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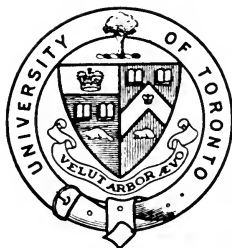
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QUAL LETTERS
FROM
SOUTH AMERICA



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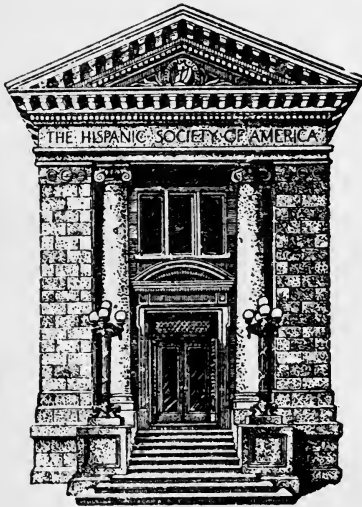
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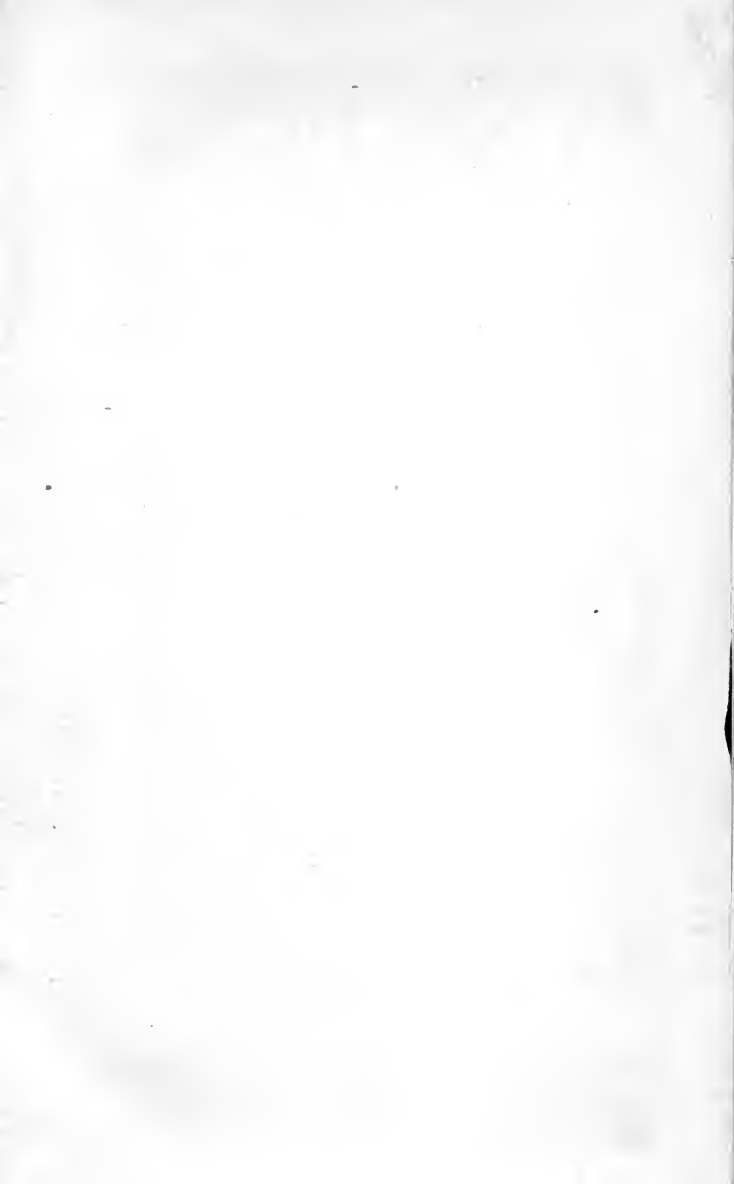
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HISPANIC NOTES & MONOGRAPHS

ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF
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HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

VII

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Frontispiece.]

