Agustin III. Snapshot taken by students at Georgetown University.
My Story.
At the suggestion or request of interested friends what I regard incidents in the life of my late husband, to prevent, if possible, the errors that were constantly made about his early life, I will in all humility make the effort, and begin the story with Agustín III, in his infancy as unimportant as it may seem which I get first hand from letters written by the adoring another, to her another, that Am. Green of Rosedale, J.C.

The mother begins by saying, "The baby is the greatest thing that could have happened for this family — a perfect God-send. All are devoted to him especially his uncle an god-father, Agustín II." The latter often repeated "I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life." Little Agustín is truly like his paternal grandfather, and is celebrated in Mexico — loved by all. A baby aunt Josefa makes a great fuss over him and declares she loves his mother. I have the happiness of being loved as a sister to the brothers' of Yturbiade, in fact all of us are devoted. I could quote many others.
passages of admiration and praise of the young idol in question, for in all
cyes, she was wonderful, in intelligence
and disposition, but we must come to
the sad part, for it was not long after
this period that the Child, at the age of
two, was taken by Maximilian, and
the mother's joy was turned into deep
sorrow and suffering.

Don Agustin de Yturbiode III, grandson of the
Liberator of Mexico, Agustin I, and son
of Angel de Yturbiode, and Alice Green
Yturbiode. The latter was an American
born in Georgetown, D.C., at the homestead,
called "Rosedale." Alice Green was the grand-
daughter of General Michael Forrest and George
Plater, one of the early governors of Colonial
Maryland. Agustin's father, Angel de Yturbiode
was an attache of the Mexican Embassy
in Washington, which was how the father
and mother met. They were married in
Washington, in 1858. Agustin was an only
child, born in Mexico in 1863. At the
age of two, Maximilian claimed him as
his heir, holding him until the Empire fell. The child was then four years old.

Angel de Gurrelade, Agustin's father died when the latter was only seven, in Mexico, and is buried there. After the father's death in 1875, the mother brought the child to Washington to be with her people at Roseville, D.C. At the age of ten, Agustin was sent to school at Georgetown College. At that time the College took small boys, having no separate building for them. He rode every day to school on horseback, keeping the horse there during school hours.

At the age of twelve—they were back in Mexico—then, he was sent to Belgium alone, or rather in care of the ship's captain, to the famous Jesuit College, San Michel. Agustin had two guardians—the Archbishops of Mexico, Montes de Oca, and Dom. J. Feguson, a very devoted friend through Agustin's whole life. He lived to be quite old. On one occasion the Archbishop was on his way to Rome, and stopped at San Michel's to take Agustin with him, which gave
the latter a wonderful chance to see Rome, and above all, he was granted a private audience with the Holy Father—Pope Leo XIII.

The Holy Father presented Agustín, then only sixteen, with a rather remarkable gift: a relic of the True Cross, which he treasured and kept with him until his death. After his death, the relic was given to the then Archbishop of Mexico.

To go back a little, when Agustín was two years old, Maximilian, not having a child of his own, and hoping to mystify his relations with the people, proclaimed Agustín III, his heir. The fact was, the child was already the rightful heir to any throne there might be, for he was Prince Imperial, through his grandfather Maximilian got possession of the child, and at once expelled the whole family, except an aunt, Josefa de Iturbi de de Iturbi de

The Iturbi de de Iturbi family had no thought of being exiled, and thus separated from the child, and were frantic upon being suddenly chipped off of the country, of way of Vera Cruz. The mother broke
Away from the party, returning alone to Mexico City and managed to see Maximilian, plead with him to give back her child. He refused, and sent her back to the coast by force. The family came to the States, and the boy's parents went to France to intercede with Napoleon, who was indirectly responsible for the whole affair. Napoleon simply told them what he afterwards told Carlota, that he had washed his hands of it all. This was Louis Napoleon III, who was really instrumental in Maximilian's going to Mexico. Napoleon had promised the latter his support, with French troops. A French invasion, but became frightened over the attitude and pressure of the United States, broke his promise, leaving Maximilian at the mercy of Jazzy and his Indians.

