

**BELOW
THE EQUATOR**

EDITH OGDEN HARRISON



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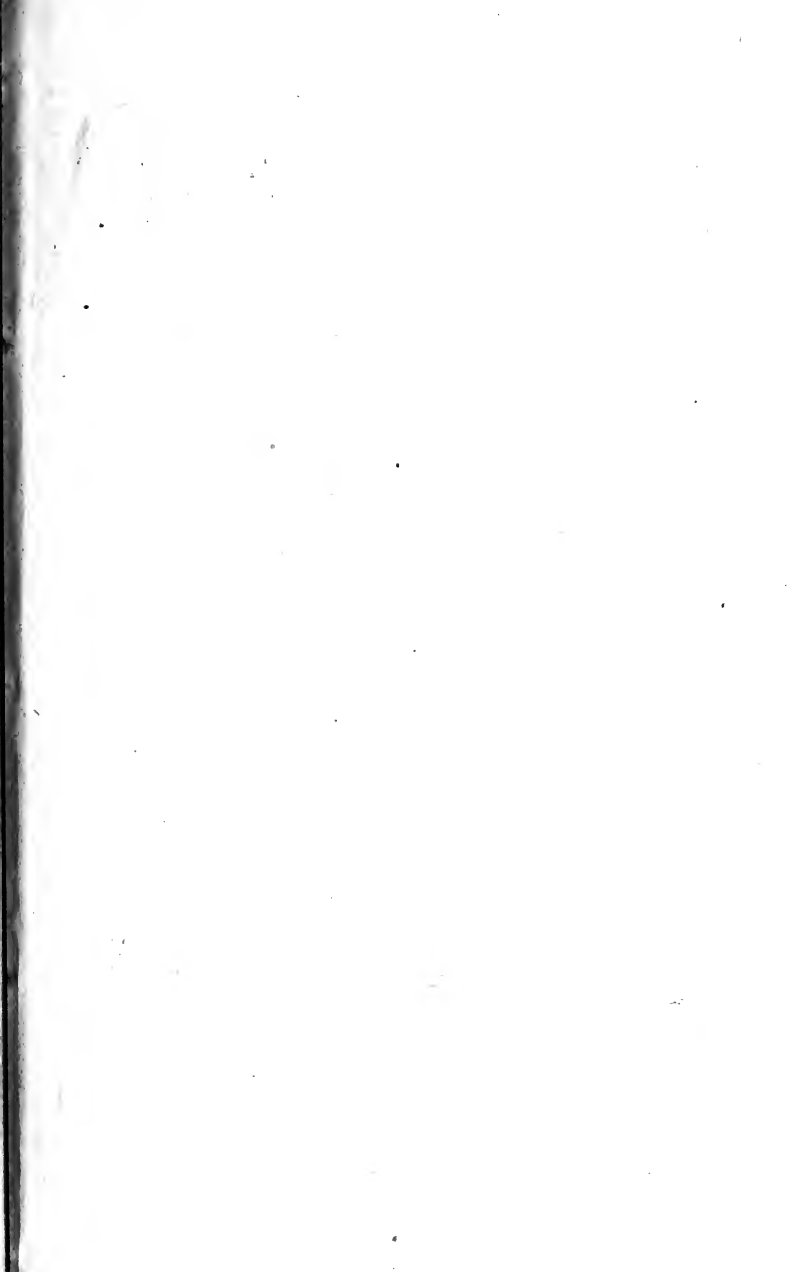




Photo by E. M. Newman

FOUNTAIN IN PLAZA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES

BELOW THE EQUATOR

*THE STORY OF A TOUR THROUGH THE
COUNTRIES OF SOUTH AMERICA*

BY

EDITH OGDEN HARRISON

*Author of "The Lady of the Snows," "Princess Sayrane,"
"Clemencia's Crisis," "Prince Silverwings," Etc.*



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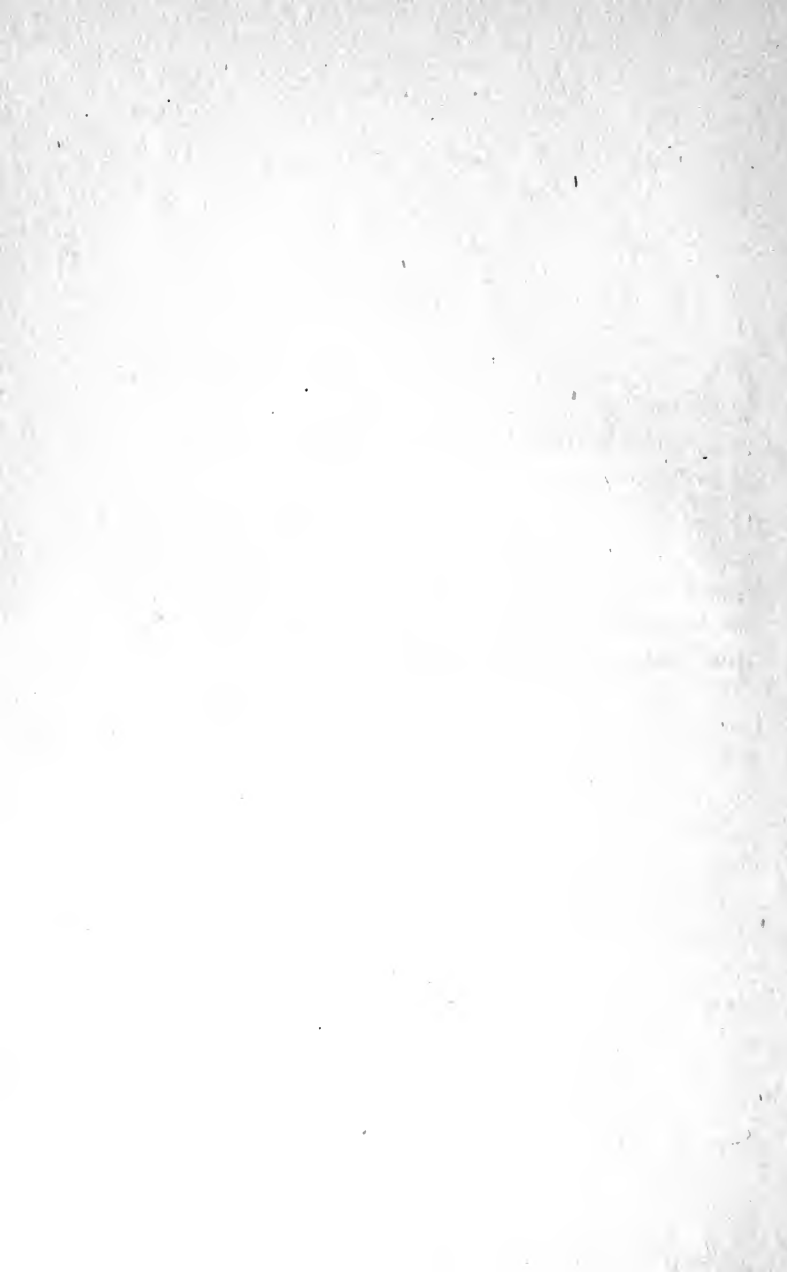
To
My Husband

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For the use of the photographs from which the pictures in this book are made, I am indebted to Mr. E. M. Newman, whose illustrated travel talks please and instruct enormous audiences, and to my husband, Carter H. Harrison, whose first thought when preparing for a trip to other lands and places is of his camera.

E. O. H.



FOREWORD

OUR voyage down the South Seas began at the Isthmus of Panama, and it is difficult to write without dwelling at least briefly on the wonders of the great Canal. Never has the immensity of government work impressed me so much as there. Never has the importance of that work so forced itself upon my mind. From a jungle has sprung a beautiful land teeming with rich cultivation, with busy people. In place of a pestilential hole of death there now smiles a land of health and prosperity. We thrilled with the pride of its accomplishment, and we gloried in belonging to a country that had made all this possible. In this little book on our South American travels there is no place to tell of these wonders nor of the many acts of courtesy and kindness that made our visit pleasant and instructive; I cannot refrain, however, from thanking General Clarence Edwards—Commanding General—and his charming wife, Consul and Mrs. Dreher, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Heald, for the splendid hospitality they extended to us. Because of their warm and hospitable reception of us we were able to partake to the full of

Foreword

the many enjoyments the Isthmus has to offer. [Since this book was written General Edwards' name has become famous in Europe. He has been cited by General Pershing for bravery, and decorated for his valor and splendid service.]

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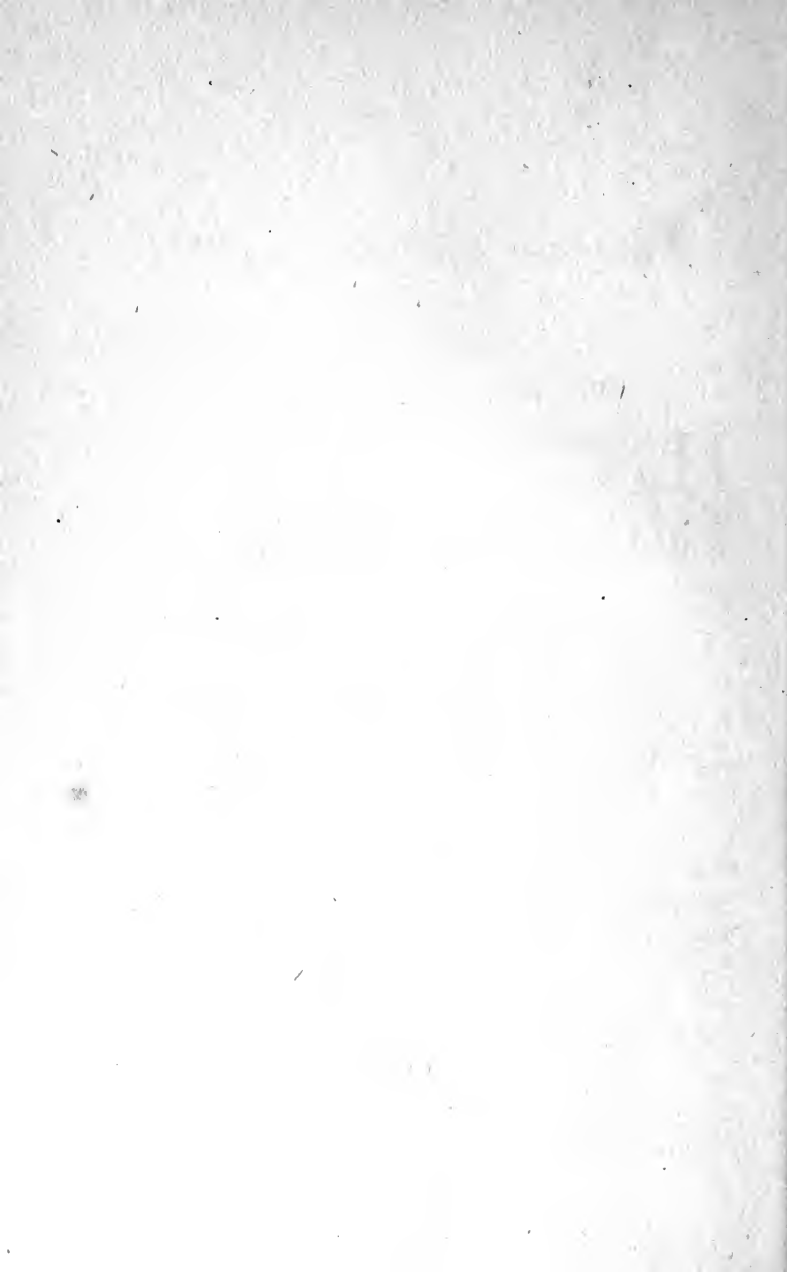
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CHAPTER I

THE SPELL OF SOUTH AMERICA

HAD anyone told me a month before I started to South America that I should really go I should have heard the statement with surprise. True, for years my husband and I had cherished the hope that some day we might visit this wonderful country where the snow-capped mountains dwarf the Alps, their smoking volcanoes loftier than any the rest of the world knows, and where lies a glorious sheet of water higher than the Rockies! But when the opportunity came we were almost unprepared to realize it.

It chances that the man to whom I am married is one who could never be counted as a drone among his fellow-creatures. During most of our life together his has been a career of public duty, having served Chicago as mayor five terms, as did also his father, Carter H. Harrison, whose namesake he is. These duties had always held him so closely that he was never willing to spend more than twenty-one consecutive days outside its limits. How, then, could we visit any portion of the globe

which lay more than a hundred miles away? And yet—strange people and strange countries have always called to us. The rapid advancement of any country, its manner and means of achieving progress, were always studied closely by both of us. We love old ruins, temples, and had made as much of a study of antiquities as we could. During these years it had been with a feeling of envy that I had seen my friends come and go. But as a devoted wife I was never willing to leave the man whose highest duty, we both believed, lay in staying at home. Thus it happened that when the time came that we really felt we might indulge in this long-desired wish to journey to strange lands, we scarcely knew where to begin. A terrible tragedy in Europe had horrified and saddened the whole world, and little we dreamed then that later we would, for humanity's sale, be obliged to take part in it.

The war, of course, made Europe out of the question, so South America seemed to beckon us. The spell, the lure of this far-away land, was upon us both. We determined to start at once. So it came to pass that in about a month all preparations were complete. Trunks were packed and we were off to the land of the Southern Cross, the land of great countries, wonderful cities, mines of wealth untold. We were really to see the towering Andes and gaze in wonder at the shimmering blue

lakes and the streams which rush down the mountain sides, looking like fluttering white ribbons against the red sandstone slopes. It was hard to believe, but at last we were off to this seductive country. We left Chicago on the second day of December, bearing in mind that in the land below the equator the seasons are reversed and that it would be summer there when we arrived.

When reading the history of South America one must always remember the policy of the Spanish invaders. As a conquering race their aim was to crush out the vanquished foe and never to absorb any useful feature the latter might possess. History records that wherever the Spanish arms have been victorious this has ever been the case, and it has often been a matter of speculation among great writers as to what the result would have been had a higher standard of morals been theirs. Spain's accepted belief was that whatever she did was the best for the people. She viewed with distress any good emanating from another nation. "A difference from me is a measure of your absurdity." This was her standard. This self-satisfied dogma she carried out in all her conquests. During her supremacy over the Moors she endeavored to blot out every characteristic they possessed, with no thought of any future benefit to Spain. The same treatment followed the conquering of the Jewish population. Thus, when the Spaniards arrived in

South America the kind reception accorded them by the natives counted for nothing. They enslaved the people, treating them cruelly, and in their search for gold forgot every law of humanity. Horrible stories are told of their cruelty, one of which I will mention as an example. It is related by Padre Casas that when a famine threatened among those whom they had made slaves, the Spaniards killed daily a certain number of the unfortunate victims, that they might serve as food for their beasts of burden. Surely history furnishes no greater instance of hideous barbarity.

The Spanish historians, of course, claim that these actions were only in accordance with the spirit of the age. But the civilized world differs from them, and common opinion is that in spite of many acts which revealed qualities of bravery, the early days of Spanish rule in South America were nothing of which to be proud. It cannot be denied, however, that the Spaniards possessed personal courage. As soldiers they were invincible. They won their way in the face of incredible hardships. To gain their ends they crossed bare stretches of arid desert, and, although tortured with thirst and gnawed with the pangs of hunger, they never complained. Sword in one hand, the cross in the other, missionaries and soldiers alike did a stupendous work. It must not be forgotten that the policy of the Catholic Church in South

America brought about in many ways the orderly conduct of the natives. The unparalleled efforts of this church in the early days established there the religion which now has so firm a grip in South America.

In the early days of the history of this country the Pacific slope of the Andes was very different from the Atlantic side. The Spaniards found at Cuzco, and the many cities ruled by the Incas and their tribes, great communities high in civilization. The people lived under settled conditions, had towns and roads, and cultivated agricultural fields. It is deplorable that the conquerors did not encourage them to preserve their institutions while adopting the more modern civilization. One of the greatest mistakes Spain ever made was the crushing out of the individuality of these tribes, killing all ambition within them by enslaving them.

Though the Spaniards recognized at once the great possibilities of South America in her wealth of material and precious stones, they seem to have forgotten conscience and all humanity. They were willing to face terrible hardships in this world and the loss of heaven in the next with their desire to attain this wealth. However, the belief of those early explorers and conquerors has been verified. We know that we have today in this country a land whose possibilities in wealth have not been exaggerated.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNING THE JOURNEY

FROM the Isthmus of Panama we sailed via *Cia: Peruana de Vapores*, on a Peruvian steamer, the *Urubamba*, commanded by Captain Steers. All Peruvian steamers, by the way, bear the names of the rivers comprising the source of the Amazon. A stiff breeze was with us. The air was cool, the boat clean, and the food good. Early the next morning, however, I awoke under the impression that I was on a farm. Somewhere in close proximity I heard cattle lowing, chickens crowing, ducks quacking, and lambs bleating—soothing sounds which gave promise of the nice long rest we had planned! The barnyard we carried, however, held one pathetic note. Each day we wandered in the vicinity of it and could not help becoming interested in the inhabitants. All of a sudden, however, we began to miss familiar faces. Day after day the tragedy continued, and we were impressed deeply with the truth of the old couplet:

*We may live without poetry, music, or books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.*

This charming menagerie was located just beneath our cabin. There was no possibility of escape from the delightful music, so we resigned ourselves to it. Day and night we enjoyed it. The boat carried its meat in this manner, killing what was needed for each day. In that climate it is not possible to keep meat longer.

On board we were a motley but interesting crowd. Many nations were represented. In addition to English, one heard French, German, Italian, and Spanish spoken. Our most prominent passenger was the greatest bullfighter in the world, from Mexico. He was accompanied by his "Carmen," and they attracted much more attention than did the owner of the richest mine in South America. "Carmen" was a delightful little piece of femininity. She occupied a first-class cabin, while he went steerage. She owned a brilliantly colored macaw, and the two sat on deck daily talking to the screeching bird. The man was a most incongruous sight. Picture, if you can, a man of athletic figure and thick neck, wearing the daintiest of pink-satin slippers, high French heels, and the finest of silk socks!

As we journeyed along we listened to many marvelous tales of the country we were about to visit and of the hardships we would have to endure in the interior. By the time we arrived at our point of departure for the interior we felt not

unlike the intrepid Spaniards themselves who first entered it. But, imbued with their spirit of enterprise, we were equally undaunted in our desire for adventure. The first of our many surprises came to us in crossing the equator. We had supposed that we would be stifled with the heat. Instead, we were wrapped in steamer rugs, wore fur coats, and were still cold. Hopes of a delightful soft air and sunshine vanished. We were told that the cold weather we were encountering would continue for thousands of miles down the coast. The Atlantic side is warm, even hot. But the western side of the continent is cooled by the great Antarctic current—the Humboldt current, as they call it, in honor of the illustrious traveler who first observed and explained it. It carries up from southern Chile to a distance north of the equator a vast body of cold water which chills both ocean and air, frequently enveloping everything in clouds of fog. In fact, these fogs are so heavy and frequent as to cause anxiety to the navigator, for the impenetrable mist makes traveling dangerous between the Isthmus and the Gulf of Guayaquil. Along the coast of Colombia and Ecuador magnificent forests are grown. The heavy rains come in summer—the wet season. But at the boundary line between Ecuador and Peru the conditions change and there is a rainless tract which extends down the coast as far as Coquimbo and Chile. Here the

Antarctic current causes heavy and frequent mists because the land is warmer than the ocean. But these mists provide the only moisture the country has, as no rain ever falls there. For nearly two thousand miles the coast is dry and sterile. It is a dismal, barren desert for all this distance, except for an occasional river made by the snows of the Andes. Only where these rivers empty into the ocean does one find a strip of green.

We passed many charming islands. The Galápagos were too far away for us to see, but we knew that the United States was trying to buy them from Ecuador. The latter country neither needs nor wants them, but, like the proverbial dog in the manger, she refuses to let go. One very pretty island is called La Plata, and it is here that Sir Francis Drake is said to have hidden two hundred thousand pounds of gold, the money he captured from the Spaniards. A charming little hamlet on one of the islands is called Saint Esmeraldas. A large church picturesquely situated on an eminence made us long to stop and go through it. Flooded with sunshine, it looked attractive, set in the heart of those barren hills. Oh, what a lonely country in which to live!

Steaming up the beautiful Gulf of Guayaquil, we entered the mouth of the Guayas River. In the distance were dim gray mountains. We were fast approaching our first port, Guayaquil, Ecuador —

the prettiest spot on the western coast, but, alas, the most unhealthy! Guayaquil is never free from the yellow fever and the bubonic plague. It is the pest-hole of the Pacific. As we sailed up the river, however, glimpsing the city for the first time, it was hard to believe that its reputation was deserved. Like the whited sepulcher, its horrors are concealed, and that which we could see called forth only admiration. Ecuador is not by any means the most progressive of South American countries. The deadly yellow fever has been practically exterminated from every portion of South America except the Amazon River. It seems a shame, therefore, that lovely Guayaquil should have so bad a reputation. Havana, Colon, Rio de Janeiro, and Santos, even beautiful New Orleans in our own country, have all been purified and rendered safe from this deadly disease which once ravaged these cities. Therefore it is not only deplorable, but criminal, that such a menace should be permitted to continue in Guayaquil. But until her sanitation is looked after, the development of Ecuador will be slow indeed, if not actually arrested.

It must be remembered that Ecuador was a part of the disputed territory which led to the sanguinary struggle between Atahualpa and his brother Huascar—a struggle which gave to Pizarro his opportunity of conquering Peru. The Ecuadorians

were the last to feel the revolutionary impulses which were born when the power of Spain was broken, and it was not until Bolivar, the Liberator, and San Martin, the Argentine general, had kindled the torch of liberty that Ecuador made any attempt to break away from the old allegiance. Its history since then has been turbulent, but only a few of the men who have been tossed up by the seething and successive revolutions have been men of marked caliber. Most of them have been self-seekers, degraded in character and of small intellect. The result has been that Ecuador is the worst governed and the most backward of all the South American countries.

As an illustration: in January, 1912, a piece of news leaked out which revealed a savagery almost incredible. The generals Alfana and Montero, who were at the head of the latest liberal revolt, were defeated by the government forces, and those in power set about to punish them. Montero was president of the dissolved revolutionary junta. He was taken from prison, dragged into the public square, where a great fire, already lighted, awaited him. Into this the unfortunate man was flung, despite his resistance and cries of horror, and, after being half burned, he was dragged out, put into a vat of water, and then flung back into the fire. This was kept up, and his torture lasted an hour before death released

him. This took place at Guayaquil. At Quito, the capital, two hundred miles away, they were doing worse things. Their favorite torture was cutting out the victims' tongues.

All this seems incredible, yet it is a matter of history, and very recent history at that. No wonder that the South Americans feel that a watchful eye should be kept on Ecuador, whose greatest asset now is the Canal, and whose hopes of civilization also seem to lie in the fact that she is so near Panama.

Ecuador has a treasure in its *cacao* groves. If she possessed nothing else they would make her rich. The *cacao* trees grow wild in the forests, many of them reaching forty feet in height. The bean furnishes the delicious chocolate and cocoa we drink, and its leaves furnish cocaine.

Although we saw it later, we were disappointed not to get a view at this time of wonderful and far-famed Chimborazo, the mountain of snow. However, we had many glorious views of it later. It is one of the beauty peaks of South America and rises twenty-one thousand four hundred feet. For a long time this mountain held the honor of being called the highest mountain in this southern land, but the mighty Aconcagua in Chile, which Harvard University at Arequipa records as twenty-four thousand and sixty feet in height, has finally been awarded the palm. Majestic Chimborazo is

best seen from the sea, and from the harbor its magnificent proportion can be studied; I think the evening, with its mellowing light, shows it to finest advantage. Those few minutes before night envelopes it show its snow-crowned top and thrill one with the awe that its great height is sure to inspire. Neither could we see at this time Cotopaxi, five times as high as Mount Vesuvius, and the loftiest of active volcanoes. The mist and low-lying clouds prevented. One of the mountains, Cayambé, lies exactly on the equator, and for this reason is distinguished from any other snow-capped peak in the world. It is the highest mountain of the eastern Cordillera. Near Cotopaxi a beautiful truncated cone smokes continuously. About the snow-clad peak a gray and white cloud forms in the shape of an enormous branching tree, and near the snow line of the volcano is a huge mass of rock called Inca's Head. It is said to be the original summit of the mountain torn off and hurled below on the day of the execution of the Inca, Atahualpa.

Clear and beautiful was the morning on which we cast anchor a quarter of a mile out from the town. Here we found a strange form of quarantine existing. *We* were not permitted to disembark if we desired to return to the ship. But we took both passengers and cargo aboard! It was here that we purchased the finely woven Panama hats

at just half the price at which they were first offered to us, obtaining for twenty and twenty-five dollars hats which would sell in the States for sixty and sixty-five.

The finest Panama hats in the world are woven in southern Ecuador. It is the greatest distributing center of the Panama hat industry in the world. Here they do not call them Panama, however, but *Jipijapas*, in honor of Jipijapa, the village where they are woven. They are made of the fiber of a palm which grows in Ecuador and Peru. The fiber must always be kept damp, and the best time to make them is in the cool of the evening. This has given rise to the story that Panama hats are woven under water and in the moonlight. The weavers in Ecuador are considered the most skilful in all the southern countries. Their delicacy of touch is equal to that of the finest lace makers in the world. They told us here of a hat once woven for the King of England, so exquisitely fine that it folded into a watchcase. All that we saw were soft and durable and rolled together without the slightest injury.

It was here that we said good-bye to a charming old French priest, Pere LeGris, who was on his way to Quito. He had some difficulty in landing. On account of the trouble this country had with the Jesuits many years ago, Ecuador has since barred all foreign priests from entering her ports.

However, his letters got him through. The Jesuits were so powerful in the early days of Spanish America that they were regarded as having supernatural wisdom. They were said to have actual knowledge of events before they occurred, or at least at the moment of happening. As proof of this a story is told to the effect that when the Peruvian government, fearing their influence and their power, decided in secret session in Lima to exile them for political reasons, the swiftest of messengers was sent at once to Cuzco, four hundred miles away, to apprise them of the fact. When the messenger reached Cuzco he found all the priests ready with their baggage packed, standing before the gates of their monasteries. Their marvelous system had not failed them. They had learned of the decision of the secret session in Lima as soon as it had been made. Their own system of obtaining information had brought them the news before the fleetest of known messengers had been able to do so.

Guayaquil was for Pere LeGris the beginning of a trip of a year's duration—a journey of recreation in the hope of regaining his failing health. He was going to Quito. We were sorry to lose him. In his dignified way he possessed a keen sense of humor and kept us much interested and amused by tales of his experiences. One story he told was simply delicious. A young woman,

observing that he traveled without a trunk, carrying only a hand bag, approached him. She had excess baggage to the amount of a thousand pounds. She pleaded with him to relieve her of *one* trunk so that she might get through the customs house without having to pay. Pere LeGris' humorous description of his consternation at the thought of claiming as his own a trunk filled with a woman's dainty *lingerie* while fellow-priests looked on and waited for him during its inspection, was certainly funny. Needless to say, he gently but firmly refused the request and the lady was obliged to pay the awful excess exacted on baggage to a South American port.

The American consul, Dr. Godding, a personal friend, delighted us with a visit here, bringing with him large baskets of delicious and, to us, strange fruit. For two days we lay in port enjoying these delightful specimens and basking in the glow of the southern sunshine. We now realized fully that we were in South America. Gorgeous big macaws with brilliant yellow and blue plumage were brought aboard. The colors of the smaller screeching parrots were simply exquisite. Many vendors came also with tiger skins and small marmosets.

We found no mosquitoes here and although we knew that the extreme slenderness and delicacy of this deadly insect prevented its flying over three

hundred-yards we still felt safer to sleep under netting the two nights we were in port. The peculiarity of this mosquito, the *stegomya*, is that only the female bites and gives the yellow fever germ.

The Ecuadorians are immensely wealthy. Many of them are charming people and well educated. But at present all hate Americans. Their potent reason for disliking us is the railroad built to Quito. The Americans cheated the Ecuadorians shamefully in the contract and feeling still runs high about it. The present consul, Dr. Godding, with his charming Uruguayan wife, have lived in this unhealthy spot for many years. With all hygienic laws respected and the house screened they fear nothing. They keep in their home a wonderful little bird called *cacigüa*. It knows its pet name of Chico-Chico. It flies about loose in the house and kills every fly and mosquito it sees.

CHAPTER III

THE GUANO ISLANDS

WE HAD been warned that in going to South America we were taking our lives in our own hands. Everyone knows that in spite of her wonderful attractions there is much to be desired in her laws relating to hygiene. Many of the diseases which we would encounter, such as yellow fever and bubonic plague, we should have to risk, as there is no known preventive. We should take all possible precautions toward evading mosquitoes and fleas, but there is no inoculation which could save us from them. Smallpox and typhoid could be prevented, or at least the system may be rendered immune by inoculation to all save a very light attack. Therefore, preparatory to this joyous expedition, we spent some time at home with a feeling of decided *malaise*, due to three inoculations of the typhoid serum, and I was certainly laid low by the smallpox inoculation, vaccination. Such an arm as I carried for six weeks after will not soon be forgotten, and the scar I shall carry to my grave. Disagreeable as all these precautions may be, however, they are absolutely

necessary and minimize the danger of travel considerably. It is only the foolish person who disregards them and fatality often follows in the wake of those who do.

After leaving the Isthmus we made it an absolute rule not to touch uncooked vegetables, or eat a piece of fruit which could not be peeled. Of course, we missed eating their delicious vegetables such as lettuce, radishes and celery, and fruit like strawberries. But in spite of our precautions in regard to inoculation for typhoid we were afraid of these death-dealing, though delectable foods. As in China, their greatest fertilizer here is human excrement, and the germs bred are not only those of typhoid but those of cholera and enteric troubles of all kinds. This knowledge gave us courage to refuse all such food. Indeed, the character of this fertilizer disenchanting one from wishing to sample any of their green vegetables.

No traveler touches the drinking water here. The natives seem to be immune. We regard the bottle of water at fifty cents a pint as a necessary extravagance, and the fact that we were paying so exorbitant a price for it had the usual effect. It made us thirstier than ever! Between us we frequently drank six or seven dollars' worth of water a day. This seems terrific, but all the way down the coast of South America until we reached Valparaiso the only water we could get on the boats

was Waukesha, White Rock, or Poland at a dollar a quart. It is easy to figure, therefore, how two thirsty people can consume this amount. Of course, those who feel that they cannot afford this much money for drinking water carry a small alcohol stove and boil it. But this is a nuisance. It means a lot of extra baggage and every ounce of baggage counts. After we got into the country, however, we found distilled water at a reasonable price in the large cities and there we drank to our hearts' content.

A fine and famous water throughout Peru is the *Jesu* water from a spring of that name near Arequipa. It is a delicious beverage, slightly charged with gas, and except for the awful price we had to pay for it we enjoyed it thoroughly. This water is a great favorite in Peru, but I must confess that the sight of the name on the first bottle we drank gave us both a distinct shock.

Petty thieving is one of the annoyances on ship-board along this southern coast. Personally we lost nothing, but several of our neighbors complained. As we steamed out of the Guayas River a man who had been in confinement for two days for stealing broke his arrest and jumped overboard. He had fully a mile to swim to shore and the current was terribly swift. But the steamer could not waste time by stopping. So if he ever reached shore I presume he considered

himself immune and started in on his little game again.

No vessel is permitted to pass out of this river at night, as the channel is dangerous. But we sailed out early in the morning to find ourselves in the ocean again. From Guayaquil we moved toward Callao, spending the next eight days in making that port. These days were far from uninteresting. We passed many islands, one of the most curious of which is called Dead Man's Island, the shape of which is that of a man lying flat on his back, his face upturned to the heavens. Very distinct is the illusion. The features were plainly visible, colossal, and the sight is most uncanny.

Off the southern coast of Ecuador on the island of Santa Clara is LaAmortahada, The Enshrouded Woman; it is said to be a marvel in its exact representation of its name. Once seen, the colossal figure of the mysterious woman is never forgotten.

The constant passing of pretty islands, the loading and unloading at the various ports, the strange cargoes, the curious birds and fish was a truly pleasurable experience. One can have no conception of the number and variety of the South American birds until he has seen them. In addition to the huge pelicans, millions of "guano" birds inhabit the islands bearing their name, and blacken

the skies when they fly. The snow-white Guano Islands hold thousands of these birds and often in the evening about dusk we would steam into a solid mass of the feathered creatures resting on the water. The boat would be obliged to plow its way right through them. Thus disturbed they would rise quickly and, flapping their wings in the water as they rose, they made a sound like heavy rain.

For years the guano trade brought in millions of dollars to the southern countries, for it is known to be the greatest fertilizer in the world. The South Americans sold it to the European governments and it yielded them an immense income. This trade, however, has dropped off considerably as the guano is almost exhausted from the tremendous demands for it.

The Incas themselves were not ignorant of the value of these Guano Islands. They carefully preserved and protected them. The quantities of birds we saw were equaled if not surpassed by the number of fish—dolphins, porpoises, sharks, whales, sting rays, and shoals of smaller ones. The ocean is alive with them. They say that every bird on the coast eats about six pounds of fish a day. We could well believe it and still know that they never lack for food. We frequently entered a shoal of the smaller fish which would be miles in length. The fish would lie so thick that one could not place a knife between their bodies, and the

captain told us not infrequently they clogged the machinery until the boat was obliged to lay to until it could be cleaned. And all the time the delightful cold air of the Humboldt current was with us, so that we endorsed the Spanish exclamation we were constantly hearing, *Que brisa tan hermoso* (What a refreshing breeze).

My husband and I both speak German and French, but we figured to really enjoy South America we should know Spanish before leaving Chicago. We looked about for the best way of getting a quick knowledge of the language. Fortunately we found one of the Gordon Detwiler schools for languages in Chicago. We took the business man's course, of Prof. Pedro Cezon and, though we had only time for the half, it was amazing what he taught us. Like my vaccination, it *took well*, and, sinking deep, was firmly imbedded so that with the phrase books and grammar we made ourselves understood wherever Spanish was spoken.

CHAPTER IV

SOME PECULIAR CUSTOMS

THE trade along the western coast of South America is enormous. Some of the richest cargoes in the world are shipped here. It is along the coast of Chile that the nitrate fields are most famous, although in Peru they have also the *salitre*, which is the Spanish name for it. Rice, corn, sugar, and, of course, gold and copper are taken on many of the boats, and the bananas alone would pay for the running of the steamer. Often we carried ninety thousand bunches, and just here I beg to interpolate a word in regard to the peons who transfer these cargoes. I can honestly testify that they are not *afraid* of work, for I have seen them lie right down and go to sleep beside it.

During all our stay in South America I found the *siesta* a most annoying thing. When one is rushed to catch a train or make connections with another steamer it is then that he realizes to the fullest extent that he is in the land of *mañana*. The peons sleep or idle as they feel inclined. As far as their waiting tasks are concerned "any old time will do." In every country of South America

the *siesta* is taken daily. From eleven until three all work is stopped and the shops are closed.

On account of her moist climate Ecuador grows some of the most magnificent trees in the world. There is a giant one called the *ceiba*, a cotton tree, and when it blooms all know that the wet season is near. The cotton produced from it is a great staple, beds, pillows, cushions, etc., being made from it. I cannot say much in favor of the pillows, however. They are about the hardest specimens that I have ever felt beneath my head. Yet it was the only kind we encountered throughout South America until we reached the eastern coast. Another tree here, known as the *balsa*, is very large and twenty times as light as cork. Rafts and boats are made of it and one sees great numbers of them everywhere. No matter how frail the little boat is, one feels safe in it. It cannot sink even in the heaviest sea.

Late in the afternoon, while looking at the beautiful coast, the green suddenly disappeared as completely as if a section had been cut out with a knife. Vegetation and fertility were gone absolutely. From here on down the Chilean coast all was barren and sterile. The soil of Peru is really rich and beautiful. It is only the absence of rain which makes it sterile. Wherever there are streams and rivers the soil becomes green and fresh. But the rivers are far apart. On all this long strip of west-

ern coast there are but sixty-eight rivers fed by the Andes and emptying into the Pacific.

It was here in Payta too that that glorious flower, the *mesem bryanthemum*, grew in such profusion. We had seen it in its magnificent pink bloom in California, but we never failed to acclaim it wherever we saw it.

Also at Payta I saw for the first time a man in deep mourning. Even his hat, a straw one, was absolutely black, and the women were all *en luto*. Afterward it seemed to us that the whole of South America was *en luto*. These southern people seem to take their greatest joy in mourning. Babies from two to six wear it, and it was a depressing sight. I met a charming Chilean couple, Señor and Señora Mardones, and the former told me that for four years his wife had worn mourning for her mother. For two years she had never left the house except to go to mass, not even to go for a drive. She was a brilliant musician, but would not touch her piano until the four years had expired. She was about to take up her music again and was spending a good deal of time on the boat reading it over and tapping her fingers on a chair. But nothing would induce her to try the piano until the fourth anniversary was past. She was a refined and traveled woman, but when I expressed surprise she said, "*Bien, Señora, qué quiere Vd. que yo haga? Es la costumbre de mi pais*" (Well, madam,



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CATHEDRAL, PAYTA, PERU

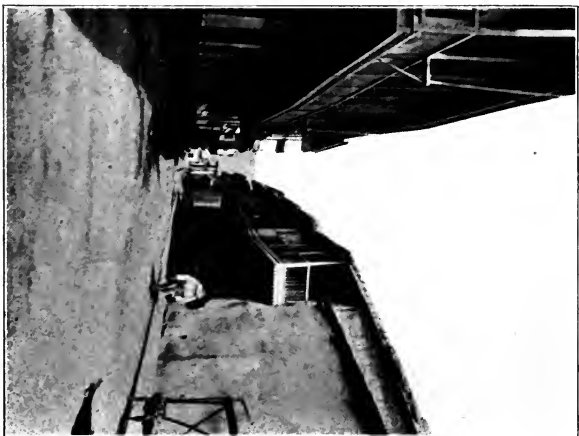


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

A STREET IN PAYTA, PERU



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

LAKE OF THE INCAS
On the Transandean Railway



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

THE AUTHOR ON THE THRONE OF THE INCAS

what shall I do? It is the custom of my country). Whereupon I remarked to myself that their ways are certainly not our ways.