The Temple of the Sun, Cuzco

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CASUAL LETTERS
FROM
SOUTH AMERICA

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BY

WILLIAM BELMONT PARKER

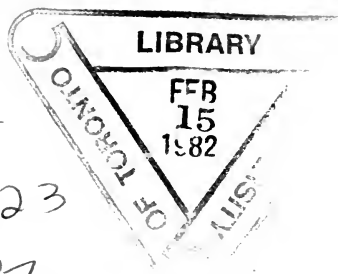
*Corresponding Member of the Hispanic Society of America,
Author of "Life of Edward Rowland Sill," etc.,
Editor of "Cubans of To-day," "Argentines of To-day," etc., etc.*



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1921

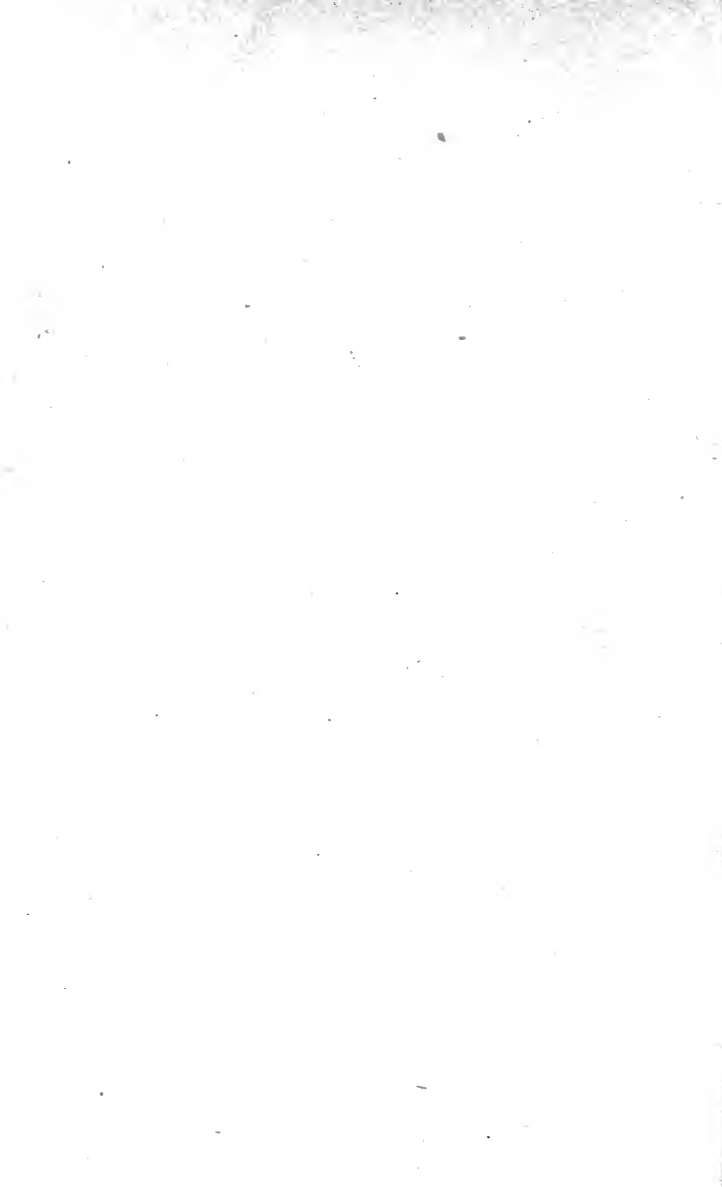
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BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

TO ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON
WITH WHOM TO WORK IS NOT ONLY
A PLEASURE BUT AN EDUCATION THIS
BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



FOREWORD

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FOREWORD

THESE letters were written at odd times during a journey which occupied the year and a half between the middle of 1919 and the end of 1920, and which included in its range some of the most interesting countries in the world: Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay.