The Mexican people did not want Maximilian, nor was he himself anxious to leave his beautiful "Miramar Castle" in Triest, Italy, but was made to believe that it was the wish of the Mexican Nation. Agustin remembered Maximilian and
Carlota, and knew the latter did not like, or have a motherly feeling for him, which was understandable, since she so much wanted an heir of her own. By the time Agustin was four years old, the whole tragic experiment reached its end. Carlota had gone to seek help from Napoleon. The terrific strain of fear and anxiety was too much, and her mind gave way. She had failed with Napoleon, and was on her way to ask for help from the Holy Father, in Rome, but never reached the Pope, but collapsed in the Vatican. She was removed to her own country, Belgium, and placed in a private asylum, where she remained until her death in 1927. Two years after Agustin died. She never knew anything of the frightful tragedy, but was always waiting for the arrival of her beloved Maximillian. She was quite musical, which filled much of her long waiting days and years.

When Maximillian saw the end coming, he notified Agustin's parents, who were...
then in the United States, to come get him. The child had not seen his parents for two years. He was sent across the country to Vera Cruz, the principal sea-port on the east coast of Mexico.

Then came the assassination of Maximilian near the town of Querétaro. He was shot by a firing squad, between two of his Generals, Chickamund and Onejia. The remains of Maximilian, according to history were finally sent to Austria, through the pleading and influence of his family and Government. After this upheaval, which shook more than one country, Mexico, in a way pulled itself together. The Turbulides were no longer exiled. Returning as they wished. Mexico had accomplished its goal by freeing the country of a foreign power.

At the age of twelve, Agustin was sent to San Orivel, Belgium, a Jesuit College, where he remained until he was eighteen, when he developed what the school authorities feared was lung trouble, and advised his mother to take him out of school for a while.
for a while. She went over, and brought him to the United States, where he seemingly recovered entirely, but evidently the trouble clung to him. When Agustin was a small child, he fell, bursting his right arm. At the time there was a famous surgeon in Mexico—Felipe Benulejo, who had been Maximilian's physician, who operated on Agustin's arm, as the trouble must have been in his system. Through his life he had five operations on that arm. The last was in 1913, was by Doctor Lully Vaughn of Washington. Five inches of bone were removed at that time, and a drainage kept open. He suffered much, and it naturally sapped his strength.

Agustinnever returned to San Michel, but went to England, where he studied at the Jesuit College named Oceof. After that he came to Georgetown for his post-graduate course, finishing in 1884, taking the much coveted "Merriick Debating Medal," and delivering the valedictory address of that year. It was then that he and
his mother returned to Mexico, where he began his military training for the Army, at the Castle of Chapultepec. General Díaz was President at the time, and held that title for twenty-five years through force, but he got what was coming to him in the end, for he was driven from the country, and died in exile, in France.

When Agustín finished his course, he was given a commission in the Army, and stationed in the North. He was there when Díaz had him arrested as a political prisoner. Concerning this incident, I quote a passage from one of Fernando Iglesias Calderón's letters to me: 

Aug. 28, 1939.