As I have already said, we had scarcely left the Isthmus of Panama when we began to observe the change in customs. The first breakfast at seven, consisting of coffee and crackers, was the *desayuno*, a luncheon served in the forenoon was *almuerzo*. Here also we began to observe the peculiarity of the Christian name. Bible names were frequent and many of the children bore the name Jesus. We would frequently hear the name called out on shipboard, and when we reached Lima, in many of the narrow streets, signs bearing biblical names were numerous. One barber had outside his door the name "Jesus, the Nazarene." It seemed very blasphemous to us but was really not so to them.

The days on the Pacific were perfectly wonderful, but the nights—. Alas, many of them were filled with the music of the fog horn and the ever-present thought that in the impenetrable mist, running as near the shore as we were, the sea was dangerous. Many a night I lay awake, watching the captain through an open window, muffled to the ears in his overcoat, studying his chart and all the time that awful siren blowing at full blast. At last, however, we sighted Callao, in Peru, and just beyond it lay beautiful Lima, city of churches, home of the great Santa Rosa!

To a Catholic what thrills the thought of visiting Lima brings! I was all eagerness to leave the ship, but once more, alas! it was to be some days before I was to have this pleasure. And they were anxious days, too, for a terrifying experience seemed to be hovering over us. After we sailed from Guayaquil three suspects were discovered on board and we were thought to be carrying both yellow fever and bubonic plague. When that yellow flag went up over our ship our consternation was indescribable. Personally, I had forty flea bites that night (it is the flea which carries the germ of the plague) and consequently I was not easy in mind until the time for the developing of the disease had expired.

We waited for the doctors to make a test of the suspects' blood. We next learned that the report of the presence on board of the plague, although it had been carefull concealed from us, had been wirelessed in to Callao and the authorities were so wrought up over it that they would not permit us to land. Our yellow flag waved prettily over us. But it was a signal to all who saw it that we had the plague on board.

A distinguished general in full uniform came out in a little yacht with some fellow-officers, took a look around the sea, talked through a megaphone and then went away. The fog settled down upon us, but at least we were in port and I hoped to

sleep a little that night. Here again I was disappointed, however. The Peruvian women are very pretty, but, like most of the sex, they like to talk. Two who were located near my cabin had high, shrill voices, and they proceeded to use them most of the night. Also, the doctors ran back and forth talking continuously, and there seemed to be a lot of red tape, but the passengers learned of no new developments. The next day the captain told us that the whole city was in arms at the thought of our getting on land. The town had already a good deal of malaria and typhoid. Evidently they did not wish to add anything more. One could not blame them, but it did seem to us that nurses should be sent to attend the sick. An old Frenchman said to me in the morning: "The natives here live like animals. Life is held lightly. If a man is stricken with some dreadful disease he steals off in a corner, covers his head and waits for death. Nobody cares."

They tested one boy's blood (they had already given him the bubonic serum) and we were here to await developments. It was very monotonous. We watched seals playing near us and studied the small boats which came out to bring us food. We were interested in families talking to their friends who could not come aboard, and watched them taking off numerous little kegs of gold. We were supposed to be carrying eight hundred and fifty

thousand dollars in gold, but the little kegs were so numerous that there seemed to be much more than that. They were unwilling to tell us how much there really was, and there was a good deal of red tape about its delivery. The officers on guard were well armed. The captain and his officers signed books and all bowed and scraped before separating.

Another night settled down on shipboard, but the sunset was magnificent. Clouds wrapped the mountains and lay over the Island of Lazarus, where the detention hospital is, and they became a mass of color. They changed from crimson to gold and spearlike shafts of pale yellow shot across the crimson. The mountain stood dark and sharp against the clear sky and the view was superb. The blue ocean beneath us lent beauty to the already lovely scene. It was glorious. *Y los reflejos en el agua era admirables* (The reflections in the water were perfect).

On the third morning the doctor announced to us that the suspects did *not* have yellow fever—that what he had taken for the black vomit was something else. We were told that we might leave the ship on the completion of the third day, which would be about five o'clock that afternoon. In the meantime one of the suspects (the plague patient) had been brought up to the best position on deck, said position being immediately between our cabin

and the captain's quarters. The young man was in a screen cage, but his attendant went in and out frequently, and if there was danger of contagion surely we who slept only about six feet away ran that danger. But in spite of our fears we found that we were quite human after all. We often went and spoke to the boy (he was only twenty) and did what we could to help him. He began to improve. We were permitted to leave the ship but were never afterward able to learn the fate of the boy.

CHAPTER V

THE STORY OF PERU

THE world's records contain few more fairy-like narratives than the well-attested story of the early civilization of Peru. In many of its aspects this civilization was equal to any that the world has ever known. The history of the Incas, those children of the sun who migrated from the north to the interior islands and country and established Cuzco as the center, the capital of a great empire, is little short of marvelous. There had always been a marked contrast between them and the surrounding tribes, their civilization being more sound and humane. Its keynote was intelligent socialism. The citizens supplied the needs of the aged and infirm. They cared for the widow and the orphan and the soldier in active service. In their enlightened society, poverty was unknown. They were splendid agriculturists and shepherds. Their high mountains were cultivated to the snow line. They had aqueducts, bridges, and good roads connected with the sea. Irrigation on thoroughly sound lines was practiced and they tamed the wild animals, such as the llamas, alpacas, etc., until they

were suited to domestic use. Truly the Incas were a great people, different from the squalid Indians around them. Yet this splendid dominion fell a prey to the Spanish adventurer, Francisco Pizarro, who, though able and daring and resourceful, was cruel and treacherous. Pizarro arrived in Peru at the moment when the old Inca's two sons, Atahualpa and Huascar, were fighting for the division of their father's property, which had been left to them jointly. Pizarro, by treachery to the victor, took advantage of the situation and conquered Peru.

Nearly everyone knows of this adventure of Pizarro. It was in 1524. Hearing rumors that the country in the south was marvelously rich in gold, he made his first expedition to Peru. He landed at Tumbez, on the Gulf of Guayaquil, where he found a busy city. Convinced by this of the wealth of the country, he decided that he would return to Spain and get permission to make his conquests. In his adventure he took Diego Almagro and a priest Hernando de Luque, and in 1531 started back to Tumbez. He went on down the coast and founded a city, Piura. While trying to get reinforcements to make his invasion he learned that Atahualpa and Huascar, two Inca princes, were fighting. Pizarro had only two hundred men. Imagine his bold daring to attempt the conquest of a great country with so few. How-

ever, sixty-seven of these were cavalymen, and horses had never been seen in this country before. Therefore they struck terror to the stoutest hearts.

Before starting on his expedition across the Andes, an almost impossible feat, he learned that Atahualpa had conquered his brother. At various points along their journey, as they climbed the twelve thousand feet or more in the rarefied air and the piercing cold, they were met by envoys from the successful prince bearing beautiful gifts and royal messages of welcome. With bold faces the army of two hundred entered the city and the very next day Pizarro sent an invitation to Atahualpa to dine with him. The Inca prince came unarmed and in royal state to the plaza. Instead of meeting him in a friendly way, Pizarro demanded that he swear allegiance to Emperor Charles and become a Christian. Atahualpa indignantly rejected this request, whereupon Pizarro, incensed at his refusal, turned his cavalry upon the unarmed Indians. There followed a scene of merciless slaughter. Atahualpa was seized and made prisoner. Fifteen million dollars in gold were demanded as his ransom and he was accused of many crimes. The money was actually and cheerfully paid by the Incas for the release of their prince. But Pizarro, after taking the gold, refused to release him. He asked Atahualpa whether he would prefer to be burned

alive or strangled. He chose strangulation. Thus was he put to death after the most shameless betrayal of the obligations of hospitality. The account of this treachery is one of the most brutal records in all history. It was thus that the conquest of Peru was accomplished. After the death of their prince the Indians made little resistance. Pizarro then went on down the coast and on the banks of the Rimac founded a city which he called the City of the Kings. This is Lima.

This was the beginning of a period of dissensions and murders which lasted for many years. For nearly three centuries Spanish viceroys ruled the country and it was not until 1824, at Ayacucho, on the highlands of Peru, that the last battle of independence was fought. Then the whole of South America was liberated from the tyranny of Spain and the realms of the Incas were free to develop a new civilization.

Although in the history of Peru the figure of Pizarro stands out more prominently than that of any other man, his intimate friend, Almagro, must not be forgotten. He acted as a foil for the scheming Pizarro. Almagro kept all his pledges. Pizarro was notorious for breaking his. Pizarro grew to hate his former friend and when at last he captured him, he had him foully dealt with and killed. But the friends of Almagro were many. They bided their time, and on the twenty-sixth of

June, 1541, when Pizarro was at the height of his fame, he met his doom. A desperate band of conspirators broke into his palace and killed him just as he arose from the dinner table. What was once said of Charles I may also be said of Pizarro, namely, that nothing in his life so became him as his manner of leaving it. Receiving a deadly thrust in the throat, he put his finger in the blood, made the cross on the floor, sank down upon it and expired.

With all his faults—and they were many—Pizarro was a great man. Yet, with hundreds of statues erected everywhere in Peru, there is not one to be found of Pizarro. Hero worshipers, as the South Americans are, they ignore him completely. Yet what would South America be save for this same Pizarro?

CHAPTER VI

THE CITY OF THE KINGS

LIMA at last! And the very first day we were there we attended mass in the famous old cathedral. Here we were shown the skeleton of Pizarro, who must have been a giant from the size of his bones. This wonderful cathedral not only equals but surpasses all descriptions ever given of it—superb in its paintings, carvings, and altar of gold leaf. Lima has so many churches, and one is almost bewildered by their beauty and sumptuousness. Their carvings of cedar, mahogany, and rosewood, the rich silver and gold ornaments, altar and tables of solid silver, leave one almost breathless with amazement.

It was in Lima that Santa Rosa, the only saint canonized in America, was born. Her remains repose in the church of San Domingo under the altar, but she is represented everywhere in almost every church. She is really the patron of the whole of South America, the West Indies and the Philippines. Besides being a great saint, she was a very beautiful woman and enthusiasm runs high about her even after all these years. Lima has a

hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. She calls it two hundred and fifty thousand, but this includes Callao and some neighboring towns.

The high expectations we had been led to expect of South American courtesy and hospitality were realized in Lima. The American minister, Governor Benton McMillin, and his highly educated and beautiful wife, were more than cordial. Their courteous attention to all strangers was proverbial, but they certainly overwhelmed us with kindness. Through them we met some of the most distinguished notables of the Peruvian government and many representatives of their highest society. As an illustration of their warm welcome, knowing that we were interested in their city, Minister McMillin obtained for us a view of the wonderful Prado Museum. Señor Prado himself was ill, and his entire family absent from the city at their summer home. But he was graciousness itself. Everything in this beautiful museum (which was also his home) had been closed for the summer, but he sent up his servants and had the whole place dusted and sunned. A member of his family, a brother, came up for the occasion of our visit and we spent a whole beautiful day there. They served us luncheon, with wine and champagne, so much trouble were they willing to take for strangers who were sufficiently interested to come and see their country. It was wonderful, we thought.

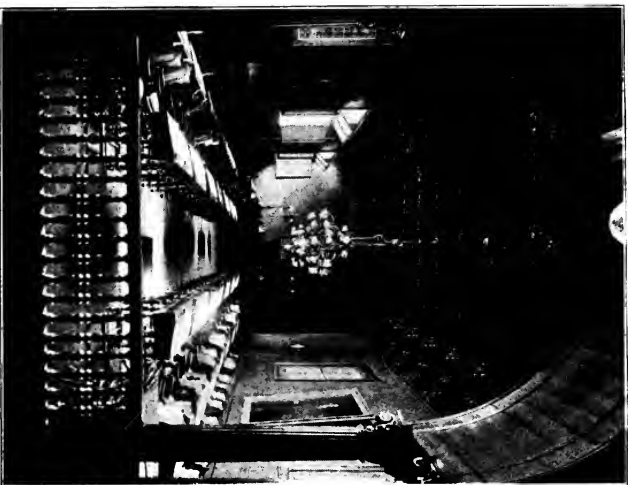


Photo by E. M. Newman

HALL OF THE INQUISITION, LIMA, PERU

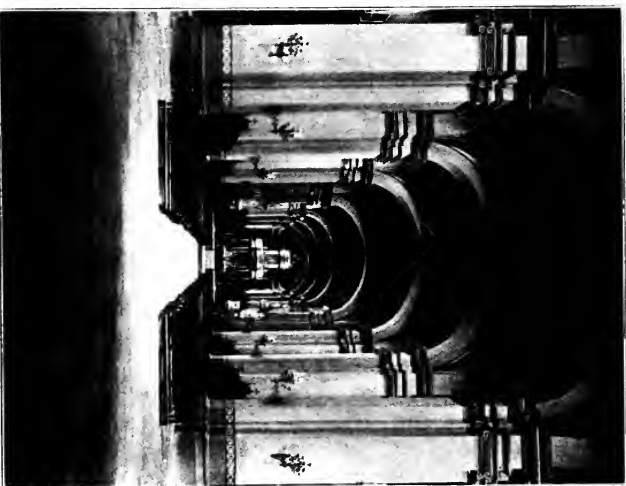


Photo by E. M. Newman

GREAT CATHEDRAL AT LIMA, WHERE PIZARRO
IS BURIED

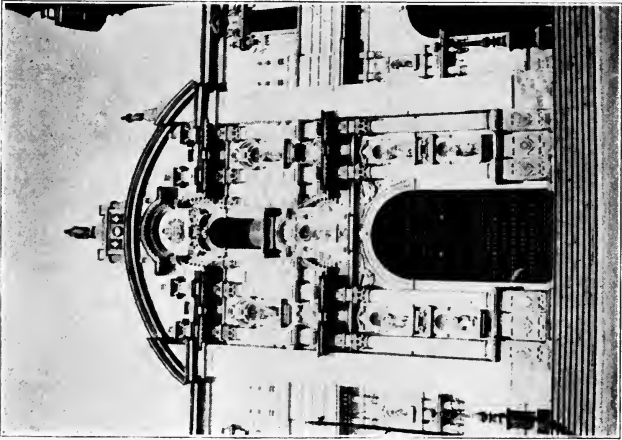


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CATHEDRAL ENTRANCE, LIMA, PERU



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

SANTA ROSA DE LOS MONJAS, LIMA, PERU

Señor Prado's great palace is not visible from the street, the usual high wall being built in front of the house. The door from the street being closed, we walked into a beautiful *patio* just back of which his truly magnificent house presented itself. The house and museum contain some forty rooms. He has reserved a dozen or more for his own personal use, and these rooms (which we were permitted to see first) were furnished in the most magnificent way conceivable. Superb carvings, wonderful sets of buhl, containing enormous sideboards, pianos, chests of drawers—we had never even imagined anything so magnificent in a single room. His private collection of fans, marvelously painted and hundreds in number, was worth a fortune. His old ivories are known to be very rare, his rugs and paintings invaluable. His collection of old silver and tapestry is truly marvelous. Yet all this was not what we had come to see. We hastened through, being forced to give but a *coup d'oeil* to these rooms in which we would like to have spent days. It was the museum itself which was the objective point.

Before leaving Señor Prado's private apartments, however, I must speak of the lovely little chapel where, when the family are at home, mass is held for them twice a week. To me it seemed wonderful to be able to have mass said in one's

own private home. This chapel, though small, is perfect in every detail, exquisite in its fine old embroidered altar cloths, handsome silver and gold ornaments, and beautiful fresh flowers.

The museum surpasses anything of its kind that I have ever seen. Señor Prado's wealth, which is seemingly inexhaustible, has enabled him to gather together these rare and wonderful specimens. It delighted me to learn that this splendid collection has been catalogued and rendered so interesting by the indefatigable efforts of a woman, Señorita Prado, the accomplished sister of the owner. She was possessed of a brilliant mind, and through her mentality and zeal many things were discovered. For instance, she came across some curious Chinese inscriptions in her studies, and none of the Chinese experts could interpret them satisfactorily. She started at once to study Chinese, and after many years spent in learning the language, gave an interpretation which has satisfied the scientists. Señor Prado has every specimen of the Inca and, indeed, of the pre-Inca work, from the finest gold and silver ornaments to the oldest copper pans. Their feather ornaments, embroideries, weavings, their gorgeous frescoed bird and animal designs, and several of those frightful *reduced heads*, which are so hideous in their attraction, are included in this collection.

I must pause here to say a word about these heads. They are, I think, the most startling things to be seen anywhere in the world. The human head is reduced from its natural size and brought down to about four inches. The Indians preceding the Incas were possessed of the weird and curious knowledge of the method of doing this work. The human likeness in these miniature heads is wonderfully preserved and they have a most weird appearance. The object of this strange craft was the characteristic desire of the Indian to carry the scalp of his foe at his belt, just as the North American Indian carried his. To show his warlike prowess, the Indian of Peru strung his victims' heads together. It is not known now by what process this reducing was accomplished. The severed head is apparently not cut in any way in order to remove the bones, yet the bone of the skull has entirely disappeared. Probably some acid was injected which caused the bone to dissolve, and in this way reduced the head to this miniature size. One head that we saw was that of a woman with long blond hair, proof that the preserved heads were not only those of the native Indians, but also those of some unfortunate whites. To me this fiendishly ingenious work of the savages was horribly fascinating.

As has already been said, the Prado Museum is considered the finest in the world, but unless one

has been through it he can have no conception of the rare and wonderful treasures hidden therein. Neither is it possible to describe them adequately in a book of this character.

CHAPTER VII

IMPRESSIONS OF LIMA

THE University of San Marcos is a beautiful building, founded in 1551, one hundred years before Harvard received its charter. The Peruvians are very proud of this university, and it covers all branches of learning.

The Hall of the Inquisition is one of the greatest sights of Lima. The famous ceiling is a work of art. It is of dark red cedar, richly carved, and its work is worthy of the best days of Spain. It is one of the few relics of antiquity still in perfect condition. It is, indeed, a joy to see, and we all gladly lay flat on our backs upon a sofa to gaze upward and enjoy the picture of the skill of those wonderful artists, long since dead and gone.

For three centuries the Holy Office of the Inquisition held its seat here in Lima. Many tales by partisan writers are told of the wickedness enacted by it, but this is a point which has been long and often disputed. It was unquestionably a great power in the Spanish government. Its rules were rigid and its men fearless in enforcing them. Those days bred recklessness in the hearts

of men and it was only by stern control that the Catholic Church was able to hold her own in the presence of men who were little short of barbarians. The Hall of the Inquisition was the court of decision, and though there may have been times when injustice was committed, and even cruelty, yet on the whole the Inquisition did much to uphold the law and thereby help the state.

There are many fine old mansions in Lima which are preserved intact. One which is particularly noticeable has a richly decorated balcony, a gem of the domestic architecture of the seventeenth century, and it is astonishing that in spite of earthquakes and fires and the many other evils which have been visited upon Lima it has remained so perfect. The city contains also a very fine zoological garden, and we certainly were fortunate in our choice of a time to visit it. A few minutes after we had been there one of the lions got loose, terrified everybody, and did considerable damage to the garden. The plazas in Lima are many and charming; the streets are narrow and quaint; the pavements in the shopping district are laid in mosaics and are most attractive; the stores are rich and fine. A glance from the open doorways of the busy streets usually gives one a glimpse of a paved court, sometimes with plants, flowers, small trees, and often a fountain. Around this court are the main rooms of the dwelling.

The fruit sellers, who carry their baskets on long poles, are interesting and picturesque, and the milkmaids, perched high on mules or horses, and carrying great cans, are a most novel sight. The policemen are forever blowing their whistles. Their signals seem incessant and worrying. Sellers of lottery tickets abound and are most annoying, and one sees soldiers, newsboys, *Cholos*, and lovely señoritas, the latter wrapped in their mantillas of lace, on the busy streets. Even the little girls wear these mantillas, and the baby faces of four and six certainly look adorable in this coquettish headdress, which is most becoming to young and old.

The women of Lima all go to mass every morning. The streets are filled with these devotees, all wearing the mantilla over the head. After the service they do their shopping. I created quite a sensation on my first appearance at the cathedral, because I was wearing a chic French hat! I could not understand the audible flutter which passed over the congregation, but when it was explained to me I quickly removed my hat and replaced it with a blue motor veil. This was even worse! The brilliant color of the latter caused more excitement than the hat. Needless to say, the next day I, too, donned the mantilla.

It was in Lima that we were introduced for the

first time to a first-class South American hotel. It had no private baths, and only two or three of any kind for the whole house. This in itself was bad enough, but worse was yet to come. In case one wished a bath before retiring, one was compelled to pass, *en negligee* and carrying one's own bath towels, through a brilliantly lighted drawing-room filled with charmingly dressed women and men in evening clothes! It was a trifle disconcerting. The assembled multitude did not hesitate to stare. Still, it was the custom, and the farther we went the worse it got. In time, however, we became hardened and what natural modesty we took with us when we started seemed to have disappeared. This bath-room arrangement, by which one can reach the bath-room only by going through the drawing-room, is a feature of most of the private residences as well as the hotels.

Life in Lima must be one perpetual joy. The people are refined, cultured, and traveled. They form a society which has a peculiar charm. Many of their homes are palaces. A glimpse at some of them impressed us with the realization that they could not be other than a cultured people, for a man's home is indicative of his character.

Many *gente decente* ride in splendid equipages through the streets of Lima, and here are found many beautiful women; but, beautiful as these women undoubtedly are from a North American

standpoint, the slight down which many carry on the upper lip mars their faces. However, their lovely eyes, their wonderful skin, and graceful carriage of the head make them fascinating and attractive. The men are handsome and extremely courteous; in fact, courtesy and extraordinary politeness characterize the whole of South America.

It never rains in Lima, yet one's clothes are always damp. One never has a fire, yet one is always cold and wishing for one. I could well understand the Incas' worship of the sun while in this country. During my six weeks in Peru the sun rarely shone all day. The fogs, of course, are responsible for this atmospheric condition. But despite her earthquakes, despite her damp and murky air, which often depresses the tourist, who has expected to find here the brightest of sunshine, this charming City of the Kings is fascinating to the highest degree. It still retains the old Spanish air flavored with that romance which all Spanish cities retain. The people of Lima enjoy their life in their own way, and its antique charm, together with the enjoyment of the modern, everyday pleasures of life, creates in the traveler the desire to stay with them.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PERU OF TODAY

LIMA was especially interesting to us, as indeed it must be to all North Americans, because it was the seat of Spanish government for nearly three hundred years. From 1533, when Pizarro overpowered it, it remained the Spanish capital of South America until 1825. The Peruvians are a proud people, and, although their hot climate militates against their energy, there is every evidence that they are energetic and up-to-date. Peru was the last country in South America to become a republic, but they seem never to have regretted the step, and though they are still prone to revolutions, usually they govern themselves pretty well. In fact, they claim that their internal wars are constantly stirring them up to better deeds, as each dissenting party endeavors to prove itself better than the one it opposes.

They are a brave lot of people and once believing that they are right they are hard to intimidate. As an instance of this, a few years ago President Le Guia found himself in the midst of a hot quarrel. One afternoon he was seized by his

enemies, taken from his office, and placed with his back against the statue of the Liberator, Bolivar. A pistol was placed at his head and he was ordered to sign a certain paper. He believed himself to be facing certain death. There seemed no way in which he could be saved. The howling mob surrounded him, but he refused to sign the paper. He said he would rather die than be a traitor to his country. Fortunately for him, at this moment a squad of soldiers came riding by and, seeing the trouble in the street, broke through and rescued him.

The story of Peru reads like a fable. Antiquarians declare that the first occupants of the country were a blond people. This was, of course, before the time of the Incas. They claim that both the Chinese and the Buddhists had a hand in the making of the country in the early days. This is an open question, but ruins of beautiful temples, houses, and entire cities have been unearthed showing that there was a prehistoric race which had attained a high degree of civilization. In their burial grounds, gold and silver ornaments and vessels of rare carving go to prove that there is foundation for this belief. They had, evidently, wonderful skill in the manufacture of practical things. They used cotton and twine and they wove cloth. These mute witnesses certainly denote the intelligence and thrift of the people who

lived long before the time of the Incas. We all remember Plato's description of the fabled continent of Atlantis. Can it be that a ridge of land once made it possible to travel across to South America?

Speculate as one may, there is no question that a cultivated and highly intelligent people occupied Peru in prehistoric times, and they accomplished many things. Miles of beautiful roads were laid through the mountains, and the mountains themselves were terraced to the very top. Ditches and canals were dug to irrigate the land, all done in such a thorough way that engineers of the present day cannot improve upon them. A wonderful suspension bridge built by the Incas of Peru still exists. As a foil to all this splendor came Pizarro; but, robber and thief though he was, he equaled in courage and bravery any of the men he treated so cruelly.

In 1820, when Bolivar sent out his lieutenant, General San Martin, with a small army of five thousand men, the Spanish domination was threatened. For two years there was constant fighting. But at the end of this time that splendid young officer succeeded in wresting Peru from the Spanish crown forever. Since then she has been independent. Out of gratitude the Peruvians made General Bolivar president, but after a time they tired of a president who was never in their own country

(he was also president of Bolivia, which country was named for him), and, becoming discontented among themselves, a revolution broke out which resulted in the defeat of Bolivar's rule in Peru.

They made a quiet little soldier named Ramon Castilla president in 1845. He had had much to do with the war of independence, but was always on the side of good government. He was the man who brought over Chinese coolies to work the fields, and also, unfortunately for his country, he brought over seventy Basque peasants from Spain. Some of these latter were killed in a row and Spain demanded an apology for the loss of her peasants and several million dollars in exchange for their lives. This Peru refused, and Spain began war. But when her ships attempted to land, the sea was so rough that she had to abandon hostilities. However, despite this fortunate ending to the war, Peru's troubles had but begun. Once she owned hundreds of miles along the Pacific coast. But the Republic of Chile was crowding her hard, realizing that the nitrate fields along the coast were invaluable. Peru had already made a secret alliance with Bolivia, and therefore when Chile offered to arbitrate in regard to the coast line, ignoring Bolivia, Peru, because of her secret alliance with the latter country, could not accept the terms.

The Chilean navy was much more powerful than that of Peru, and as Chile was in command of the sea she had every advantage. Antofagasta was chosen as the principal point from which to fight. Ten thousand men were landed there, and in spite of the brave front which the Peruvians put up, the Chilean army reached the heart of the nitrate country at a little town called Tacna. The Peruvians were in bad luck, for just at this time, when they needed all their forces to concentrate, another of their frequent revolutions broke out in Lima, and, although they recognized that their own country was at the mercy of Chile, like a pack of untrained children they stopped to fight among themselves in the interior. The United States, trying to be a peacemaker, offered to act as mediator. Peru refused, saying that she could care for herself. Alas! her pride laid her low. The Chileans were successful and took possession of Lima. For five years their flag waved over the capital. Five thousand Peruvians were killed and as many taken prisoners in the constant battles. At the end of that time, which was in 1886, the Chileans withdrew from Lima, ratifying a treaty of peace which had been made three years before. This treaty provided that revenue from the fertilizer gathered on the Guano Islands should be kept by Peru, but that Chile should keep the provinces of Tacna and Arica for a



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CATHEDRAL, LIMA, PERU

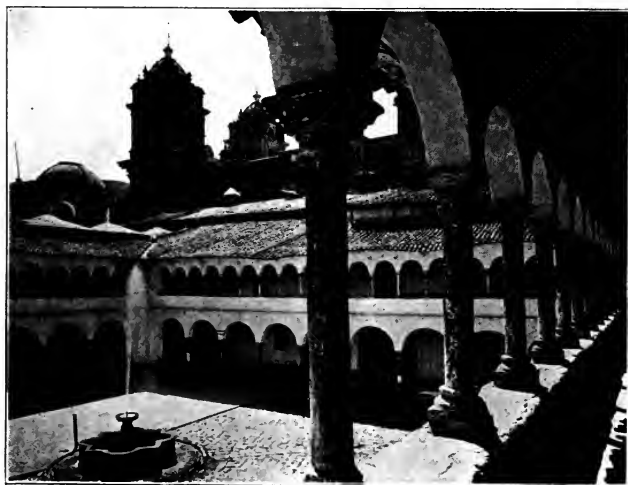


Photo by E. M. Newman

SAN MARCOS UNIVERSITY, LIMA, PERU



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

OLD SPANISH CHURCH, PISCO, PERU



Photo by E. M. Newman

CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA, PERU

period of ten years, at the end of which time a popular vote should be taken by the people as to whether they would cling to the one country or the other. The losing country would take ten millions of dollars from the other. But the two countries have never been able to agree upon terms. Chile still keeps the nitrate beds and Peru still tries to recover them.

I asked a Peruvian on board our vessel whether they ever expected to regain these two beautiful towns. His answer was, "Only at the point of the sword."

Most of the architecture in South America was a distinct disappointment to us, although there were many beautiful buildings and their churches (the old ones) are of incomparable beauty. As a rule, the modern house was not really attractive. They are rather incongruous and heavy in style. The interiors are charming, and exquisite taste seems to have been shown there. But the outside as a rule is unattractive. There were exceptions, of course.

The cathedral in Lima, however, is beyond criticism. It is the most beautiful and the most wonderful thing of its kind in all South America. Of all the pictures we had conjured of it, of all the dreams we had had of it, the sight of it exceeded in beauty our highest expectations. The chancel and altar are very handsome, with heavily carved

chairs and magnificent old paintings. Everything about the cathedral is very ornate, but its impressiveness cannot be denied, and the building is so large that four ordinary churches in Chicago—such as the Holy Name Cathedral—could be set down in it and still leave room.

All the churches of Lima are rich in beauty; practically all the old ones can be classed as a delight to the eye. Strange that a people who must have been imbued with the sight of these beautiful spires pointing to the sky, or these interior pillars which held graceful arches with a lightness which is inspiring, should have lent themselves to some of the uncouth modern façades for their own homes. But, after all, perhaps, contrast is the nicest thing in life. The beautiful would not be so startling were it not for the accentuation of the ugly.

In the church of San Agustín in Lima there is a famous statue of Death, carved by a monk. It is a wonderful thing, though terrible in the illusion it gives of being the skeleton of a man. It is regarded as a precious relic and one has to have a card of admission from the superior before he may go behind the altar to see it.

Great preparations were going on at the time we were there, in January, for the three hundredth celebration of the birth of Santa Rosa, though the anniversary would not be until August.

But since she is the only American saint ever canonized, and is the beloved of all the southern world, the preparations even at that early date showed the magnificent scale upon which they intended to honor this great saint. We truly regretted that we could not remain to witness the festivities. The following October we received from a friend newspapers describing fully the superb celebration, and ever since we have had a new incentive to learn to read Spanish easily, that we might more thoroughly enjoy the description of the splendor and gaiety of those August days in Lima.

Lima, at the foot of the sterile mountain, is irrigated in the valleys by the river Rimac. This is the greatest river on all the dry coast of the Pacific. It is a narrow stream, but a more turbulent one cannot be imagined. In its swift travel it passes some of the most romantic and beautiful scenery in the world. Its usefulness to Lima because of its powers of irrigation cannot be overestimated. We were destined to follow it more than once in its zigzag wanderings through the mountains. Its unmistakable roar greeted us often, echoing and reechoing across the great cañons, *quebrados*. We got so that when we lost sight of it for a few moments we looked anxiously for it to reappear and greeted it as an old friend. We grew to love its dashing white cataracts, its

clear limpid water, and its fine markings of green on either side. These, too, seemed like a long river stretching through the sterile mountains.

CHAPTER IX

MATUCANA AND THE VERRUGA

WE SAW many pretty watering places and small towns, such as Chosica, but we stopped for several days' rest at Matucana, about eight thousand feet high, in the heart of the Andes. This little town has a special interest on account of its relics, which gave rise to a theory that there was once a pigmy city here and that the little people who inhabited it were expelled by ruthless invaders and compelled to flee over the mountains. Fortifications, houses, and subterranean chambers still exist. The small size of the rooms, the doorways, only three feet high, are taken as evidence that little people lived here.

Charming as this mountain spot was, however, I could not enjoy it. It is in this region that the dreaded *verruca* rages. This disease, peculiar to these mountain people, is seldom, if ever, cured, and it is never found below two thousand or above eight thousand feet, extending only about twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles in either direction. The disease is a horrible one—a breaking-out of hideous bloody warts, thousands of them, so

small that it takes a microscope to see them, sometimes under the skin. They are caused by the bite of a small insect. I was perpetually on the watch for that insect—a small gnat which flies at night. True, it was not the season for it, but I entertained a constant fear that there might be a repetition of the episode of the “early bird.” I had no desire to be the “worm.”

Verruga is worse than cholera or yellow fever and more fatal than bubonic plague. It is confined to this small Andean zone in Peru and is a disease practically unknown to the medical profession in other parts of the world. There is a good reason why this is so. All who have tried to investigate it have died in the attempt to analyze it. Between Chosica and Matucana, on the Oroya railroad, is the center of this deadly disease. The people of Peru think, therefore, that some poisonous mineral or vegetable must cause it, for it is never known to break out in any other part of the country. And no matter how young or how strong a man may be, when he passes through this zone of death he takes a chance. People have been known to be attacked who merely went through on the train and never stopped at all, while people who remained a week or more, as we did, have not been troubled. The natives get it just as frequently as the whites, but they claim to know of an herb which is its only cure. In

ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, it fails in its curative properties. At a certain point on the railroad there is a bridge bearing the name *Verrugas*. The story goes that the construction of this bridge occupied one year. The contractor employed one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six people, every one of whom had *verruca*. Hundreds of them died. The contractor sent to New York for medical experts. Seven came down to investigate the disease. Six of them died; the seventh was convalescing when a delirious native stabbed him, killing him instantly. This is an awful tale. Needless to say that I had practically not heard of this disease when I stopped at Matucana. The fleeting thoughts I had had in regard to it had not impressed upon me the fact that this heavenly spot was its center. It is said that one who has it and recovers never has a second attack, and that one's best chance to recover is to stay right here in this zone. A fine young American physician was the latest victim. He came, full of hope, with the ambition to make an investigation which would be of benefit to humanity and the medical world. But he took the disease and died. A very recent death, also, was that of the superintendent of the Cerro de Pasco copper mines. He was from Lansing, Michigan.

Let us hope that in spite of the awful record of this disease, science will yet conquer it. Like

the terrible leprosy, however, there seems at present to be no cure. Of the two diseases, *verruca* is the more kindly. Death comes quickly. From the time it is contracted the patient knows that his hours will be few. But the leper knows that years may elapse before the end comes. Still, he has always the hope that before it does come, science may discover a cure. Thinking of the *verruca* makes me remember the deadliness of the snake bite in Brazil, for which the natives have discovered an antidote which works pretty well. They take the leaves of a creeper which grows in the poison districts of their tropical rivers, bruise them to paste, and make it into a small cake about the size of a five-cent piece. When one is bitten he is given one of these cakes to chew and must swallow all the saliva. This seems to produce heavy perspiration, and the subject usually recovers. But the herb they use for the *verruca* victims saves only about one in a hundred.

In spite of my uneasiness, however, I could not but be conscious of the beauties about me. The town is charmingly situated at the foot of the Andes, and here we had our first peek at the *serranos*, the sturdy mountaineers. Here also we saw the llamas for the first time. These pretty animals are regal and proud in their bearing. They step very lightly and they certainly look the royal part they assume. It is said that like royalty they dic-

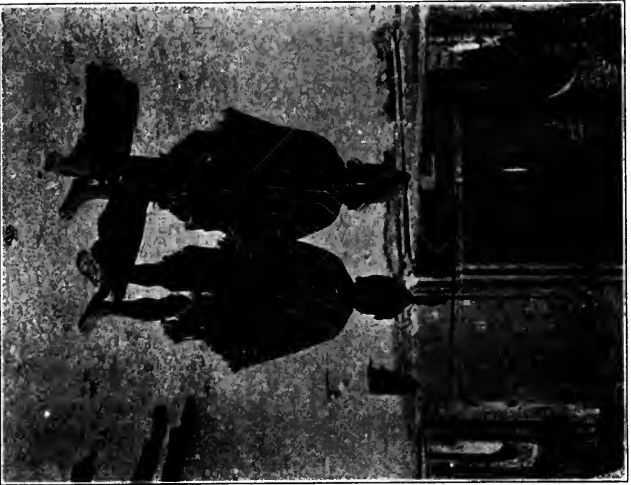


Photo by E. M. Newman

INDIANS, CUZCO, PERU



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

LAMAS IN A STREET AT MATUCANA, PERU



Photo by E. M. Newman

OROYA RAILROAD IN THE ANDES, PERU . .



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CREST OF THE ANDES

tate. For example, no llama will carry more than a hundred pounds. No matter how craftily his master tries to deceive him, if one single pound be added to that weight, no amount of persuasion or beating will make him get up.

Though we saw many llamas in Matucana, the greatest numbers are seen between La Paz and Cuzco. They are queer, graceful creatures, possessing the legs of a deer, the body of a sheep, and the head and neck of a camel. They are white, brown, black, or particolored; their wool is long and thick, and they have big, beautiful, wistful eyes which look at you inquiringly.

Here, too, we saw for the first time in the open the bird of the Andes, the royal condor, swooping down over the mountains.

Of course the whole country here is Catholic, but the native Indian managed to work in a good deal of his own superstition. The cross is always to be seen in some conspicuous place, and at Matucana there are several shrines. But to the cross and the statue of Christ the Indian has added the Inca disk of the sun, in bright yellow. Beside this big sun face is the profile of the moon, in vivid blue, and there are bows and arrows, and a man's hand, beside which is a *foaming glass of beer!* Crowning it all, caught in the floating band of a lace scarf, is a crowing rooster! Strange mixture of Christianity and paganism!

We crossed the Andes six times, and each time it was but to discover more beauties. From the eight thousand feet at Matucana to the twenty-four thousand feet at Aconagua, the glories of the scenery are superb. From Matucana our next destination was the Cerro de Pasco mines—merely for the sake of the scenery, may I add. These mines are sixteen thousand feet in the air, and the road which took us to these heights is a miracle of engineering. Turning, twisting, running through the tunnels, mounting steep grades, one is lost in admiration for the brain of the man whose conception it was and whose ability made it possible to achieve it, as well as for the stupendous endurance of the builders. Incidentally, the man who conceived and carried out this marvelous piece of work in Peru belongs to us. His name was Henry Meiggs, and he was a Californian. A monument to his genius tops a glorious mountain eighteen thousand feet high. The story of this man's life is most spectacular and surely ought to be an incentive to the man who is down and out. For he went wrong completely and yet rose above all his past transgressions and made good. He fled from California a ruined man and a fugitive debtor. He even owed his laundress. But he must have had a conscience, for when he made a fortune he paid back dollar for dollar, with interest, and sent the poor washerwoman

enough gold to keep her in affluence through life.