The mission which took me to South America was a difficult but interesting task confided to me by the Hispanic Society of America, whose labours in the field of Hispanic Art and Literature are well known: namely, to write brief biographies of the leading men of each of the republics. These casual notes and jottings were in a sense by-products incidental to that mission. They were cast in the form of letters to a friend, to amuse him with accounts of my daily life,

HISPANIC NOTES

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| | |
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| | <p>and to remind him of scenes many of which he had himself in the past visited.</p> <p>Not intended originally for publication, they were rather in the nature of a record of day to day meetings, sights, impressions, and tribulations tempered by many delightful experiences. They were jotted down in chance half-hours, in the hotel, on the train, in railway stations, whenever the occasion served, and partake inevitably of the transient and ephemeral character of such casual impressions, while whatever value they have rises, in some part at least, from the same causes. Like the photographs that accompany them, which were for the most part taken by members of the family or friends in the party, they are direct transcripts of experience, written on the spot, and set down before the image could fade from the retina or the impression grow dim in the mind. And while, no doubt, one might here and there correct the perspective and eliminate much that is purely momentary in the record, it would be at the cost of whatever spontaneity and immediacy it contains.</p> |
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The same might be said of the judgments herein expressed. They might be softened, moulded into a form more cautious, perhaps more just, but again it would be at the cost of their spontaneity and directness. If therefore the reader finds a note of haste or a tone of censoriousness in these letters he will not be surprised; he will not expect them to be studied essays.

On so long a journey through several countries I have accumulated so great a burden of obligations that the mere acknowledgment of them would be tedious, but I should be very sorry to leave unrecorded my grateful thanks for hospitality and friendship to President Leguía of Peru, Dr. Javier Prado, Rector of the University, and Señor Juan Paz-Soldán of Lima; Dr. Giesecke of Cuzco, Don Eduardo Diez de Medina and Señor Rosquellas Jaúregui of La Paz; Don José Toribio Medina and his charming wife, the Rev. Mr. McLean and Señor Luis Ignacio Silva of Santiago de Chile; Professors Outes, Rojas, Quesada, and Debenedetti; Dr. Fleming, Mr. H. H. Clayton, Paul

AND MONOGRAPHS

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Groussac and Señor Binayán of Buenos Aires; Señores Juan Silvano Godoi and Juan Francisco Pérez of Asunción; and Don Zorrilla de San Martin of Montevideo.

When I think of the friendships I formed and the happy hours I spent in joint labour and delightful discussion in every country I visited, I am fain to pluck out every opinion, every phrase, every adjective, that could possibly offend any one of those comrades across the sea. But they would be the last to counsel such evisceration; they would insist that the friendliest and frankest thing is to leave the thing as it was set down, and would be prone to say that which the angel of the Revelation said to St. John: "What thou *seest* write in a book." That at least I have tried to do.

W. B. P.

London,

June 22, 1921.