"Let me assure you that I have procured for you relating to the youth of Agustín, that you do not know. Notwithstanding, I am going to communicate to you these references to the unjust process of law which the hypocritical dictator, Porfirio Díaz commanded to be opened. Agustín being an ensign of the 7th Cavalry, published..."
A letter, in which he said, "He boasted tranquility, was not one without the despicable Engineering of Soldier's affairs." With such a motive and pretense that the Military was not allowed to estimate political characters. A process of law was formed, which carried with such slowness that it permitted Agustin to be detained in prison at Santiago, 14 months, by whose duty it was to prove his supposed crime. This in answer to statements by press. Many believed it was owing to the young man's popularity that Diiez became uneasy. He had done nothing against the laws. There was a mock trial, where nothing was proven, but he was sent to prison for 14 months, deprived of his decorations, and then exiled. During all that time his mother was allowed to visit him every day. He was allowed to go out every day, with a guard. Agustin said the guard left him at the gate, and they only to come back. They also allowed him to have a piano in this cell. He said the rats would get in it at night, and
Make such a noise, he thought they
must be coming to take him to the
firing line, which always took place
at an unearthly hour in the morning.
Agustín filled two enormous scrap
books, while in prison, with articles
taken from newspapers, which his mother
would take to him, about himself for
and against, cartoons and all.
It was surely this ordeal, with its suf-
f erings, that affected, and undermined
the health of both Agustín and his mother.
When at the end of 14 months, Díaz ex-
iled Agustín, his mother came to Wash-
ing with him, but she returned about
a year later, in 1892, to Mexico to attend
to some property they owned there. She
became ill on her arrival, and died
suddenly. Agustín, not being allowed
to go to her, never saw her again. She
was buried in Mexico with his father.
Agustín was cheated out of most of the
property that the government had not already
confiscated. Agustín never returned
to Mexico. In 1921, when Mexico was
Celebrating the 150th anniversary of its independence, a friend of Agustin asked the Then President, Oregon, to invite Agustin and his wife as guests of the country. Oregon said they could come, but not as guests of the nation. The friend who was then a senator told the President that such an arrangement could never be acceptable. They were celebrating the Centennial of the independencia, obtained for them by the wisdom and ability of his grandfather.

It always seemed to time that the Mexican government, like those who crucified Our Lord, were ashamed of their mistake, and tried ever after to hide behind disbelief.

As time passed, there were periods of friendly governments, and years after the Tragedy of Padilla, the remains, or rather, by then, the bones of the Liberator were taken up, placed in a silver casket, which was itself enclosed in a carved mahogany casket, and with the proper respect and care.
Among, placed in the great Cathedral of Mexico, where it can be seen today. This was probably the work of President Santa Anna, who believed in the performance of such rites, because having lost a leg by amputation, had it removed from its burial place, and reinterred with military pomp and ceremony.

Agustín was living with his Aunt, Miss Green of Rosedale, L.C., and being treated at Georgetown Hospital for his Arm trouble. In the spring of that year, 1908, his Aunt died. This caused him to move, as there was no family left. The estate belonged to a cousin who lived in England — Mrs. Randall.

