course. Its steel network is reaching out over the land, to the uttermost limits of the civilization, and the burro is being forced back into the mountains, to new trails, to new centers, which he builds up, as surely as the most civilizing of railroads, by his adaptability. The fore-runner of the railroad, the steamboat, he is always the pioneer, always found on the edges of civilization.

He is seen often on the streets of

this city, and of every other city of the republic, but one must go to the trails to find him at his best, as lord of the road. Coming out from the mines, working in from the distant Pacific ports, over the Colima trail, he makes his way, patient, self-sufficient, paying his way and pushing civilization forward.

He has made possible the development of mines in the far interior, away from the lines of railroads and rivers. But his great work has been on such trails as those of which that to Colima is now almost the last example. From Veracruz the trade first came, by burro to Mexico. Then the burro was driven back by the railroads, and it was over the Oaxaca and Colima trails that he carried the traffic to the Pacific and to Tampico on the Gulf. Now all those great highways are weed-grown, and the steam engine, circling on the long grade line, carries the traffic of the world back and forth.

The steel road is reaching out even now to the Colima trail, and skirting it almost like a street-car line, the Mexican Central's west coast line is reaching to the coast. But although the traffic of the trail, a broad, beautiful road, seems doomed, the last trains of pack mules and burros, carrying the great sacks of salt from the lakes of the Colima basin, and the boxes and bales of goods from the Orient, and carrying back the bales of the republic, still wind their way and jostle the mere horseman or pedestrian with the hereditary right of long years of proprietary interest.

The time will come, of course, when the trail will no longer carry the trade of the Orient, and the shades of the great treasures of the Philippines and China which the Spanish galleons built in the ports of Mazatlan, Manzanillo and Acapulco brought to Mexico, to be carried across and trans-shipped to Spain, will be dimmer than they are now.

But there is always the frontier. The mountain trails need the burro, and when he comes he will be allowing new districts to develop which while he was occupied in other parts had to remain stagnant, and so this quiet ruler of the trail goes his way, ever the pioneer, before the pioneer can run a level or even dream of a railroad, one of the eternal monuments to the past of Mexico. One of the surest of the pioneers of her future.

## San Angel Becoming Fashionable Summer Resort

The suburban town of San Angel, at the base of the foothills, three-quarters of an hour from the capital by electric car, is every year becoming more fashionable as a summer resort, and every year, as modern conveniences and better houses are provided in the outlying district, more people take up their permanent abode there.

To the casual visitor to San Angel the most interesting feature is the handsome old church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen. Its triple domes, with their tiles shining brightly in the sunlight, are the first objects that arrest the attention of strangers approaching the town. Its Carmelite bell-tower, or campanario, is distinctive, and the edifice is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical monuments in all Mexico. It was dedicated to the

worship of God in 1617, or three years before the Pilgrim Fathers of New England landed on Plymouth Rock. The interior is handsomely decorated and contains some notable paintings by the famous Mexican artist, Cabrera. Pious women have adorned the chapel of Our Lady, which is one of the features of this ancient church, and the magnificent Churrigueresque ornamentation of the northern transept is a splendid specimen of this most distinctive Spanish mode of decoration. Beneath this transept rest in their eternal sleep forty-five American soldiers who were killed or died of disease during the war of the North American invasion, when the adjoining monastery of the Carmelite fathers was converted into a military hospital and barracks, the good fathers nursing the wounded Americans with such Christian devotion and good will that when the troops evacuated San

Angel monks and soldiers fell on one another's necks and wept. Janvier speaks of San Angel's church as follows: "In the year 1613, Don Felipe de Guzman, a pious 'cacique' of Chimalistac, in fulfillment of his father's testament, gave up to the Carmelite order a huerta of considerable size. Here the Carmelites built a little hospital. Don Felipe de Guzman presently died, and a little later died also his widow, childless. By her will, the entire estate of which she died possessed passed to the Carmelite fathers; and by these it was devoted to the building of the existing monastery and church. The plans for these buildings were prepared by the celebrated architect, Fray Andres de San Miguel, a lay-brother of the Carmelite order, and at that time held to be the first architect of New Spain. That this reputation was well merited is shown by

the beauty of his still existing work. The building was begun June 20, 1615, and was pushed with so much vigor that the church and convent were finished within two years. The church was dedicated to San Angelo Martir, whence came the name of the little town that presently grew up around it. Later, in 1635, another rich patroness appearing, Doña Ana Aguilary Nino, the dedication of the church was changed at her request to Santa Ana. The handsome chapel, dedicated to Jesus Nazareno, known as the Señor de Contreras, was built at the end of the last century by Fray Juan de Santa Maria. The church was thoroughly repaired in 1857. It is a large and handsome building, containing a number of images, much revered. The monastery is a fascinating place, even in its ruin, for a considerable portion of it has been razed, and what remains is falling into de-

struction. In its rear, sloping to the south and east, is a garden once kept trimly but now a wilderness of fruit trees and shrubs and flowers in which are old water tanks and a great fish pond, from which the fish have long since vanished; and from the terrace overlooking the garden, just out from the refectory, one looks eastward over miles of orchards and gardens, dotted here and there with low, square houses, and here and there with little church towers, and above all these the great tower of the church at Coyacan, to the far horizon where the snow-capped mountains rise against the blue sky. In the refectory there are remnants of some very tolerable frescoes, and in the cloister, just off the churchyard, are others still more ruinous. Among these latter, cleansed from the overlying whitewash by some loving hand, is a wonderful fine head of Christ.

**NOT THE REAL THING.**  
 Clara—"I'm going to break off my engagement with Tom. I find I do not love him."  
 Maude—"Indeed! When did you make this discovery?"  
 Clara—"Last night. I saw him out riding with another girl, and I didn't feel like pulling her hair or scratching her eyes out at all."—Chicago news.

**Manager**—Has your new play plenty of life in it?  
**Playwright**—Sure. Why, eight people are killed in the last two acts.—Exchange.