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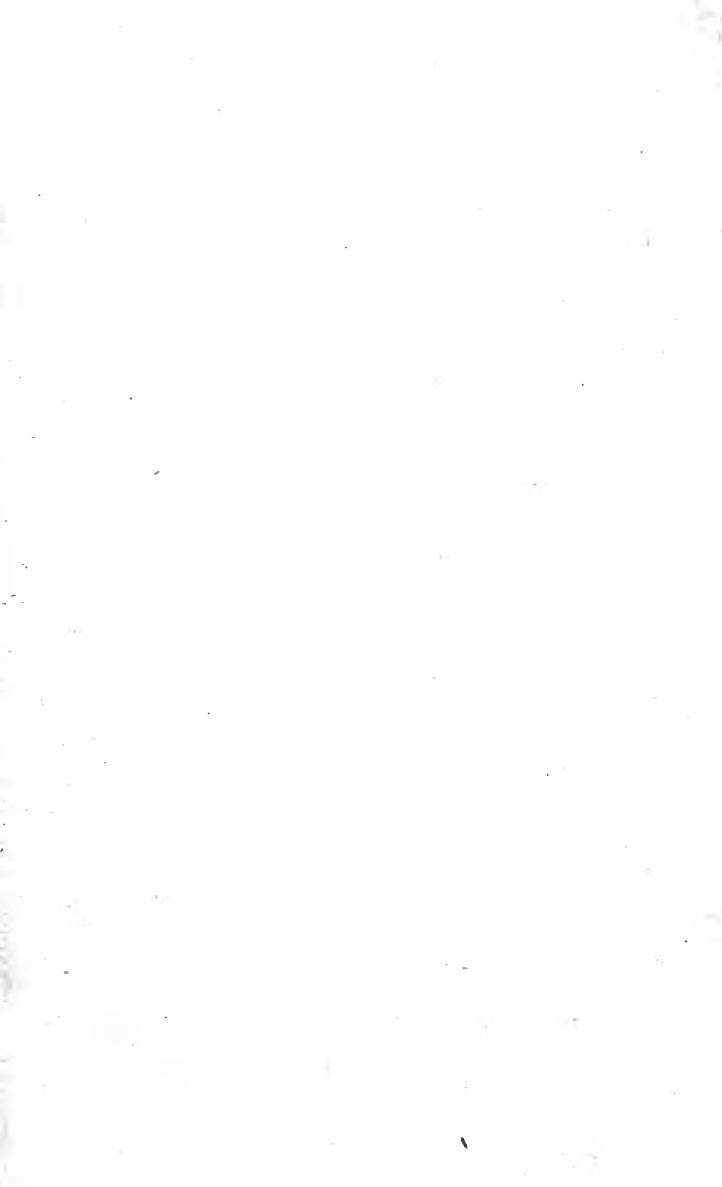
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Map showing the author's route

CASUAL LETTERS

I

LIMA, PERU,
July 3, 1919.

TO-DAY, that part of Peru which is visible, and Lima in especial, forms a picture in dull monochrome. It is drab, shabby, ill-kempt, neglected, leaden-hued, and sad.

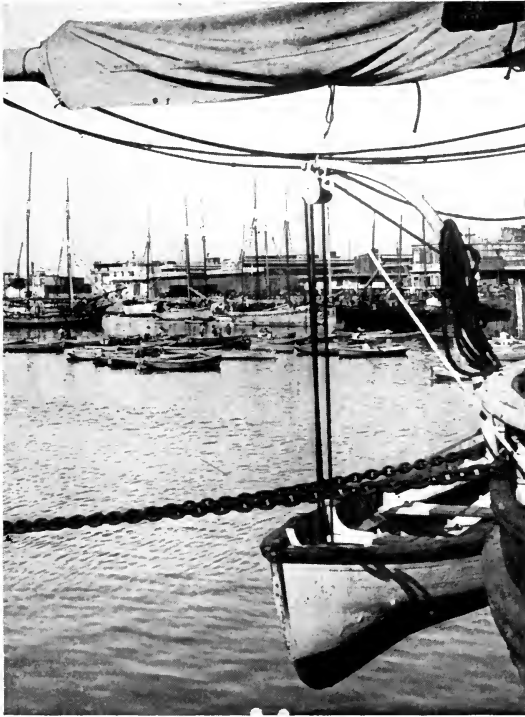
The first glimpse of it at close quarters in Callao harbour was surprising because of the lack of interest and stimulus. It fulfilled none of one's expectations. There was no stir of surprise, no spur to the fancy or imagination, no appeal to the active mind. The harbour itself was wide, but all in low tones, flat, and without sharp colour or outline—a monotone in grey. There were hills thinly veiled in something between cloud and mist, there were ships which all seemed like fixtures in the scene. They were nearly all old, poor relics of things marine—mere objects.