This is all I can recall about Agustin de la Fuente up to this point, where I come in, and real trouble begins. Will have to tell it in the 3rd person, 2nd person, 3rd person, and any others I can find. The winter must do the work, I guess.
Louise Kearney was then living with and caring for an aunt, her father's sister. The grandmother had died in June, right after her graduation, and there was no one to look after the aunt, who had suffered a slight stroke, and no one to run the old home, so it was necessary for Louise to assume that responsibility. This became more and more permanent, lasting some years, and until the aunt's death. It was not easy for one without the first experience, but of course it became easier by slow stages. The aunt was a sweet, pretty, lovable little lady—one that all loved, so life ran smoothly. Louise did not care, in the least, for society, and if she had, there was not much field for it, since her whole care was given to the duties which had fallen upon her. After two or three years of confinement and work, it affected her health. Friends became uneasy and said she looked like a plant that grew in the cellar; the aunt had to have a trained nurse for quite some time. Louise's heart
was in trouble. Her sister Estelle had
had three more years at school, and was
then free to stay at either home—in
Virginia with her parents, or in Georgetown
with Louise and the aunt. This condition
lasted a long time, but no condition will
continue forever, and here is where Don
Agustín roks the boat.
There is no trouble like family trouble,
and nothing more ineradicable than the
mental disease of jealousy. The two de-
voted sisters were too closely united
to be pulled apart without pain. A remark
that slipped but early from Estelle's dis-
turbed mind was—'How you have and
I have—nobody.' Louise had sometimes
noticed the little green-eyed monster
in Estelle, and really did try to keep it
from showing. Don Agustín had seen us
as a good deal, and asked a mutual friend
of the family's—Miss Forrest—to obtain
from me permission to have him visit.
She asked if she could bring him to call.
I drew myself up into my shell and
said no, but that did not end the matter,
for my Aunt, whom I was nursing knew Agustín and his Mother well, and said I should be polite about it, so a visit was arranged. However, before it took place, one morning my Sister and I were on our way to Mass at Trinity, and we met head on. For Agustin came out of the hospital on this way to Mass, too. It was a case of everybody knowing everybody, and we spoke, that all three went to Mass. Afterwards, he walked home with us, which was only two blocks. Agustín asked if he could visit me, and I pretended to be going away, which I could see he didn't believe. He persisted until I gave in, appointing an hour in the afternoon. I insisted upon my Aunt going down with me, which she did, because, on my return from Mass that first morning, my Sister almost had an epileptic shock, and the persecution began. It was all so new to me, for we were as close, and devoted as twins ever were. I was dumb-founded and silent. I would go down when he called, but would get the mischief when I got
back, only from my sister. My aunt saw nothing wrong in it. The former was
power on the rampage. The more unjust
she, and through her efforts, my brothers
became, and the more trouble she made,
the more closely I was drawn to Agustin,
and away from them. Finally they would
not allow him to come to the house. One
would meet at church and spend what
time we had at a mutual friend’s home—
Chin Marie Thiam, the Forrests and others were
good to us. Estelle seeing she was unable
to accomplish all she desired, started our
two brothers, and my father. One might
ask what my dear little aunt and my
mother were doing all this time. They did
not dare show sympathy for me, I understood.
It must have been Our Lord’s will, be-
cause, nothing else would have made me
persevere in face of the storms we, or rather
I had to go through. I was not even in love
with Agustin, nor had I any desire to marry.
If they had acted like human beings. I
would if I would have made the grade,
however, it went on without a plan and
I have no regrets that they performed their parts as they did. Agustín and I took the matter to our confessors at once and were guided in that way. The first thing mine told me was to leave them, which was impossible at that stage. It became anything but a pleasant home. A few months after all this began, I came down with typhoid fever, which lasted nine weeks in Georgetown Hospital.

When I was rational, I thought of Agustín, but to see or hear from him was out of the question. The Sisters were ordered to keep him away, but he got his doctor to look at my chart every day on his rounds, and in that way he could follow my condition. It was more difficult at my end.

My sister kept a strict guard over me. One evening my other aunt was there with my sister—this was another’s sister. I hadn’t heard anything of Agustín for so long, and being so sick, I guess I didn’t have any better sense. I said that I had dreamed that Agustín had died. My sister kindly hastened to say, “It is too bad, it isn’t true.”
I never mentioned him again. Then I finally went home on a stretcher, at last, and was able to do so. I wrote a note, and got it secretly to Agustín by our good and sympathetic old friend, the cook. When I was able to go downstairs, he took his life in his own hands, and came to see me one afternoon. My sister proved to herself that it was really time by walking in, and truly an atom bomb could not have made more trouble. It was a risky chance we took. My sister thought it would be far better for me to pass out, while in the hospital, than reconvalesce and go back with him again—and said so, but it just wasn't in God's plan.