In South America he found his fortune. The building of Chile's first railroad cleared him a million dollars. Another in Peru doubled this. Scheme after scheme, each more gigantic than the last, was successfully carried out, and finally the financial world became interested in a big contract between Meiggs and the Peruvian government. European loans were effected and Meiggs became the most influential man in Peru. His must have been a remarkable personality. His genius was unquestioned. His ability and dominant will carried everything before him. One of his peculiarities was that he never had a partner. He worked entirely alone. His personality was attractive, and no matter how great the provocation he was always master of himself. Wherever he appeared, he inspired confidence. In spite of his success, in spite of his having made good, he never again visited California. His trials there seemed to have given him a hatred for the place. Knowing the history of this remarkable man, we naturally took a keen interest in his railroad. Without question it is the most stupendous thing of its kind in the world.

The grandeur of the varied scenes on this trip baffles all description. Here one is privileged to see the titanic forces of nature cast up in a wonderful mass of mountains and magnificent gorges.

Through sixty-eight tunnels we traveled in one day. In one place the course of a turbulent river had been turned and made to flow through a tunnel because the engineer needed its bed for his road! But this is only a small part of his achievement. Twisting, corkscrewing along through these mountains, always climbing higher, one often sees three tracks below him, and no matter to what heights one rises he seems always to see more glorious ones above.

We passed the terraced gardens of the Incas, the *andenes*, still kept in splendid cultivation by their descendants, and at last reached the snow line and the glaciers. The barren rock, in varied shades of yellow, red, and green, is bewildering in its beauty; and everywhere the stately llamas, with their proud carriage of head and dainty step, pass to and fro. The *Cholos* (Indians), in brilliant *ponchos* and picturesque, wide-brimmed hats, add to the fascination.

CHAPTER X

SOROCHE

AT THE headwaters of the Amazon—an altitude of sixteen thousand feet—we tried our pulses. Mine was eighty-two, my husband's seventy-six. We were delighted. The altitude had not affected us, although we were conscious of a slight headache. We had eaten nothing, having been told that this was the proper way to take altitudes. When we began to descend, however (we were to spend the night in Oroya, at thirteen thousand feet), I was possessed with a desire to eat a piece of chocolate I had brought with me. I had not invested in the Peruvian chocolate because, delicious as it looked—well, someone had regaled me with a tale to the effect that it was mixed with blood to give it the rich color it possesses. I didn't believe a word of it, but—I did not want the chocolate! Nice Irishism that, but the truth! As a general thing, chocolate does not agree with me, anyway, and just why I wished to eat it on this particular day is a thing I cannot explain. Perhaps exuberance of animal spirits, coupled with that rare atmosphere, bred

in me a courage which was reckless. Be that as it may, I ate it and drank some black coffee. In ten minutes I was really ill. By the time we reached Oroya I was almost blinded by headache. I had an intense nausea which was not active and therefore could not be relieved. My husband was not feeling very fit, either, but occupation at the moment saved him. He had to run and rescue our hand baggage from an Indian boy who persisted in carrying it to a second-class coach bound for still higher altitudes. I was left alone, surrounded by a howling mob of Indians, all talking Spanish so rapidly that I could not understand a word. It was eight in the evening and biting cold. Suddenly out of the chaos I heard my name spoken in faultless English. I looked up to see before me a beautiful woman. Without ceremony I handed her my bag and rug, saying:

“Oh, please take these. I am going to faint.”

“Why,” she said as she caught me, “what an awful case of *soroche* you have!”

In my dazed condition I caught the word about which I had heard so much—*soroche*! It was like a dash of cold water in my face. It aroused me at once.

“*Soroche!*” I exclaimed. “Have I *soroche*?”

“About the worst case I ever saw,” she replied firmly.

Under the words I rallied beautifully! Her

buoyant strength appealed to me as nothing else could have done at the moment. I was actually conscious of a little pride in my own achievement. I had *soroche*! Smiling weakly, I sat down at her command. *I did not faint.* After a few moments I asked who she was and how she happened to know me. I then learned that she was the wife of a young engineer, Thomas Lossing, whom I afterward found to be a very clever and brilliant personage, and that our kind friend, the American minister, Governor Benton McMillin, had telegraphed her to meet us. He explained to her that in spite of our leaving so blithely and so confidently for the high spots of the Andes he had had some qualms as to our feelings when we arrived there!

When I had recovered a bit we went on a search for my companion. At last we located him and were then made comfortable for the night in the loveliest of cottages, where hot water was plentiful and soft beds made us forget our troubles. In the morning we both felt splendid, which, as I learned later, was considered remarkable, as *soroche* usually lingers several days. As to the malady itself, I cannot describe it. It is peculiar unto itself. All I can say is that it is the worst conceivable case of seasickness — *plus!*

In Oroya we saw the Yauli River, one of the headwaters of the Amazon. It is as yellow as

the Tiber and as turbulent a stream. Above the town, perched on a high peak, are some charming ruins of an Inca village. Should one care to go across to the Amazon through Peru, he would be confronted with a nearly unbelievable fact. He would have to cross the Montaña, an almost impenetrable jungle, and it takes less time, actually, to go up to the Isthmus, on to New York, and thence down the Atlantic to the mouth of the Amazon in Brazil, than to cross Peru. For example, Iquitos, a town second in importance only to Lima in its big shipping interests, lies on the Ucayali—really the Amazon River—two or three hundred miles away from Oroya. If Oroya sends anything to Iquitos it must go just as I have described—up to the Isthmus, on to New York, and down to the mouth of the big river on the Atlantic ocean, then up the Amazon to the Ucayali, and up that river to Iquitos. And it does this in from three to five days less time than it could be taken those two or three hundred miles across country lying between the two cities. Yet Peru touches Brazil! Crossing the jungle is not only next to impossible but it is fraught with great danger. Here are horrible reptiles, and poisonous insects, and the shortest possible time in which the trip can be made from the interior of Peru is thirty-five days.

At Chacatalpa, about twenty miles from Oroya,

there lives a tribe of Indians, or natives, who are very fair. They have blue eyes and red hair, and the men wear long beards. They resemble the Caucasians. But we did not have time to visit them. These people are said to be the descendants of some pre-Inca race.

The remainder of the time we spent in Oroya we had no discomfort from the altitude. Of course, if we moved too rapidly we were conscious that our hearts were beating fast, but if we took things slowly we were not in the least uncomfortable. A very good rule to follow is, *no exercise after ten thousand feet*. Adhering to this, we got along very well and enjoyed the few hours left to us in this little mining town. The Yauli and the Mantaro rivers come together near this place and flow out toward the Amazon, which they join. We were constantly coming across these rivers which form the source of the Amazon. It always gave us a little thrill of romance, due to the fact that we knew we should not be able on this trip to see the real great river itself.

A perfect day was chosen for the descent of the mountain. Again we crossed the snow-clad heights, looked upon their glorious glaciers, saw the terraced fields, the prancing llamas careening away from the train in their excitement, and again looked down the beautiful valley of the Rimac on our way to return to Lima, where we wished to

spend another week. That week accentuated our love for this quaint old Spanish city. Neither of us will ever be content until we may return there to spend an entire winter.

One amusing, but embarrassing, incident occurred the day before we took the steamer. No matter how bare one's bedroom may be in these South American hotels, one always possesses a sitting-room. There are no bedrooms to be had without the latter accompaniment. This is just as positive a statement as that there is no room to be had *with* a bath! On this day I thought that before I finished my packing preparatory to taking our ship the next morning, I would wash my hair. So I got myself comfortably into a wrapper, with hair streaming down, and leaned over a basin of hot water to begin my ablutions. All of this I was doing in my sitting-room; as it was larger, there was more sunlight, and it was in every way more convenient.

Fortunately, before plunging my head into the water I looked around. There, seated in a comfortable armchair, with a book in his hand, was probably the most distinguished senator in Peru, Señor Zegarro! This man was very close to the president, was consulted on all important subjects, had been educated at one of the large universities in the United States, had a great deal to do with the building of the Panama Canal—or, rather,

the endeavor of De Lesseps to build it — and was one of the most noted engineers in South America. He was a man of some fifty-odd years, and his individuality was as charming as his record and ability were great. For fully a minute we gazed upon each other without a word. I was horror-stricken, and he certainly looked surprised. However, he arose to shake my hand, and in my dazed condition I permitted him to do so! It took only a moment for me to recover myself, though, and, asking him to excuse me, I retired into the next room, slipped into a better looking negligee, twisted my hair into a Psyche knot, and returned. We chatted amicably for a little while, but with that bowl of steaming water between us I could not act as though nothing had happened. But he was equal to the occasion, and though he had seen me in this sorry plight, he was nice enough to pay me some charming compliments on the American negligee (my second one, alas!); yet I still shiver at the recollection of that encounter. He had been ushered in and left to await me there by a stupid chambermaid, who, by the way, in Peru is always a *he!* When I reprimanded him for having brought in a visitor without first asking my permission, he simply grinned.

There is a Spanish proverb which runs:

*En cielo de sierra, cojera de perro, y
lágrimas de mujer, no hay que creer.*

Which means: "Distrust a mountain sky, a limping dog, and a woman's tears." I should like to add to this, "and a he-chambermaid!"

This same distinguished Senator Zegarro came to the United States only a few days after we left Lima, to try to interest some of our millionaires (to whom my husband gave him letters of introduction) in a railroad Peru is trying to build from Payta to the headwaters of the Amazon. It will be a wonderful thing if it is ever accomplished, and we are hoping that he may meet with success in his endeavors in the United States.

I must not forget to speak of the flowers of Peru, which are singularly beautiful. The *bellissima* is the most exquisite pink blossom conceivable, and a dinner table decorated with it in the palace of Minister McMillin will always remain in my memory as the most delightful bit of color I ever saw. The table was a large one—places for twenty-four—and the slender trailing branches of this graceful vine covered with the tiny pink blossoms twining about the silver and cut glass was as charming a sight as we found in Peru.

But beautiful as the roses and most of the flowers in Peru are, we were told *never* to smell them. I remember being presented with the largest and most gorgeous-colored violets, with the words, "Admire all you will, but do not bring

them near your face." The reason is that a deadly bug often lurks therein, so tiny as to be imperceptible, yet once taken into the nostril it produces the deadly *ute*—an incurable cancer. We took no chances with the lovely things after hearing this.

The public museum, too, is very interesting, but does not equal in any way the superb one of Señor Prado. It contains some wonderful old Gobelins, and besides many Inca relics it possesses the Chavin Stone.

The day had come when we had to leave Lima. we did so most reluctantly. We shall always carry an affection for it in our hearts. We shall always remember the pretty answer of friends to whom in parting we had said: "*Es preciso que nos vayan.*" Their reply had been: "*Dios guarde a Ustedes y feliz viaje.*"

CHAPTER XI

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

WE LEFT Callao on the Peruvian steamer *Montaro*. We were charmingly fixed and our most agreeable French Captain Quesnal showed us many things of interest on the way to Mollendo. Once or twice we went through miles of ocean, clear as the blue waters, only blood-red instead of blue. It was an amazing sight. The captain said that this curious phenomenon had never been explained satisfactorily to him. Scientists claim that it is due to animalcula.

The desert coast proved interesting because of the novelty of the shipping. We certainly felt sorry for the poor beasts, the sheep, and the cows which were brought aboard. The sheep were hauled up by halters placed about their necks, and the cows usually by their horns. The latter are so dazed by this manner of bringing them on board that for some minutes they cannot move. Our kind-hearted captain told us that he did not permit this way of landing them except in a very rough sea. Usually they pass large bags around

the middle of the animal under the stomach and bring them up that way. We passed several wrecked steamers. This whole western coast abounds in rocks, and, running as close as the vessels do to the shore line, steamers often meet with disaster.

About one hundred miles south of Callao we passed the Chincha Islands, where we saw more birds than we had dreamed there were in the world. These are the greatest guano islands, barren rocks, but yielding tremendous treasures. The guano deposits in the beginning were sometimes two hundred feet deep. Today, at a distance—such is the deposit—the islands shine snow-white in the sunlight, as if decked in snow.

The Pacific is called calm, and usually it is, but occasionally it stirred up a pretty fair sea and then nearly all the natives were ill. They eat such rich food, and so often, that they seldom escape seasickness. Indeed, as soon as the women come aboard they immediately prepare for it. The Christian Science idea undoubtedly works well in this case. They believe that they are bound to have it, consequently one never escapes. Suggestion with them works perfectly. As my husband and I were not affected, they looked upon us with envy.

We were nearing port one night when we got

our first glimpse of the Southern Cross. The fogs had prevented us from seeing it earlier. Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when I looked upon it. Its five stars (indeed, its seven stars, because the two pointers are more glorious even than the constellation itself) are wonderful. Once having seen this brilliant cluster in the heavens, one is never able to forget it! And we who had been watching for it for so long and were destined to see it nightly for so many months never tired of the sight.

On board were many Peruvian army officers and their families. The men are splendid, handsome in their uniforms, and quite gorgeous looking, and always unfailing in their courteous politeness. As all educated people in South America speak French, we found no difficulty whatever in conversing. The women are pretty, but they dress badly and never take any exercise. They all wear very high French heels, and they looked at me with astonishment not unmixed with contempt as I took my daily walk on shipboard.

Mollendo, Peru, is surely no place for a nervous woman! Here we had the interesting but somewhat blood-curdling experience of being swung out in a chair to land! Many of the feminine contingent openly expressed a preference for death instead of the attempt to land in this fashion. The steamer lay half a mile out. The surf was

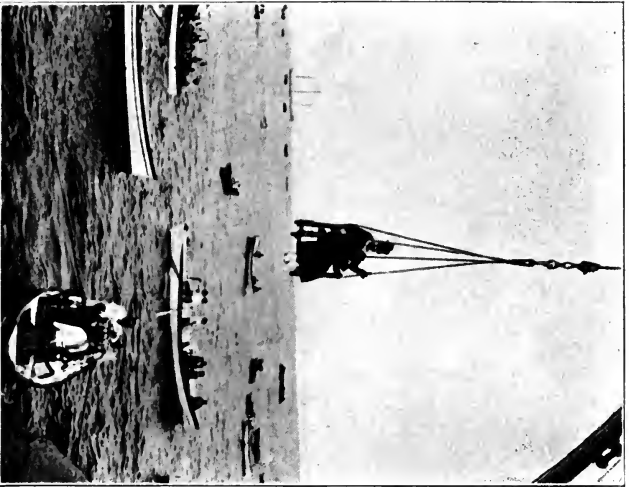


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

LANDING A PASSENGER (MRS. HARRISON) AT
MOLLENDÓ, PERU

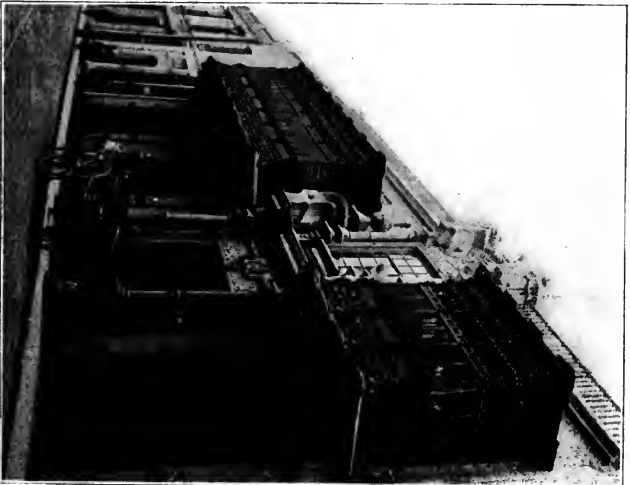


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CASA DE TORREY TAGLE, LIMA, PERU



Photo by E. M. Newman

HARVARD OBSERVATORY, AREQUIPA, PERU



Photo by E. M. Newman

CATHEDRAL, AREQUIPA, PERU

beating high. Yet with only the excitable *fletero* in his small craft to land you, it was really the safer way. I was put into the chair, told to hold fast, and then swung out into space. Fifty feet below was the swirling water, and I had visions of a few dozen man-eating sharks waiting in it for a possible accident! For a few breathless moments my feelings might have been described as *anxious*. But I am honor bound to say that no accident has ever been here recorded. Swarthy Indians in brilliantly colored *ponchos* roamed the streets of this seaport.

Mollendo to Arequipa! It was a wonderful ride, most of which lay through the Desert of Islay. This is much like our Grand Cañon of the Colorado in that it has the same brilliant coloring of rock. Reds, greens, blues, and yellows, a conglomerate mass of such richness that the eye would become surfeited were it not for the gray-white of the Crescent Sand Dunes. These latter are mysterious in the extreme, and a greater contrast to the riot of color on the mountains could scarcely be imagined. Like colossal half moons they lie, looking just as though they were carved out of stone. There are thousands of them and for hours we traveled through them. Smooth as concrete, they move across the desert at the rate of two or three hundred feet a year, climbing high mountains in their silent journey. We

saw many of them half way across the mountains. They preserve their form. They are just as smooth as though cast in a mold. Mysterious, remarkable phenomena when one remembers that they are made up of tiny grains of sand.

These sand hills, called *medanos*, are fifteen to twenty feet high and a hundred feet between their horns. They drift with their horns always forward under a steady wind which always blows from the south. Their shining sand looks like watered silk. Sometimes they streak across the railroad track and cause a lot of trouble. Among all the wonders of South America it seemed to me that we never saw a greater curiosity than these *medanos*. In their slow movement and the preservation of their dignity and form, never a grain seems to be spilled from the perfect mold in which they are cast. They reminded us of some royal procession of past ages caught and held upon this earth for us of modern times to view.

The railroad, climbing between cliffs or running along stretches of sand, mounts continually. Across each dreary or gay-colored mountain we climbed, always wondering what lay beyond the next. Getting to the top of the range, we had our first view of Pichu-Pichu and, in the distance, El Misti. This last is a volcano described as extinct, but it can scarcely be called that, for faint little curls of smoke sometimes come from its

crater. Its other neighbor is Chachani. Both these mountains are more than nineteen thousand feet high. But beautiful as they are, there are two that are grander still—Ampato and Coropuna, which are over twenty-two thousand feet. There are but two mountains in South America which are higher—Illimani in Bolivia and Aconcagua in Chile.

The mountains we were viewing from the top of the range belong to the western Cordillera, which extends all the way north to Ecuador and Colombia. With this view we felt that we were really seeing the heart of the Andes. I can never adequately explain the strange beauty of this landscape. Sterile and barren as it was, with the grimmest of walls and the absence of all life, the beautiful colors blending and mixing into each other gave the various mountains a sublime beauty of their own. The wide cañons, where nothing lives, the jagged peaks holding in their hollow sides only the sterile rock (nothing green is seen here) possessed for us indescribable charm. It seemed impossible that such a sterile country could be so imposing, so fascinating in its barrenness. Nature, however, no matter how she shows herself, whether in the green dress of cultivation or the white garments of the distant mountains, in the silver stream she sends to the ocean, or the barren stretches where not a blade of grass is to

be seen, is ever majestic, impressive, and attractive.

The monotony of the desert is always relieved by its graceful shapes. These queer shapes are at all times a source of pleasure, and I have spent many an hour studying their curious forms. Their steep slopes cut by irregular cañons are always mysterious. The lights from the heavens will change their color in a moment; the absence of clouds will turn a dark hollow into a witches' cauldron seething with molten gold. The constant curves brought new views of magnificent gorges, sometimes a thousand feet below; and always in the background we had El Misti and her wonderful companion beside her. When one remembers that El Misti is five thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak, surpassing in height every mountain in North America except Mount McKinley, one gets some idea of the heights of the Andes.

CHAPTER XII

EL MISTI AND QUINTA BATES

IN LOVELY Arequipa, at the foot of El Misti, one should linger long. This is especially true if one is fortunate enough to visit Quinta Bates, the lovely home of an American woman there. In this delightful spot at the foot of the Fujiyama of South America one can dream only of beautiful things. Arequipa, with its sixty-two thousand inhabitants, boasts a wonderful cathedral and has about the prettiest plaza that we saw anywhere. The cathedral is very old and has been restored, but good taste has been shown in the restoration. Its whole appearance is dignified and charming. The façade is particularly impressive and its interior speaks softly of the Holy of Holies. How satisfying when the restoration of an ancient church becomes a necessity to see it done with taste and excellence! How painful to have it offend the lover of the beautiful and the artistic!

The foreign life here is marked and attractive, and the plazas are the places to see it at its best. The South Americans are especially sensible on

one point; their parks are beautifully kept and in constant use for their own pleasure. At certain hours of the day the fashionable element will be found walking here, and it is then that one sees the lovely *señoritas* and the gay *caballeros* at their best. Because of the very clear atmosphere of this region at certain times of the year, Harvard University maintains an observatory here.

Our ride to the observatory we shall never forget. In a motor, through narrow streets ten to twelve feet wide, over the roughest of cobblestones, we took our way. One man ran ahead to clear the road of llamas, braying donkeys, screaming children, and howling dogs. Men and women rushed out of the houses and, to add to the excitement, clamored loudly, whether at us or at their own motley belongings we could not determine. However, we reached the observatory in safety and were treated most courteously. They showed us their wonderful instruments and we examined many plates of the stars which they had made. They do this work from June to December, because then they have clear skies. They told us (what we had already noticed) that the stars are more luminous and brilliant in South America than anywhere else in the world. The two lower stars of the Southern Cross point directly to the South Pole. This is one thing which makes this constellation so important in these countries.

There is no polar star there to correspond with our north star.

We saw the photograph of a queer open space in the constellation of Orion, which was beautifully made, and many are the conjectures in regard to it. This open space reveals only a great luminosity, but many scientists believe it to be a new world forming.

Near Arequipa is the well-known *Jesu* spring, the delicious water to which reference has already been made and which we so enjoyed throughout Peru. These springs have a great reputation. The water, slightly charged with carbonic acid gas, comes up in a clear, effervescent pool from a beautiful gravel floor and has a mildly exhilarating effect. The spring is in the midst of a volcanic region and the gravel floor is most attractive.

There is a fine new hospital in Arequipa, said to be one of the best in South America. The nurses are those faithful, wonderful Sisters of Charity, so beloved by the Catholic Church and indeed by the whole world for their devoted work in almost every city on the globe. Arequipa has a delightful climate. It is sheltered from the winds by the mountains, but in spite of the fact that it was summer, we women were obliged to wear furs and the men light overcoats. It is about seven thousand feet above sea level and is one of

the loveliest spots we found anywhere. The Chile River, which curves all about it, furnishes its irrigation and permits the inhabitants to have the finest gardens of beautiful flowers.

The natives, especially the Indians, are very devout here. Their churches are always well filled and a striking feature is the open-air shrine where two or three devotees are always to be seen kneeling in prayer. As usual, these devotees are women. In South America, as in most places on earth, the Lord and Master of Creation seems, as a rule, to get prayer mainly from the feminine persuasion. With all woman's reputation for frivolity and lightness, deep down in her heart she is made of the stuff of martyrs. Certainly in the love of doing penance she outdoes the world. Perhaps it is her enthusiasm. Perhaps it is her deep and firm conviction that the world is better for prayer. Whatever the mystery—it exists. Often have I seen the so-called butterflies of fashion turn from the glare of the ball-room and the whirlpool of society, from a home which offers all the enticements and allurements of the world, to pass their time in a nunnery. Again, the most spoiled and most frivolous of souls will clasp to her breast a crucifix and hold it despite all the temptations or pleasures the world can offer.

We spent one day at Tingo, a little oasis in this desert of rock and mountain. Here are glorious

swimming pools in the open, a jewel of a little lake formed by the river and the beautiful mountain streams, alongside of which is a narrow strip of green cultivation beautiful in color. The large volume of water which pours continually through these swimming pools is astonishing. It was here that I learned something new, though the knowledge is old. When I ordered my eggs cooked three minutes I received some further information in regard to altitude. A two-minute egg at sea level takes six minutes to cook at this altitude.

CHAPTER XIII

EARTHQUAKES AND INDIANS

EARTHQUAKES are greatly feared in Arequipa, therefore the houses are very low. Also, they are brilliant in color—pink, blue, or green. The streets are hard cobblestone and streams of water drawn from the river cut across them. The Indian here looks something like the Arab and certainly resembles him in his indifference to cleanliness! They make good servants, but they are the despair of the mistress of the house in regard to the care, or the lack of it, which they give to their own persons.

No city in the world, it seems to me, has a more picturesque mountain landscape. There are beautiful churches, lovely plazas, and in spite of its reputation for earthquakes one would like to linger here indefinitely. Sunrise and sunset brought constant changes to El Misti. Often we arose before dawn to watch the sun rise over her and just as often sat in the evening studying the glow of the western heavens, marking every tint from the palest yellow to the deepest carmine. The line of perpetual snow on the top made it

peculiarly susceptible to change of color and it was fairy-like to see those white masses soften and melt into shades of pink and gold. The cone of El Misti is the subject of many traditions. They say that youths and maidens were once flung into the crater to appease the Fire Spirit, and one narrator relates that the only way to appease the Fire God was for the Indians to gather in solemn conclave after a great eruption and offer sacrifices of sheep, fowl, and other live creatures. The Indians offering these sacrifices dressed themselves in red for the occasion and, as they threw these live animals into the crater, begged on bended knee that they might be spared from sacrificing their youths and maidens. The wrathful deity seems to have been appeased, for the volcano has remained quiescent for many a year.

Singular, is it not, that the legends of all countries resemble one another so much? At Kilauea, in Hawaii, an exactly similar one is to be found. All primitive races deal a great deal with nature in religion and see spirits in all her remarkable objects. At Kilauea we had seen the white shrouded natives creep up the mountain side and throw their offerings of sheep and geese into that vast seething cauldron of everlasting fire, begging their Fire Goddess to grant them their particular request. Sitting in the brilliant sunset at the foot of El Misti, watching the lurid light from the

heavens fade and change into the gray night shadows, we thought long and often of this mysterious link which holds the primitive man in his belief the world over. And level-headed as we were, we almost believed we saw, on the misty mountain top beyond the snow crown of El Misti, the old Inca in military array standing guard on his eternal watch. For this one legend of the mountains impressed us much.

It was here that the first news of real war reached us. Bad for us! The German ambassador at Washington, Count von Bernstorff, had been given his passports. Our own country was now facing war in earnest. We were very unhappy and could only nurse a hope that things were not so bad as they were reported.

It was with profound regret that we left Arequipa and the glorious guardian of her beauty, El Misti. There is a great solemnity and never any monotony about the mountains. They rise up from their emerald woods and colored rocks to their ermine heights of snow with a calm dignity that is sublime. Sometimes in the gray light of a cloudy day they are cold, austere, almost tragic. Standing in kingly majesty, aloof, forbidding, they seem to say, "Approach me at your peril! Here in the distance we are safe from the prying eyes of your world. From our heights we scorn the idle gazers. Keep away!" At other times, when

a cloudless blue sky arches above them and their glorious crowns of snow are twinkling like jewels in the radiant mid-day, or when at evening they take on prismatic tints from the setting sun and seem aflame with crimson, copper, and gold lights, they soften into friendliness and beckon us closer. It is at such hours as these that the mountain lover, bold and confident, feels within him the power of the soul that reaches out into the Infinite and is filled with a supreme love for these vast and silent spaces. Henceforth the eternal frosts upon the pointed peaks or the clouds that veil the breast of the mountains belong to him to love and adore. The ice plains of the lofty chains, or the flowering meadows of the vast wilderness are both alike in beauty to him. The germ is fast within his heart and never again will the love of the silent places leave him! At sunset El Misti always changes her bridal garment of shimmering white to one of delicate rose color, and as we left her thus it was hard to decide in which raiment we loved her best.

After leaving Arequipa we climbed again a rugged region of hill slopes. In the distance the gleaming sands of the desert were visible and below was the little city of Yura, where another delicious effervescent table water is to be had. We saw alpacas and llamas, either grazing or being driven by the Indians. The alpacas are not

much used as pack animals and the vicuñas never. The latter give a wonderful wool of which the finest rugs are made. The wool is delicate, silky, and the rugs made from it are costly and beautiful.

We climbed from the eight thousand feet of Arequipa to fourteen thousand at Juliaca, passing at Crucero Alto a height of fifteen thousand to gain our destination. On the train many people fainted, even the *mozo*, our waiter, bled from both nose and ears. The sight was not particularly encouraging, but neither of us was affected in the least. This southern altitude plays strange tricks. Here was a porter habitually making the trip, and never affected before, completely overcome, while we who were unaccustomed to such dizzy heights were not at all disturbed.

We spent the night in Juliaca in a room without any windows and marked number thirteen! As the railroads to this place ran but two trains a week, ours was pretty well crowded. A touring party quite filled our car. Among the people who lived in this country we met a charming English gentleman, Mr. Barker, the manager of a mine eighteen thousand feet in the air. He lived there with his wife. They played tennis and various other strenuous games and seemed not to mind the altitude in the least. He left our train, rode a hundred and fifty miles on horseback to reach

his home, which lay just back of the snow-crowned El Pato, twenty-three thousand feet high. We saw this splendid peak from the train, and he thought no more of the little hundred and fifty-mile ride than we would of an afternoon walk!

Early in the morning we departed from Juliaca and took our way toward Cuzco. Although the altitude was fourteen thousand feet and the air very thin and cold, none of us felt the slightest touch of *soroche*. One of the greatest charms of Peru is the clearness of the air. When there is no fog or mist one can see great distances. It is because of the clearness of the atmosphere that the stars are so wondrously luminous and beautiful. On the day that we traveled to Cuzco, the air was as clear as crystal and I think it the most beautiful of all the rides we took. We ran through a marvelously cultivated country. The ripe fields swept to the very top of the terraced Andes and were rich in corn, oats, and lima beans. Streams were plentiful; llamas, alpacas, horses, cows, and donkeys abundant. The picturesque Indian, wearing his *poncho*, was working in the fields, and whenever we saw an Indian riding it was always one of the masculine persuasion. If ever I wished for equal suffrage I wished for it here! The cultivated valleys, the rivers which rushed down the mountain sides and formed the source of the wonderful Amazon, the indications

on all sides of the enormous wealth of the Peruvians were intensely interesting. But the Indians themselves were a dirty lot. The women wore curious, gaudy hats trimmed with gold and silver and red beading. They worked in the fields with their babies swung across their backs. All were bare-footed.

I could not discern in these Indians any traces of their ancestors, the resourceful Incas. They would have been handsome had they been clean. When we were not close enough to study them they were quite picturesque. In contrast to the broad-brimmed felt hats of the women, the men wore small, stiff, white ones. Under the hat they wore tight-fitting red caps with flaps over the ears to protect them and the cheeks from the piercing cold. The women wore several petticoats, sometimes a dozen, which gave them a bulky look, and they were of every color of the rainbow. Red, purple, and green predominated. All the natives carried small bags of coca leaves, the indispensable stimulant of the Indian in this country. Even the children are seen chewing it. It induces a slight intoxication, but if not taken in too large quantities produces an exhilaration which enhances one's capacity for work. Under its influence a man has been known to work thirty hours without feeling tired. On the other hand, if taken too freely, it has exactly the opposite effect; it makes one so

drowsy that he cannot keep awake. It must be chewed with the ashes of the corncob or else it produces madness. In the end it shortens life and undoubtedly it is the use of the coca leaf which gives that peculiarly stupid expression which one sees here on the faces of the Indians.

It is said that the stupefying effect of the coca leaf explains the ability of the Incas to perform surgical operations, such as trepanning and amputation. They had no other anaesthetic as far as we know. The patient may have been fed on it until his sensory nerves had been deadened, enabling their medical men to perform delicate operations successfully. It was undoubtedly the coca leaf that gave the Indian runner, the fleet-footed Chasqui, strength and vitality to bring Huayna Capac his fish the day after it had been caught in the Pacific three hundred miles away. The Indian of today is as insistent as were his ancestors on his regular supply of *charchar* and *oracullico*.

Some of the most distinguished Indians we met on this trip were called *alcaldes*. They were the village authorities, and they carried a badge of office in the shape of a heavy staff at the end of which was a round head, or a spike, of solid silver. The man who is seen with this in his hand exerts absolute power in his community. When he moves through the crowd everybody makes way

for him, and no amount of money can buy this badge of office from one who owns it. All through the beautiful valley of the Vilcamayo River we were struck by the wonderful cultivation. The irrigated fields with their beautiful green floors stretched to the very top of the Andes. The wider and more level stretches of the meadows were flourishing with abundant crops and nestling below the hills were charming little villages breathing of industry. The contrast of the dark rocks and the cultivation is extremely fascinating. Nowhere, even in Illinois, perhaps the richest farming land in the world, had we ever seen lovelier fields.

Their chief beast of burden is the llama. With its long neck and small head it resembles a small camel. They are very little care to the native Indians because they find their own food. For some reason the alpacas do not seem to work. They are kept presumably for their long and fine wool, and look like large sheep. In these high altitudes the alpaca fights for every bit of green that it eats and so its life is a long continuous struggle for sustenance. The men and women in these heights are splendid types, fine-looking and very bright. The stupid Indians are found in the sea levels. However, in all altitudes most of them seem to be opposed to cleanliness. As a usual thing their houses are made of bamboo and

covered with adobe, and have a hole in the center of the roof to let out the smoke. Nearly all the houses are surmounted by the cross, an indication of their religious tendency.

CHAPTER XIV

CUZCO

SWINGING down the long cañon of the Vilcamayo, we hurried on to Cuzco, which we reached late in the evening. The location of this city is said to be more beautiful than the world-famed Rome or Athens, and the beauty which lies outspread before the observer on Sacsahuaman is not to be denied. The memory of its glorious and brilliant past consoled us to a large extent for its present-day inconveniences and obnoxious smells. We spent a week there. We visited its wonderful cathedral with its silver altar, its Temple of the Sun, its Inca ruins and the Fortress of Sacsahuaman, the walls of which are built of enormous stones, perfectly cut and adjusted with a nicety before which present-day engineers gasp in admiration. The old Temple of the Sun is now a Catholic monastery. The great stone benches out on the fortress are veritable arm-chairs. They are smooth and comfortable and we stood before them in awe, trying to realize what such labor with only the rude implements they had at their disposal must have meant to

those who fashioned them. What difficult things the Incas accomplished. And how little they seemed to regard the labor! If a thing was desired it was done. If the chief ordered it no questions were asked. And no one ever knew the number of lives given to the accomplishment of this huge building. Only one who saw the fulfillment could know. What a lesson in discipline for us all!

Cuzco has twenty-five thousand inhabitants and lies at an altitude of eleven thousand feet. Its civilization, its magnificent temples, its power, its wealth, and its terrible tragedies still give to its massive ruins an undying fame. Four centuries ago it had no rival in its treasures of gold and silver, and its marvelous constructions and buildings, of which the remains are still to be seen.

The Inca Empire lasted about four centuries. The legend is that they were children of the sun. They first appeared on the Island of the Sun, on Lake Titicaca, coming later to Cuzco and establishing their dominion. The first Inca, Manco, was a great and wise ruler. His successor built the buildings, founded schools for the education of his people and punished all breakers of the laws. A system of irrigating canals, twelve feet deep and four hundred feet long, a remarkable feat of engineering, gave them pasture land, and

was only one of the things they did. Their armies were excellent. They kept the laws. Because they worshiped the sun their Temple of the Sun was covered with a roof of gold, and in its gardens were artificial flowers made of gold and silver. In fact, they made figures of animals, plants, and trees, images of men, women, and children, all of solid gold. Doors were covered with gold and a gold cornice more than a yard deep ran around the building. When the sun's rays fell upon all this glitter the people were dazzled. It took generations to build the temple, but it was the most wonderful thing in the world when completed. Only the Indian nobles were permitted to enter the Sun Temple, and the only women granted entrance were the wife and daughters of the reigning Inca. Mummified bodies of the Incas, clad in royal robes and seated on golden thrones, with eyes downcast and hands folded across the breast, sat on each side of the deity whose image also was made of gold.

Indeed, gold was so plentiful that it may safely be said no king, no emperor in the world ever had wealth to equal it. The service in the Inca's house was of gold and silver, even his kitchen utensils were of silver and copper. He had colossal statues of gold in his home and animals and trees of the precious metal; also ropes and baskets and piles of golden sticks to imitate fuel prepared for



Photo by E. M. Newman

RUINS OF ANCIENT INCA FORTS, CUZCO, PERU

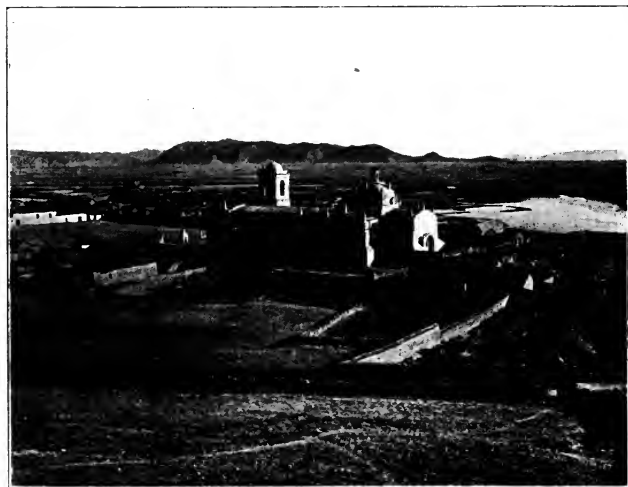


Photo by E. M. Newman

TOWN OF JULIACA, PERU
14,000 feet above sea level



Photo by E. M. Newman

A NARROW CAVERNOUS STREET IN CUZCO, PERU



Photo by E. M. Newman

GATEWAY, CUZCO, PERU

burning. In fact, everything he saw about him was imitated in gold.