HISPANIC NOTES

VII

When we entered the launch, one of a score that were crowded round the gangway, we moved away over the grey water and found ourselves soon among hulks, row boats and scows surmounted by house-tops that seemed like the clutter of a Chinese river. The shore was lined by tawdry, ramshackle, wooden houses, like a row of wrecks and gimcrack shacks. Finally we came to the wharf, set high above a great row of steps, twenty or more, which ran along its front for a hundred feet, and were covered by a crowd of boatmen, custom-house porters, beggars and freight-handlers who looked like a congregation of nondescripts in drab. There was hardly a dash of colour to relieve the scene. There they stood, almost silent, stolid, grey, and sombre. We spent several hours in their midst trying to hasten the passage of our effects through the Customs; but nothing hurries here.

At last, our patience nearly lost, we set off for Lima, five miles distant, on the electric car, passing through streets, at first merely down at the heels, then, as



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Callao Harbour



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A typical street in Lima

we reached the outskirts of Callao, reduced to mere tracks running here and there in the waste of dirt and stones that stretched between the sidewalks along what was evidently planned for a magnificent avenue, now magnificent in distances only. The roads grew worse: there were deep furrows, like gulleys, where the tall wheels of the two-wheeled carts swung and wobbled in the ditch. Now we came to pastures, fenced with mud walls, adobe made with alternate layers of field stone and field mud, laid up wet and left to harden in the sun, when there is any sun, which seems to be infrequently. The great carts, with their loads of flour, furniture, grain, water, drawn by poor, undersized, underfed mules and tiny horses, toiled beside us, and we went on leisurely, past haciendas, seeing glimpses of the grim, desolate Peruvian mountains, where never a leaf or spear of grass grows to lessen the desolation, until the outskirts of Lima appeared, repeating briefly the effect of the outskirts of Callao, mean, hungry, mangy dogs, undersized,

dark-skinned, vagrant children, and lengths of adobe dwelling divided into cubicles of habitation.

Quite suddenly, on turning a corner, we found ourselves on a paved street, and a minute or two later saw church towers and were in a business street, recalling the streets of Havana and Mexico, less the colour and life. A good many people moved about, but there was no bustle or sense of life, all was lack-lustre and humdrum, like an old story. There were the same shops as in San Francisco in Mexico, or Obispo in Havana, but there was neither energy nor tropic languor—just a lukewarm, jog-trot, Laodicean air of “let be” and “who cares?”

This impression of lukewarmness and drabness followed us all day, and was only broken for a while when we went to the Palais Concert for tea, and observed a number of young Limeños looking with eyes alert and a little fierce upon a group in which three Americans sat beside two vivacious señoritas. We went in the afternoon to the Cathedral, and were



Lima Cathedral



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The famous bones of the old wolf Pizarro

shown the famous bones of the old wolf Pizarro, beside the silver altar, surmounted by its golden frame and cornice, the spoils of his conquest; and there his skeleton lies with the holes of the murderous bayonet and bullet which he so richly merited. "Sic transit, etc.," seems rather too easy a comment.

One of the strangest impressions that I have ever gained came this evening as we came home shivering from a half-deserted picture-show along the principal street. All the shutters of the shops were tight closed so as to be practically level with the walls to which they fitted, and we seemed to be walking between sections of a tall fence.