It was while I was in the hospital that my dear sister and brothers made the poor Dick amend sign a changed will. I doubt if she really understood what she was doing, for one of her maladies was, as the doctor called it, softening of the brain. I could never blame her, in the least, and I never knew the will had been changed until after my aunt's death. My father
was shocked, and ready to break the will, at first, but the lawyer brother feared him 20; he being old, followed their demands. I found that if I married, I was not to receive anything from my aunt, whom I had cared for and kept the old house a place of meeting for all, for eighteen years. I had to forget that I had made plans of any sort from childhood. The first will had been made with the consent of all, dividing my aunt's small estate equally between my sister and one. I was not a fortune, by any means, but the conditions of the will placed me out on a limb. I could not remain any longer a housekeeper for them. My confessor told me to leave them. It happened that some friends were going away for the summer, and wanted someone to stay with their invalid aunt. It was offered to me, and I accepted, being right in line. I left home in less than two weeks, taking no money except my fare there, on Columbia Road, and a few clothes. When the summer was over, I made my home with some very
Dear and sympathetic friends in nearby Virginia. It was some time before things were settled in regard to the little I should have been receiving, as long as I had not married. They thought they would force me home. They did not enjoy the way people were talking. I would never have believed them capable of the way they acted. If all drifted as far as and farther apart. Mother died, at the home in Virginia, and was buried from the old home in Georgetown. She was only ill a few days of pneumonia. I was with her when she passed away, at my father's invitation. I will always believe my mother was a saint. Her patience and unselfishness endeared her to all. She became a Catholic when she was teaching us our catechism and taking us to instructions at Falls Church, Va. She was very clever. Father often said he believed there was nothing a mother couldn't do. According to their arrangement, I could receive half the income from my aunt's estate as long as I remained unmarried.
Which was what I had to live on.

Finally, the will was settled in Court.

Rather than beat the will, which I could have done, by showing that it was the result of undue influence and misrepresentation, because, then all would have gone to my father, who was under the domination of the two brothers. My mother was out of all this trouble, as she had already passed away. I was advised by my lawyer to compromise, so the little estate was divided into four parts, instead of two. My brothers were both well fixed, and did not need it. That ended all connections.

I was then living with old family friends in Wash. D.C. Six years had elapsed since it all started. There was no object in our waiting any longer, if we were ever to marry. They had succeeded admirably in keeping me out of what should have come to me. And here is where Agustin and I began for better or worse.

During all that time he and I were guided by the counsel and advice of our
Confessors, and some loyal friends.

We were married at Saint Matthew's Cathedral, at an early Mass, and went to Philadelphia Pa. for a short stay. I invited my father to the marriage, but, of course, I could hardly expect him. Who thinks, "All the world loves a lover?"

Augustin's life had been full of disappointments and sorrows, and our courtship, with its many hardships, was no joy ride, but it must have helped to bind our bruised hearts closer together. Hardly a day passed, in all that time, that I did not see or hear from him. He was in love from the first, but it took me a long time to wake up. I never liked boys at all—they bored me. Older men entertained me if they were good talkers, that was all. Augustin claimed he was first attracted by my hair, which I will admit was pretty shiny, but at the time we had not gone on the gold-standard. I asked if that was capillary attraction.

Augustin had never become an American citizen because of his position in Mexican.
History through his grandfather. This made it impossible to get employment in the U.S. government. It was not like today, when the foreigners come first, as about all he could do was to teach languages on his own. He spoke five of them. We were very happy in a quiet, simple way— it was restful to feel that the conflict was over. Agustín's health was not robust, but about nine years passed before he really had to slow down. Seeing the danger ahead, I obtained employment myself. This was hard on both of us. I took night work, because most of Agustín's classes were in the evenings, and we would be out at the same time.

While he was deeply absorbed in his teaching, as he was in whatever he undertook, I never believed it was an occupation that filled his life—he was educated for the Military, it was in his blood. His advanced students loved him, but young boys were often too much, too rough for him, and he would come home exhausted, wondering why boys ever took the trouble to go to school anyhow. He was of a very kind, gentle nature—easy
to please, and most conscientious in every thing he did. The father who attended him in his last illness, made the remark the last night before his death—"I would like to take his chances for Heaven."