Another temple was dedicated to the moon. Its ceiling was covered with silver stars. Still another was dedicated to the thunder and the lightning. Then there was the Hall of the Rainbow, filled with gold plate and jewels, in which the priests gave audience. There was also a house of the Virgins. There were of these fifteen hundred, selected from the royal lineage of Cuzco, and chosen for their beauty and their high birth. They wove and spun the clothing of the Inca and his queen. The dishes and utensils which they used were made of solid gold. They entered the convent at the age of seven and were vowed to chastity. All of the wondrous wealth of which I speak was stolen or absorbed by the Spaniards, and their treatment of the Indians was abominable.

What scenes of joyous festivity must have taken place in the streets of Cuzco in the olden days! The inhabitants were a cultured and happy people. It was only the wealth and strength of these glorious memories which gave us courage to endure the fetid stench of the present day. The Cuzco of today is inconceivably filthy, yet we were informed that recent heavy rains had made it much cleaner than usual! What must it have been in the dry season! There seems to be no

laws of hygiene here. The government has seemingly accepted the disgusting filth everywhere apparent as an inevitable fact which cannot be remedied. This city of a great past is now just a spot of nauseating odors, and nothing but our devotion to the memories of the glorious days of the Incas kept us within its bounds for the ten days that we stayed there.

From a business standpoint, Cuzco seems thriving enough. The stores contain pretty things, and aside from the Indians, the people are well-dressed and seem busy. We wondered how they could walk so contentedly through the dirty streets.

The beautiful painting of Christ by Van Dyck, which we especially wished to see in the cathedral, we came near not seeing at all. They regard it, rightly, as very precious, and it was only after we had spent some time in explaining our wish to view it to a polite old priest that he consented. He told us then that the picture had been stolen and injured by thieves only the week before. They had cut it out of the frame, rolled it up carelessly and carried it away. Only the day before it had been recovered. Excitement in regard to it was still running high and naturally they did not wish to risk losing it again. However, he evidently sized us up as honest and sincere. So he took us into a little room where the beautiful canvas was

stretched out on a long table in the center of the room. This was the only way in which we could see it. Naturally we could not judge its merits, but we were nevertheless much impressed by its soft and beautiful coloring.

In Santo Domingo church, or rather convent, the devotees occupy cells that were once used by the Virgins of the Sun, and the walls of San Lazaro are ornamented with bodies of birds having women's heads carved by the bronze chisels of the Inca artisans. The pulpit of San Blas is famed the world over for its beauty, as is also La Merced. In the latter the remains of Almagro and two of Pizarro's brothers are buried.

Sacsahuaman, the great fortress on the hilltop, is the most inspiring spot. The immensity of the stones which had to be raised here leaves one almost breathless with admiration for the extraordinary work these people accomplished. On the way one passes the famous stone with twelve angles, where the joining is so fine that a knife-blade cannot pass between the sections. No mortar was used, and how their wonderful work was accomplished without tools of steel, or other metal, remains a mystery. We stood on this old fortress and looked down upon the Cuzco of today with a feeling of sadness. How she has changed! That very morning I had watched with horror an old woman who was preparing vegetables for her

soup. She was calmly washing them in the sewer! And this is only one of many such things we saw there.

Once upon a time Cuzco contained four hundred thousand souls. She was hemmed in by walls of colored marble. Her glorious temples were incomparable. Her splendid civilization and her people of royal lineage were her treasures. Today, with her twenty-five thousand inhabitants, she is the wreck of her former greatness, although her remains are enough. Whenever I complained of the trying conditions which we were compelled to submit to my husband would say to me:

“Well, what of it? No matter what we see, no matter what we have to endure, *we are in Cuzco!*” His enthusiasm always buoyed me greatly. After all, he was right. Cuzco is the most fascinating spot in the world.

Throughout Peru we had been told wonderful stories of the marvelous wealth the Incas had hidden away to keep it from the covetous Spaniards. The legends of fabulous amounts of gold put away in this manner are innumerable. One of the prettiest, I thought, was of the Golden Chain made by the Inca, Huayna Capac, which was long enough to be stretched all around the great square of Cuzco. The Incas took this superb piece of work and carried it to Lake Urcos. There they had many ceremonies appertaining to

it and after the conclusion of them threw the chain into the waters. In this way it could never be taken by their enemies, the Spaniards. Everybody believes it to be still at the bottom of the lake, and this lovely little lake has been dragged and sounded many times in the hopes of finding it. Needless to add, if it was ever thrown there, that it is still there now.

We came near having a tragedy the morning we attempted the fortress. The climb is very abrupt, and, owing to the fact that a pretty trickling stream keeps nearly all the stones wet, we were told that it was a little dangerous to go on horseback. Yet it was a long, hard climb on foot, so we determined to try the horses. I took the precaution of having a man at my horse's head—an act I did not regret, because, hard as the ascent was, the descent was much more difficult. The horses often stumbled badly. Just as we were ready to start we all got very much upset. With some eastern friends we had intended going alone, but a touring party which we had run across several times since we left Lima decided to make the journey at the same hour. Everybody was laughing and happy when we went out to mount the horses. One of the men was rather heavy, and the mounting was successfully done by all except this gentleman. As he attempted to vault into the saddle, he overdid it, or else perhaps the saddle

slipped. At any rate, he vaulted clear over his animal and came down with the full force of his weight squarely on his head, striking the hard cobblestones. It was a bad moment for us all, and especially so for his wife. We thought that his neck must be broken and that he would be picked up dead. Luckily for him, however, his soft cap had clung tightly to his head, thus breaking the blow, and beyond a cut and a few bruises which did not prove serious, he was unhurt. Still, he was pretty much jarred, his wife was nervous, and for those two the pleasure of the day was gone. They remained at the hotel and the party went on without them.

My guide said: "*Al instante que yo supe del peligro en que el se encontraba fui a su socorro, Señora*" (The instant I saw the danger to him I went to his rescue).

It is pitiful to see in Cuzco the loads strapped to the backs of the children—mere babies they seem! And one man carried my trunk on his back for two and a half miles up a hill (it was a heavy trunk, too), for which his charge was twenty-five cents American money. He looked at us in amazement when we trebled the amount.

We studied a museum of curios and Inca relics and saw the mummified remains of prisoners who had been buried alive. The horrible expression of torture on their faces, the distorted condition of

their bodies, made us shiver. What agonies they must have endured before death!

The weather was very cold while we were in Cuzco. Though it was February and their mid-summer, we fairly shivered all the time. We were wearing the heaviest clothing, and I never let my hot-water bottle get away from me during the night. There is no heat, of course, in any of these houses, and there were but two rooms in the hotel which had any outside ventilation. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson and Miss Wilson, from Bridgeport, Connecticut, were with us and we were fortunate enough to get both rooms. All of the natives seem to huddle together in one room in the homes. We could see into many of the houses through the door, their only means of ventilation. Men, women, children, and animals congregate in this manner. They cook, eat, sleep in this one room. It goes without saying that it is horribly dirty and that the odors are far from agreeable.

All down the Pacific coast and through Peru we had observed the picturesque way the women have of wearing the *manta*. It is a black shawl pinned tightly over the head, covering the ears and giving only a small view of the face. Somber and black as these women look, it is a novel and attractive headdress. Some of the younger ones are exceedingly pretty in this mournful *manta*. The whole southern country is devoted to black, and if

one appears who is not wearing it she usually goes to the other extreme and arrays herself in vivid shades, affecting every different shade of the rainbow. The women greet each other in curious fashion. They do not kiss at all, but they hug each other closely, lightly rubbing their cheeks together, first one and then the other. In this way they demonstrate their affection, but even if one is close enough to see them at such a moment their faces will be found to be quite impassive.

To the Spanish wife of the hotel proprietor at Cuzco, who had been most kind to me, I spoke always in the best Spanish at my command—it was excellent practice and the only way in which I could make myself understood. On parting, I used a phrase I had prepared with some difficulty, which seemed to surprise her and give her great pleasure: "*Me avergüenzo de haber dado a Usted tanta molestia, pero me acordaré toda la vida del servicio que me ha hecho*" (I am ashamed to have been the cause of so much inconvenience, but in return I will remember the rest of my life your service).

The eucalyptus and pepper trees are many and are the finest trees in Peru. The morning we left Cuzco we were up before dawn and had our coffee and bread on the train. It had rained most of the night before and the mountains were covered with new-fallen snow. [The funny little car, the only

street railway in Cuzco, took us to the station; and, by the way, it is used solely for that purpose. It runs only to and from the trains. The fog was still clinging to the mountains, and there was a golden haze made by the rising sun. Its yellow reflection softened many of the stern realities of the town we were leaving. The adobe fences, from which a curious growth of cactus frequently is to be seen springing out, were shining with ice crystals or frost. The picturesque Indians, in their variegated colors, were already filling the streets. The splendid ruins on the hill, the great walls of the city, the peaceful valley which lay at the foot of the mountains, filled us with a sense of mysterious charm. We realized that, after all, no matter what inconveniences must be endured, the sight of Cuzco and the memory of her glorious past amply repays one.

CHAPTER XV

LAKE TITICACA

BEFORE I began my journey down the Pacific I had always heard of South America as a country of rebellions and uprisings. I was forced to change my mind about many of the things, but the *uprisings* was not one of them. The memory of the latter will linger with me to my dying day. During our six months' stay in this southern country, every train we took seemed to leave at five o'clock in the morning! How dreadful those *uprisings* were! Personally, I regard it as an absolute impossibility to really enjoy anything at five o'clock in the morning, all the more so because I spent many hours of the night studying that brilliant constellation, the Southern Cross, watching its gradual climb upward and never tiring of its two superb stars, which, although they really belong to another group, always seem a part of it. These stars, called the Pointers, always point to the Southern Cross. I did not care how late I sat up watching them, but one morning when I had been wakened at an unearthly hour, someone added insult to injury by calling my attention to

the fact that I could now see the brilliant Pointers upside down! I looked without enthusiasm upon the scene. In spite of my hot-blooded southern ancestry, I was so haughtily indifferent to the beauty of the view that my husband remarked that *he* saw a "southern cross," and—it wasn't in the sky.

One morning, however, I was really anxious to arise before dawn. It was on Lake Titicaca. We had reached the place the previous evening. It was about six o'clock when we arrived and the full moon was just rising. On this beautiful lake, the highest body of navigable water in the world, the air was clear and decidedly frosty. It is thirteen thousand five hundred feet high—in other words, two and a third miles up in the air. In spite of the moonlight the stars shone brilliantly. They glowed like fire, the peculiarity of the atmosphere giving them a wonderful luminosity. We sat late on deck, positively thrilled by the beauty of the night. In order to reach Lake Titicaca we had had to retrace our steps from Cuzco to Juliaca, running again through that marvelously cultivated country which had already so impressed us. Leaving Juliaca, we had gone on down to Puno, on the border of the lake. The railroad, like the other wonderful one already spoken of, was built by Henry Meiggs. No wonder Peru honors his memory. All through these countries

the mountains have to be climbed or tunneled, and sometimes at every few yards one is plunged into darkness.

As Lake Titicaca is one hundred and sixty-five miles long by sixty wide, and as it lies in the heart of the Andes, we could see the snow-clad heights all about us. Over our heads glowed the three crosses—the Southern Cross, the Astral Triangle, and the False Cross. The view of these constellations alone would warm the coldest blood, but when added to the beauty which surrounded them it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Before dawn I was again on deck. This was the one morning of which I did not complain. The stars were still distinctly visible, but they soon faded before the rosy streaks of dawn. A few moments more and the sun began shimmering the lake with gold. The great Sorota mountain range stretched away in magnificence and from its more than twenty thousand feet of dazzling whiteness seemed to smile down upon us. We felt as if we had but to reach out to touch the peaks. In reality they were hundreds of miles away.

Here one sees the Cordillera Real, gigantic Illampu, Illimani, and Huayna Potosi, twenty thousand to twenty one thousand five hundred feet above sea level.

The waters of Lake Titicaca are wonderfully clear. It is fed by streams from the snow-covered

mountains. The blue of the waters is deep and dark and its crystalline depths are very cold, like the waters of Lake Superior. It would be impossible to live in them many minutes.

Indeed, in both coldness and limpidity the waters of Lake Titicaca are the only ones that have ever compared in our minds with the crystal ones of Lake Superior. On the red sandstone shores of Lake Superior we have a summer home—a quaint log cabin—where for many years the glorious mirages by day and the mysterious Aurora by night have enchanted us.

Ever since I was a girl I had read of this great inland water, Lake Titicaca, which lay between the two ranges of the Cordillera, about three miles above the ocean level. After years of longing to look at it I found it even more beautiful than I had imagined. On all sides the majestic range of the Andes looked down upon us. The great chain, stretching hundreds of miles away, ending in the gigantic Illimani, which looks down upon La Paz, lay before us. Nestling in many of the mountains were wondrous glaciers, clear and green in color. No clouds were to be seen. Every foot of the beautiful range was clear and distinct in a blazing sunlight. Every line of the snowy Cordillera which divides the lake basin from the valleys that run down to the east and the Amazo-

nian forest was visible. Mystery lay in its solemn immensity.

We had no time to give to the Indian temples on the lake, interesting as they were. Most reluctantly we passed them by. But we resolved to come again on the homeward trip. As half of Lake Titicaca lies in Bolivia, we crossed to Guaqui. Here we were met by dozens of Indians sailing their *balsa* boats. These are made of rushes and look very fragile, but they are said to be quite durable and they glide across the water with a grace which is charming. As we took our way onward we had just a glimpse of the great Inca monument, Tiahuanaco, between trains. This, too, we were forced to leave for a later visit when we should turn our faces homeward again.

The figures at Tiahuanaco were the last we saw, and were so wonderful that we have never ceased to regret we could not linger and study them. The monolith, that stands in full view even from the train, is superbly sculptured, and it is said that all the colossal figures found on Easter Island—the island of Robinson Crusoe, off the coast of Chile—have a marked resemblance to the figures found here at Tiahuanaco. All of this work is pre-Inca, which makes it the more remarkable—that people thousands of miles apart as they were could do similar work, showing that even then there must have been communication between them.

CHAPTER XVI

BOLIVIA

BOLIVIA is a large country, bounded on three of its sides by Brazil, Paraguay, and Argentina. It was deprived of its seaboard on the Pacific coast by Peru and Chile. Before it was liberated it was called Upper Peru. The country is nearly all high land and very mountainous, although it has many plains. In the heart of the country the fertile spots and mineral wealth are enormous. She possesses wonderful possibilities for development, but, alas, her progress cannot be rapid. She is heavily handicapped by having no port on the ocean, being entirely an inland country. Bolivia seems to take pride in the fact that she has had more revolutions than any other country in South America! The war with Chile in which Bolivia fought with Peru ended badly for her. When she was cut off from the ocean she lost all of her nitrate fields. It is the great hope of the Bolivians that some day they may again have a seaport. Many Germans have peopled the country. In fact, the two principal nations there are English and Ger-

man. They are thrifty and have acquired great wealth.

Bolivia's government consists of a president, a congress, and a judiciary, and the people are supposed to have equal suffrage. It is astonishing that people can live, even, to say nothing of being so healthy and hearty, in a country the lowest level of which is about thirteen thousand feet. Evidently, however, it is the old case of the survival of the fittest. They are said to be the strongest and the healthiest people in South America. There are no lowlands in Bolivia, but one part (the western portion) has a fine clear climate. It surprised us to find this part so little cultivated. The most disagreeable climate and the roughest part of the country seem to have been selected for their large city, La Paz.

Not much is really known of the early history of Bolivia. When the Spaniards first invaded the country Bolivia was under the rule of the Incas and they offered very little resistance to the tornado from Spain which swept down upon them. Injustice and oppression somehow seemed to be the early history of all these South American countries. Imprisonment and death were common punishments for the slightest offenses. No matter what concession was offered by the poor natives, nothing seemed to avail them. Their offers were often accepted and then treachery

followed. Like Peru, Bolivia had fabulous wealth. But it all went to fill the coffers of Spain. For nearly two hundred years after the Spanish conquest, Bolivia was a part of Peru. But when the war of independence came the people named it Bolivia, in honor of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator. Until he came the feeble efforts of the Bolivians to protect themselves were unavailing. Their leaders and soldiers perished in great numbers, and until the arrival of General San Martin in 1821 there appeared to be little hope for them. He gave them new courage, and when General Bolivar arrived in La Paz and undertook their leadership their troublous times seemed to have come to an end.

All through the northern republics of South America, Simon Bolivar was known as the Liberator. His leadership, courage, and patriotism certainly were the means of throwing off the yoke of Spain. Only a man of his indomitable courage could have achieved what he did in these countries. With only a few men, with almost impenetrable swamps as barriers, with the land filled with poison, and mountains covered with snow and ice to militate against him, it is a wonder that he had any success worth mentioning. He was born in Caracas in 1783. He came of a family of wealth and refinement. His mother was a woman of

distinction and saw to it that her son was well educated under competent instructors. His father died in the boy's extreme youth. At sixteen he was sent to Spain. His letters of introduction gave him access to the finest and best homes there and at the Spanish court. He soon became a polished *caballero*. He traveled all over Europe, but, as he was of a studious turn of mind, he did not neglect his education. He could not fail to note the progress of the Spanish cities and contrasted them sadly with those of his own country, which was under such heavy bondage. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, who was then at the height of his power. When he was but eighteen he fell in love with a beautiful young Spanish girl, married her, and brought her back to his old home in Caracas. For a while it looked as if, absorbed in love and happiness, he was indifferent to affairs of state. At the end of two years, however, his young wife died, and it was a long time before he could recover from the despair into which he was plunged by her loss. Gradually, however, he awakened from his sorrow and once more looked about at his people. Then came his first desire to liberate them. Although he was a ready speaker and writer, a man of broad education, handsome, well groomed, and most agreeable in his personality, there was some disposition among the haughty Spanish in the

higher society to plot against him. This was due to the fact that there was a little Indian blood in his veins. Many of the most exclusive houses were closed to him for this reason, and this bred in him much bitterness of spirit. This deprivation of a society which was agreeable to a man of his education and wide experience may have had much to do with forcing him into another line of occupation. But he was a born leader and it was not long until his country recognized him as such.

Gradually he assumed charge of the public interest. He was regarded as honest and they entrusted him with all their hopes of gaining freedom from Spain. He tried to obtain the assistance of both England and France, but both failed him, and during all this time Spain was directing all her furies toward the colonists. But Bolivar had the confidence of the people. The women even gave him their jewels to help the cause.

After Bolivar became commander-in-chief of the army another revolution was brought about and the independence of Venezuela was declared. The Spanish commander, Monte Verde, came through into the interior of Venezuela, killing everything in his path. Bolivar lost his leadership and everything was in the greatest confusion. Murders and disorders followed. He fled to foreign lands, but in two years he came back with

a little army, and when he marched into Caracas he was hailed with wild demonstrations of joy. He was made dictator. But a change had come over the personality of the man. After this he seems to have been driven to brutality more horrible than the Spaniards had given to the colonists. At one time he considered it his duty to execute eight hundred Spanish merchants and soldiers whom he was holding as prisoners. The records show that at times the slaughter was so terrible that the gutters actually ran blood. Again Spain was victorious and Bolivar fled into exile. A price was put upon his head, and all thought that now he was impotent and powerless. But his was an ambition which could be quenched only by death. He interested a Dutch-Frenchman of wealth and the latter fitted out a small fleet in which he sailed up the Orinoco River. Out of the very heart of the tropics he came. He had been hiding there almost in despair, in the midst of deadly reptiles, death-dealing insects, and infested streams. Now he was again able to attack the Spanish territory. At a certain point on the Orinoco he left his fleet and started to cross the Andes. This time it was to do or die, he told his little band of followers. They climbed the ice-bound mountains and waded through fearful swamps and rivers. Everything which could possibly injure them seems to have attacked them. One of their greatest annoyances

was a small fish with long jaws and very sharp teeth, which bit the bare legs of the soldiers as they went through the waters. Hundreds of them died, but when it seemed that they could go no farther, it was always their leader's smile and his cheerfulness which held them together. It is hardly to be believed, but when in this depleted condition—worn-out, hungry, and feeble—a strong army of Spaniards attacked them, the little band overthrew them and gained a great victory. It is recorded that they fought with a delirium and a wildness which could not be withstood. The tide seemed to have turned. With this victory new life came to all of them, and from this time on they were successful. The most marvelous devotion was shown Bolivar by his followers. His personality was hypnotic.

There is a story of a woman which illustrates Bolivar's hold upon his people. She was Doña Policapia, a well-born woman of Bogota—beautiful, accomplished, charming, and very musical. When the Spaniards attacked the city she played her part by enticing young officers to her house and by her powers of fascination gradually learned in the course of their conversation many of their secrets. This information she forwarded to Bolivar. One day her messenger was captured, and when threatened with death he betrayed his mistress. She was arrested, and with her the man

to whom she was soon to be married. She was offered her own life and that of her lover, as well as the privilege of retaining all her wealth, if she would confess. She spurned the offer. The lovers were tied together and orders were given to fire upon them. The young man begged her to confess and save herself, but she turned to him and asked him to die bravely with her. As the volley was fired the courageous girl threw open her mantle, and on her breast, wrought in beautiful gold embroidery, were the words, "Vive la Patrie!"

Later Bolivar joined the Peruvians and helped to free them. He assisted in founding their republic. No wonder his name is hailed as a hero over all the earth among men who hate tyranny. The republic of Bolivia was formed to perpetuate his name, and he returned from these victories to Caracas covered with glory. He cared nothing whatever for the riches he might have had, but he had one great ambition which was never realized. He wanted to free Cuba before he died. His end, like that of so many great men, was sad. Petty jealousies and ambitions enabled his enemies to be in the saddle before his death, and he was exiled from the land he had saved. He died in 1830, but his last message was noble and beautiful: "For my enemies I have only forgiveness. If my death shall contribute to the cessation of

factional strife and the consolidation of the union I shall go tranquilly to my grave."

With the building of a much-needed railroad, the Madeira-Mamore, around the rapids, giving her an outlet to the Amazon and Para for her rubber industry, Bolivia's progress has gone forward in leaps and bounds. Her wealth from this is so great that it is impossible even to compute it. Countless miles of rubber land, as well as gold and tin mines, yield her billions each year. The loss of her port on the Pacific was a great blow, as there is no way of reaching the Atlantic without immense difficulties. A series of falls in the Madeira River prevent navigation. Only canoes manned by the skilful natives can shoot them, and they do so at tremendous risk and frequent loss of life. In spite of this, however, many cargoes were carried, and even the children were sent this way to reach the Amazon and the Atlantic on their way to Europe to be educated. One of the wealthy men, Señor J——, had eleven sons. Each was splendidly educated, speaking many languages — polished and cultivated men. To get their education, however, they had had to go over the falls, or else make the long, tedious journey over the Andes to the Pacific and thence around the Horn to get to Europe.

Six or eight years ago the railroad was completed at Porto Velho. The Bolivians induced

Brazil borrowed a hundred millions in gold from many miles of rubber land and some gold mines. Brazil borrowed a hundred millions in gold from Europe. The road was built, and once more an American did the work. His name was Percival Forquahar. He built it after the engineering plan adopted by those who were building the Panama Canal, and he thus gave to Bolivia the full use of the Amazon—an inestimable gift. The road circles the falls and opens up a fifty-thousand-mile traffic to the Amazon through the two countries, Brazil and Bolivia. The road runs two hundred and ten miles and is a remarkable piece of engineering, speeding through a jungle where on either side are trees towering a hundred feet, among which gorillas and monkeys shriek and scream as the train flies by, and where hideous reptiles thirty-eight feet long are often found, where wild animals of all kinds lurk, and where the foliage from the high trees often makes the day almost dark. To ride on this road in a perfectly equipped Pullman sleeper is surely an experience. Bolivia now sends straight to Europe her big ships laden with gold, tin, and her various other rich products. The education of her young people is not now so difficult, but the great thing which struck us in South America was that, like the Inca of old, if a thing had to be done it was done, for even before the building of this road they had not

hesitated to educate their children, although the means were difficult. We were told by some friends that many years ago when they were in South America they had dined in a bamboo house in the wilderness, served by six slaves, eaten off of Haviland china, and drank champagne from long-stemmed, gold-rimmed glasses. It seemed incredible that such a feast could be served in the jungle of the Amazon long before the railroad was built!

CHAPTER XVII

LA PAZ

BOLIVIA is about as large as the German and Austrian countries combined, but has a population less than that of Denmark. Four-fifths of her inhabitants are semi-civilized Indians. There is very little immigration, so the increase in population is limited, although Bolivia does not go backward in this respect. She holds her own. They have a delightful society among the few English and German people who are held together both by social and political ties.

More charming, refined, and educated people I have never found than those who have established themselves in La Paz. So far away from what we consider the center of the great world, there was no question, even the latest topic of interest, which they were not ready to discuss intelligently. Their newspapers and magazines keep them in touch with everything. We attended some of their perfectly appointed dinners and it was hard to realize how remote we were from the "hub" of the busy world outside.

Our first view of the wonderful city of La Paz

quite took our breath away. Its beauty was startling. No description can do it justice. We were running through rugged mountains at an elevation of nearly fourteen thousand feet when suddenly someone told us to look below! There, a thousand feet or more beneath us, lying in a perfect bowl at the foot of the mountain, lay this beautiful city, the highest in the world. Ah, the splendor of that first view! How did so strange a site happen to be chosen for a city? Here in the bleakest spot imaginable it lies! In this thin air people with weak hearts and narrow chests cannot live. An attack of pneumonia is fatal unless the patient is hurried by railroad to the coast. Pressure of breathing and palpitation of the heart are common symptoms of *soroche*, as are violent headaches and disturbances of the digestive organs also. Some are more sensitive than others to this illness, and it would have been as easy to have established this city on the other side of the mountains, at a lower level, where the valleys are fertile and the altitude much less. La Paz is in the coldest and most sterile part of the mountains. In spite of its absence of verdure, however, it is a fascinating spot. It has rows of beautiful eucalyptus trees, and in some sheltered nooks of the town are gardens full of bamboo and flowering shrubs, and sometimes beside the river a patch of bright green alfalfa. The magnificent snowy mass

of Illimani, with its glorious glaciers, towers above the city, forty miles away. But the city itself contains all modern comforts and conveniences and we found La Paz quite up-to-date. On the morning of our arrival she had just wired our country that in case we went to war with Germany she would stand with us. The whole city was on fire with enthusiasm because of this fact, and we were proud that our ex-Minister Knowles had had much to do with influencing the country to take this step. We all went to the "movies" to see the war pictures. The latter were excellent. But our hearts were sad at the thought that after all these years of peace between America and Europe we might have to take part in the struggle.

A part of our purpose in visiting South America was to obtain, if possible, glimpses of the home life of the people. Through the kindness of ex-Minister Knowles and his successor, Minister O'Rear, we enjoyed many meetings with government officials and men prominent in public life. But it was to an Englishman, Mr. Thompson, and his attractive wife that we were indebted for a peep at the real life of the home. This delighted us.

Colonel Knowles sent me a little Indian maid, a member of his own household, who was my bodyguard during the week we spent here. Little Rosita spoke only Spanish, but I could converse



Photo by E. M. Newman

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA
Mt. Illimani in the background



Photo by E. M. Newman

A GATHERING OF INDIANS IN LA PAZ, BOLIVIA



Photo by E. M. Newman

BALSA BOAT

This queer craft is in general use in South America



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

GROUP OF INDIANS AT LA PAZ

sufficiently to give orders and understand her replies. She was the most perfect specimen of femininity in her line that I had ever seen, and though only eleven years old she was a splendid little maid. When I left, in addition to crossing her palm freely, I presented her with a white-feathered hat (from Chicago) which she had so envied me. I thought it looked utterly ridiculous on a child of her years and race, but her mother assured me that it was entirely appropriate for Sunday use! Comforted by this assurance, I thereupon added a brilliant green parasol, a yellow sweater, and some white gloves. I was consumed with regret that I never had the pleasure of seeing her parading in all this paraphernalia!

Thousands of Indians from all parts of the country assemble in the market place on Sunday to display their wares. Fruits, vegetables, meats, flowers, weavings, laces, linens—in fact, every piece of their varied industries is here shown. Everything is laid out upon the ground and they squat back behind the display. The women usually have their babies strapped on their backs or else laid beside them on a board. The red-skinned babies have sparkling black eyes and are the prettiest little specimens of humanity! The scene in the market place covers many blocks. A solid stream of Indians and purchasers passes by, and one cannot turn and go back because he is solidly

wedged in. Room is made only to stop and buy. The whole is kaleidoscopic, a perfect panorama of color, the men wearing brilliant *ponchos* of the finest weave, and the women, as usual, garbed in every color of the rainbow. Accompanying us on our tour walked little Rosita, proudly carrying a basket for our purchases.

A very pretty ceremony is the changing of the president's guard every few hours. This is always accompanied by the playing of the band. The Bolivian bands are famous the world over. We never missed a chance to hear one and we were never disappointed. Just opposite the hotel where we were staying was a beautiful but unfinished cathedral which has been slowly building for eighty years. It is not yet roofed in, but it gives promise of great things when complete.

The native Indian women here are of two classes—those who wear shoes and those who do not! It is interesting to note the dress of the one who claims superiority over her shoeless neighbor. Her picturesque Indian costume, with brilliantly colored shawl, or *poncho*, is always scrupulously adjusted, and with it she never fails to wear a high-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat. These hats have the narrowest brims I have ever seen, about a quarter of an inch wide. This, of course, accentuates the height of the crown. But this enormous weight of *poncho* and remarkable headgear are by

no means her only claims to fashion. Far from it. When she walks she takes little, mincing steps, because—she wears high French heels! The *ensemble* is both curious and amusing.

La Paz contains about a hundred thousand people, and it was a strange sensation to be at the foot of lofty ranges and yet be as high above sea level as the top of the Rocky Mountains. All the time we were in this altitude (about thirteen thousand feet) we were conscious of a great *malaise*. We were never entirely free from a touch of *soroche* in the form of headache or a slight nausea. I certainly thanked Heaven that I did not have to live here. It seems to me an impossible place in which to live and feel well. Here, as everywhere else, the Indian is never without his bag of coca leaves, which he chews continually with a little clay while walking or working, finding in them the support which enables him to endure fatigue without food for a long period.

CHAPTER XVIII

ARICA

WHILE we were in La Paz we heard many interesting stories and legends of the Indians. They claim that in the Andean interior many of the old customs still prevail. One made us think of Russian rule, or the law of the lord of the manor. Here the story is that when a youth and maiden are married the tribe gather together to witness the festivities and then insist that immediately after the ceremony the groom leave his bride and go away somewhere to work for three or four years, leaving her in charge of the best man. At the end of his probation he has to prove himself worthy of the maiden he wed. He has kept a record of what he accomplished, and if it is a good record he comes back and claims his bride. Meanwhile the best man shows him that he too has not been idle. With his bride he usually turns over two or three sturdy children.

One never forgets that La Paz is really an Indian city and has probably the largest Indian population of any South American city. Like all

people who occupy extremely cold countries, they are very cheerful and happy in their dispositions. The wind must be carefully tempered for them. One would suppose that the terrible trials which they are obliged to overcome in their daily struggle for food would engender an irritable disposition. But, like the Icelander and the Laplander, the Bolivian Indian is good-natured. As a queer contrast, one meets the sullen, vindictive Indian in the southern climate, where one would think that the flowers, the vegetation, and the eternal sunshine would keep him perpetually good-humored. I cannot dwell too largely upon the penetrating chill in these countries where one never sees an open fire or heat of any kind. Lately in Lima and La Paz the idle rich have decided that they must have some heat in their houses, and a most acceptable Christmas present was a tiny stove about twice as large as those used by the ladies for curling their hair. Three or four of these were used by the American minister, Governor McMillin, in his home in Lima. It was amusing to see these small warmers—less than a foot in length by half a foot wide—being carried from room to room to give a little warmth and take off the chill of the air. However, they did generate considerable heat, and after an hour's use changed the atmosphere very much. In La Paz we had a faint understanding of why coal is

not a common article. At the time we were there it was sixty dollars a ton, and frequently it runs higher than that. To try to keep warm by using it is quite beyond the means of the average man.

The city was filled with Boy Scouts from Peru. We had felt quite a personal interest in them as they had come down the Pacific with us on the steamer. To meet them again, with bands of music and a fine-looking lot of Girl Scouts from Bolivia, was like greeting old friends. A party of distinguished looking men, wearing silk hats and carrying canes, accompanied them on this day. In fact, the president of Bolivia marched with them past our hotel. The enthusiasm was, of course, tremendous. Both the Boy and the Girl Scouts were a fine looking lot of young people.

There are no theaters in La Paz. We wondered at this until the explanation was given that singers and actors cannot remain here long enough to be able to use their breath for speaking or singing. This is a great drawback toward amusement in the evening, but the people who live there make up by afternoon sports for the loss of those pleasures. They play tennis and enjoy it at a height of eighteen thousand feet.

Of course, people living in these high altitudes must be as careful of their descent to the sea level as the dweller in lower levels is in his ascent to the heights. La Paz is often referred to as the

most inaccessible city in the world. On this account it has been compared to the city of Tibet in China. But it fell to an Englishman who was employed by the Bolivian government to make it one of the best built and most sanitary cities in the whole of South America and to put it in touch with the outside world as well. Like all cities of high altitudes, it would be a fine residence for our prohibitionists. Wine is not prohibited here, but one cannot drink it with safety. Though seldom great wine drinkers themselves, those who have been brought up in French cities—as I was—and are accustomed to seeing the daily claret even at breakfast, have a homelike feeling when they see wine served in southern cities. The wine served is always a light wine, is drunk as freely as water, and is a custom never abused. We never saw a man intoxicated. Above eight thousand feet, however, wine or any stimulant, except tea or coffee, is considered harmful. We were sorry to leave La Paz, but in it our *soroche* was always present, and the last night we were there we heard so much of the unfortunate people who had come up to this altitude lively and happy and had been carried down still and quiet! A personal friend of Colonel Knowles had died the night he reached La Paz.

On all the trains, tanks of oxygen are carried, so that those who need it may have it at once.

The women, that is, the natives, always carry a bottle of ether which they smell constantly. It permeates the car and makes it very disagreeable for those not accustomed to it. This ether habit was so objectionable to us and rendered us so uncomfortable that whenever we could get an apartment to ourselves and shut off the sickening-sweet odor of that anaesthetic we always did so. After being regaled with the pleasant tales we had heard of the deaths in this high altitude, and with our personal knowledge of what we had seen, we felt that one week in the highest city in the world was quite enough for those who had lived nearer sea level in Chicago. Therefore we were not sorry when our train pulled out for another city.

Here we took leave of Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson and their daughter, with whom we had traveled since leaving Cuba. They were making the trip only as far as La Paz. At the Isthmus, Miss Wilson, a most attractive girl, had counted among her ardent admirers the English consul, Mr. Murray. As she had been in receipt of many letters and cables during the two months we were together, we were not surprised to learn recently that they had been married. Thus we were not without our romance on the trip!

We next went to Arica, in Chile, where we were to await the steamer which would take us to Val-

paraiso. The sleeping-car accommodations of this road are hardly those of the luxurious Pullmans of our own country. The grade of the road is very steep, so much so that it looked dangerous. We seemed to be riding on the rocks and almost had the life shaken out of us. The scenery was magnificent, it is true, but we were too uncomfortable to enjoy it. Our discomfort was, of course, heightened by the altitude, which during the whole of that ride was fourteen thousand feet. The train was a narrow-gauge one and we were often put on racks to keep us from going down the steep grades too rapidly. With headache and nausea we could not enjoy the splendid view. What a dreadful thing *soroche* is! I trust that from this day forth whenever my lord and master takes a notion to travel and wishes me to go along he may select a route on a lower level, say, ten or twelve thousand feet!

Our "luxurious" compartment car furnished not even a drop of water with which to make tea the next morning. Nothing to eat and nothing to drink until two o'clock, when a diner was put on. I had carried a little alcohol stove and had my own tea. It never once occurred to me that I should not be able to get water. My husband had a pint bottle of Apollinaris left over from dinner the night before. I tried that to make my tea, but—a viler drink I never tasted in all my

life! We forced it down, thinking it better than nothing.

Running across the colored desert we could see faintly in the far distance the blue Pacific again. Then suddenly at a turn we dropped rapidly to sea level and beautiful Arica. This city is one of the seaports of Chile and is the oasis of that desert coast. The great rock overlooking the town has a fine fortress. It commemorates the tragic death of that splendid Peruvian, Colonel Bolognesi, and of his brave flag-bearer. Rather than surrender his flag, the young man leaped on horseback, flag in hand, into the blue waters of the Pacific.

Arica is full of green trees and other verdure. Its plaza is charming, its people beautifully dressed and agreeable. We sat in the brilliant starlight listening to the music and watching the young people, who were decidedly flirtatious. It was carnival time. Gorgeous costumes, many maskers, all gay and brilliant, thronged the streets. Some rode around the plaza in carriages or motors. Most of them walked, however. Confetti and paper ribbons were plentiful. Fire-crackers and laughter made the scene very festive. Here, also, because of the earthquakes, the houses are one-storied. On the steamer just before we reached Arica we had felt one hard rap at sea, but I am ashamed to say that we did not recog-

nize it. We heard the tremendous bump, as though the boat had struck a rock. It shivered and quivered, but realizing that we were too far from shore to encounter a rock, we thought it just the shifting of the iron cargo which the peons often handled very roughly. Often an earthquake at sea is accompanied by a high wave. Once a wave sixty feet high carried houses in Arica a mile inland, taking a ship with it, and the latter became the home of some Indian families until the next earthquake, when a similar wave carried it back to ocean without hurting the occupants. However, our earthquake treated us to no such thrilling experience.

The great Morro Rock towers over the town. It rises abruptly from the sea, perhaps twelve hundred feet in its sheer height, and stands alone, like a guardian of the town, which it really is. The rest of the city is very flat, and hidden among the pretty green trees. There is a military post on the rocks, and strangers are not admitted. The Peruvians have never been reconciled to the loss of Arica, and Chile did not cover herself with glory in her manner of taking it. She promised faithfully that at the end of a certain time she would give Arica the choice as to which country she should belong to. It was to be decided by popular vote whether she should stay with Chile or return to Peru. The time came and went, but

beautiful Arica with all her fertility and green loveliness in this heart of the desert coast still belongs to Chile. It is claimed that when the vote was to be taken Chile slyly sent so many people to Arica, acting in various departments for the government, that the Chileans were greatly in the majority. Consequently, they overwhelmed the Peruvians in number. The chances are that Peru will never again be able to regain her charming little city. They say that all who visit Arica fall in love with her. We certainly did. Twice we were there, and, oh, how we hope to go again! From the roof of our hotel (over a beer saloon, but with the most palatable meals possible to find) we could see hundreds of miles into clear crystal air. Five snow-clad mountains, glorious ones, met our gaze! Before us lay two ranges; the first began at sea level, the second was a long way off. Then, towering over them all were five white-crowned kings—the wonderful Andes! We were living in their midst, yet each time we saw them we were thrilled anew. Nothing can exaggerate their splendid dignity, and as often as we watched them we never lost that sense of awe that their glory brought to us.