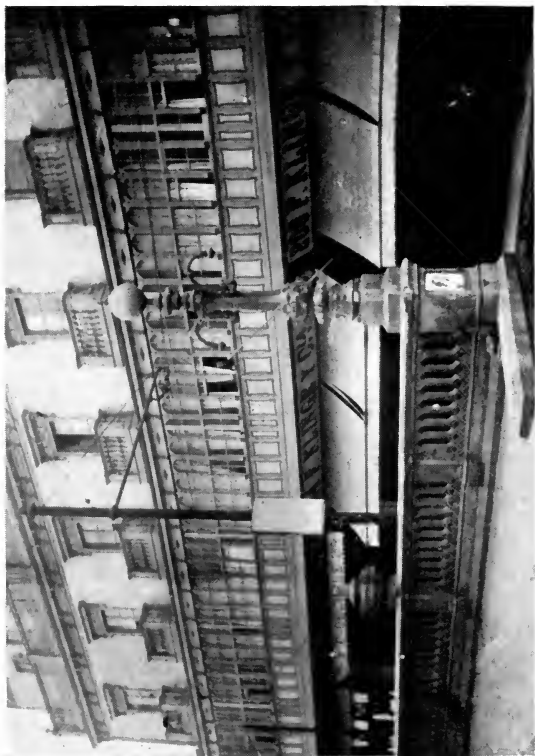
LIMA, *July 4, 1919.*

THIS morning Lima woke up to find another revolution in full swing, if not an accomplished fact. Those in the Hôtel Maury, whose rooms look on the Plaza de Armas, awoke at three o'clock to hear rifle shots, and a little later a few cannon

shots, and to notice great activity about the Palace. They observed that the streets leading to the Plaza were closed, that only a few automobiles and persons on foot were allowed to pass, that the guards were much increased, and that soldiers appeared on the roof of the Palace. When the city awoke it learned that President Pardo was in prison, that President-elect Leguía was in possession of the Palace, that the army had gone over to the new President, and that all had been done practically without the loss of a single life. The streets about the Palace were soon filled with a noisy mob, cheering and celebrating the event. Great numbers crowded into the street cars and upon trucks and perambulated the city shouting "vivas," and generally making all the noise they could. There was no disorder. The fact was accepted with resignation, if not with cheerfulness. Nobody seemed to regret the President of yesterday; all acclaimed the President of to-day. "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" Since it was a holiday, and all the stores were closed, there was ample oppor-



Revolution, crowds gathering in the Plaza



The Hotel Maury, which looks out on the Plaza

tunity to discuss the matter, but as the day wore on no new factors showed themselves. The change was accepted without dispute. It seems amiable; whether it is constitutional, representative government is another question.

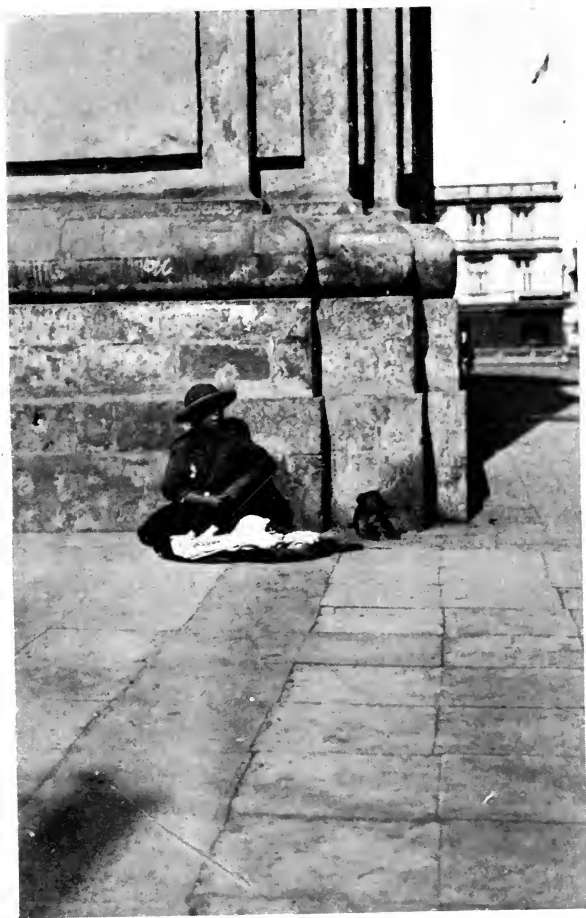
LIMA, *July 5, 1919.*

THE impression of dreariness, of depression, or at least of low or subdued vitality, is deepened as time goes by. Under these leaden skies, which drip moisture like a thin Scotch mist, keeping the streets muddy and one's clothing damp, the life of Lima goes on as if lived in a cave. There is no active pessimism visible, no violent expression of gloom, but all is deadened, a kind of passive resistance or mean-spirited acquiescence. Laughter is rare, and smiles are polite. Merriment, I think, is foreign to the place. In company with shipmate acquaintances I have visited places of amusement, to find them two-thirds empty, and rather sad than diverting. We cannot yet understand how