Agustin so deeply admired his grandfather, that I felt the very thought of what had been the latter's fate, was an indelible grief to him, and this feeling prevented my learning, perhaps, many interesting details of his life, and that of his family. He was not a business man, as he often admitted, and would end up by saying—"I have never been much good. To which I would assure him that he was all God wished him to be, and that was a good suf-

A great consolation, that will always stay alive in my heart, is that I was able to comfort the last difficult years of his life, for he seemingly had more than a full share. I trust this was God's plan, in our lives, that were so curiously brought, and held together. I was sitting by his side when when he
resignedly breathed his last, "Sic transit gloria mundo." He was conscious to the end, having just asked me to read the editorials to him, and then said, "Sweetheart, never forget how much I have loved you." Agustin died March 3rd, 1925 at eight thirty in the morning of tuberculosis of the bone. This affected his heart. The funeral was from the apartment to Saint Matthew's Cathedral, Wash. D.C. He was buried in his grandmother's vault (Empress de Yturide) in Philadelphia, Pa. at the side of St. John the Evangelist Church. That was his wish.

My family at that time, consisted of a sister and two brothers. My father had died, disinheriting me, leaving all to the other three. That was undue influence, but could not be proven. They did not let me know when father was ill, and he was dead 24 hours before any sister notified me by letter, that I could attend the funeral as I wished, at the Church. Of course, I went to the church only, with a friend. About two years before
That, father, had sent me a note secretly, by an old friend, and cousin—Miss Sewell, saying he would love to see me. He and I had always been closer than the others. I answered, by mail, since I could not ask the old lady to take my letter to him, and invited him to come to us, that I would receive him with love. The brother got hold of my letter, and I received an answer unmistakably dictated by him. No reply was necessary.

My youngest brother died suddenly, being thrown from a horse, while he was teaching his only child, a girl of ten, to ride. His horse stumbled, throwing my brother on his head, which broke his neck. He never regained consciousness. They were living in Roanoke, Va., where he was a big officer of the Norfolk and Western Railroad.

He left my sister well provided for, but not one of entirely.

The other brother died a few years after, from an operation. He left a wife, but no children. He too left my sister quite a gift—$25,000, without mentioning me.
Exhausted to the last. In the case of my Aunt's will, they claimed they were thinking only of my good. They could have proved that by putting what should have been mine, in trust, for me, instead of keeping it themselves, at least from Father's estate. Their method was rather contradictory.

Agustin died before either of my brothers. After my father's death, my sister went to live in a part of the city unfamiliar to her old friends, kept a big car, and formed all new friends. She never kept in touch with the old ones.

This goes back some distance, but perhaps, should be mentioned. My other Aunt—Mother's sister, was on my side, and as a pleasant relief, and rest for one, would, when I could get away, take care with her when she went on her vacations. It was on one of those trips, early in the storm, that Agustin wrote to my Aunt—Mrs. Sylvestor—and asked if it would be agreeable if he should come to Atlantic City, over the week end to visit me. Dear Aunt Fannie answered that she saw no reason why he
Shouldn't, do she came. Now the brothers learned about it. I never knew, she did that go unpunished? The Rich Aunt, hardly survived the crime. As for me, I have forgotten what they did to me, because, it was only a few days after returning from Atlantic City that I went to the hospital with typhoid. Perhaps, my love for travel is inherited from this Aunt. About two years before I met Agustín, when my stock was high, my brother Alex gave me a trip to Europe—one of Cook's Tours. It lasted 51 days, and we visited six countries. It was wonderful. My sister took care of my Aunt in my absence. During our married life, Agustín and I were never able to go away. He taught the summer school at Notre Dame, Indiana, but we could not afford to go together. We wrote to each other every day. A few years after Agustín's death, and as I was working, I would save for a trip on my vacation—every summer for change and rest. In this way, I saw a good many places, considering, such as Cuba, Nova Scotia, San Francisco, S.
British Columbia, Canada, the Grand Canyon, New Orleans, two visits to Mexico, and in 1950, the Holy Year, I went on a pilgrimage to Rome, which took in more countries than I had been on any first visit to Europe. The second visit was by plane.