CHAPTER XIX

TACNA

IT WAS at Arica that we ate the finest fruit we saw anywhere in South America—the *chirimoyas*. We ate many strange and delectable things in this far-away land, but nothing which so pleased us as this. No description can do them justice. They are called custard apples. It is impossible to exaggerate their delicious taste.

Because of the presence of soldiers and officers, Arica is military in character. It was interesting to hear the military mass and to see the officers in their glittering uniforms and with drawn swords. This city is a sacred spot to the Peruvians. Aside from its natural beauties, it was the scene of that brilliant fight in which, although the Peruvians lost, they covered themselves with glory. The harbor is one of the best on the coast, and Arica has the appearance of a thriving little town. They say that Pizarro here built some ships for the invasion of Chile, and on the broad beach there was a prehistoric cemetery with some embalmed mummies said to be equal to those of Egypt. They were remarkable for the rich amber

tints of the eyes, which scientists say are made from cuttlefish, which is very abundant in these waters. The story is told by some writer that when those eyes were sent to New York to be polished the workmen were affected with violent irritation of the eyes, lips, nostrils, and throat. All of them recovered, but the work was not resumed. In the analysis it was shown that many unknown minerals mixed with nitrate had been used.

Forty miles away is a beautiful little city called Tacna. It is the capital of the province and a great resort for the people from Arica. Tacna has a beautiful mountain view. Between the two cities lies a desert, and the latter is often the scene of wonderful mirages. There is an ancient railroad here, built by the Incas to connect Tacna and La Paz. It will be remembered that in the olden days it was said that the Incas living inland were able to have fresh fish every morning for their breakfast if they so desired. This was provided by a series of runners. They were so fleet of foot that many miles were covered during one day's run. Fresh men were stationed at intervals, a few miles apart, who snatched the package and started with it before the previous bearer had stopped. Almost incredible distances were thus covered in a short space of time. We were constantly shown the remains of these footpaths in

our travels. They were from one to three feet wide, just enough for a man to run upon comfortably without stumbling.

One gets a superb view of the mountains from lovely Tacna. There are about ten of them to be seen running from sixteen to twenty-two thousand feet. Probably nowhere else in the world can such peaks be seen, unless perhaps in Bolivia. The conditions for seeing the mountains at Tacna are nearly always perfect. The air is very clear. In Arica we found a beautiful fruit market—many different varieties of fruit and all good. The fruit of the passion flower, and an equally choice one called *zapote*, are fine. The latter is taken from the tree which produces the chicle gum.

At Arica we saw a faithful but horrid bird called the *gallinaza*. It is the scavenger of the tropics. These birds are anything but attractive, I assure you, but they are distinctly sociable in the way they flock about yards and harbors. Even on shipboard we occasionally saw one on the mast. They say that the people down there hold them sacred. At any rate they are protected by law, and they certainly guard the health of the natives. Wherever anything is dead they are to be found in flocks, and, indeed, before the animal dies their remarkable scent seems to give them warning of approaching death. They may be seen circling in the air, hovering over the desired object until

all movement ceases. We were told much about this important bird of the tropics. One humorous native told us that the educated people regard him as the only honest public official they possess!

From Arica we took an English ship for Valparaiso. Coquimbo, Iquique, Antofagasta—each was visited, as were also the great nitrate fields of Chile. Antofagasta lies flat against the arid hills and mountains. She does not look attractive but is larger than Iquique. A large smelting plant for copper looked quite prosperous in the distance, but on close investigation it was found to be abandoned. It is said to have been filled with superb equipment, fine machinery, etc., but it was deserted. The men decided not to work any more and so it stands idle. A queer country this!

Antofagasta is noted for its quantities of seals, but we saw only a few. We did see, however, an enormous number of the grampus, or blackfish. The captain said that they are about eighteen or twenty feet long. They look large from a distance. The gulls are especially beautiful here and thousands of them gather. They are a beautiful soft brown or gray, with white heads and snow-white breasts. With wonderful swiftness they pounce down upon the silver fish that swim by the steamer. They are unusually large here and their wings when spread are enormous from tip to

tip. Two whole days we spent in this spot, and it was while we stopped here that we met a charming couple from New York, Mr. and Mrs. James Blaine. He was a cousin of James G. Blaine and his wife was the great-niece of Stonewall Jackson. Like all southerners, she had a lovely voice, and was very beautiful. He was a business man of unusual ability and equally attractive. Later on we became quite good friends, traveling together for about a month. We spent many happy hours in one another's society.

CHAPTER XX

THE CROSS ON THE MOUNTAIN

IT IS a curious fact that the greatest wealth of South America is produced by its lifeless western coast. From the standpoint of the tourist there is a deep fascination about it. One realizes that death is lurking here, stalking about searching for inhabitants for its already well-filled graveyards. In fact, death is about the liveliest of all the personalities on the Pacific coast of South America! All the way down its long length one thing stands out grimly conspicuous—the cemetery. Its crosses are the first things seen on approaching a town or village and usually the cemetery is much better filled than the town itself. In the development of this country, death is a foremost factor, always a big member of the community. His percentage of life taken, somehow looms up more prominently before the casual visitor than do the accounts of gold found, or money earned. In all the towns along the coast the center of interest is the cemetery. There the cross is always prominent, emblematic of that suffering Christ who immortalized us all. High on

a barren hill it stands solemn and sacred, marking perhaps a pilgrimage made by the devout. On the top of the bleakest mountain one sees it as well as on the thatched roof of the hut of the *Cholo* Indian in Peru and Bolivia. On the Chilean slopes it is always appearing. The constant sight of the cross is a reminder that this is a Catholic country, that the people are a religious community. But it is also the emblem of death—death with a resurrection, of course. To the Christian the cross means that. But it always means death first, and on this desolate coast death counts for so little. In this waterless district only the rugged survive, and when one falls, a dozen, it seems, are ready to fill his place. Splendid, stalwart, courageous youth copes against frightful odds on this arid coast. Fever, plague, enteric troubles, heart failure—all combine to kill his chances for success. The cry seems to be always, "Make room for the next!" If one is cut down in his youth no one has time to mourn. The man who fails is never spoken of. Here, as elsewhere, it is only success that counts.

In this western part of South America one shivers and trembles. With all her beauty of land and sea, of air, sunshine, and climate, with all the wealth of her mines of silver and gold and her rich fields of nitrate, who would wish to claim her as his own country? Too many heartbreaks lie

in the road to success. Too many graves serve as mileposts in that search for gold. The lure of the country is powerful, her charm undisputed. But he who courts must also fear her! Let him approach her cautiously, for, until her fierceness is subdued, until her death-dealing diseases shall be conquered by cleanliness and sanitation, she is terrible in spite of her beauty. Some day, however, all this will be a thing of the past. She will be conquered, tamed. Then human life will count with her. Youth will be her fairest jewel. When this time comes, smiling in health and prosperity, South America will stand out before an admiring world, glorious and invincible!

Antofagasta is well paved and has nice buildings. Two cases of bubonic plague, however, kept us from desiring to linger. We had a beautiful sunset and the night was exquisite, a soft haze enveloping the horizon and the stars glittering through it. The ocean was so blue and the mountains deep rose. When the myriads of lights twinkled in the city after dark it looked like fairyland. But that awful cemetery! It seemed larger here than elsewhere. It was so ghastly, and I was glad when the night had fallen to hide it.

As usual, we sat up late watching the blue tapestry of the sky as it gradually became embroidered with sparkling stars. We saw again "our" three crosses appear one by one—first the pretty

False Cross, then the beautiful Astral Triangle, and at last, and most important, the Southern Cross. Splendid as was the sight of the heavens, the ocean was scarcely less brilliant. The Pacific was alive with phosphorus. Small boats hovering about the steamer appeared to be gliding about in fire and flame. Long we sat watching all this brilliance—a strange and enchanting sight. Each wave, as it broke against the boat, sent up millions of sparks. All day we had seen large jelly-fish in the waters, some larger than dinner plates, and when darkness closed down suddenly upon us, as it always does in the tropics (there is no twilight there), we were partly prepared to see this wonderful night.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NITRATE FIELDS

VAST as are the nitrate fields in Chile, there are many which have never yet been explored. Between the nitrate fields and the sea is the largest strip of wholly unprofitable desert to be found anywhere in South America. Even in its barrenness and its brownness, however, it has a charm in the morning and evening lights. Delicate tints come out on the distant slopes. The nitrate fields are barren and dry—not a shrub or a blade of grass—a region of low, stony hills, an absolute desert. Everywhere the men are working, breaking the ground and loading the wagons, for the fields seem inexhaustible. As long as they last they will be of immense profit to their owners.

It is said that the guano deposits of Peru have proved her undoing in more ways than one. They excite the cupidity of adventurers and often cause revolutions. We wondered whether the nitrate fields of Chile would ever experience the same troubles. Rivalry between contractors is already a source of dissension. Chile made us think not

a little of Egypt. Although the coast is desolate, inland she is one of the richest countries in the world. Along the Nile the opposite is true. There a green ribbon of fertility stretches many miles, while inland it is barren and dry. The contrast was interesting. Lucky for Chile that her coast is rainless, else long ago the precious mineral would have been swept with her soil out to sea.

Chile shares with many of the countries of South America the reputation of having large estates, and she possesses a stimulating atmosphere which makes her people more hardy than the Peruvians. They are very fond of horse racing, and, unlike Peru, she has never had any revolutions. Indeed, Chile is the only country in South America which can boast of never having had a revolution within the memory of living man. It is a curiously shaped country. Like a long, slender serpent it lies, three thousand miles along the Pacific coast, and its widest part is but a hundred and twenty-five miles. It is divided by the coast range in the west and the Andes in the east, and from one of its large cities, Santiago, both ranges may be seen. The southern portion is thickly wooded; it has a wonderful lake region and is subject to heavy rainfall. The northern part is hot and dry. The southern portion is very cold. In Santiago one may have summer in the morning and winter in the afternoon by climbing

the mountains. While her nitrate fields are Chile's greatest possessions, she is rich in many other things. She has wonderful mines of copper.

After the conquest of Peru, Chile was invaded by the Europeans. Diego de Almagro heard of this wonderful country; that it was richer in gold and silver even than the one he had just conquered. Gaining permission from Charles V, in 1535, he took an army of Spaniards and some Indian captives, crossed over the Bolivian heights and attempted to take possession of the unknown country. Hunger and cold, and the treacherous mountain sickness, *soroche*, caused his expedition to fail, and when he returned to Cuzco the perfidious Pizarro had him beheaded. This ended for a time any attempt to get into Chile. But a second expedition, conducted by Pedro de Valdivia, was successful, and in 1540 they founded the new city, Santiago. The natives resented the intrusion of the Spaniards. These natives were Araucanians, the bravest and best fighters in all the southern country. There followed a long hard struggle for two hundred and fifty years. In 1810 Spain sent out an army to put to rout the Spanish-Irishman, Bernardo O'Higgins, who was fighting for the freedom of his adopted country. He joined General San Martin in his struggle to expel the Spaniards from the entire continent. After three years of fighting they finally accomplished this.

The grateful Chileans offered San Martin the governorship of their country, but this unselfish patriot declined the honor and in a public assembly named O'Higgins dictator.

Chile's troubles did not end here, however. Peru was jealous and sent General Osorio again to fight Chile. He defeated O'Higgins, but when he attacked San Martin he was unsuccessful. This time the Act of Independence was read in the plaza of Santiago, an oath taken by all the leaders, and Chile has always had a kindly feeling for the United States since then, because she was the first nation to recognize the young republic. In 1823 General O'Higgins resigned his dictatorship and a period of great confusion followed. In fact, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile were constantly at war until 1883, when a treaty of peace was signed. At this time the boundary line was arranged between Chile and Argentina, a country with which Chile was always on the verge of war. In 1886, Balma-ceda was elected president. He instituted a great many reforms, but was exceedingly arbitrary in his methods. He brought about a civil war, and, depressed and downcast over the failure of his efforts to bring about a happy state of affairs, he finally committed suicide.

CHAPTER XXII

THE "TIN KING"

COQUIMBO was a pretty looking town, but as we were not permitted sufficient time to ride out to beautiful La Serena we did not get off the boat. It is at La Serena that the most famous canaries, the best songsters, are to be found. These pretty yellow-feathered creatures were brought on the steamer in quantities and from this time on we had their joyous little morning songs to awaken us. The sharp, jagged rocky islands in this harbor make it very picturesque. The islands are small, but covered with snow-white guano they look very pretty.

A young Peruvian, the nephew of Peru's president, was aboard. He spoke many languages and bought many of the canaries. His personal card carried his mother's last name, a curious custom in all Spanish countries. The days on the Pacific were glorious. Now that we were out of the fog belt the mornings broke clear as crystal. A fine breeze kept up all day. One might think a day on a steamer uninteresting, but it is never so on the Pacific. There is always something of interest to see.

We had the "Tin King" on board. He traveled with six servants, secretary, etc. He is a full-blood Indian, a Bolivian, who lives mostly in Paris, and has six million pounds, or thirty million dollars. His two daughters have been highly educated and are said to be quite up-to-date and charming. His wife, an Indian squaw, slept on a sheep skin behind the door when first they went to Paris, and he had great difficulty in getting her to sleep in a bed. He was rather a nice looking man of about fifty-five. To me he seemed too fair for an Indian, and it was whispered that he had paid a beauty doctor large sums of money to lighten his skin. He really is an Indian, though, and once wore the split breeches.

A great crowd came aboard at Coquimbo. The steamer was uncomfortably packed. People with baggage lying around in the salon, entire families of them, made the boat simply intolerable for two days. We who enjoyed the luxury of a private bath felt amply repaid during those two days for the dreadful amount they charge for such things along this coast. Leaving Coquimbo the sea was pretty rough. The boat pitched and dipped all night and it was very cold. If we ever take a tropical trip again we shall certainly be wiser and carry the heaviest of coats. With our ordinary wraps we were almost frozen. Yet the rough ocean seemed more wonderful than ever. The

big waves parted by the ship dashed away from her side like mountains of snow, and the waters seemed greener than usual in contrast. I have always loved the ocean, but mixed with my love is a good, wholesome fear. With all its loveliness and beauty it is cruel.

My thoughts flew back to twenty-odd years ago, to the waters of the Atlantic, when our storm-tossed vessel was nearing the straits of Gibraltar. The wind had been blowing sixty miles an hour—a hurricane! No one was allowed on deck, and everything portable was lashed with ropes. The waves swept over us and we knew we were in great danger, but we also knew fear would not help us—so my husband and I, with our baby boy, sat close and waited and hoped. Well, we weathered the storm, but, though we lay at anchor for twelve hours before the great fort, we never landed and never saw it except through our field glasses, because before the sea was calm enough to let a pilot boat take us ashore we had resumed our journey to Egypt.

A large steamer running about four miles away from us had followed us right along. Many of the passengers seemed a little nervous. I was not nervous on the Pacific, but should have been so on the Atlantic for, although American, we were traveling on an English ship. South America, like the United States, was neutral, but a German

raider on the Chilean coast might have made us trouble.

The next port was Valparaiso. Two pretty severe earthquakes had been felt there shortly before and, remembering the terrific one of a few years ago, we were not anxious to encounter another, no matter how slight. No ship in South America ever lands in port on the western coast. The *fletero* and his little craft is as important and as well known as the great nitrate fields themselves. The ship anchors off from a quarter to a half and sometimes a mile at sea, depending on the calmness or the roughness of the harbor. Dozens of these *fleteros* with their small rowboats come out to meet the steamer. At a given signal, after the doctor has declared the ship out of quarantine, they all approach the vessel. Then pandemonium reigns. Screaming, fighting, shrieking, they all endeavor to board the boat at once. Two men usually occupy the little boat, one with the oars, the other trying to make the landing. With enormous billows sweeping under the vessel this is a difficult and sometimes dangerous feat. The steamer and the small boat bob and down, not always simultaneously. The unhappy passenger stands clinging to the rail on the steps let down for the purpose and frequently he is dipped in two or three feet of water while trying to make the boat. It is a trying moment for the inoffensive

passenger, whose only guilt is that he has longed to see this southern hemisphere! Indeed, the knowledge of the wonders and joys of the scenery awaiting him is the one thing that gives him courage to attempt the landing. Later, in the heart of the Andes or in a comfortable hotel on the Atlantic side, he feels with a certain pride that he has honestly earned the pleasures and the novel experience which is his.

As we were engaging our *fletero* and looking with horror on the rough sea all about us the captain approached and informed us that he thought the landing would be dangerous on such an afternoon. We had thought it an ordinary sea, and, though somewhat appalled by the sight, had made up our minds to disembark. But we were easily persuaded to remain all night on board and land in the morning. We were not sorry that we did. The view of Valparaiso by night, with her beautiful suburb of Vina del Mar, was worth waiting for. The lights from the city were wonderful. It is a city of about two hundred thousand inhabitants and has only one level street. From this the town rises abruptly to the hills. It looked like a brilliant jewel, and placed conspicuously in the center was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. This shrine was lighted brilliantly and, although we were two miles or more out at sea, we had a superb view of it. The next morning the ocean was calm

and beautiful. We landed easily and found ourselves in a modern, lively, up-to-date city, with beautiful homes, superb gardens and an abundance of beautiful flowers, the glorious pink geranium blooming profusely everywhere. Vina del Mar is the fashionable suburb on the ocean for the wealthy Chileans. Many of them live there the year round and their homes are models of comfort and elegance.

We had fallen into the habit of the early *desayuno*, the breakfast of coffee and crackers. This is always served in one's rooms, of course. The second breakfast is called *almuerzo* and is a most substantial meal, served at twelve o'clock. Then there is a long wait until the nine o'clock dinner hour, but this is invariably broken by the afternoon tea or chocolate taken between four or five in the afternoon. In South America all the élite of the cities gather at this hour in the charming little tea rooms or restaurants for tea, chocolate, and dainty cake. This is as good a time and place to see the real people of the various cities as is the plaza between six and eight, when they all walk around visiting and having a good time. The whole life is practically an outdoor one. This alone would make it wonderfully attractive to those who come from colder climes where from eight to ten months of the year they are cooped up in steam-heated houses.

CHAPTER XXIII

VALPARAISO

VALPARAISO of course, enjoys the reputation of having had probably the worst earthquake in the world. This was not so many years ago that anyone has forgotten it. The quake was followed by a great tidal wave, and what the sea spared was afterward consumed by fire. People took their flight across felled buildings to the hills, and in the lightest of clothing were compelled to spend many hours in the chill air from the ocean. It is said to have been a fearful sight. The earth did not have the usual vibrating motion. Instead it swayed from north to south, and so terrible was the swaying that even the dogs protested. They whined and barked incessantly. The whole city was practically a mass of ruins. Paths were cleared in the streets and small fires built in the squares after the trembling had ceased, but for days none dared to enter their houses—the few that were left. They feared a repetition of the disaster. There was great loss of life, too, for many were caught under the ruins. We found no evidence of this in the grand city we entered,

however. It has been rebuilt and is now garbed in the grandest of modern dress. There was a quake the morning of our arrival and another in the afternoon. But all these *temblors* which keep the tourist keyed up and anxious seem not to affect the inhabitants at all. When questioned about them they smile and say "We shall never have another big one!"

Living in an earthquake zone would seem to me to have its drawbacks. I was in California when she went through the throes of that terrible one prior to the one in Valparaiso. My children were small, my husband was away, so my faithful nurse, Mary Conrad, and I endured this thrilling experience alone. Since then I have dreaded even the slightest *temblor*. Still, this would be a monotonous world if we were not willing to take some chances in life, and though the earthquake is considered a big chance in South America, we traveled six months, encountered half a dozen, but were never conscious of any, they were so slight.

In an earthquake country one reads queer rules. Children are taught never to close their doors at night, as a shock can spring the lock and imprison them so that in case of fire they could not escape. The only comfort which one can have in living in a zone of this kind is that years usually elapse between really dangerous quakes. Somehow, one always seems to feel that since the big one has

already occurred it is not necessary for him to move! They do not change their residences because they feel sure that they are not likely to have another.

Valparaiso has certainly had some trying times. She was three times captured and sacked by pirates. She was bombarded by the Spanish fleets, once destroyed by fire and suffered terribly by the Balmaceda revolution. But today, with a population of approximately two hundred thousand, she seems flourishing and is apparently without a care in the world. They say, however, that her coast line breeds the worst storms on the Pacific, and that many times the ships anchored a mile or so out at sea are obliged to seek safety in mid-ocean instead of risking approach to her shore.

Three hundred and eighty miles west of Valparaiso is a Chilean possession known as Juan Fernando Island. This island is the one made famous by DeFoe as the kingdom of Robinson Crusoe. After the great earthquake in 1906 Chile feared the island had been sunk, but she found by sending a vessel out to investigate that the few fishermen who lived upon the island had scarcely felt the quake at all. The whole world is interested in this island because the children all love it for its famous story.

It was here that we had to make up our minds whether we should go down the Chilean coast,

around the horn and through the Straits of Magellan to reach Buenos Aires, or whether we would take the trans-Andean climb and go across the mountains. Everyone told us that no matter how beautiful we found the one we would certainly regret not having taken the other. They are equally famous for attractiveness and we realized that the only way, if we wished to enjoy peace of mind afterward, was to go by one of these routes and return by the other. But the ever-recurring news of war made us realize that if we should find it necessary to return home suddenly and still see the eastern coast of South America we had better choose the shorter route—the Andes. When we reached Buenos Aires, if all was favorable, we could then return by the other route. We had already decided to return home by way of the Pacific because of war news. It was with keen regret that we abandoned the trip through the Straits of Magellan.

In the history of the world three voyages always stand out in my mind as the most daring—that of Columbus in 1492, that of Vasco da Gama to find India in 1497, and that of Magellan in 1519. Of these Magellan's was probably the most difficult. He had eight thousand miles of ocean to cross before he got to the Straits, and once there he encountered exceedingly stormy weather. I had always heard this channel de-

scribed as very beautiful. From the days of its discovery by the brave mariner, writers have sung its charms and it is one of the show places of South America. No wise man can afford to miss it.

It is not an easy trip. High winds and rough seas prevail to an extreme degree. Indeed, the heaviest seas in the world are said to be about Cape Horn. Being drenched by a wave and even knocked down by one is a common experience on shipboard, but the long line of islands stretching down the coast of Chile for seven hundred miles to the entrance of the Straits containing innumerable bays, through which the steamer passes, makes it a wonderfully attractive trip. There is one channel called Smyth's Channel which arouses the admiration of everyone.

All along the headland of this stern and lofty coast are magnificent mountains, some of which rise abruptly two thousand feet out of the ocean. There is no coast in the world more dangerous than this, for should a ship become disabled the strong current would be fatal. However, the navigators are skilled, the machinery kept in good condition and the trip frequently made. In spite of the gray drapery of mists which are so frequent here the shore can be clearly seen. Long, snow-crowned ranges with their green glaciers present a most imposing sight. Sometimes the

latter lie only two hundred feet above the sea. The Tres Montes are conspicuous for their grandeur, and the spray breaking on the sides can be seen fifteen miles away. We longed to take this trip. What cared we for rough seas or *mal de mer*? We wanted to see Patagonia and the Straits.

Patagonia means the "land of the big paws, or big feet." It had always seemed so far away that it was a land of enchantment. In spite of the descriptions of its bleakness and bareness it had always seemed like another world, and I had a strong desire to go in and investigate. But alas—half her charm has gone. Patagonia has lost her name. There is no Patagonia now. She has disappeared from the map, having been absorbed by Chile and Argentina. Those curiously formed natives of which I had read so often, high in bust and with arms like tree trunks, small lower limbs so out of proportion to the upper half of their bodies, and said to be owing to their life on horseback—with long black hair, eyes as dark as their hair, and teeth white as pearl. They were still there, it is true, but they are no longer Patagonians, the people of the "land of the big paws." They are now Chileans.

Tierra del Fuego, another land of mystery which in my earliest youth had attracted me by its musical name, had also to be passed by. My lessons

in geography were always perfect whenever questions in reference to this land were asked. I was almost heart broken when it was necessary to cut it from the route, although I still cherished a hope that the war clouds would scatter and that we might see it on the return. Around Cape Horn and through the Straits the weather is always turbulent. The Storm King rages there. The seas run mountain high and the winds are said to be terrific. A ship has to fight bravely, and it usually wins the battle, though many are said to be lost every year in Cape Horn waters. Often the sailors are frozen to death and even when the ship gets through safely she is somewhat maimed and crippled.

It is in this part of the world that the albatross loves to come. As a rule it keeps away from inland places, preferring the open seas. But somehow it seems to feel that it will be repaid for coming here. It is, of course, a man-eating bird, and is enormous. Stories are told of specimens measuring from twenty to twenty-four feet across the wings. If an unfortunate falls overboard the albatross pounces down swiftly and picks out his eyes, nose and ears in less time than it takes to tell. Beautiful as this bird is, I should not care to see one in the open sea. It is horribly suggestive!

CHAPTER XXIV

SANTIAGO AND CRISTOBAL MOUNTAIN

ONE morning about five-thirty we left Valparaiso and took the train for Santiago. As has already been said, the trains do not run daily, and as a consequence they are usually packed. Fortunately we had our parlor-car chairs in advance. The ride consumed only a few hours and was delightful. The country was under beautiful cultivation. There were vineyards and fruit farms galore. At the stations the fruit vendors were extremely picturesque, especially at Llai-Llai, where long tables filled with luscious nectarines, peaches, grapes, melons, etc., were temptingly displayed in baskets. These extend the whole length of the station, are heavily loaded and good to see. Back of them stood the women, usually dressed in pretty colors, bright pinks, blues, and yellows. Silently they offer their wares. Not a word is spoken, for they are not permitted to open their mouths—an excellent rule! Quietly and comfortably we selected our fruit and it proved delicious.

The mountains and rolling country, where an

occasional glimpse of snow peaks was to be had, still enchanted us. We never tired of it. We reached Santiago for *almuerzo*. That afternoon we walked up to the top of the Santa Lucia Hill in the center of the city and had a fine view. But it is certainly a climb. Santiago impresses one most favorably. It was the finest city we had yet seen on our journey. It is larger and much more imposing than Valparaiso. The wide *alameda* is called *Avenida de las Delicias*, and it deserves its name. It is six hundred feet wide, a superb avenue. The city gives every indication of its comfortable, modern equipment. This view from Santa Lucia Hill is famed the world over. We watched the sunset, a glorious red and gold, and opposite all this splendor, but toward the east, stood San Cristobal mountain. It was snow white when we saw it first, but before we left, it deepened to rose color just as though it had been painted — as indeed it was, by God's hand! No human artist could have given it so exquisite a color.

From their wide *alameda* the Andes are glorious and seen plainly. This street is filled with beautiful trees, and wandering through all these strange and beautiful cities we would sometimes gasp and wonder if the very interesting trip we were making was a reality. The human being as a rule is a most adaptable creature. Accepting everything that comes along as a matter of course,

he often finds himself in the midst of scenes of which he has dreamed for years, yet he plods along with hardly a thrill for the splendid sights he had longed for and is now actually experiencing. This was our case. Calmly we viewed these wonderful places which we had hoped, but never expected, to see. We were perfectly calm and matter-of-fact about it. Is this just human nature? We seldom get what we want just when we want it! Perhaps that is the reason why when we do realize our ambitions we are seldom as enthusiastic as when we anticipated them. However, I think we appreciated our trip to the full, although we may have lost some of the enthusiasm of early youth.

I find my mind often reverting to the excellent food so often served in the pretty little restaurants in these South American cities. There is a very fine one in Santiago, bearing the name of the city.

This reminds me that I have not dwelt as much as I meant to on the delectable foods of South America. For instance, in Lima we were served with delicious meals. The Lima corn deserves especial mention, the grains being as large as dimes and yet so tender they melted in one's mouth. Never have I tasted anything finer.

The weather while we were here was cool and delightful, and again we met the charming Chilean couple, Señor and Señora Mardones, whom we had first seen on shipboard. She spoke a little

French and he a little English in addition to their own Spanish. We were both improving in Spanish and managed to have some very good times with them. They lived in Santiago and were most cordial and hospitable in their treatment of us. A fine museum and art gallery was thoroughly enjoyed. And we were delighted to find some modern American paintings there. Two Chicago artists were represented.

The *Quinta Normal* (Agricultural College) was singularly interesting. Great fields of vegetables and fruits and old trees were cultivated there. It is the gift of a wealthy woman of the city and is certainly a progressive institution.

The women of Santiago are particularly beautiful. They are not so stout as the women usually are in tropical countries. The *manta* is folded here in such manner as to be most becoming to them. This city, the capital of Chile, has a population of four hundred thousand, is walled in by great mountains, has most beautiful drives, and the parks and pleasure resorts are as fine as any we ever saw. Flowers and creeping vines are to be seen in wild profusion. Bright waters splashing from fountains, marble statues adorning the drives, and always that wonderful range of the Andes! Could any city in the world be more beautifully situated than Santiago de Chile?

While driving one afternoon we met the presi-

dent and his wife, a very handsome couple. They knew our friends and were most courteous in their reception of us. It was in Santiago that we saw for the first time the women conductors on the street cars! We had not been struck by any particular independence in women since we had come to South America. Indeed, among the working classes the women are rather sad looking objects. Hard working, looking older than their years and usually with an expression of dejection and sadness, especially on the western coast we had observed their look of hopelessness. The South American working woman had seemed to us the embodiment of the spirit of those awful cemeteries on the barren slopes of the Pacific which so haunted us. She seemed such a contrast to the sturdy, lazy husband. The despair in her eyes often wrings one's heart. She seems to realize the hopelessness of her own condition.

But here in Santiago the women conductors were a great contrast. They were alert and up-to-date. The lively way in which they did business was most inspiring. They had on dark-colored dresses, with white aprons and many small pockets in which to carry their change. They wore the queerest round black sailor hats with high crowns, also a brass insignia, or lettering, denoting their calling and dignity. Those funny little hats perched high on their heads set me to laugh-

ing every time I saw them. But they were no laughing matter to those who wore them. These women were as solemn and serious looking as one could find anywhere.

As is usual in this country, there are beautiful churches in Santiago filled with solid silver and gold-leaf ornaments and wonderful carvings, and with a fortune in jewels decorating the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The rich Catholics here show their devotion by bringing in their fine raiment and jewels as offerings of thankfulness for some favor prayed for and received. The collection is often attractive and certainly it is valuable. The clean mosaic floors of the churches are sanitary as well as handsome. We enjoyed many days in this famed city, visiting the cemetery and wandering through the beautiful streets and imposing buildings. The Santiaguans are justly proud of their beautiful cemetery. No vehicle is allowed within its sacred portals, but all tourists are advised not to miss seeing the artistic and costly monuments it contains. We wandered through it for several hours, but in spite of its beauty the terrible practice which prevails throughout South America haunts me yet—a gruesome recollection. [They have a custom of airing the tombs, that is, the corpses, and we had observed a frightful odor several times. We were attracted to a quaint little chapel and entered it. What was our amaze-

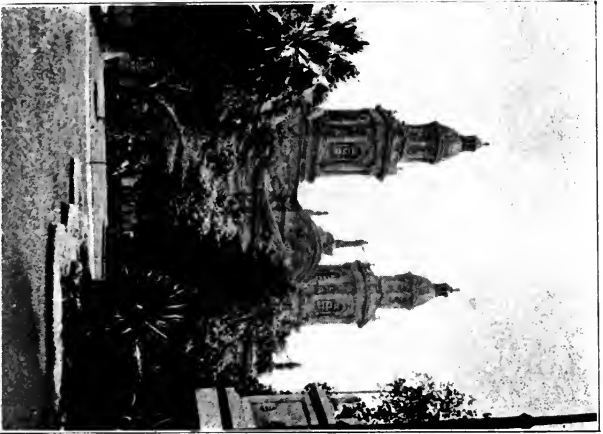


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO DE CHILE

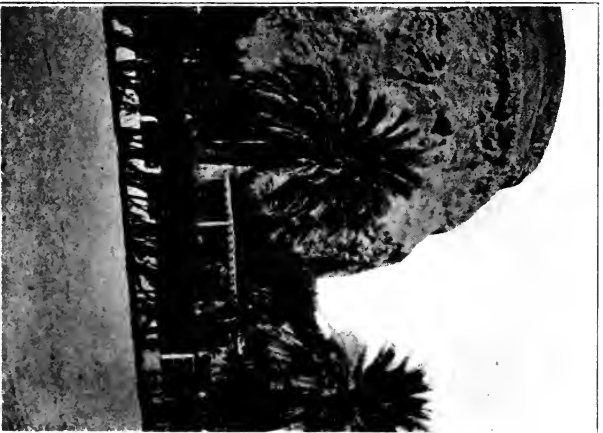


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

EL MORRO, ARICA, CHILE



ment and horror to discover a white coffin with the lid removed, exposing the body of a child. The decomposition was far advanced and I need not add that we did not tarry long.

In the early morning before we left we were treated to a fine earthquake. But we slept calmly through it and learned of it only when we were having our *desayuno*.

Santiago's independence was declared in 1810. The climate here is good, yet it is considered extremely unhealthy. Although the summers are not very hot it is very dusty. The wealthy residents always go down to the sea, to Vina del Mar, or some other resort, or else to the beautiful lake regions, the springs or baths in the mountains. The conditions of health are improving because of interest lately aroused in sanitation, and doubtless it will in time become a healthy place. It would be a delightful city in which to live the year round.

General O'Higgins did a great deal for this place. He is the great hero of Chile and was made governor in 1778. He took part in the revolutionary struggle, finally becoming supreme dictator. He gave an excellent administration and it seems a shame that ungrateful Chile should have asked him to resign. She practically sent him to Peru to die. Later they regretted this treatment of their patriot and were taking steps toward

reinstating him in Guano. Before this could be accomplished, however, he died. His remains were brought back to Chile, and almost every city has shown him honor in one way or another. Bronze statues are to be found everywhere and museums contain many of his belongings.

As in all South American cities, the plazas and parks of Santiago are a most important feature. From them a superb view of the mountains can be obtained. They say that from Valparaiso, Aconcagua is visible, but from Santiago it cannot be seen. However, the other peaks are just as beautiful, and often we sat in the public square and gazed at them from this distance. Santiago is a very religious place — at least as far as the women are concerned. Their churches and cemetery are their most priceless possessions.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

AT SIX o'clock in the morning we took the train for Los Andes, where we were to spend the night. A lovelier night cannot be imagined—full moon, brilliant stars, glorious crosses in the heavens! But here we met with two great disappointments. The road to the Christ of the Andes proved impassable. We could not visit it, but had to pass right under it through a long tunnel. We could not even see it from a distance. This colossal statue of the Christ on the Andean border between Chile and the Argentine Republic, fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, commemorates the unique and impressive events which led to its erection.

Years ago these two prosperous and high-spirited republics of South America were on the verge of war. They each had big warships building in the shipyards of Europe. They had revived an old dispute in regard to the boundary line and were nearing a conflict. The controversy was rendered acute by the discovery that in the Patagonian section the boundary was not continuously

marked by mountain crests, and that there were valuable rivers in the region sending their waters through the hills to the sea on the Chilean side. This caused Chile to put forward other unexpected claims to pass through this region.

The British ministers at Buenos Aires and Santiago used their good offices with the two governments to effect a settlement and secure peace. Fervent appeals were made to avoid war. Bishops traveled through the country pleading for peace in the towns and villages, and it was proposed to place a statue of Christ on the boundary line between the two countries. The women enthusiastically endorsed the proposal. Petitions were sent to the legislatures and executives. The result was that both governments submitted the controversy to the arbitration of the King of England. He entrusted the affair to eminent jurists and expert geographers. When their decision was reached, both republics agreed to it cheerfully. Gratified with the outcome, both governments went further. They pledged themselves for a period of five years to submit all controversies to arbitration. Work on the four great warships was arrested, and the result of this disarmament has been remarkable. With money saved by lessening their military and naval expenditures they have constructed good railroads. Chile has also built breakwaters on her coast, and one or

two of Argentina's war vessels have gone into a commercial fleet, as they feel that they will never again need them for war with Chile. A most cordial feeling exists between Chileans and Argentines. The old feeling of bitterness has entirely disappeared. The suggestion of Bishop Benavente in regard to the erection of a statue of Christ on the boundary line at Puente del Inca was quickly carried into execution. The design was entrusted to a young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. The statue was cast at the arsenal at Buenos Aires from cannon taken from an old fortress outside the city. A year later it was placed in position and for a week there was continuous festivity in both countries. Thousands attended the unveiling of the statue, coming up the evening before and encamping for the night, so that they might be present in the morning. The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the Chileans on the soil of Argentina. There was music, and the booming of guns which echoed and reechoed through the mountains. But at the actual moment of unveiling there fell a solemn silence. The statue was dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and good-will. The ceremonies took place on March 13, 1904, ending with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of all men.

The base of the statue is stone. On this is a

granite sphere on which the outlines of the world are sketched. Resting on the granite column twenty-two feet high is the figure of Christ in bronze, twenty-six feet high. The cross supporting his left hand is five feet higher, and the right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one given by the workingmen's union of Buenos Aires and the other by the working women. One gives a record of the creation and a record of the statue. On the other is inscribed these words:

*Sooner shall these mountains crumble
into dust than shall the Argentines and
Chileans break the peace which they
have pledged at the feet of Christ, the
Redeemer.*

What a lesson for all war makers!