the Limeños pass their leisure hours. From all accounts their houses are fireless and damp, the streets are untenable, and the theatres are largely unoccupied. This line of inquiry reminds one that there is a suspicion entertained that the population of Peru is dwindling, and that the Indians in the interior are dying out, not merely of discomfort and malnutrition, but even more, of despair. At any rate, up to this time, Lima has, for me, the aspect of a city in a back-water, with a vitality lowered by isolation and climatic depression. It is like a small provincial coast town of northern England or southern Scotland, whence the energetic people have departed to seek brighter skies.

LIMA, *July 6, 1919.*

BELLS and beggars and churches form a sort of circle from which one cannot escape here. Bells in a chorus of clamour wake one in the morning and sound the hours all day long; beggars are at one's elbow at every turn, displaying their rags, their



Beggar on duty at the Cathedral



Beggar off duty, a siesta

infirmities, their sores, proclaiming their wretchedness, which is certainly great enough, though whether as great as the advertisement may be doubted. What Lima and Peru will do with their churches is a problem. Certainly the day grows near when the church must be unhorsed or the steed must die. The burden is crushing. It presses down upon Lima until the city groans. They tell me there are fifty-six convents here, and one would say that the churches were innumerable, for they fill every eligible site and thrust themselves forward at every turn. One wonders, as he does in Rome, how many can be so much as manned, let alone filled or even attended. Perhaps they are the explanation for the neglect of amusements, the rows of empty seats in the theatres, and the lack of merriment among the people. What will happen, I wonder, when the weary people baulks and refuses to carry its long-robed burden any further? Will there be a battle and bloodshed, or will the ecclesiastic get down and walk, as he has had to do in other countries? The

mild little revolution which was enacted so peaceably the day before yesterday makes one wonder about this bigger one which is so plainly in prospect.

That was a neat and orderly coup d'état, almost a model of its kind. The President elect, Leguía, modestly says that the importunities of his friends became so urgent that he could no longer resist, and he reluctantly assented, in order to prevent the will of the people being defeated, to accept the charge of Government at this time, instead of waiting until the constitutional period had elapsed. To be sure, the actual President, Dr. Pardo, was understood to be making preparation to retain power and prevent Leguía's succession. So at three o'clock on Friday morning one group of soldiers, technically rebels, but actually, of course, patriots, inspired solely by love of country, entered the Palace by one door, while another group, actuated by the same high consideration, entered by another. The one penetrated the President's office and took possession of the papers and documents,

seals and means of power; the other penetrated his private room, and, rifle in hand, demanded his surrender. He reached for his revolver, but, when they levelled their rifles at his breast, thought better of it, and with the ironic remark, "I thought there were soldiers in Peru!" yielded to arrest. A little later, his prudence fully restored, he drew the revolver from his pocket, presented it to the officer who had arrested him as a token of remembrance for having saved his life, and took his way quietly to prison. Two hours later, all being in order and a new Cabinet having been agreed upon, the President-elect, Leguía, came to the Palace, was greeted with vociferous cheers, and accepted charge of the Government as Provisional President.

LIMA, *July 7, 1919.*

THE late revolution continues to be the favourite topic of conversation in the town: in fact is more freely discussed now than on the day it happened. They now tell

parts of the "inside story." I was in company with a man to-day who told of Leguía's behaviour during the episode. At a quarter to two, the Provisional President was unconcernedly washing his hands, and remarked, "It is about time for the Cuartel at — to act." Before he had stopped speaking the telephone rang and the message came: "The Cuartel has swung over, and the troops are starting for the Palace." Similarly, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, Leguía called off events as they became due, and they befell, almost to the minute. It is said to be the most perfectly organized piece of Government or private business in the history of Peru.