Doctor James A. Magner of the Catholic University was our conductor. We went to Lourdes, Fatima, Assisi, and Oberammergau, where we saw the great Passion Play.

In Rome, we saw the Holy Father, Pius XII, in a public appearance, and also in a private audience, thanks to Doctor Magner.

I went alone, by plane, on my second trip to Mexico, having been invited by one of Agustín's Cousins, whom I had met on my first visit, through Dr. Magner, who knew of them. These Cousins were descendants of the Emperor's brothers, there seemed to be quite a number of the famous family. The Cousin whom I had the pleasure of visiting, Senora Teresa y Castello, and her distinguished husband were a generation behind Agustín, but she knew the latter well, and wrote to him quite
often. They were lovely, cultured people, all prosperous, in fact some of them quite rich. My visit to them was delightful. They took me many places, to show me their lovely country. Sometimes we would be gone several days - the old Indian chauffeur knew his roads. One interesting town we visited was "Iguala," made famous by the signing of the "Plan de Iguala," or the Declaration of Independence of Mexico, which was signed in that town, Feb. 24, 1821, by the Viceroy of Spain, and the author of that document, Agustin I. There is a large monument erected in honor of that fact.

Shortly after I was there, Edwards de Yturbiide, brother of the cousin I was visiting, lost his wife, and he wrote to ask if I would let her be interred in the Yturbiide lot, or vault. I do not recall which. He said it had been much neglected, but he would see that all that would be corrected. I gave full permission. He also offered to have Agustin's remains taken to Mexico, but that I did not want, nor was it Agustin's wish to be buried in Mexico.
Louise Kearney was the daughter of Robert S. and Annie E. Kearney, and granddaughter of Colonel James and Louise Kearney. Col. Kearney was a very distinguished engineer in the Topographical Engineer Corps of the U.S. Army. He died in 1862.

On her mother's side, George and Estelle Thomson, of the Topographical Engineer Corps, U.S. Army, and granddaughter of Alexander Lewis Fouchérez - French professor at Georgetown College, who came to America during the French Revolution. His passports are still kept, also a miniature - died 1817.

This is tradition, and true, but there are no records to prove it. Colonel Kearney was the architect for the Washington Monument. Being an officer in the Army, he could not even present his plans. This was the strict rule in those days, but not now. So he gave the drawings to a friend named Butler, who presented the plans, but declined to take the credit. So nobody gets it correctly. We have come a long ways from that way of doing things. I have seen credit given to
a man named Miller, even though his picture was not like the present monument. Grandmother Kearney often told us about the case. I suppose if we had looked through some of the wooden cases filled with grandfather's old papers, we might have found proof.

When I was one year old, my parents moved to Virginia, where they had built on property that had come down from father's ancestors. There were two brothers, older and one sister younger. The first recorded act of mine was getting lost—my desire to see the world developed early—"coming events forecast their shadow." I dropped my petticoat which helped in the search, in that unexplored country. The brothers being much ahead of us—the two girls I mean—went first to Falls Church public school, where the colored man drove them every morning after taking father to the train for his office, and mother went for them in the afternoon, a drive of about two and a half miles.
At the age of fourteen they had gone as far as that country school could take them, and they were sent to Georgetown. There were two years difference in their ages. My sister and I never went to public school too far, and we too little, etc. The fact was, the boys were the all important, and about all Father could handle. At the College, it didn't matter much about the girls. Another mad us study a little every day, but it wasn't enough, by any means, she played out in the snow most of the time in winter, and swimming in the summer. Finally Father realized his daughters were growing up in ignorance, and I was sent to the Visitation Convent in Washington, where the Mayflower Hotel is now. That year my sister started about the middle of the year to St. Mary's Academy in Alexandria. That was easier to reach, though we had to go by train. So we both went to St. Mary's. I graduated in five years. I packed stuff in so tightly, I never could have been able to dig it out. Certainly could have used a lot more. If I could
If I could have taken care of my sick aunt and gone to Trinity College at the same time, for at least a few subjects, I would have benefited greatly. However, perhaps that was not the right path for me to reach the unlooked for destination. There was only one reward at the big house, when I was sent there to help my aunt—

an old remnant of plane days. She could not help much, and I feared she resented my coming in to stay. She reminded me of Mark Twain's definition of a wood fire: "It is either red hot, or gone out." Old Mary Stewart was either asleep, or gone out. So my inexperience and inability was taxed to the limit.