Our second disappointment was that we had to travel on a narrow-gauge road in a very uncomfortable little car and could not get our *dormitorio* until night. As the journey was wholly in the mountains, it was an experience. This was the fifth time that we had crossed the Andes, but each time the crossing seemed more wonderful. Our pleasure on this occasion was heightened by the knowledge that the train was to depart at an unearthly hour next morning—a quarter to six. Still, at that hour the mountains would be glorious,

so we went to bed in hope of a fine day. This hope was realized. Glimpses of the great gorges with the snow crowns above and every color of the rainbow beneath—the sight was entrancing!

The story of Argentina reads like romance. For a long time this country was held in bondage by the absolute control of one man, General Rosas. His administration was not the best of the country. It was a tyrannical control where any expression of public opinion was rendered impossible because of his swift revenge if it did not meet with his approval. Of course, under such circumstances advance in civilization is impossible. Individually and collectively, he strangled all progress. Men were afraid to think for themselves. The savage brutality of this dictator was felt on all hands. His rule was particularly tyrannous in Buenos Aires, because here the greatest wealth was involved. In spite of all opposition to him, however, he was an absolute power for eighteen years. Then a revolution broke out in full force. This one-man power was broken and, finding his life imperiled, he fled to the British minister for protection. He was concealed for a day or two and then fled the country. This was in 1852. The people had been so held down by this man's low standard of civilization that there was little public spirit left to undertake the affairs of state. Still, there was an intense feeling of relief, especially in

Buenos Aires, when it was known that he was no longer to be considered. They were a long time restoring themselves under General Urquiza, who had defeated Rosas and had held the reins of government since his flight. He was not an unqualified success, either. Disturbances broke out many times, and in 1860 the tension became so unbearable that Buenos Aires at last awoke to the necessity of appealing to arms to decide what her future position was to be. She selected General Bartolome Mitre to lead her forces. General Mitre proved successful in a decisive victory, and in October, 1861, this led to the evacuation of Rosario by Urquiza and practically ended the campaign. Peace followed soon and General Mitre became president.

The new president introduced many reforms in the national policy and tried not to antagonize the provinces. He was aware of the jealous feeling existing everywhere in regard to Buenos Aires. But the aggressive attitude of General Lopez, the dictator of Paraguay, alarmed him. This little inland state he had never considered at all, but her warlike operations now began to worry him. So negotiations were set on foot to induce Uruguay and Brazil to assist him in defeating the ambitious progress of Lopez. In 1865 the three countries decided to invade Paraguay. Of course, all this caused General Mitre to lessen his watch

on his own country, and his long absence in Paraguay in command of his army enabled politicians at home to undermine his personal influence. An awful visitation of the cholera came in 1868. The city was almost deserted during this calamity. This gave the politicians further opportunity to carry on their work, and in 1868 they elected a new president, Dr. Sarmiento. In spite of Mitre's resistance he was deposed.

The Paraguayan question was finally settled, but at a great cost of men and money. The conflict was heavy and when the struggle was ended Argentina found herself pretty well depleted. A few years later, in 1871, there came another epidemic—yellow fever. The death rate was so appalling that business was paralyzed. Whole families died, and there were scarcely enough people left to attend the sick and bury the dead. But in spite of all these things that Argentina had to fight she made substantial progress during Sarmiento's presidency. People regain confidence; their commerce and industries took a fresh start. They took more interest in politics and turned their thoughts toward railroads and telegraphs, of which they had none. This was in 1874. The situation was full of complications, but they were not insurmountable.

Revolutions and military disturbances still kept them busy, however, for the next few years; but

with the accession of General Roca the situation changed. This man was a shrewd observer of men, reserved in manner, but never forgetting a favor. He was slow to act, but he was a perfect listener. They called him *El Zorra*, which means "the fox." He had great military knowledge and knew how to handle men. He managed the delicate situation wonderfully. His power was great in Argentina, where he was extremely popular with the army and brought the people closer together. Under him the national feeling of jealousy and the small bickerings gradually disappeared. He established a strong central government, checked the revolutionary outbreaks, and held his administration with a firm hand. He saw the enormous possibilities of Argentina's undeveloped land. He knew its fertility and his endeavor now was to populate it. Industry grew apace, and the feeling of tranquillity which prevailed among the people assisted largely in the development. Agencies were opened in European centers inviting settlers to come to Argentina, revealing the great advantages the country had to offer. Foreign capital was attracted, for to pursue such a policy needed ample funds. Public works were inaugurated. Docks were built at Buenos Aires, and they began the water supply and drainage building.

In 1881 the government of the province of Buenos Aires selected La Plata as its capital

and drew up plans on a magnificent scale to build there. Thus was laid the foundation of the beautiful city of Buenos Aires. From this time the progress of the country was unrestricted. True, they had at times some internal dissensions, but the flower of civilization had been planted and nothing could stop it. The development of the country had received its impetus and the people were fully conscious of their own prosperity. They were cultivating parts of their great country. They knew that their boundless plains, though bare, were fertile where water could be provided for them or where the rain fell. Indeed, ever since the fall of Rosas they had been making progress slowly. Their railroads of late had enabled them to have well-appointed farms, and today their cattle ranches and sheep farms raise the finest stock in the world.

Their waving fields of grass across the pampas conceal a rich, deep loam. This makes the finest farming land to be found anywhere. These rich *estancias* have been mostly tilled by Englishmen who mean to live on them the rest of their lives. Many of these men have become wealthy both by the rapid rise in the value of their land and by the sale of cattle and grain. They live most comfortably in houses of the bungalow style, and they bring over hard-working little Italians from the north of Italy who can stand the heat and work

well in it. They keep them for the harvest-time, then pay them enough to go home and live for six months in Italy again. Of course, it is the railroads Argentina has built which makes all this possible. The distance across the pampas is immense and no other way of covering it would be possible.

Settlers naturally choose locations near the railroad, but in spite of the cultivation near it there are enormous areas back of it for the new adventurer. The peons are best qualified to handle the live stock, but the Italian better understands the agricultural work. Of course, there is a great drawback to cultivation here—the drouth. The average rainfall is just about enough to give a drink and a little grass to the animals. Therefore these farms cling as much as possible to the foot of the Andes, so as to use the many streams which lie in these mountain valleys. The other great horror of the farmer is the plague of the locusts. These creatures here swarm in such vast numbers that it is practically impossible to resist them. All sorts of things have been done to destroy them, the commonest method being to dig ditches as they walk along the ground, into which the locusts fall and after which they may be burned. This method is not very successful, however, for many of them rise and fly away the moment they feel the heat. When they come they destroy every-

thing but fortunately their visitations are far apart. If they were frequent the land could not be tilled at all.

Agriculture and the raising of live stock are the two principal industries of Argentina. Though the slopes of her mountains furnish gold and silver, copper and lead, her wealth in these possessions is not to be compared with that of either Peru or Bolivia. But the possibility which lies in what she does possess is so great that Argentina is justly regarded as one of the richest countries of the lower continent. Seldom has nature lavished greater gifts upon a people.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BIRD OF THE ANDES

WITH this knowledge of her interesting history we started on the climb which would carry us across into Argentina. We saw the snow-covered Aconcagua, nearly twenty-four thousand feet high, and below it, blue as a turquoise, lying at the foot of the glacier peak, that most incomparable of lakes, Lake Inca. Gleaming like a rare jewel, this lake reminded us much of Lake Louise in Canada. It is smaller, but it possesses that wonderful turquoise blue color which the tourist finds so fascinating in the Canadian West. We were deeply impressed with the grandeur and the glory of the mountains. Every color, every shade of the rainbow was there. The peaks looked ragged and sawtoothed, and with the Aconcagua crowning them all it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. We followed a pretty river (the Aconcagua) most of the way. The gorges which it had cut and the picturesque views it presented were many. The curves and twists of the railroad almost made us shudder. We saw evidences of many landslides and ran through miles of sheds

which had been built to protect the road; we traveled slowly, and although the way was dangerous, there was constant watchfulness. The men were ever on the alert. Through the long tunnel we sped, taking eight minutes to traverse it, right under the statue of the Christ of the Andes. A pleasant (?) idea occurred to me several times. In this country of earthquakes, what would be the result should one come while we were in the tunnel? I was considerate, however; I did not pass on my thought to my companion.

We emerged from the tunnel into Argentina and still found a vast wilderness of gorgeous rocks and peaks. One of the first stations on this side is Puente del Inca, where there is a curious formation from which the place is named. It is a natural bridge of stratified rock, one of nature's marvels, and rises eighty feet above the river. It is a fine arched bridge twenty feet wide, thirty feet thick, and about a hundred and fifty feet long. It is in constant use today.

All through the mountains in Chile we had seen the great bird of the Andes, the condor. It often attacks the animals, the pigs and sheep, the children, and sometimes, though not often, a grown man. It sometimes roves as far north as eight degrees above the equator, but not often. Its range takes it as far south as the Straits of Magellan. In the winter it goes near the coast, but

in summer it is to be found only amid the very highest peaks. It is here that they rear their young. The female lays but two eggs a year, one in November and one in December. She has no nest, but hides her eggs in some small rock and keeps the young condor there until it is able to fly, which is not until its second year. This bird is a deep sleeper, and a favorite plan of the natives while hunting it, is to surprise it while asleep. Hunting the condor is dangerous sport. The trappers usually put a carcass out in the sun to attract the bird and then lie concealed until it pounces down upon the body. The bird is a proverbial glutton and gorges itself until it is so heavy it cannot fly. They then club and easily lasso it. It fights furiously, of course, and the hunters give it respectful attention! They are wary about getting too near it, as the scratch from the beak or claw of a condor is as fatal as the bite of a Gila monster.

In Santiago there are some wonderful specimens of the condor, measuring nearly twenty-four feet from tip to tip of the wing and six feet from beak to tail. The body is heavy in proportion, and they are brown in color. It looks like some gigantic demon, which indeed it is. They fly exceedingly high, often twenty thousand feet above sea level, and even with a strong glass they look like swallows. So remarkable is their breathing

power that even at this great height they circle around with scarcely a flap of the wings. The natives hold them in superstitious awe and many weird stories are told about them. The whole country honors them, and the condor is much used as an emblem, being emblazoned on their shields everywhere, like our eagle in the United States. In the season when the bird is in the mountains, men seldom venture out alone without revolver or gun.

In these lofty heights strong winds prevail, often sufficiently strong to hurl both horse and rider from his track. Below Puente del Inca we noticed the queer tints of the rock and the jagged mountains. These are called *penitentes*. They are supposed to resemble toiling pilgrims, and the cliff above suggests a cathedral. This curious formation is caused by the action of the sun and the wind.

We passed some celebrated baths where, if one may believe the pamphlets, every disease known to the human race is successfully treated! The waters at Hotel Inca strongly stimulate the nervous system, the heart action, and are good for indigestion. Because they are so stimulating, people with poor hearts should never go there, but, hearing that the baths are good for everything, the rash flock to them and frequently forfeit their lives. It is said that here the Indians deceived the Spaniards and hid an immense quantity of gold.

CHAPTER XXVII

MENDOZA

WE LEFT the mountains at Mendoza. Older than Buenos Aires and having been once destroyed by one of the most terrible quakes which ever visited the country, it is a most interesting little spot. This earthquake was of the most peculiar character. A subterranean groan was heard, and in an instant, without further warning, houses crumbled, people in the houses were killed to the number of fifteen thousand, and those who happened to be outside were thrown to the ground and badly injured. Fire broke out, and so many were dead and injured that the living were not sufficient to care for and bury them. It is said that the odors from the dead bodies became insupportable. The shocks lasted until nothing was left standing. There were nineteen in twenty-four hours, seventeen of which were violent. They continued for about three months, diminishing in time and violence. There was much talk at the time of changing the location of the city, but, incredible as it seems, the people refused to move. They rebuilt the city, but in much lighter style.

I was not familiar with this particular bit of history in regard to Mendoza, else perhaps I should not have enjoyed it as much as I did. My husband, however, was better informed. He insisted on going to a certain little hotel which with its one story I thought far less attractive than some of the others. He seemed determined to spend the night in this queer looking, ugly little spot, the only redeeming feature of which was its open-air dining-room, a beautiful *patio* surrounded with plants and flowers. "Why are you so persistent about staying here?" I asked him. He replied, "I have a reason." No amount of persuasion could induce him to tell me this reason until we had left Mendoza. That hotel was insured against earthquakes, the walls so built that in case of such a disturbance, loss of life would be at its minimum. My wise better half had not opened his mind to me, knowing full well that I should not sleep so comfortably in this little hotel if he should do so. We greatly enjoyed our dinner in the open *patio*. The night was soft, the air heavy with sweet fragrance of flowers, the great luminous stars overhead. In the distance we heard low strains of music, curious melodies. We were the only Americans there, the other tables being occupied by Argentinas.

Suddenly a procession of young men came by carrying banners and flags. They were accom-

panied by the band playing martial music, for here as elsewhere the news of the great conflict in Europe is of the greatest interest. That very morning, cables had assured us that the United States was close to war. We tried not to believe it, but it was the weightiest thought in our minds. This procession carried, of course, the flag of their own country and that of France, and what was our pleasure to see in the center the flag of the United States! Argentina, although absolutely neutral, was in some manner known to be favorably inclined toward anything which the United States endorsed. It gave us a thrill to see our own flag carried by these young people, and strangers at the other table looked at us and smiled pleasantly.

Mendoza is the center of the grape country. It is impossible to attempt a description of their wonderful vineyards, the grapes of which are the largest and most delicious I have ever seen. When we took our way on from Mendoza we found that a generous friend, Señor Aldao, from Buenos Aires, had telegraphed and sent a large box of choice grapes to our stateroom for us. Mendoza is a popular winter resort for the Argentinas on account of the beautiful surroundings, cloudless skies, and superb views. But we felt that a place where the temperature is often in the forties, and where they never have a fire, would

be a trifle chilly. Though we missed the wonderful statue of the Christ, we saw here the heroic one of San Martin, a view of which alone would have been worth a trip to South America.

The approach to this statue is very beautiful, constantly winding and unwinding as it climbs the hill. A pretty park is at its base, where there was a keeper, and half way up the mountain a charming little home in which he lived. Strange as it may seem, many vandals have attempted to injure this artistic figure. We were stopped on the way for just a moment by the guard, who questioned us and then permitted us to pass. The statue stands high on the hill, at the outskirts of the town. Off in the distance, as far as the eye can see, are the Andes, dignified and solemn, looking down upon it. A huge flying figure of Victory overtops the monument, spreading out her arms protectingly over San Martin, who is seated below on his horse. Around the base are scenes of war and colossal figures, all in bronze, in bas-relief. Horses, men, angels, and the condor, the eagle of South America, with wings outstretched, are beautifully conceived and finely executed by great artists. These figures are all life size. They hold that this is the finest statue of its kind in the world, and we could well believe it. Wherever we turned in South America we heard it discussed. They regard it as a much finer piece of work than

the statue of Christ. Strange that we had never heard it spoken of in our own country. We saw nothing else to compare with it in this land of statues. South America never tires of honoring her heroes, and the spirit of patriotism which this engenders is quite worth while. Also, one has to be pretty familiar with the history of this country to be able to remember her streets. We found it odd, but thought it a fine custom, that many of their streets are named for their heroes or else for some historic event, some victory which is dear to them. It is quite common here to read such names as *Calle 15th de Novembre*, or *Calle 9th Decembre*, or Avenue General O'Higgins, and so forth. This custom keeps constantly in the minds of the young the fact that their country does not forget its heroes!

We were amused by the comical method of watering the streets here. Boys carry buckets on long poles. Dipping water from a stream which runs along one of the principal streets, they then throw the water upon the driveway. Most of the houses here are one story, none of them more than two. This is, of course, because of the earthquakes. Here also we were told that the many trees made the heat more intense. We had always supposed that trees giving shade would cool the atmosphere. Here they hold that they stop the breeze and make the air hot and unhealthy.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE PAMPAS

LEAVING the luxurious vineyards, we crossed the hot pampas with its farms of cattle and ostriches. We saw a great many of the latter. Here they call them *rheas*. Once there were thousands of them and they ranged as far south as Patagonia, but man, by ruthless slaughter, has caused the number to dwindle. We were not near enough to study the bird closely, but from a distance it looked exactly like those on North American ostrich farms, except a little smaller. It has three toes, one more than the ostrich of the North, but the feathers are not so beautiful. However, the general appearance is about the same. The male is said to have many wives. They nest in the dry grass, and at the approach of danger the female rises and deserts her young. The *gauchos* (cowboys) are fond of chasing the ostrich just for sport. The poor bird has no means of escape except in flight. But she certainly is fleet of foot and possesses endurance in a marked degree. She usually escapes. The *rhea* lives in contentment with the grazing

llamas and wild cattle. They all seem quite sociable.

For a hundred and eighty miles our train ran in an absolutely straight line across this pampas—a most glorious stretch of railroad. We saw many locusts, although the great swarm had passed three months before. They had proved a veritable plague then, covering the tracks, clogging the trains, and thus delaying traffic. The pampas—a bare, open prairie with grass and flowers, the former sometimes six feet high—has no trees and few streams. Yet the land is fertile. It is the absence of rain which forbids cultivation.

After twenty-four hours on a far from comfortable train, we reached Buenos Aires. A word about this train. From the American standpoint it was uncomfortable and bare. But the road was excellent. For a hundred and eighty miles it runs in an absolutely straight line, and is considered by the Argentinas (who have good roads) their very best. But the officials seem not to care much for the comfort of the people whom they carry across this road. Any old kind of a car, it seems, will do to put them in. Often when I lay stretched out on my hard bed (with no springs) I wished I could take some of those who were now traveling with me, and who thought they were sitting in the greatest luxury, into one of our "Limiteds," where manicures, barbers, stenogra-

phers, and maids are employed for the comfort of those already installed in luxurious compartments. How they would open their eyes! Not even our tourist cars or third-class compartments are as plain and bare as these, their best ones.

But at last we reached Buenos Aires—majestic, clean, with well-paved streets, sumptuous palaces for homes—the Paris of South America. No description can do justice to its charm and delight. Here we met friends, Señor Aldao and family, who took us everywhere and showed us such hospitality as we had seldom enjoyed. The city made a profound impression upon me. Its public buildings, theaters, etc., compare favorably with those of any large city in the world. In some respects it made us think a good deal of Chicago. It is located on the frontier of a great prairie, with a large body of fresh water, the river La Plata, in front of it. This river is formed by the joining of two others, the Parana and the Uruguay, and together they make the greatest basin in the world. The river is about thirty miles wide and a hundred and twenty-five miles long. It runs from Buenos Aires to Montevideo. The Avenida de Mayo contains most of the hotels. We were comfortably located at the Plaza, and I cannot exaggerate the comforts of this place. It is under the same management as the Ritz-Carlton and has comfortable beds, large rooms, beautiful baths,

and an excellent cuisine. Not even in Paris had we ever enjoyed more delicious cooking. The hotel itself is a model of luxury. It has ballrooms, private dining-rooms, etc., and after the bareness of the western coast it seemed like a paradise. There are many others in the city almost as good.

We had traveled so steadily for so many months that, although our appetites had never failed us, neither of us had taken on flesh. Both of us were strongly imbued with the idea (modern thought) that to be agreeable in the sight of one's friends one must be thin! Therefore it was with delight that we discovered in Buenos Aires that we had not gained. But, alas! After eight or ten days' stay in this city this comforting thought melted away. We gained considerably because of the tempting and delectable dishes which we were unable to resist.

The golf clubs, tennis courts, swimming pools, and statues to heroes here are things of beauty. A monument to San Martin in the Palermo, their lovely plaza, is an exquisite thing—so dainty and withal so spirited. Carved of the purest white marble, it stands as a glorious evidence of the honor in which this man was held.

San Martin was born on February 25, 1778, of a Creole mother and a Spanish officer, in a small mission town of the Jesuits on the Uruguay River. He went to Spain at an early age and was

given the best military training. He served in many wars before he came back to the Argentine, but this service and the liberal ideas he imbibed made him the greatest hero, perhaps, of his country. He stands in South America as Washington stands with us. He is recognized as the savior of South America and the winner of her independence. When he returned to the Argentine he spent several years drilling an army which he had formed for the purpose of invading Chile. In 1871, in a famous battle, he gave that country her independence.

The lessons he had learned while abroad made him master of his calling. He understood how to control an army. It was by great strategy and the maneuvering of his army that he gained the victory which set Chile free. Peru was then the stronghold of Spanish power in South America. Hidden behind mountains, surrounded by the desert and the ocean, she seemed impossible to subdue. Yet he felt that he must defeat the Spanish forces in Peru if he was to gain his ends. It was a difficult problem to face. He solved it by getting his army on the eastern slope of the Andes and improvising a fleet in such a way as to attack Peru from the coast. To everyone except San Martin himself it seemed a complicated scheme, but his persistence won. He had a solution for every contingency, a wise answer for every objection,

and he carried out his plans in silence and in triumph. Indeed, the independence of South America has been written in the biographies of San Martin and Bolivar.

The chief of San Martin's Chilean allies was O'Higgins. He had concentrated his forces in the Aconcagua Valley, separated from Santiago by a range of mountains. He figured that from the top of the pass he could control everything. The Spaniards, under General Marco, the Spanish governor, held the valley. San Martin got his infantry and cavalry into an abandoned road running over the summit from east to west, and through this line of protection O'Higgins started with eighteen hundred men. San Martin was waiting for his appearance on the heights above. O'Higgins saw the enemy and attacked them at once. The Spaniards were unprepared for the assault and were at a great disadvantage. However, they formed a square and for a time defended themselves bravely. But the end was inevitable, and, with half their number gone, they were obliged to break and retreat. Less than half escaped, but the patriots lost only twelve killed and a hundred and twenty wounded.

The battle of Chacabuco was decisive in the struggle between Spain and her revolting colonies. The day after this battle the Spanish governor had to flee from Santiago. Chile became and has

ever since remained independent, and in Argentina all talk of Portuguese princes and compromises with Spain ceased. The national spirit had been thoroughly aroused. South America would never again lose her independence.

The rest of San Martin's history, alas, is not so pleasant to relate. He made his old friend O'Higgins dictator of Chile, but he himself had an undying ambition and continued to fight the Spanish positions all along the coast of Peru. His friends at Buenos Aires were begging him to return and help crush their enemies, who during his absence had broken out in one of their famous revolutions. But his personal ambition in regard to the western coast made him refuse his friends' requests. He turned a deaf ear to the proposal, and Argentina considered this an affront. She never forgave him while he lived, but looked upon him as selfish for not returning to them. He offered his services to Bolivar, who refused them. It was this spectacular interview between these two men which ended San Martin's career. He offered no complaint of Bolivar's rejection of his offer, although it cut him deeply, but gave up the army and the dictatorship of Peru, which he had held for seven years. He knew that he was no longer in favor in Argentina, yet he submitted in silence to the reproach of cowardice rather than discuss the treatment he had received from the hands of

his friends. He preferred to sacrifice home, honors, and money, even reputation itself, rather than jeopardize the independence of his country. He went to Paris, and to the generosity of a Spaniard, who was not even his own countryman, he was indebted to some comforts in his last days. He died in 1850, of an aneurism of the heart, at the age of seventy-two. Later on South America learned to appreciate his worth. They brought back his remains and have since held them sacred. Chile and the Argentine have erected statues to his memory, as has also Peru. He stands a great and pathetic figure in the history of South America.

CHAPTER XXIX

BUENOS AIRES

SENOR ALDAO'S beautiful white marble palace in Buenos Aires, facing Palermo Park, is a good type of the well-to-do family home. Its spacious rooms, filled with rare and costly furniture, pictures, silver, bric-a-brac, were tasteful and delightful to the eye. Nearly every room opened off into a screened balcony with awnings, potted plants, rare ferns, and flowers. These screened porches were as much a part of the rooms, especially the bedrooms, as were the luxurious private baths. The house itself is enormous and covers a great deal of ground in the most fashionable part of the city. We considered it a privilege to be entertained and enjoy the hospitality of the generous occupants of this home.

Though Señor Aldao was a very busy man, and had been so ever since at twenty-six he was made Minister of Finance in Buenos Aires, he gave us much of his time. His title of Doctor was bestowed upon him because of his reputation as a distinguished lawyer. A man in his early fifties now he is one of the most illustrious men of

his country. His reputation for honesty and integrity, as well as for ability, causes him to be constantly consulted in matters of government, and he has more than once been selected by the president to represent his country when important things demanded discussion at Washington. He knew many of our eminent statesmen in the United States, and spoke English perfectly, as did all his family. We had had the pleasure of making his acquaintance in our own country, and we appreciated the fact that a man who had to make appointments weeks ahead should spend so many hours with us while we were in Buenos Aires. His charming wife, daughters, and sons added much to the pleasure of our stay, and the delightful luncheons, dinners, and excursions we had together will stand out in our memory as our happiest and brightest moments in their country.

Buenos Aires struck us as being thoroughly alive in all respects. The motto of the western coast — *mañana* — does not exist there. The public buildings impress one forcibly. The new Colon Theater, recently erected at great expense, is superb. Their School of Medicine, Court of Justice, Palace of Fine Arts, and their famous cathedral with its electric lights queerly twined about the pillars, all show that the people are not niggardly in spending money to beautify their city. The Avenida de Mayo is one of their finest



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

THE CAPITOL, BUENOS AIRES



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CATHEDRAL, BUENOS AIRES

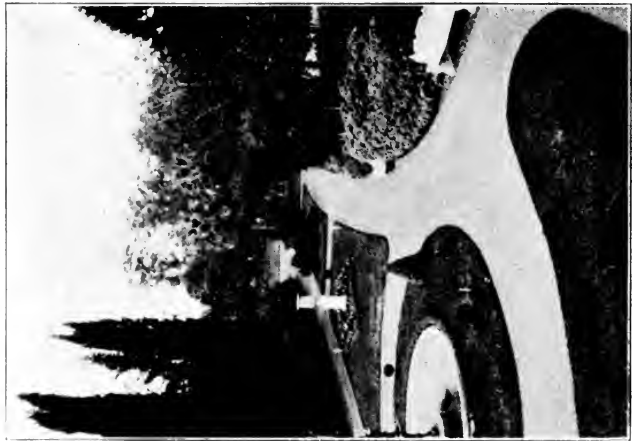


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

VISTA IN AN ARGENTINIAN ESTANCIA

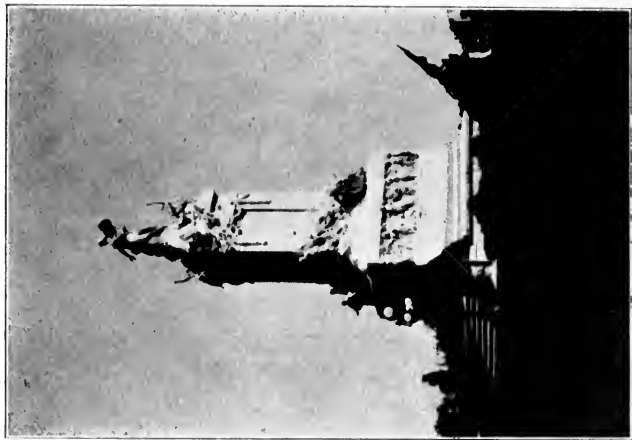


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

MARBLE SPANISH MONUMENT, BUENOS AIRES

streets, planted with long rows of trees and containing many beautiful residences. The Avenida de Florida is much narrower and is their principal shopping street. It is so crowded from five to seven in the evening that no vehicles are permitted to enter it. Here, as in all other parts of South America, from eleven until two the *siesta* is taken, and business men work from three in the afternoon until eight. Invitations for dinner are always for nine or nine-thirty. I was sufficiently curious to ask what they did during the opera season, and was told that the opera never began before nine-thirty and that a hurried dinner served at a quarter to nine enabled the fashionables to enter at the beginning of the performance, which was seldom before a quarter to ten.

We tried to accustom ourselves to this Parisian mode of life, but as three of my servants in the United States who have been with me for twenty years regard my dinner hour (a quarter to seven) as unreasonably late, it was hard to get broken in. I remember one night in particular, after a delightful dinner at the hotel with some New York friends, we left the dining-room at eleven o'clock. As we passed through into the reception-room a fashionable young blood whom we knew, approached one of our guests and said to him, "What are you going to do this evening?" I remarked upon the lateness of the hour and was

told by this young man that nobody there began his evening until after eleven at night! My blank look must have been a surprise to him.

Their Jockey Club, both in the city and on the outskirts where the races are held, is world-famed. Its waiting list is long, and its entrance fee of fifteen hundred dollars gives them so much money that they do not know how to use it. The city edifice is probably the finest club in the world. Among other attractions it possesses a famous statue of Diana. The club in the outskirts of the city has a spacious promenade in front of the seats, is filled with pretty tea tables where beautifully dressed women accompanied by their *caballeros* sit and enjoy their afternoon beverage. Everybody bets on the races. The youngest girl is just as excited as the oldest man. It is all very gay and informal and really is a wonderful place to see the best society of the city. The track is one of the finest in any country. The grand-stand is very attractive, constructed of stone, concrete, and tile.

Near Palermo Park is the Ice Palace. It never freezes in South America, of course, but they make the ice electrically and the people enjoy the skating very much. We did not see the palace in operation, as it is used only in winter, and we were there in April, their early fall. It must be interesting to see people wrapped in furs skating in a climate where it never freezes!

The Cathedral of Buenos Aires is considered one of their most imposing buildings. The ornate pillars with Corinthian style of decoration running across the whole of the front make a showy façade. In this church is the tomb of San Martin. All the pillars are electrically lighted and the effect is dazzling.

In the heart of the city the Calle Florida is the fashionable promenade. It is but ten blocks long, has excellent shops, but no street cars. It contains a few fine residences which look very odd in the midst of the shopping district, but originally it was a beautiful residence street, and a few of the old-timers have refused to move away. They have walled in their stately homes so that the interior of their balconies and roof gardens cannot be seen from the street. Thus they have insured their own privacy, but it was queer to see these cream-colored stone walls rising a full story from the street.

Like the other cities, Buenos Aires has honored the memory of her heroes in the names of the streets and in artistic statuary. We enjoyed the museum, which contains many interesting things. The house of the president is known as the Pink House, just as our own is called the White House. It is a magnificent building, tastefully furnished, and containing every modern comfort. The present president, however, does not occupy it.

He is very modest in his tastes and uses it only for official business. His own residence is a very unassuming little home.

The Zoological Gardens are wonderfully interesting. The house of the zebus fascinated us for quite a while. They have many and remarkable specimens of animals and some beautifully colored zebras. I never see one of the latter without thinking of the story of the little boy who was taken to the circus for the first time. He was greatly interested, of course, in everything that he saw, but at first glance at the zebra he turned to his mother and exclaimed enthusiastically, "O Mother, look at the mule in its bathing suit!" We saw many mules here in beautiful bathing suits.

The visitor to Buenos Aires should not fail to take an excursion to El Tigre, the fashionable summer and boating resort. This pretty little place at the juncture of the Tigre and La Plata rivers is a joy to see. Many small islands with trees, gardens, and picturesque houses are seen, and on the shore are pretty hotels where there is music and other attractions. The wealthy fashionables of Buenos Aires lounge about or dance in the evening. There is also the Mar del Plata, which is the Newport of South America. This is a more exclusive place, about two hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Aires. Here one finds a

veritable city of ten thousand or more inhabitants, with fine boulevards, splendid *chalets*, casino, theaters, golf courses, and fine bathing equipment.

CHAPTER XXX

ESTANCIAS

WHEN we left home there was one spot which we were determined not to miss. No matter whatever else we had to forego, we meant to see Iguassu Falls. But alas for our plans! Here in Buenos Aires, only a paltry thousand miles from this spot, we realized that we would have to curtail our trip. Should war be declared by our own country, which was now not a possibility but a probability, we should wish to return immediately, of course. Reluctantly, therefore, we abandoned this long-cherished wish until some more auspicious date. These falls are the greatest in the world. They are larger than Niagara, fifty feet higher, and contain much more water. In order to reach them one goes up the Paraná River as far as possible, then finishes the journey on horseback. It is a hard and tiresome trip, but all who have taken it assure one that it is well worth while. The falls lie partly in Brazil and partly in Argentina, in the midst of primeval tropical forest. The water leaps from tremendous heights, over masses of rock, and presents a gorgeous view. Showers

of spray form glorious rainbows, and the roar of the falls can be heard for miles. Our great Niagara suffers in comparison, as it lacks the magical beauty of the tropical surroundings. The Argentine government is fully alive to the value of this wonderful show place so near, and is planning for the development here of a national park, knowing well that travelers from Europe and America will flock to see it just as soon as they can be made comfortable there.

The women of Argentina are famous for their beauty, but they take on flesh at an early age. Still, they are certainly "easy to the eye," and the men no less so. We were filled with longing to linger in Buenos Aires, but a short ten days was all we could give. We spent one day on one of the famous bull and sheep farms where sixty prize bulls were shown us. We had the unique experience of having a whole sheep roasted on a spit in the open, before the hot coals, and later served to us at luncheon. We felt that we were fortunate in receiving an invitation to visit this *estancia*. The owner possessed an almost countless herd of cattle and was accounted one of the most influential and the wealthiest men in Argentina. It had been our good fortune to meet Señor Pereda out in the far western part of Canada, where he was traveling with his daughter and son, both grown, and a friend of the daughter. He spent a year in

America, studying the large stock farms (from some of which he selected fine bulls) and taking notes on their methods, in case he desired any improvements when he returned home. We often heard through others of his splendid methods of caring for his prize cattle and sheep. We were shown much that was of interest to us on this *estancia* which he had chosen for his home during the summer. Señor Pereda's wife was a woman of delightful personality and strengthened the friendship we already felt for them. She was a skilled musician, spoke many languages, and, with all her wealth, was simple and unaffected, as were also the other members of her family.

We wandered over the beautiful gardens and fields and enjoyed the novelty, nowadays, of being driven in a four-in-hand by Señorita Pereda over their vast acres. Because hitherto, as the whole world seems to do, we had been flying from place to place in swift-speeding motor cars. This handsome turn-out was her own possession, and spirited as the animals were (they had to be held by two men while they were standing), they were not at all ugly after she took the reins. We went at a lively gait across the country. Owing to the fact that this *estancia* is so near Buenos Aires, it is especially valuable. All land here is valuable, and although the cattle and sheep raising farms



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

AN ARGENTINIAN ESTANCIA

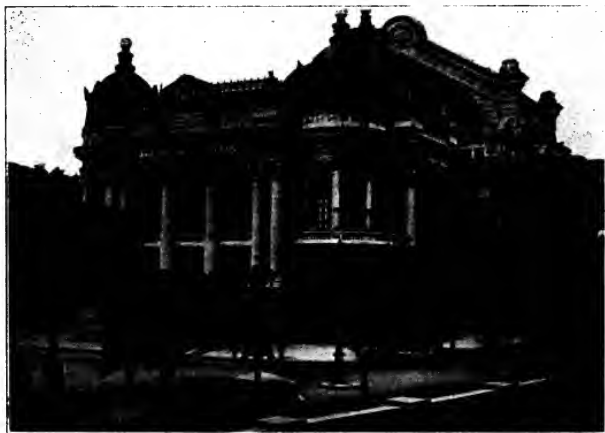


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

MUNICIPAL THEATER, SANTOS, BRAZIL



are scattered over the country, this one, because of its proximity, was the richest. It gave us pleasure to know that our friends possessed it and that we could have the opportunity of spending a day with them. Our time was becoming limited, however; so reluctantly we were off, with a promise to return on the homeward trip.

One of the great sights of Buenos Aires is the docks, magnificent and well built. To us, one of the most agreeable experiences on the Atlantic side of South America was the fact that a steamer *could* dock! The horrible way of landing on the western coast had been a great trial, and in spite of our determination not to be nervous about it, we could not help feeling that the *fletero* in his tiny craft was by no means a safe way of landing passengers from an ocean vessel which lay a mile or more out at sea. Therefore these fine docks at Buenos Aires, Santos, and Rio de Janeiro were certainly welcome sights.

The docks of Buenos Aires cost over fifty millions, and the numerous basins of this vast dock system amaze and thrill the stranger. Row after row of massive masonry and cement wharves confront him; behind them is spread a network of railway lines. In the background are public gardens filled with flowers and statuary to beautify the approach to the city. Everything to please the eye has been done to attract the stranger and to

impress him with the fact he is about to enter a cleanly, progressive and very busy city.

We experienced the usual red tape when we boarded the steamer to leave. Government officers interviewed every passenger, and here we came face to face with an ironclad rule. No gold could be taken out of Argentina! No matter how or where you got it, it had to be given up—of course, in exchange for their money. We had been warned on leaving home that there might be times in the interior when it would be advisable to have gold, so this was a moment of consternation to us. My husband had been carrying in a small bag three hundred dollars in good American gold, brought from Chicago and carefully hoarded against some possible contingency. He did not intend to give it up. But the law was strict and no exceptions are made. If one brings gold into Argentina it belongs to the country. But my husband comes of a fighting race, and he is not a coward. I don't know how the other passengers managed, nor do I know *what* he did! But he did not give up his gold! He carried it safely back to Chicago, untouched.

CHAPTER XXXI

MONTEVIDEO

WE STEAMED away from Buenos Aires gay and happy, little dreaming that we should soon return with the knowledge of the war brought to our own doors. It is well for us that we know not what a day may bring forth. A night of sailing down the River Plate, which in spite of its beautiful nickname (the Silver River) is a muddy shallow stream, brought us to Montevideo, in Uruguay. This city has nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants, many charming homes, and is a great resort for the people of Buenos Aires. A wonderful bathing beach and an enormous hotel, magnificently equipped, are among the attractions. There are good stores, pretty plazas, and wide streets.

As a place of residence it must be most attractive. It has a fine old cathedral with very high towers, the interiors and decorations quite worth a visit. It has a splendid theater, and it is said that the people here are unusually fond of the drama and that over two thousand performances are given yearly. The university and museum are

very grand buildings, the former containing much that is of interest. The parks and watering places reveal that life in Montevideo is much in the open. The city boasts a fine hotel, the Parque, so named because it adjoins the park. It was erected in 1909, at a cost of nearly a million dollars, and is most luxurious in its appointments. Its salons, dining-room, and casino are exceptionally attractive, and it is a favorite resort of many of the fashionables of both Argentina and Uruguay. The seashore in front has many fine bathing houses *on wheels*. These are drawn by horses into the water so that the bathers need not be seen if they do not desire. We spent but one day in Montevideo, taking the steamer here for the five days' journey to Rio de Janeiro.