Fortunately, I married a most polite and helpful man, who never seemed to see my lack, even though he had more than the average, in the way of education.

I cared for my aunt for 18 years. She was never well again, but able to go around with help. In her young days, she had been a great favorite among the Society set. She
was very pretty, wore curls, tied at the back of her head, her name was Blanche. She had a sister named Ida, who was more than the average musician, who died of typhoid fever at the age of sixteen. Blanche sang well. They entertained when they had to be lifted atop on the stool. They were taught mostly by private tutors, but went to Georgetown Convent later. Blanche became engaged to Senor Gonzales, who was then Minister from Chile, but her mother refused to let her go so far. Blanche obeyed, but I believe she never got entirely over the shock. He fainted when grandmother said no. It would have been much better for her if she had married, for he was a fine Catholic man. What a different history mine would have been, and Agustín's too. But there are more ways than one. Our Lord is the engineer of our lives. I did not want to meet anyone, but that did not prevent anything; events just marched along, almost without consent. We were married and enjoyed some years.
before my first great grief, which was
the failing health of Agustin, and his death.
Then to work out in public, for which
I had no training. However, I was thankful
I could do it, and continued working for
thirty-five years. They told me I had the
best punctuality record in the entire office.
I made many friends. One official said,
"If I had my way, you wouldn't be going","when I had to retire. Only two or three
of the officials found out who I was, through
the Social Register, which the Telegraph office
had to use, but I found them to silence.
I retired with the good wishes of all.

It fell to my lot to look after and help support
the two old family servants, who died at a very
advanced age. One of them had been with us when
we were children. The other was my Aunt's Cook
for many years, after I went with her. When I
left home, my sister discharged her, because, she
took up for me. It was time for her to retire,
and I was fortunate enough to place her with
the Little Sisters, where she was very happy. I
visited her every week to keep her that way.
She did not know her age, but it seemed
She was over 90. She said her master taught her to read. I had to subscribe to a newspaper for her, as she thought she must keep up with politics, and knew what President Wilson was doing with his "League of Nations," as she called it. She had become a Catholic while with us, and after seven years of the Little Sisters, died a happy death. I really missed her.

The old nurse, Katie Bennett, died several years later, and I was the only white person at her funeral. The difference was, grandmother had raised her a Catholic, and after being with colored people a long time she joined their religion, whatever it was. She did not like it when I suggested that she see a priest. My pet dog, though he belonged to my brother George, who lived with us, and the Cook's cat, were put out of their misery, and out of the way, so there was nothing left.
Can dreams mean anything?

It seemed to be much more than a dream, for it left a lasting impression, and usually the foggy thinking vanish with the coming of daylight. I saw this picture, which has been clear ever since it happened.

This was the dream. I was playing around the foundation of our great grandparents' old home in Virginia, which had been burned down, leaving only the stone foundation. The time seemed to be night and very dark; there was a strip of woods near the old home. Someone, whom I did not see, placed upon my shoulders, from the back, two large logs, put together in the form of a cross, and told me to take it through the woods. It seemed impossible, but all I knew was that I reached the other side of the thickets, where the sun was shining, and the old-time flowers were blooming—lilies, jonquils, and old hundred leaf roses, which we often gathered. I left my burden gathered some flowers and started home.

On my way, a lovely little child joined me. He was all in white, and I gave him my flowers. That was the end, I woke up.

In after years I have wondered if that pictured me under some of the crosses I was put here to carry until the Atomic Bomb throws me into the sunshine on the other side.