We had taken a neutral ship, a Spanish one. Our country was not yet actually in the war. Later we certainly regretted the taking of this ship. It was not large and was crowded to the guards with two thousand steerage passengers and about three hundred first-class. After getting well out to sea we discovered that our lifeboats would hold only about four hundred. In view of this discovery, the fact that the service was good and that they served us champagne at dinner without extra charge weighed very little. These could not possibly repay us for the anxiety of that voyage. A boat of this same line, the

Prince of the Asturias, had gone down off the coast of Brazil only a short time before with a similar crowd and nearly everybody on board was lost. Needless to say, we were unaware of all this when we took the last vacant first-class cabin. We had a rough trip. The boat pitched horribly, and many times while standing on the upper deck I got thoroughly soaked by a passing wave. I am not the bravest person on earth at sea, anyway, and under these circumstances I confess that I was most unhappy all of the time. The steerage passengers, almost without exception, were ill, and the steamer was so constructed that they were visible all the time to the first-class passengers. I think neither of us will ever forget this voyage.

As I have said before, however, we ourselves were good sailors. We never missed a meal or had a twinge of seasickness. The sight of several wrecked vessels off the coast of Brazil did not add any pleasure to the experience, as we could not but realize that in case of accident we should have little show. The steerage passengers were the men of whom I have already spoken who come annually from Italy to work in Argentina. They bring their entire families and stay six months, during which time they make enough money to take them back and live the other six months in Italy. They carry everything to and fro. On the way up to Rio a very much blondined French girl often came

and sat by me. I did not care for her appearance, but everybody talks on shipboard. When she was not surrounded by a dozen or so of men, she amused herself by giving me much unasked-for information in regard to our fellow-travelers.

At Santos, where we stopped for a few hours, we had an experience. Officers boarded the boat and arrested six of our table companions, three men and three women. They had sat with us since leaving Montevideo, and apparently were perfect strangers to each other. They never spoke or once, by any sign, conveyed the impression that they had ever seen each other before. There was not a little excitement, therefore, when they were confined to their cabins. Not a soul was permitted to speak to them; they were strictly guarded, and would be jailed as soon as we reached Rio. One was a very beautiful girl. The other women were attractive, too. But the girl was so innocent looking she would have been the last person on earth I should have suspected of anything wrong. The three men, however, looked their part. I should not have been surprised if they had scuttled our ship! They were said to have been conspirators, engaged in a deep-laid plot which reached as far as the war of the United States. In any case, the sight of those six empty chairs at meal time furnished a topic of conversation during the rest of the voyage. We discussed them in every language,

except English! When we reached Rio they were taken off the ship, but after that we heard nothing.

One of the women said to me: "*En su modo de presentarse, se nota un no se de repugnante,*" or as we might say: "It's their way of doing, not themselves that is so intolerable." She added: "*Que hombre tan insoportable, no tiene la menor idea de finura. Su lengua es el mas extravagante y ofensiva. Hay cierta baje en todo lo que el hace.*" Which means "When people become so unbearable, there is nothing to do but to finish them. Their tongues were the most extravagant and offensive. That is certainly the cause of everything that has taken place."

CHAPTER XXXII

BRAZIL

IF THE length and breadth of a country, and a variety of resources count for anything, then Brazil should be considered the greatest country of South America. It occupies about thirty-three per cent of the whole continent and was peopled by a single nation. There are many colonies of Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, but the Portuguese are recognized as having been the pioneers of the country and much of the activity and progress has been due to them. The resources of this country are enormous, inexhaustible. Though many of them are in operation, the country is so extensive that it may be said to be yet practically unopened. When one considers the tremendous wealth lying along the mighty rivers which flow through impenetrable forests out to the ocean—forests which no white man has yet entered and where the primitive Indian is just as he was when the Portuguese first landed on their shores, one may well regard this as an unexplored country.

The early Portuguese navigators discovered Brazil. The celebrated Amerigo Vespucci was

one of them. He was enthusiastic over the loveliness he found here and called it an earthly paradise. He talked of it so much that other explorers began to touch upon these shores. This made Portugal jealous and she started to protect her rights. In 1527 she established a garrison in her own interests. But the French and English attacked her and she was obliged to fight hard to retain what she had. However, in spite of her losses and many struggles, she managed to maintain her right of discovery. The country was so vast that they made most of their settlements on the coast rather than the interior, which, even in those early days, they feared for its deadly diseases and savage natives.

Brazil shared with the other countries the ravages of rapacious traders, who demanded and took from the poor savages all they could lay hands on. Right here let me say that it was the Jesuits who by their courage and ability checked this evil. They built churches, founded schools and taught the Indians agriculture. It was their zeal alone which made it possible for Brazil to continue to exist. The priests suffered persecution, privation, and unheard-of torture. But they persisted in their work for the love of humanity. To them, more than to any other people, Brazil owes what she is today.

For a while French rule threatened Brazil, and

the Dutch also tried to get in. But both these suns rose and set. The doglike perseverance of the Portuguese won. Brazil's progress was not very swift, but it was sure. There were abundant signs of the spirit of improvement in the country which had established itself in the hearts of the Brazilians. Old Dom Pedro was one of their leaders, and, although he did things in a rather high-handed way, his efforts were evidently appreciated. He was rewarded by being made Emperor, and was really a dashing monarch. But his ambition got him into trouble. By 1831 he had mixed things up to such an extent that he was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, Dom Pedro II. Even then things did not run smoothly. Civil wars broke out and distracted the country. The planters and slave owners made much trouble. The people were for doing away with the slave system. When the young Emperor was but fifteen, the old Dom Pedro, recognizing the power of the forces arrayed against him, wrote a letter telling the people that though he had a heart full of affection for his country he had decided to leave it. He wished them great prosperity, but he felt that after half a century in which he had tried to discharge his duties faithfully it was better for him to go, so set out with his family to Europe. It was a rather pathetic end, but he did the only sensible thing left. That the people loved him

is unquestionable, and many notable reminders of this famous leader are scattered throughout the country.

To Dom Pedro II Brazil owes much. He was a courteous and kindly man in private and a dignified and patriotic one in public life. Yet these very characteristics finally led to his undoing. He did not like ostentation. His tastes were literary. He was fond of foreign travel and took great interest in all questions of the day. He had a profound admiration for the United States and often spoke with enthusiasm of us, regretting that his country was not yet able to grasp some of our great ideas. He loved to roam about his own country unattended, talking to any man he chanced to meet. In contrast to his manner was that of his daughter, the Princess Isabel. She was the reverse of her father, haughty, reserved in manner, and her cold demeanor in public made her very unpopular. Her husband was equally disliked. For many years the people tolerated them because of their love for the old Emperor. But, as the latter's influence lessened, their dislike of the Princess and her husband became an open secret. A political outbreak due to this cost the Emperor his throne. Dom Pedro made many visits to Europe, sometimes in the public interest, but often for the mere love of travel. His daughter was regent in his absence. She had often

differed from him in policy, and during these intervals would deliberately undo what he himself had done. Her ministers warned her that this was unwise, but she did not heed them, and in her decision to abolish slavery at once she forced the issue. Her father had always believed in it, but he thought a gradual abolishment the wiser plan.

When the old Emperor returned to Rio in 1888 he was given a glorious reception, which evidenced the personal love in which he was held. But a great deal of this ceremony was on the surface. The people were discontented and he soon saw that his interests had weakened. The powerful group of plantation proprietors made no concealment of the way they felt. They interested certain of the army officers and secretly set about to depose the Emperor. The latter was living in the palace at Petropolis. One evening some festivities were going on when an escort entered and asked him to surrender his crown. A struggle followed and some blood was shed. It was at this time the Emperor realized that it was best for him to abdicate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

RIO DE JANERIO

IN MY humble judgment, Rio de Janerio is the loveliest spot on earth. The city lies in a land-locked gulf, about eighteen miles long and from four to eleven miles wide. One enters through a channel in the ocean. On all sides are promontories containing forts. Bold and beautiful stony islands and high hills are passed. The city runs along the shore for several miles and the slopes behind are one mass of that exquisite tropical green of Brazil. The regular coast line shows the city level in front, but climbing the hill it slopes over the mountains. Rio is hemmed in by mountains and bays. We had seen Naples and Honolulu, and many of the other famous harbors of the world. But they all seem insignificant beside this one. The glory of the mountains rising from the sea and covered with brilliant green is startling. Here the cliffs seem a part of the city.

Two strange formations stand out boldly, the Pan de Azucar (Sugar Loaf), a gray cone of bare rock, severe in line and lying against the deep blue

of the sky, and Corcovado, higher still, standing over two thousand feet in the air. These two peaks catch the eye immediately. We were fortunate in landing in a flood of sunshine from a sea of brilliant blue, making doubly interesting the view of the equally beautiful city we were approaching. Except for these two bare mountains the others are all green. Once ashore we were bewildered by the profusion of strange flowers—wonderful orchids growing in the streets. It is impossible for one to exaggerate the surroundings which nature has given to Rio. How a painter must revel in its strange beauty!

The palm we had become accustomed to in our travels, but here it seemed a different tree. Whole forests of them abound. We chose the Hotel Estrangeiros here for sentimental reasons. Our daughter had once been here as the guest of her room-mate at school, Miss Catherine Barker, now Mrs. Howard Spaulding, of Chicago. We saw all that Rio had to offer, from the botanical gardens to every pretty suburb. The gardens contain innumerable wonders of flora and have long been famous for the avenues of royal palms, each a hundred feet high, grown from one seed in the days when the King of Portugal had his court here. We were shown the first of the palms, planted in 1808. It is a giant tree and is now carefully protected by an iron fence. In addition

to these immense trees there are many interesting plants and curious fruits growing here. Large melons, queer, pear-shaped things, grow from the center of the trunk of a tree and look very odd. The coffee and tea trees, too, are large and interesting. Here we saw for the first time the giant bamboo, a monster tree, over a foot in diameter and different from the ordinary bamboo. There was a veritable wilderness of flowers, all in brilliant colors—yellows, purples, and scarlets, and many flowering vines. All this beauty was bathed in a vaporous sort of sunshine, for there is here frequently a fine mist in the air.

The palace formerly occupied by Dom Pedro II is now the Museum. It is called Boa Vista. Superb is the view from this building! What a site for a home! Palm-covered mountains and green valleys, and beyond them—always the blue ocean! The interior of the Museum is well worth seeing. We saw an enormous meteorite, the largest one we had ever seen, one side beautifully polished and as white as the purest silver. There were also specimens of the exquisite weaving of the Brazilian Indians. Some of their small hammocks are the most beautiful things one can imagine and their feather-work is unusually good. Their mummies, preserved fish, etc., are also excellent specimens.

Rio has been called the City of Paradise, and

surrounded by its eternal hills, covered with lively green, its concentrated splendor of light and shadows, its wild beauty of rich growing wilderness, its tropical greenery, it well deserves its name. Its shores and mountain slopes possess attractions of which one can never tire. The beautiful *esplanade*, Avenida Beira Mar, running out to Botogogo, on one side of the city, is one of their show places. The Avenida Rio Branco is claimed by the Brazilians to be the most beautiful street in the world. It contains every style of architecture, Italian, Moorish, Gothic, and it has mosaic sidewalks and beautiful shade trees. It is always filled with fast-running automobiles and fashionably dressed women. But to me the Beira Mar was more enchanting. This curves all around the beautiful bay and in sight of the blue waters of the ocean we could sit in a pretty park and look up at the splendid heights of Sugar Loaf and Corcovado. One sits enthralled in such places as this where Nature has been so generous. Along the Beira Mar were trees which had great bunches of yellow blooms which, except for the color, were like the wistaria. Others had a scarlet bloom, and some were white and pink. Orchids, begonias, and other flowers, the names of which I did not know, were at our very feet, and lovely villas and gardens dotted the bay. Mosses, ferns, trickling waters, narrow paths, and sudden

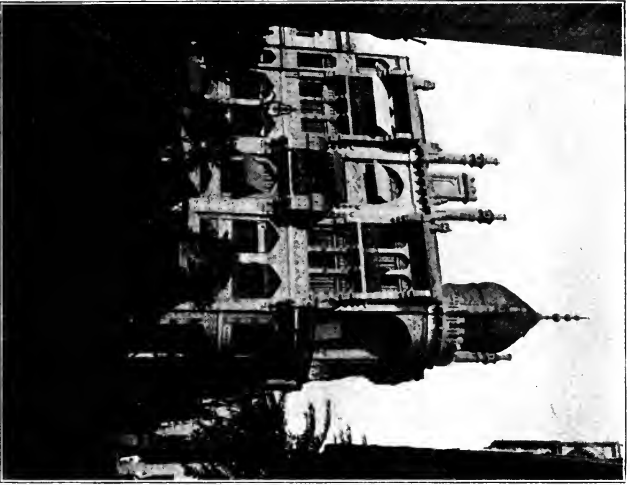


Photo by Carter H. Harrison

RESTAURANT IN RIO DE JANEIRO



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

CATHEDRAL, RIO DE JANEIRO



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

BOTANICAL GARDENS, RIO DE JANEIRO

glimpses of the glancing water of the bay were enchanting, and this was but one of the spots from which such views could be obtained. Not far from the hotel where we were staying was a splendid avenue of royal palms which led to the residence of the president. Indeed, almost every street in this beautiful city is worth wandering through, and from each of them one sees the everlasting background—the magnificent, tropical-green-covered mountains. The Municipal Theater is very much like the Opera House in Paris. It has an enormous stage, perfectly equipped dressing-rooms, is beautifully decorated, and said to have only one rival in South America. This is the theater at Sao Paulo.

The street Ouvidor, which, though it now bears another name, is still called by the old one, contains the best shops. Brazilian diamonds here are celebrated for their beauty. Nowhere in the world may one see finer specimens than these wonderful stones. None more beautiful are to be found on earth. Clear, glistening like the purest water, they are bright as stars. I knew perfectly well that my pocket-book did not admit of much indulgence along this line, also that I already had enough to satisfy the ordinary woman, but I was mad to purchase some. In Rio the diamond shops are truly wonderful. Not even Tiffany's in our own New York can outshine them. The Ouvidor

is simply lined with these shops and the gems are most alluring. Neither are they as expensive as those of our own country. Still, the diamond is not a cheap stone anywhere and those I wished to purchase ran into the thousands. My usually indulgent husband looked black as thunder when I lingered about the shops in which I had decided to purchase. He felt that war time was not the time to indulge in such frivolity. I am ashamed to admit that I was hard to dissuade. I was simply obsessed on the subject of buying diamonds. However, at last I reluctantly listened to reason and many times since have congratulated myself. The fact that I was a *reasonable woman* and that my purse was not utterly depleted by this extravagance enabled me to contribute my quota to the war fund, which everyone should feel to be an absolute duty.

The Brazilians are said to be an impetuous race, but they are certainly courteous and they inherit from their Latin ancestors the gift of fluent speech. They are devoted to all art, and especially music. They consider the education of their young people incomplete unless some branch of the latter art has been mastered.

The tremendous wealth of Brazil is well displayed in Rio. All the politicians and governors of this vast territory gather here in the capital. They have majestic homes and live extrava-

gantly, but they strive to make their city a worthy setting for themselves. Their streets are the finest in the world, and when they desire a thing they spare no money in carrying out their plans. The natural beauty of the setting about them makes accomplishment easy. Fountains and arbors, rustic bridges and palms, clumps of bamboo and an infinite variety of ferns make landscape gardening a joy. Beautiful birds flying through the trees, the most gorgeously colored humming birds one ever saw, enormous butterflies of brilliant color, which rise so high in the air that they are sometimes mistaken for birds, brilliant sunlight bathing everything in a golden light—these are only a few of the fascinations of this place.

There is a lovely church here called the Candelaria. It contains hundreds of candlesticks and is known as the richest church in South America. It stands on a little side street facing the bay. It has a beautiful ceiling of mosaic decorations, some excellent paintings by Brazilian artists, fine marble columns, wonderful old silver and solid tables.

On the top of one of the hills there is a fine old Benedictine Monastery entered by a large gateway at the bottom of a flight of stone steps. It was built in 1591 and was injured during the French invasion and by fire! But it has been well restored. It maintains a school for boys, and many distinguished men have received their edu-

cation there. The order is wealthy and owns much valuable property in the city. From the hill-top we had a very beautiful view, embracing the many little islands dotting the ocean.

One of the most interesting and conspicuous buildings is the Monroe Palace. It fronts the sea and is open on all sides. This was reproduced at the St. Louis Exposition and served as the Brazilian headquarters. Here, in 1906, the second Pan-American Congress was held. It is the most ornate of any of the buildings on the *avenida* and certainly one of the most attractive. One side faces the Passeio Publico, one of the oldest gardens of Rio (founded in 1783), and has vegetation in it a hundred and thirty years old. It has a little aquarium containing thirty-five different species of fish—flying fish, feather fish, moon fish, sea horses, crabs, turtles, and many kinds of lobsters.

I have already spoken of the many varieties of trees which grow in the streets. One particularly gorgeous variety is called the *Flor de Guaresma*. It literally covers the mountain sides and its royal purple is exquisite. There is also an especially brilliant tree resembling the Royal Ponciana, with a feathery scarlet bloom. The cactus here is from thirty to forty feet high and is large in proportion. The giant bamboos meet overhead and when trimmed form little houses for tea drinkers.

Under these trees the people sit lazily, or play cards, or dance. But why go on? One can never tell all that he sees here in the line of wonderful vegetation.

In walking through Rio I often thought of an incident connected with our daughter's visit. When she was in South America I read in the newspapers of a revolution in Brazil. My husband was ill and could not be consulted. In a mother's frantic anxiety I unhesitatingly telegraphed my fears to a friend in Washington, Hon. William J. Bryan, then Secretary of State. Never can I forget his kindness. He thoroughly investigated the report and soon allayed my fears by letting me know that the revolution was one thousand miles from Rio, the destination to which my daughter was headed. He added that the embassy had been notified to care for the little party on its arrival. To show this attention, however, it was necessary to locate the ship on which they were traveling, a bit of news I had failed to impart. Therefore, as we learned later on, when we reached Rio ourselves, each incoming steamer from Buenos Aires was met and Miss Harrison was paged. Their consternation on hearing the name megaphoned may be imagined. The momentary embarrassment was soon forgotten in the courtesy and cordiality of the embassy. My husband, when he learned of the incident, congratu-

lated me that I had not wired the President of the United States.

Rio's streets are beautifully paved with asphalt and in this city the automobile is a dangerous thing. I have never seen so many nor have I ever seen such swift and reckless driving. One takes his life in his hands when he enters a public vehicle and many a time I walked when a street car was not available, rather than get into a public conveyance. They run at break-neck speed.

The ride out to Petropolis was one that we were anxious to take, as we knew it to be a beautiful one. The climb is swift and very high. Our train was broken into three sections, each having two engines. Ten per cent grade is this climb. The steepest grade in North America is two per cent. We had some wonderful scenery, of course, but it was not a perfect day for such a trip. There were many clouds, and, although we saw the ocean and the panorama between, the famous view was not so clear because of the fine mist. Still, we were fortunate to see it at all, as at this time of the year the fogs often shut it off altogether.

In Petropolis the wealthy of Rio have their summer homes, as do all the foreign ambassadors. As has been said, it was here that Dom Pedro received the first intimation that his people were tired of him and wished him to abdicate. Right through the center of this pretty city runs



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

AVENIDA CENTRAL, RIO DE JANEIRO



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

MUNICIPAL THEATER, RIO DE JANEIRO



a clear mountain stream, a canal. All the streets have beautiful avenues of palms and other trees. We motored to Cascatinha, where there are some *algodón* (cotton) mills. The winding ride up and around the mountains was indescribably beautiful—my husband thought the prettiest we had ever seen. But I was not so sure. I remembered a similar one in Honolulu which had thrilled me, and it came back to me persistently on this day. I could not say that anything in the world could ever excel that. On both of them, however, I was equally terrified, for the terrible curves seemed blood-curdling on the edges of the precipices. Had the machine slipped a foot it would have been all over for us. To my mind it was a little too thrilling to be thoroughly enjoyable. Many times we could see four repetitions of the road zig-zagging below us. Still, the views of the valley lying between the ranges was overpowering and in spite of my fears I was glad to be there.

One has no doubt there that he is in the tropics. The heat is intense. As usual, we went into ecstasies over the vegetation. It is so unlike anything one sees elsewhere that it is difficult to restrain one's enthusiasm.

After we reached Petropolis we left the motor and walked about the streets. It was here that we had a funny experience. Before we started on our journey and every spare moment on shipboard

we studied Spanish, and both had made considerable progress. My husband had either more brains or more perseverance than I. I try to comfort myself with the thought that he possesses only one of these qualities, but deep down in my heart I think he has both! At any rate he had been interviewed by reporters, had made all arrangements for baggage and hotels and had really made quite a clever showing in the language which we both had determined to master. We had occasionally proudly discussed the fact that we had never failed to make ourselves understood. But on this day in charming Petropolis we forgot Spanish would be of no use—we needed Portuguese. We wandered about and succeeded in getting lost! When we discovered the fact we had just time to get our train back to Rio. We proceeded to ask in our very best Spanish, French, German, and English for the direction to the station. Quite a crowd gathered about us, interested, I presume, in the many languages we were making use of. But no one answered our questions. At last my husband said in despair, "Well, we shall lose our train, all we can do now is to wander about until we strike a motor or find the station by accident."

I was not so easily discouraged, however.. I put my woman's wits to work. I smiled at him serenely and said, "Don't give up yet. I'll get

you the direction to that station in five seconds." And I did! It was simple enough. I began running back and forth, puffing and chou-chouing like an engine! My husband looked utterly disgusted. The crowd roared, but they pointed the way to the station and we caught our train!

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE TIJUCA JUNGLE

WE RETURNED to Rio that night and I had the experience of lying awake till dawn listening to what I thought was a wretched little dog across the street whining all night. In spite of the fact that I knew no Portuguese I managed next morning by signs and gesticulations to interview some of the servants of the palace across from our hotel. I hoped by crossing their palms to have the dog removed to another part of the house for the rest of the time I was to stay. What was my surprise to learn that the dog was a *gatico*—a tiny little cat. It seemed so diminutive, so attractive in appearance, I could hardly believe it had uttered such moans of despair as to disturb the whole neighborhood during the previous night.

Of course we climbed the Corcovado, as every one does. Steep as it is, we went up a cog road with no danger attached. The views are many and glorious. The rocky islands, the mountains rolling away like billows, and the blue ocean lay beneath us. The splendidly laid-out city stretched

like a large map was at our feet. All the buildings were recognizable and the great ditch was a silver ribbon across the town. This ditch was once a sluggish stream breeding miasma. Illness was on both sides, but a wise government opened it so that the waters from the ocean now sweep in, cleansing and purifying it, making a splendid canal.

With some very charming New York friends, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, we made the motor trip through the Tijuca jungle. We chose a fine day and shall ever look back upon this as one of the finest experiences we ever had. The contrast between this actual jungle and the towns and bays we had skirted was most noticeable. The road ran right through, under giant bamboo trees which laced above our heads. Curves, curves, curves! Sometimes the curve was scarcely the length of the motor, but the view of mountains and valleys repaid us. This also was a favorite ride of Dom Pedro, although he never took it in its entirety as we did. The spot was marked where the Emperor came almost daily for a meal, and we sat at the Emperor's table and gloried in the view below. They have now cut through the jungle, and we often stopped, got out and wandered along where ferns and orchids grew riotously and streams of water fell through the rocks. All of these places where one may alight are carefully

prepared. It would be dangerous to get off of the beaten track because of the snakes and deadly insects which live in the jungle. Thousands of sweet-smelling white lilies perfume the air and enormous blue butterflies hover over them. Endless was the variety of ferns and flowering trees. There were peaks to be climbed where had the car swerved we should have been dashed to the depths below. In places on either side of the road the jungle was impenetrable. In the trees were jabbering monkeys and brilliantly colored birds.

Higher and higher we ascended until the summit was reached. Along the road we saw evidences that it was the favorite drive of the Emperor, for there were many indications of the manner in which he took his holidays there, lunching, dining, enjoying the beauty which this ride through the jungle affords.

Brazil is fertile and luxuriant in its production of life, not only plant life, which reveals every tropical growth, but of animal life as well. It is deplorable that so much of its insect life is deadly. The reptiles are, of course, death-dealing. In Sao Paulo we became intensely interested in a farm hospital for snakes at a suburb called Butantan. Every species of the hideous things is kept there enclosed in beautiful grounds and the government is doing a wonderful work in making serums as antidotes for their poisonous bites. A tiny snake called the

coralline, only a few inches long, is more deadly than the cobra. Many of the beautiful insects, also, are so poisonous as to produce death. One is constantly warned to avoid bites of all kinds and to consult a physician instantly in case of a bite from even the most harmless looking creature.

I was deeply interested in the gorgeous blue butterflies, of which I have spoken, and I saw many. Often I tried to catch one, but never succeeded. One day, however, I found a dead one which I picked up and examined. I was told later that I should not have touched it—that the deadliest thing in all Brazil is a grayish-brown butterfly which lives in the eucalyptus trees. Its sting means death in eight hours, and no one has ever been known to escape after having been poisoned by it. Think of it! Yet I was unable to learn that any particular effort was being made to exterminate these. They seldom leave the trees on which they live.

For days my husband had been hoping for a suitable morning on which to ascend Sugar Loaf. For the same number of days I had been praying that such a morning would not come! The view from Corcovado was practically the same and there we went without the slightest danger. But Sugar Loaf was hazardous. It was over a thousand feet in the air. I had no desire to see that yawning chasm below from the little car suspended

on a slender cable which swings out into space with nothing to stop it. Besides, I have a drop of Irish blood in my veins and I have always had to fight a bit of superstition in my make-up. For months—ever since we left home, in fact—we had been followed and haunted by the number *thirteen*. No matter where we went, that thirteen went with us. Rooms at the various hotels, trips on the boats, labels on our trunks, letters of credit—all were numbered thirteen, and the Spanish steamer from which we had just disembarked was no exception. It was the *Leon Trece*—the Leo Thirteenth!

Thus far, however, we had escaped. But I was convinced that Sugar Loaf was to be our Waterloo. Tremblingly I confided my fears to my husband and he generously offered to go alone. But to this I could not consent. In fact I told him that after mature deliberation I had decided that since both of our children had married and left us he was more necessary to me than ever. So I determined that wherever he went on this perilous trip I would accompany him. As the rainy season had set in, each morning had been cloudy and I was just comforting myself with the thought that the ascent might not be possible after all when, lo! a morning dawned absolutely cloudless and he announced at once that he would try the Loaf that day.



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

RUE DE PAYSANDA, RIO DE JANEIRO



Photo by Carter H. Harrison

SUGAR LOAF, RIO DE JANEIRO
(Author in foreground)



I had ceased to refer to my fears, although I still entertained them. I am not unlike many of my sex. I fight a good deal over the small things of life, but when the real emergencies come I find that I accept the inevitable quietly. So on this day I began dressing, saying nothing to disturb his pleasure. Just as I was pinning on my veil, however, he said, "Listen. I want to read you a beautiful thing," and without further preliminary he began to read that exquisite poem written by Alan Seeger, the young American poet who fell not long ago at the battle of the Somme. It is called *A Rendezvous with Death*. Of course the reading cheered me greatly! But when I discovered that the paper from which he was reading was dated the thirteenth I thought I should faint. To my credit be it said that my face did not reveal my feelings, perhaps because I kept it carefully turned away from him until I had regained my composure. Honestly, I felt that my last hope was gone! Nevertheless I managed to express my admiration for the beautiful poem and my regret that so promising a young poet should have been lost to the world.

But after all, Sugar Loaf was quite worth the trip. As we ascended the more than eleven hundred feet in the small car we could see miles and miles across to the blue ocean and the mountains and valleys below. The beaches of Rio lay be-

neath us, each town and little village was distinct. Thrilling as it was, it was glorious. Had the cable broken—but enough! It did *not* break and I am glad I went.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE TREES OF BRAZIL

THE wonderful forests of mahogany and rosewood in Brazil it was not possible, of course, for us to see. Brazil is so enormous and contains so much that one could easily spend many a year there in interesting travel. It occupies nearly half of South America and there are portions of it which are probably the least known of any country in the world. Many of these sections contain murderous and cannibalistic tribes. Her boundaries touch every nation in South America except Chile. In the United States we often think of Rio in Brazil and Buenos Aires in Argentina as being only a few hours apart. In reality they are six days apart on the ocean, and the wretched interior railroad connecting them is not even to be considered as a method of travel. The trains run only a few hours each day and not at all at night. The passengers must get off and spend the night in almost inconceivably uncomfortable inns and the time required to make the trip would probably be weeks.

Often we wished that we could take the time

to study the trees here. The *Flamboyant* and the *Guaresma* are perhaps the most glorious because of their brilliant purple and red color, but the *Cattete* is a superb thing. It is massive and grows in many groups like the banyan, except that the roots of the banyan fall from the branches into the ground. In the *Cattete* the roots seem to send the branches up into the trees, giving it a gnarled and most curious appearance. The flowering vines are numerous. The beautiful one which we had seen first in Peru, the *Bellissima*, is here in profusion. It is a little deeper in color here and is called the *Corraline*. The *Azalea* is a good-sized tree. The *Cactus* is about thirty feet high. The *Avacado* (alligator pear) is from forty to fifty feet in height and is beautiful when laden with its delicious green fruit. Probably the prettiest of the fruit trees, however, is the enormous *Mango*. Symmetrical, with a great trunk in the center and an almost perfect division of the foliage branching out from it, its fresh leaves red instead of green, it is a beautiful thing to see. The *Papia* is common here and has also a strange beauty. In addition to these, thousands of banana trees, and the breadfruit tree, giant bamboo, *Araucaria* pine, all sorts of fern trees, and a superb one, resembling the magnolia, fill the valleys.

Among the many mountains overlooking Rio,

Cavea is prominent. From her great height she looks down on the smiling city and is particularly noticeable because of her flat top. I had the greatest desire to stand on that table-land and see the magnificent view that she was gazing down upon. The closest we came to her, however, was when we took the show ride of Rio out to the Tijuca forest. At one place on the way we looked down upon her uncovered crown and the great valleys lying between us—looking and wondering whether any other view in the world could be more inspiring or more imposing. As we drove along the base of the mountain we had a unique experience. Our motor had to swerve because of a line of crabs which were crossing the road, going from one little bay to the other. I cannot remember the distance between these two points, but it was certainly a strange sight to see these big crabs crossing the road.

We returned by a different route and as we approached the junction of two roads the car was stopped while a discussion was entered into as to which of two roads we should choose for the return. One of the roads was new—not quite finished, in fact. It was said to be very beautiful, but in view of the fact that it was the rainy season and the road unfinished there was an element of danger in taking it. Just because of the danger everybody in that motor except myself chose that

unfinished road! However, I had fully determined at the beginning of the trip not to be a "kill-joy" on any occasion. I had lived through that perilous Sugar Loaf experience, but we were still pursued by the number thirteen. Our daily life seemed to consist in receiving telegrams containing that number, or bills of lading or various other things. But I acquiesced in this determination and cast my vote for the ocean drive.

The drive follows a sheer precipice along the shore. On one side the mountain rises with hardly two feet between it and the machine. There is only the same small space on the other side, and a thousand feet below one can see the swirling waters of the ocean. The road runs for miles and miles along the coast and motor cars are permitted to take it only in one direction, of course, as it would be impossible to pass. A portion of the way has a most suggestive name—one which is attractive to a nervous woman who occasionally takes the drive! It is called the *Coffin of Ships*. Many ships have been dashed to pieces on the rocks here, above which the road passes. The beautiful harbor lies just beyond, serene and attractive, but the pounding waves dash up great mountains of spray, beat mercilessly against this rocky bed, and woe to the ship that loses her course in the maelstrom. Knowing all this and thoroughly alive to the fact that unless our motor

responded perfectly to the touch of the driver, so small an impediment as a little stone might throw us off our course and that a deviation of a couple of feet would hurl us over those awful banks, we sat in that machine and dared to believe that we were actually enjoying the beauties of that drive! Talk of the dangers of aviation! Or even submarines! The thrills we got along that coast were enough to prepare us for any moment which might ever afterward come to us in life! But nothing could have been more glorious than that ocean front, the high mountains on one side and the precipice on the other with the white foaming water so far below breaking against the rocks.

The weather was very warm while we were in Rio. It must have been over ninety degrees, although we could not tell exactly as the thermometers are registered differently from ours. On the ocean, of course, it had been cold, and when I left the steamer I had worn a broadcloth traveling gown. I began to long for my trunk that I might don white summer clothing. But, alas! I did not get that much-desired trunk for nearly two days, though we had seen it taken off the steamer promptly. It went back and forth from steamer to dock for that length of time. We had arrived at Rio at a very interesting moment, for we were informed that they were in the midst of a revolution! The word thrilled us a bit. We

imagined that the next few days would provide interesting data, out of which important history might be written, and we were already planning to give our version of this critical moment in the annals of Brazil! What was our disgust, therefore, to learn that this awful "revolution" which was being discussed at such a lively rate was nothing but a strike of the stevedores!

No amount of diplomacy could break through the miserable red tape at the *aduana*—the customhouse. Nothing but patience availed. Woman-like, I wanted that white suit as I had never wanted anything in my life before. All my pleasure and sight-seeing in Rio was ruined by the fact that I did not have it. For the first and, let me add, the last time during my travels in South America my suit case did not contain this very useful change of clothing in a tropical climate. With a generosity of spirit and possibly with the wisdom born of many years of contact with the feminine persuasion, my husband tried every way in his power to gratify my desire. His struggle at the *aduana*, the money he spent for cabs and to cross the palms of influential *concerges* from the hotel would make an interesting volume all by itself. But in spite of all this I did not get my trunk until the third day when the "revolution" was over!

Rio has the reputation of being very wicked and

very open in many of its vices. Frequently after dinner we would ride or walk in the *avenida*, watching the giddy crowd. It certainly *was* a crowd. We saw many of the unmistakable type of women, some of whom were young and very beautiful. It was a sad and depressing sight to me to see them ogling every man who passed. Rio flaunts her wickedness openly, claiming that it is the city's safeguard. They say that people become so accustomed to seeing these women that they soon cease to regard them as attractive. To a stranger who is on the streets at night, however, it is a drawback. It makes it impossible for a decent woman to appear without an escort.

Not so many years ago Rio was a terribly unhealthy spot. It was infested with mosquitoes. In all our six weeks' stay, however, we saw not a mosquito, or fly, although not a window is screened. The city is now absolutely sanitary, certainly the cleanest one I ever have seen. We considered Buenos Aires immaculate until we saw Rio. A Brazilian woman said to me one day, "I love Buenos Aires, but after living in Rio it always seems so dirty!" I was really amazed, but I had not then seen Rio. I found that she was right. The latter is a perfectly kept city. As a proof of their watchfulness they tell a story to the effect that if anyone sees a mosquito he sends in a telephone call and two officials are sent up at once.

They never rest until they discover the pool and destroy the breeding place with gasoline.

One never can do justice to the charms of Rio. Nature has done so much for her. She has fashioned out of the stern, rugged coast of Brazil the most picturesque bay in all the world. In this almost perfect harbor of a hundred miles she has united mountains in jagged peaks and ridges with verdure-clad hills and blue ocean, making a tropical paradise. The entrance to the bay is two thousand feet wide. It is defended by splendid forts, one at the foot of Sugar Loaf and one on the opposite side. Thus the city is protected from any foreign foe. The whole bay is dotted with islands. Many of them have fine buildings and are charming little sea resorts.

It was the beginning of the rainy season and sudden showers would fall with the sun shining brilliantly at the same time. In Honolulu they call this liquid sunshine—a good name for it. The clouds are light and the showers never last long. We were both enamored of the capital of Rio, Nictheroy, and spent two or three afternoons there. The water here forms a beautiful bay. The ocean is dotted with queer-shaped rocky islands and the mainland is a succession of jagged mountain peaks. Sugar Loaf, Corcovado and the other high points are visible from the bay, and a more attractive spot could scarcely be imagined.

Some day we hope to spend several months here. The summer homes are charming and the country rich in beautiful trees and flowers.

After reaching Brazil my diary became a succession of superlatives. One cannot write or talk without using them. No words can exaggerate the beauty of the land, the glory of the vegetation, the prolific growth of all things, the jungle of flowers, trees and vines—it is beyond the power of pen to describe. I can only reiterate that this country surpasses in beauty anything I have seen elsewhere in the world. We compared it with California, Switzerland, Italy, and Egypt, but all fell short. None equaled in magnificence the splendor of Brazil.

Many times at beautiful Nictheroy we stood on the wide beach and watched the fishermen drawing in their nets, bringing in quantities of shining fish. It brought back memories of many winters at Redondo, California, where we had seen similar operations. Nictheroy is not so fashionable as Petropolis, but more beautiful. It is the prettiest seaport on the coast. It is only twenty minutes by ferry from Rio, and whenever we had an hour or two of leisure we usually went there.

CHAPTER XXXVI

TURNING HOMEWARD

THE time had come for us to leave Rio and I assure you that we did so with great reluctance. Brazil had proved a revelation to us, for though we had always known of it as a country of vast resources we usually thought of it in connection with the Amazon river and the coffee industry. Now we had been in Brazil for six weeks and we had seen neither of these! But we had been spell-bound with what we had seen. We knew that there were vast stretches of land which we could never visit which contained wealth impossible to compute. Her great forests of the most valuable timber—the mahogany, rubber, sandalwood and rosewood trees, her immense deposits of minerals, her plains and valleys sweeping away from the Amazon and holding wealth which would make millionaires of generations yet unborn. But we must leave it all. Our time was limited.

The war news, meager as it was, reached us at stated intervals and became daily more and more depressing. The terrible state of affairs in Europe

grew worse and worse. The possibility that we ourselves should be forced to take a hand for the sake of humanity came closer each day. Our patient President had done all that he could to avoid entering into the quarrel. Friend and foe alike realized this. But we knew that each day brought nearer the dreaded declaration and that the homeward journey ought to be begun. We began to realize how far we were from home. The swiftest letter was six weeks old when it reached us. We had promised our loved ones at home that we would not return by way of the Atlantic and face the danger from submarines. This meant retracing our steps, making a straight journey from Rio to Chicago by way of the Pacific, and again crossing the Andes. This would take about thirty-five days at best. But in order to make a beginning we had to return from Rio to Buenos Aires by way of the Atlantic, a five days' trip.

For days we studied which ship we had better take. The Spanish line was neutral. The English one, which we knew we should find most comfortable, we had no desire to take as it, of course, was in the war. All ships were off their schedule. Those due on the first of the month came in about the fifteenth—often later. After our experience on the *Leon Trece*, where we were packed in like sardines, that line did not appeal to

us as a desirable vehicle of ocean travel. In case of accident it would be awful. Every one of those men in the steerage carried a long knife, and little chance would one have in case of fire or other disaster. I shiver yet when I think of the danger we ran on that ship. So of the two evils we chose the lesser. We decided that we would take the first English ship which came in. None was due for several days, so we decided to go to Sao Paulo, through the beautiful coffee country, while we waited, and thence on to Santos, where we could catch the steamer.

It had rained steadily for three days, but we chose a fine day on which to take this trip. When we decided that we could not wait longer, but must go on the next day whether it rained or not, luck suddenly favored us. At five o'clock in the morning (our usual hour for taking trains) we departed. The morning had broken clear and beautiful. Sao Paulo is a day's ride from Rio. A part of the journey is through a hill country with immense woods and thick undergrowth of tropical vegetation. The earth wears a vivid green mantle as far as the eye can see. Trees of fantastic shapes, with twisted stems, reach up a hundred or more feet. Many palms of different varieties, dwarfed, bushy plants, banana forests, etc., are passed, heavy with their beautiful fruit. From out the heavy growths, orchids and other lovely

blossoms peep. The road revealed tunnels, valleys and cultivated fields in quick succession. By eight o'clock the sun had come out gloriously. It was unbearably hot, but it was good to see the sun again. This railroad has been most carefully planned. It cost millions and it must have taken gigantic labor to put it through. A large part of it runs by a cable. The bamboo trees grow in great clusters of from four to ten stalks and were especially pretty here with their long feathery leaves bending gracefully from their high stalks like waving ostrich plumes. Avacado trees were here heavily laden. Lemon, lime and orange, breadfruit and mango trees, we passed them all until at last the great coffee fields of which we had heard so much were before us. They were a joy to see. In regular rows, thousands and thousands of them, the coffee fields are planted. At short intervals between them the banana trees grow. They claim that this heightens the production of the coffee. Whatever the reason, the large leaf of the banana tree spreads out protectingly like sentinels guarding the precious fields before them. The red berries of the coffee glisten in the sun like drops of blood and I can imagine no lovelier sight than these scarlet drops amid the green foliage.

This part of Brazil is the most fertile and productive and under the best cultivation. On the

train going up we had a most uncomfortable day coach, and every seat was occupied. In spite of the inconvenience of that twelve-hour ride, however, we were alert and interested every moment, never closing our eyes lest we should lose some of the wonderful scenery. When we first took the train in the morning some of the clouds were still hanging to the peaks. It was pretty and curious to watch the mist raising her skirts, as it were, and scurrying away before the flood of brilliant sunshine which in this country makes day a blazing jewel set between the dawn and the dusk.

Our curiosity was aroused over some peculiar sand hills about from three to seven feet high. At first they were few and far between, but they increased until they numbered thousands. They looked like monolith ant hills, or large bake ovens. We were astonished to learn that they were really the former. We got close enough to peek into the interior. They were built in layers, in little separate stories as it were. In this country the ants are as wicked in their destruction as are the locusts. They clean things up until nothing is left in their path. These ants are not large, but they travel in armies, and when they start out they follow a straight line and take possession of everything in their way, eating up everything with which they come in contact, both in house and field. They come in a night and are gone in a day, and no one

knows whence they come and whither they go. There is nothing to do, it seems, but submit to the plague. There are certain places, Sao Paulo is one of them, where if one lays down a cracker or a lump of sugar for a moment it will be a mass of these ants in less time than it takes to tell it, although there may have been none about before the cracker was placed there.

Now, I have a habit when I cannot sleep of nibbling a piece of dry bread or a cracker in the wee sma' hours of the night. I often reach out my hand and get it from some convenient spot where I have placed it near my bed. Fortunately for me I had been warned of these little insects and the only way in which I could safeguard my cracker was to suspend it by a cord from the electric light near my bed!

All along the road between Rio and the Sao Paulo are flourishing little towns. When we reached the latter place it was very warm. It is a queer thing that the real tropics are not nearly so warm as the semi-tropics. Panama and Rio, for instance, were the warmest places we were in during our journey.

CHAPTER XXXVII

SAO PAULO

THE early history of Sao Paulo is very interesting. The legend is that it owes its prosperity to the friendly relations in the beginning of the sixteenth century between a Portuguese sailor, Joao Ramalho, and Tybirica, chief of the Guayanas, who dominated the country. The sailor courted the chief's daughter, succeeded in winning her love and married her. He became so friendly with the tribe that when an expedition came from Portugal the chief gave them a friendly reception. The Portuguese crown was so grateful that in return it gave the sailor a grant of land, which made him a rich man. From this marriage there sprang a race of people known as Mamelucas. Later they called themselves Paulistas. These people had much to do with the development of Brazil. They grew in number, and they were adventurous and brave. They spread out in warlike expeditions and went as far as the borders of Bolivia. Their success in war brought many new Indians into the country. They opened it up, discovered diamonds and gold and built large

villages. Their prisoners they always made slaves. To this slave-hunting the Jesuits, who were large in number, objected. Through their influence the unfortunate condition of these slaves was greatly mitigated. The advance of the Paulistas was very great. They were a virile people and showed themselves the most energetic on the continent. They were imbued with the spirit of freedom and their name deserves to be perpetuated among the ardent spirits of the eighteenth century.

We found Sao Paulo a region containing more white people than is usual in Brazil. And we were struck here, as elsewhere, with the fact that though settled and practically owned by Portugal, the people retained their love of the French language. Although everybody spoke Portuguese, yet we never failed to find that all, including the servants, also understood French. The city is very interesting, decidedly modern and up-to-date in its buildings and stores. Its Municipal Theater is said to be the finest in the world. It is certainly a model. It stands out conspicuously across from the viaduct in the center of the city. This theater is nicely arranged for the comfort and convenience of the people. Each person has an easy armchair, which is placed at least four inches from the next one, and the rows run the entire width of the house. The chair right in front of

you stands to the back of the open space between those in front of it, thus giving each one a clear view of the stage. There are only side aisles. Gold and white decorations, brilliant red carpets on white marble stairs, give it quite a European air. It has handsome tessellated mosaic floors, Italian marble pillars, a splendid foyer, gold mirrors, gold furniture, a perfect ballroom, and fine mural paintings—quite a wonderful affair!

From the Trianon one gets a good view of the city. The Trianon is a stately pavilion with white marble floor, and containing some little restaurants where one can have afternoon tea and where the floor is splendid for dancing. It is just opposite one of the beautiful parks, is built on a high hill, and is much frequented by the fashionables from five o'clock on. Light suppers were served here, and it is a good place to see the élite of Sao Paulo. The beautiful residences are conspicuous for the flowering vines, even the trees being covered with them. The rose-colored *Buginvillea* is exquisite. It was hard to realize that this was the beginning of their winter. It was about like early fall at home, a little cooler, perhaps, but I was still wearing my thinnest waists and white dresses. There is really very little change in the climate here. Their seasons are the wet and the dry seasons.

As we were walking in Sao Paulo one day we were stopped by a quaint and beautiful procession. It was Holy Week, and in this Catholic country there were many evidences of the religious fervor of the people. Bishops and priests, and many hundreds of people carrying silken banners and marching to music, passed us by. In the center of this procession was carried a large statue of Christ falling beneath his cross; also one of the Blessed Virgin with a crown of lights about her head and gloriously bedecked with jewels and gorgeous robes. It looked like the staging of that beautiful opera, *The Jewels of the Madonna*; but here in the principal street of Sao Paulo it was a part of the worship of Palm Sunday. We were quite thrilled and impressed. My husband stood with uncovered head, as did all the rest of the men, until the revered statues had passed. Thousands of people lined the streets.

Sao Paulo is full of pleasant surprises. Though its thoroughfares are narrow, the town reveals great business ability. The streets are crowded and contain fine shops. The car conductors wear pretty uniforms of gray with gold facings, while the policemen in black with red trimmings and carrying a white baton are very picturesque. Lottery ticket vendors, as is the case all over South America, infest the streets; but we had become so accustomed to this that it no longer annoyed us.

Women go about bareheaded, wearing furs or thin white dresses, according to their own tastes. They fairly flood the streets. They seem to love the bright colors, for yellow, blue, green, and red are worn in shawls and used for handkerchiefs. Indeed, one may see the colors of the rainbow almost anywhere in South America. The men usually wear somber black, and so many of them are *en luto* (mourning) that they are noticeable because of the black straw hat.

As the opera season had not yet opened, we did not have opportunity to see the women at any brilliant evening affair, but the women of Rio and Sao Paulo are celebrated for their elaborate display in gowns and jewels. In the latter city we could not but observe the singing of the birds. It was very striking. We stayed at the Hotel Rotissirie, which maintained a splendid table, but, like most of the hotels in South America, left much to be desired in point of comfort in rooms and baths. In fact, the bath in most of these hotels is conspicuous for its absence.

A very pretty excursion out from Sao Paulo is a ride to Cantareiria, where the water-works are built. A fine view is obtainable from the top of the hill. The railroad follows the course of a little river, winding along the green banks. The power-house is wonderfully constructed and the city is justly proud of this splendid piece of work.

A pretty park surrounds it and is well kept. We spent a couple of hours in it during the afternoon.

Sao Paulo is the greatest coffee producing region in the world. Usually it is the Santos coffee we hear of, Santos being the name of the seaport from which it is shipped. Like the other tropical lands, Brazil has a great deal of her surface high above the sea level, and as Sao Paulo is between two high ranges there is great possibility of cultivation. The coffee is, of course, the greatest of her industries. Other things grown are sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco, fruits, and cereals. The coffee is sent out to all parts of the world. We had seen the coffee grown in Honolulu and marveled at the output. But here is the real coffee country of the world.

The coffee plant is a shrub, or small tree, from fourteen to eighteen feet high. It has a long, slender trunk, branching at the top, and when it is in bloom it is beautiful to behold. The blossoms are profuse and the perfume strong but delicate. At the coffee-picking time every available person on the plantation is called into service. All other work ceases for the time. It is a tremendous thing here, because Brazil produces three-fourths of the world's supply, and Sao Paulo furnishes one-half of Brazil's production. A Portuguese settler planted the first bush in Rio in 1760. From that bush what a wealth of production has come!

In 1903 the government forbade the planting of any more coffee trees, and the supply now exceeds the demand. All the work of picking the coffee must be done in one day—the gathering, washing, and grating. This is why it takes so many laborers.

Sao Paulo is in advance of all other cities on the continent in matters of education. The religion is, of course, Roman Catholic. The city is up to the minute when it comes to matters of money. It is said that one can easily obtain twelve per cent here on a good mortgage loan.

One morning as I returned from early mass I saw a crowd of six or seven people around one of the natives who stood in the center of the street. As I do not lack the chief attribute of my sex, I wandered over to see what was going on. With their usual politeness they moved aside to make room for the *señorita*, a title which is the height of their attempt to be polite to one who has passed the age of forty. This word *señorita* pleased me immensely when first I went to South America, because it carried the insinuation that I bore my years lightly. But at its constant repetition I became suspicious and found that with the suavity of the southern countries they were well aware of the weak point in women and readily conceded them in this title all the gallantry of the nation. However, I did not object to the greeting on this

morning. Leaning over a few children, I saw a funny little object on the ground. It was about ten inches long and at first glance looked like an enormous rat. On closer observation, however, I saw that it had a hard shell like a tortoise, a peaked head, and funny bright eyes. It was moving along and evidently trying to get away. Everybody was talking Portuguese at a lively gait. "*Que es esto?*" I asked, which was nearest to Portuguese I could get. Amidst the flood of foreign language which now descended upon my head, I remembered to speak French, and in French they replied. I understood that I was looking at an armadillo. This little animal is considered by the natives the greatest luxury in the way of food, the most toothsome article to be had. A native will spend hours hunting one and separate himself from all the money he has to buy one. He cooks it in the shell, then digs it out and eats it. The man who owned this one looked with pride upon his possession, told me he would have it for *almuerzo*, and assured me that no money could buy it. Evidently he thought I had designs upon it, while all the time I was shivering at the thought of eating what looked to me like a terrible hard-shelled rat.

Brazil's greatest asset is her rivers. Along their shores are valuable grounds, and it is amazing in these days to see how she is putting them

into use. She has a fine system of river transportation and it will not be long until her fertile acres along these banks will become even greater producers than they are now. Of course her greatest drawback is the vast jungle and the reptiles and poisonous insects which infest it. Then, too, much of her territory is low, hot, and unhealthy. But they point with pride to Santos—once the most unhealthy spot on the globe and now a model of sanitation. It will take time, of course, but eventually they will clean up this wealth-producing country around the famous Amazon. When this is done and the rich soil watered by the river, and possessing the finest climate in the world, becomes a fertile plain for the raising of cattle and grain, there will be no limit to its possibilities. Our generation may not see it, but wise heads are already recognizing the great future which lies before Brazil. She is destined to feed the world. Once rid of the pests of her jungle and the diseases bred for lack of sanitation, Brazil will offer opportunities not to be found elsewhere in the world. She needs capital. No nation can work without it. But the adventurous spirit of the other nations will provide it, and in time she will conquer her death-dealing forces and take her place at the head of the list.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE SNAKE HOSPITAL

ONE of our trips from Sao Paulo was a motor ride to Butantan. I have already mentioned that here was a hospital and a farm for the study of the poison of snakes and deadly insects. We saw dead ones in alcohol (horrible things!) and numerous live ones in little villages built in the ground for them to live in. Curious oven-shaped mounds are their homes, and plateaus of grass and running water formed streets for them to wander in. It made me shiver to look at them, and of course their bites mean death. The institution itself, however, is wonderful. They have a laboratory attached where cultures and serums are studied out to counteract these venomous bites and also for cures for the deadly diseases which assail the country. By the elimination of the mosquito, the yellow fever which once raged in the cities has been practically exterminated, and they now hope to save as many lives by finding an antidote for the snake poison. Thousands of working people die each year from these bites. They told me at Sao Paulo that

twenty thousand died annually in Brazil from this cause.

We left Sao Paulo at ten in the morning and had as pretty a ride down the ocean as one could wish. The drop of two or three thousand feet is made very quickly and gives beautiful views of the mountains. The cable track which brought us down is a double one, and this time we had comfortable seats on a good train. Santos is pretty and quaint. Its houses are mostly a rich yellowish tone—a cream color, in fact. In Rio the soft colors are mixed with striking blues and pinks, and many times the contrast is startling. But here in Santos the soft colors prevail and are most agreeable to the eye of the traveler from a northern clime who is not accustomed to the brilliant sunshine of South America.

One of the queer things in regard to these southern houses is the decoration of the outside. Ever since we left New Orleans we found in different cities pictures painted on the exterior of the houses, a custom which prevails in Cuba also. These scenes vary. Some are agricultural and some are interiors, and often they cover the entire front or side of a house. Often the paintings are very good, but it struck us as a queer taste. I could never understand, either, just how they kept those paintings in good condition, especially during the rainy season, and finally came to the con-



Photo by E. M. Newman

MUNICIPAL THEATER, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL



Photo by E. M. Newman

SNAKE FARM NEAR SAO PAULO, BRAZIL



clusion that these mural decorations must surely have to be renewed each dry season.

The people here are very suave. The men always bow politely to strangers, and if they recognize that a woman is a stranger they are most deferential. Coming as we did from cold, bustling, business-like Chicago, these pretty manners of the people in the streets struck us forcibly. I cannot say honestly that I should like to copy *all* the customs of South America, but there are many upon which we could certainly improve. In cordiality and politeness they certainly lead us.

Before starting out to explore the city we began making inquiries for the home steamers. Daily the war news made us more anxious. Our hearts were heavy. With two sons to enlist, we began to feel most desirous of returning to our own country. We were to wait at Santos until we could get a vessel, and by this time we had made up our minds to take *anything which came in sight*. We heard that there was a French liner in the harbor. She was a freighter, but was willing to take two or three first-class passengers. We went aboard and looked her over. She was black from stem to stern, not at all clean, but we decided that if she sailed first we would go aboard her. She gave us little hope of leaving for eight or ten days, so after settling ourselves in the hotel we set about to see the city. We found it a charming place.

The harbor is picturesque, the mountains covered with tropical growth, and there are many handsome homes. One especially artistic one had a single row of magnificent palms straight across the front yard. I cannot express how beautiful it was. These trees grew to a height of eighty feet without branching. Their enormous trunks must have been three or four feet in diameter, and in color resembled an elephant's hide—a medium shade of gray and soft as velvet. The top is crowned with royal green ostrich plumes—they resemble these light feathers more than anything else of which I can think.

The broad streets of Santos are clean, and the plazas filled with flowers, banyan, bamboo, and fern trees, which together with pools of water and quaint bridges, made them lovely and charming places in which to sit and watch the people. We motored to one of the beaches—and a wonderful beach it was. Miles and miles of hard white sand with the surf fairly touching the wheels of the car! Several fine hotels are built along this drive, and pretty summer homes. Many islands dot the harbor and are profuse with tropical growth. One of these we named "The Island of the Holy Cross" because a beautiful fern tree of enormous size stood high and lofty in the form of a cross upon it. This splendid green crucifix on the pinnacle of the mountain was a curious and

novel sight. I was told afterward that this particular island was infested with the deadliest of snakes. I try to forget this piece of information when I remember it, for it will always be to me "The Island of the Holy Cross."

This was a drive we shall long remember. We returned to the Sportsmen's Hotel for luncheon—a delightful one it proved to be. The most delicious coffee in the world is, of course, to be had in Brazil. We knew that we should be spoiled for any other as long as we lived. It is black as ink, and simply delicious. Of course it is always the *café au lait*. Since leaving the Isthmus, since leaving New Orleans, in fact, we had not seen any cream except in Buenos Aires. Many reasons are given for this. One is that they claim it is impossible to keep it in this climate. But whatever the reason, we could not buy it except in tin cans brought all the way from New York or Philadelphia, and it was exorbitant in price—practically out of the reach of an ordinary pocket-book. I suspected that the real reason one could not buy cream was that they themselves do not care for it, but like the boiled milk better. We soon became accustomed to it ourselves and ended by being very fond of it.

Another charming sea resort was called Guaruga. It has a large hotel which is said to be the best managed one in Brazil—run by the owners

of the Ritz-Carlton. We had observed it as we went up to Rio, picturesquely situated near some rock islands where a magnificent spray washes mountain high. We watched it from the ship and determined to return there and stay a week. But we were now too anxious to get home and did not wish to be more than a day's journey away from Santos, in case a steamer of some kind should come into port. The morning papers stated that President Wilson had asked for half a million men, and we felt that war was inevitable.

One is told never to smell the flowers in Peru, and in Brazil never to touch the insects, especially the butterfly. The deadliest germs often linger there. The most innocent looking bug is dangerous. One small one has a sting so terrible that the body of a negro is said to turn white if stung by one. Is all this beauty which we seek to possess only veneer? But there is hope for Brazil. Already by watchful care and courageous work they have made portions of the country as healthy as splendid old North America.

Though it was their fall, the temperature was eighty-eight. In spite of the heat we found the beach cool and delightful. The well-built and spacious hotel surrounded by large gardens was enticing, but we spent most of our time on the beach watching the bathers. This beach was by far the most imposing of any that we saw in South

America, and as I have already said, the *cuisine* of the hotel is unexcelled. But these comforts only add to the natural beauty of the place. Nothing could be more picturesque than this bay filled with beautiful rocky islands washed by the ocean spray. There are many little inland spots, safe bathing pools between the islands and the shore which make the life line unnecessary. The large open space has the latter, of course, but most of the bathers choose the narrow straits lying nearer the shore. We climbed out to one of these and watched the children, from three to six, and old men and women enjoying the sport. The tide was coming in. Twice we had to move from our point of vantage, but each time we found another where we could still enjoy the sight.

It was Holy Week, and the fifth of April. As a good Catholic I made my three visits to the church (a religious custom among us) and went to Holy Communion. My husband does not share my religious beliefs, but he loves the ceremony of the church and accompanied me to the early morning mass. We both had a feeling of depression of which we could not rid ourselves. In spite of the joyous celebration which is always particularly enthusiastic in these southern countries, we could not rejoice. Amid the decoration of flowers and the joy of the school children we felt a calamity of some kind was hanging over us, and when

we returned home the presentiment became a fact. Our country had declared war. God help us all! Holy Thursday—of all the days of the year, the day which Christians the world over hold sacred, the day on which our Savior on the eve of His great sacrifice sat with His apostles and gave us the divine sacrament of His love and devotion! That this day should have been chosen by the Christian world to feed millions more to the deadly monster, War. Still, we realized that there was no other course. Our country must uphold the honor of her flag. She could not act otherwise.¹

In leaving Brazil we faced the fact that although they were glad to receive us, accepting us with open arms, as it were, and asking no questions, they would not permit us to depart without paying a fine. I think it was ten dollars apiece that each passenger had to contribute before leaving the country. I suppose this tax was all right, but it did seem funny.

¹ The report on the 5th of April that war was declared was a day too soon. It really was declared the next day, however, the 6th.

CHAPTER XXXIX

A MODEL PENITENTIARY

SANTOS is really an island. We did not know this at first. Half the year she is a peninsula because a long sandbar connects her with the mainland, but the other half of the year the ocean washes clear across, making her a complete island. Her market is the most interesting of any that we saw in South America. Everything of value seems gathered in this one particular spot. It is a fine place not only to purchase but to watch the people. They have here a splendid military academy and naval school, but the institution of which they are proudest is the penitentiary. This is a model both as regards hygiene and tenants. It is situated near the river, has splendid courts and interiors, is well ventilated, and has neat kitchens and laundries. Every room is well lighted. The cells are thirteen feet long and eighteen feet wide, containing nice folding beds, porcelain bowl, and comfortable seats, with bookshelves and a long bench. All the cells open into a wide corridor twenty feet wide. There are iron and marble staircases and elevators. Best of all, they have

fifty baths at the service of the prisoners, who may have either warm or cold sea water. Their workshops provide all sorts of occupations for the men. This prison is certainly a model for all cities to copy.

I have talked much about Brazil, but when I remember that she covers more ground than the whole United States and is fifteen times as large as France, I realize that, after all, I had said little, because I have had only a glimpse of her. On the fifth of April, after our *desajuno*, at about eight o'clock, we heard that an English ship had come into port. Within an hour we had boarded her. She was the *Vestris*, Lamport & Holt Line. A more beautiful and comfortable ship could not be found. She had seventeen thousand tons displacement and sailed early in the morning. To Mr. Herbert Hampshire, the manager of this line in Santos, we were indebted for many courtesies. He and his charming wife and child accompanied us to Buenos Aires. We had a fine cabin and were most comfortable, although we could not help a feeling of uneasiness. We were now at war with Germany ourselves, and we were aware that a German raider in these waters had just captured and sunk her fourteenth ship. This news we learned at Santos. The raider always approached the ship she wished to sink in the guise of a friend. She carried a friendly or neutral flag. In this

subtle way she would come close to her intended victim, and when within the proper distance would suddenly drop her false front and disclose a row of perfectly equipped guns.

The captain of the raider was a German count, of most agreeable personality, with gentlemanly instincts, and certainly with a keen sense of his responsibilities. His method of dealing with these boats which it was his duty to sink contained an element of humor. He carefully took the crew and the people on his own boat, treated them courteously and commiserating the officers who were obliged to suffer the loss of their ship. He said to one of them, "I know exactly how you feel, but this is war. I have no choice. The work is as distasteful to me as it is to you, but I am a soldier and must obey my orders. I shall not inflict upon you and your fellow-officers the cruel sight of the sinking of your ship." He would then send them below, give them a splendid dinner at which champagne was provided, and when they returned there would be no signs of their wrecked vessel! She had already found her grave in the cold, clear depths of the Atlantic. He had done this to fourteen vessels. When his own boat became overcrowded with his enforced guests, he stopped a French steamer, put all his passengers or prisoners aboard, commanded it to turn back on the voyage and take them to Rio de Janeiro.

Before seeing them off he disabled one of the engines, cut the masts in two so that they could not carry any sail, thus putting the boat in such condition that she must travel slowly to her destination. This gave him time and opportunity to escape with his villainous little craft to do another trick of the same kind.

As all this occurred while we were in Santos, the excitement ran high. It was under these cheerful conditions that we started homeward. We had five days on the Atlantic to reach Buenos Aires, from which point we were to begin our real journey toward the United States. In spite of the courteous behavior of that German count, we had no desire to meet him face to face. The *Vestris* was a most important ship and the eyes of Germany had been upon her for a long time. Her destination was Buenos Aires, where she would remain for two weeks, taking on a cargo of meat which was to go back to England. This meat alone would be worth five million dollars and would be enough to feed the entire English army for four days. She was a prize well worth obtaining. She had had an exciting time crossing the Atlantic, and many thrilling tales were told us of that experience. Two torpedoes had just missed her. She had gone across to the coast of Africa and from there had zig-zagged over the ocean in order to reach Buenos Aires. Germany was lying

in wait to catch her on the return trip and had once sent her a wireless saying, "We shall get you before you are far on your way!" The audacity of it! And pleasant news for us who were on board and who knew of the success this raider had already met with! On her way down, the *Vestris* had touched at New York, but every passenger from that port had canceled his passage, so that on this splendid vessel capable of carrying hundreds safely there were just twelve passengers.¹

Captain Davies was a man of great force. He was absolutely fearless, but was, of course, taking no chances. He did much to cheer our spirits, for I can testify that that dozen passengers were every one nervous. The boat was the usual dark gray in color and at night was shrouded in darkness to add to our gloom. We were swathed in heavy canvas nightly for fear of an accidental escape of a ray of light. Placed everywhere was the notice, "The captain relies on every passenger to pull up the shutters when the lights are on."

¹ Among the passengers was Captain Carlos Daireaux who had been naval attaché in Washington and was returning to his home to take charge of one of Argentina's two dreadnaughts. He had been given the captaincy of the *Rivadaria*, the largest warship afloat. Captain Daireaux' charming wife and children accompanied him.

Argentina sent him as its representative to the United States, where he has been received and honored. Quite recently in New York we had the pleasure of going aboard the *Rivadaria* with a party of friends and enjoyed renewing our acquaintance with the Commandant aboard the wonderful warship.

Only one small light was permitted in each cabin.

Every blind was drawn and fastened before the lights were turned on, and the decks were shrouded with the canvas before sunset. Each passenger was put under oath not to break the rule, yet even this was not considered sufficient. Guards were stationed to see that no one became careless. We had no head-light or tail-light, and I could not help wondering which was the greater danger—to meet the raider or to encounter a friendly vessel traveling like ourselves at full speed in the pitch darkness. The steward instructed us all carefully as to how to use the life belts, and then remarked as he moved away from me, "Madame, I will leave it here by your bed so that it will be handy!"

The captain told us that in case of attack he had brought a powder which would envelope us in smoke and conceal us from the enemy, thus giving us a chance to escape. With all these pleasant suggestions, we began to realize what war meant; this was real danger. Every now and then along the coast we were shown a wreck. Many a splendid ship had here met her fate, and though the days at sea were particularly bright we were not a very gay or cheerful party.

Professor Jordan of the University of Chicago was one of the passengers. He was going from New York to Buenos Aires to make some bacteriological tests for a large Chicago firm. We

enjoyed talking with him very much, and in his presence forgot our own gloomy thoughts. One beautiful morning as we were steaming quietly along a woman sprang up and screamed wildly, "Oh! Look at that submarine!"

The excitement which ensued was indescribable. It was Sunday morning and most of the passengers were at church in the salon. Professor Jordan and I sprang to our feet and with the few who were on deck we could see the object plainly. It might easily have been taken for the periscope of a submarine. Passengers forgot their religion for the moment, and after getting over my first horror, I rushed to find my husband. But a sailor who was watching the object quieted the excitement as quickly as it had been made. "It's only a whale," he said. This shows, however, to what a nervous tension we all were keyed. I think that most of us felt like throwing the woman overboard to feed the whale.

The night which followed was glorious. I watched the moon rise, full and beautiful, at about six o'clock. Our three Crosses were unusually luminous, and in spite of the moonlight the stars were wonderfully brilliant. The next morning we had another excitement. We observed a vessel coming a little closer than the captain liked. He kept his glasses bent upon her constantly and was careful to keep within the three-mile limit. No

vessel can be attacked off the coast of a neutral nation if she is running within three miles of shore. I questioned the captain about our course. There was an element of danger in lying too close to the shore, also. Too many rocks! Therefore we surmised that he was anxious about the vessel. His reply to my question was, "I think the boat is all right, but I never saw her like in these waters before, and I am taking no chances." She proved to be the French boat which we had examined in Santos with a view to taking it in case none other came in in time.

In spite of our fears and premonitions, in which the number thirteen had played so conspicuous a part, we reached Montevideo, Uruguay, in safety. What a grand city this is!

Again we had a long day in Montevideo and enjoyed it to the full, driving about the city, wandering through its handsome plazas and public buildings, and going out to the wonderfully attractive Parque Hotel. There we had a nice hour watching the bathers and enjoying the brilliant Uruguayan sunshine.

We reached Buenos Aires in safety. Again we crossed the Andes (for the sixth time), caught our ship at Valparaiso, repeated our lazy journey up the Pacific, and finally reached the Isthmus in safety.

Nothing of importance occurred on the home-

ward voyage except that the French captain told us that he was making the *thirteenth* voyage of his boat! Another link in our chain of thirteen! We did have one experience, however, which saddened us and is worth relating. At Payta the captain had a wireless asking him to leave his course and look for a vessel which was fifteen days overdue. In his chart-room he showed us just where this vessel was when last heard from. She had sent a wireless that her engine was disabled, that she was helpless and needed assistance badly. Numberless messages had been sent out in the attempt to reach her, but there had been not a word in reply. There were so many currents and such strong ones here that a vessel in the straits in which she evidently was, would surely be in peril. Unless she should be driven toward the coast—a hundred miles away—she would drift out to sea in the Pacific, which here is about at its widest portion, the first land being the Aleutian Islands, thousands of miles away.

We went hundreds of miles out of our course searching for this unfortunate vessel, sending out Marconis all the time, losing two days' time, and took a chance of missing our steamer in consequence and being detained ten days while we waited for another. But we did not complain. We looked upon this excursion as a duty. Finally, however, the captain turned in his course. He had

heard nothing, nor have they heard anything since. Of the fate of that lost ship no man knows.

At the Isthmus we certainly saw signs of war. Usually the ships come within half or a quarter of a mile of the entrance. Now they are stopped three miles out at sea. The army officers took charge of us, examining everything and everybody scrupulously. A charming young Peruvian with the German name of Schultz had been most agreeable to us. He was going to New Orleans to visit his father's family. He was taken in charge at once and we did not see him again. Whether he was sent back to South America or permitted to proceed under guard across the Isthmus, we never knew. Of course no German would be permitted to pass through the Canal. All the Peruvian ships carried German, French, Swedish, or English captains. The insurance companies in England will not insure a boat captained by a Peruvian. Many of our officers on the *Montaro* were Germans—fine, splendid young fellows who had been in the service for years. Now they were thrown out of employment and not permitted to enter the Canal. We were not unprepared, therefore, to hear of the rigorous treatment accorded our young Peruvian acquaintance. But war is war, and Uncle Sam has his eye on our national safety. Passports were required of all of us. The examination of baggage was imperative. Surely if there was a spot

on earth where one feels proud of being an American, it is the Isthmus of Panama. Controlled by the army, its system of discipline is perfect. Nets were spread, mines laid, and everything already prepared to defend this important key to our country's commerce.

We barely made connection here, and as we drew off the dock I called my husband's attention to the number of the dock we were leaving—thirteen! Was it a good omen, after all? It had certainly followed us like a friend throughout all our journey, and we were beginning to believe that it was *not* an unlucky number. Although I did not know it then, it began the very day we left Chicago. We discovered after we got home that the bag of gold which we had taken and which my husband had guarded so carefully all during the trip was by our bank in Chicago stamped number thirteen! We then and there decided that we should in future hold to it and swear our preference for it in the face of any other.

Many of the wives of the officers stationed at the Isthmus came on the boat with us. Their husbands were all ordered off to war, so, gathering hastily their Lares and Penates, they joined us. They told us many interesting events which had occurred after war was declared. At the Isthmus and at almost every little port on the Pacific we had seen interned German vessels. Germany cer-

tainly had an enormous commercial record in this part of the world. The interned German officers and men numbered thousands. At the Isthmus a great many of their families had joined them, and there they lived quietly and happily until the war was declared. The question came up now—what was to be done with them? After much consultation, they were put on a small but pretty island which contained a cozy little hotel. Here they were apparently contented, but the whole Isthmus was one afternoon thrown into consternation. A narrow strip of water lay between the island and the mainland, and across it the music of the Victor machines could be plainly heard. What was the horror of the Americans to hear “Hoch der Kaiser!” and “Wacht am Rhein” come floating over to them! The Germans were loyal and devoted to their country. But it did not seem just right or dignified for the Americans across the water to have to sit and listen daily to these musical contributions. So the prisoners were notified that they would be expected hereafter to curtail their musical numbers to the extent of the two herein mentioned.

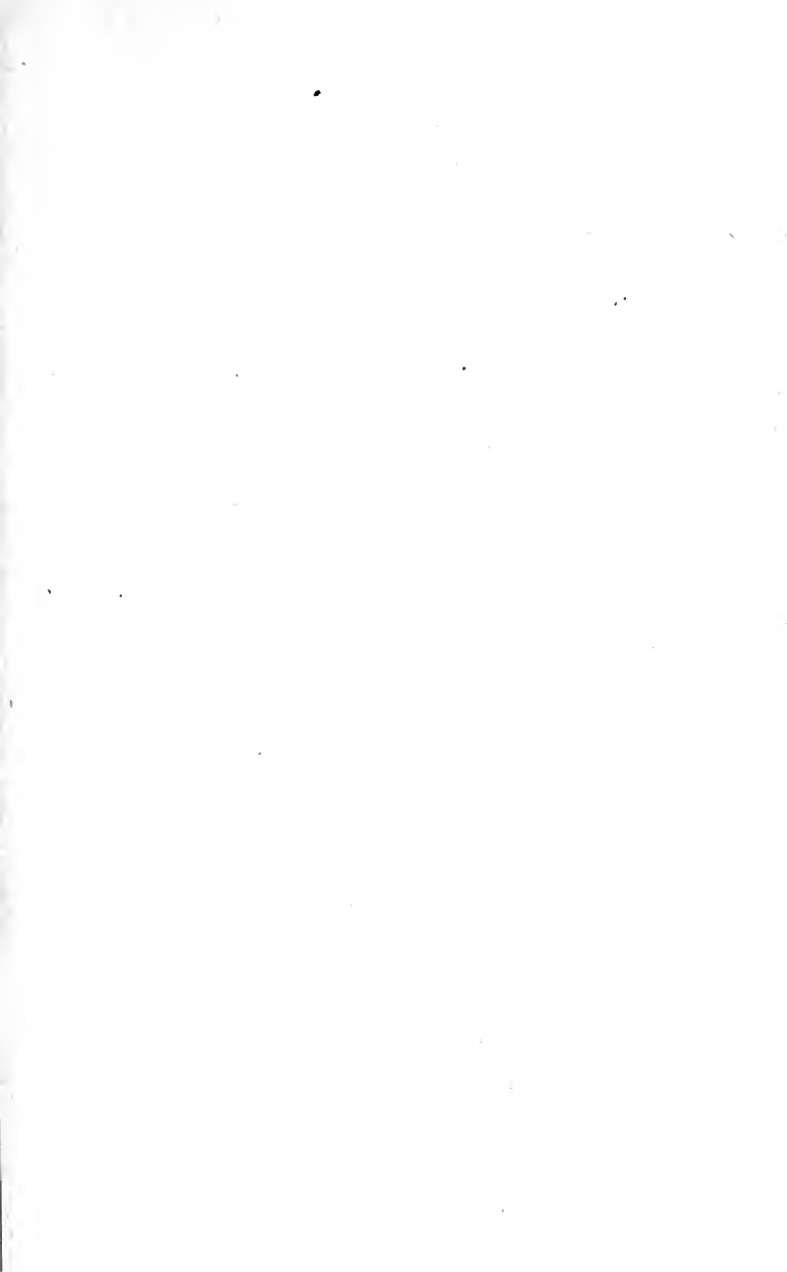
Through the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea we had once more the joy of a darkened ship, and in the narrow passage between Yucatan and Cuba we were a trifle nervous about mines. That very week a vessel had gone down in the Carib-

bean with every soul on board, and nobody knows to this day what happened. Wisely, everything which occurs in war times is not given out. But whispers came our way and we knew.

With all the trials and discomforts (and they were many) of our six months' stay in South America, however, we must record it as the finest experience of our lives. We realize that this magnificent country lying to the south of us has a great future and that in that future we have a big interest—because South America can and probably will eventually feed the world. The splendid fertility of Brazil alone would supply that demand, and when we reckon the immensity of the other countries—their industries, their wealth, their energetic and capable people, we feel justified in making the prediction that she will not only do that, but will help us to upbuild and enrich, after the great war is over. Already she is helping, for in the few short months elapsing since we were there, North Americans have opened banks, started stores, and bought many homes. Yes, South America was a revelation. The wealth of the whole country, the inexhaustible mines, the splendor of the scenery, the energy, culture, and charm of the people—the memory of it all can never fade. El Misti, Aconcagua, standing aloof and glorious in your splendid heights, with your snow garments wrapped about you like royal er-

mine, and holding in your arms your smiling, silver lakes—does the future hold that sight for our eyes once more? Will the brilliant Southern Cross with its luminous Pointers ever glow in the heavens again for us? Who shall say? Regretfully we bid you farewell.

No matter how much pleasure one may find in travel, the finest part of a journey to a far country is the return home again. The soil of one's native land feels good beneath one's feet. After a short stay in New Orleans, we reached Chicago without accident or incident, and, despite all our endeavors to avoid the date, *we arrived on the thirteenth!*



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