Another man in the party told of going to interview Leguía on the morning after the coup and asking him why he had done it. "I had no choice," replied he; "I learned on Thursday evening that a counterfeit, so-called revolution had occurred at X—, a town some distance away, and I was informed that on the following day charges would be preferred against me as

the instigator of revolutionary movements. I had to act at once; if I had not I should have been in jail on Friday night."

A curious light on Palace intrigue was thrown by my friend A——, who had an interview with the President this afternoon. He says he was passed along from room to room by four different officers, every one of whom shook hands with him twice, at meeting and parting, and apparently all studied him and his clothing for possible weapons. As he passed from the general Government rooms into the Presidential apartments he says he was conducted through a steel door, thick and strong, like that of a bank or safety deposit vault.

I wonder whether the general lack of spirit, the dull acquiescence, resignation, or apathy of the Peruvians, so well illustrated in this new episode, is by chance the effect still persisting of the Chilean War. Is it possible that the spirit of the people, broken in that struggle, never recovered? The hypothesis attracts me as the most adequate which has yet come to my mind.

The Peruvians were terribly crushed in

the war. The flower of their youth was destroyed, their homes and churches were despoiled, their capital was held by the enemy.

In the constant harping on the old woes, on the horrors, the slaughter, the rapine, the looting and desecration, I am reminded of my first visit to the Southern States, where I heard in Richmond the same bitter laments over the Civil War which had ended forty years before. It is the loser who remembers and repines.

LIMA, *July 9, 1919.*

TO-DAY completes the first week of my stay in Lima, and I am beginning to get an idea of the social structure of the town, an idea which has been delayed by the confusion of the Revolution.

In the first place, Lima is not so large as is often supposed; they tell me the population is about 250,000, which is probably an over-estimate; a closer approximation would, I think, be 150,000. However, any figure given can be only a guess, for it has no basis in a regular census and includes an indefinite number of Indians who might almost as well be subtracted from the population. One recognizes at once the really important division between the old Spanish stock and the Mestizo which forms the mass of the people. The old families, some of whom

are rich, maintain a very restricted social life, consisting of formal visits, long, dull dinners, and occasional parties in the country, essentially similar to the social ways in the days of the Viceroy. But for the increase in land values and in the prices of sugar and cotton, this group would be broken, but it continues, and holds its place of prestige.

Beside or below this restricted group of perhaps forty families goes on a busy, unorganized, and, as it seems to me, aimless social activity in which the bright spots are given by the foreign colonies, particularly the British, French, Americans, and Italians. Within these groups there is a fairly regular organized movement of conventional hospitality with occasional gaiety. One cannot escape the impression that the life of the city itself is narrow, limited, and flat, moving in old, set courses like the narrow streets, with rather low vitality and little speed. Longer acquaintance will, perhaps, change my opinion, but at present I see Lima as a small provincial town, holding

desperately to a few ancient customs and formalities, rather decorative than useful, and striving peevishly to ignore the rising tide of more fresh and vital customs that is gaining on her from day to day.

In company with my friend, Mr. L——, I have made three interesting visits: to the old poet and writer of *Tradiciones*, Dr. Ricardo Palma; to Dr. de la Riva Aguera, and to Dr. Javier Prado y Ugarteche, Rector of the University of San Marcos, the oldest institution of learning on the continent.

We found Dr. Palma at his home in Miraflores, the favourite suburb of Lima. The old man was dressed in a rough grey overcoat and cap, and seated in a straight-backed chair set against the wall of his library. He greeted us in a deep voice that gave an impression of strength, but it soon appeared that there was "vox et præterea nihil." He was able to catch only a few sentences of the conversation, which was directed by his daughter Anjelica in a fine spirit of filial devotion. She sat there watchful, now and then

repeating something to him in a high voice, and giving all the effect of keeping him in the circle. But it was in vain. He pointed with pride to the diploma of the Hispanic Society which hung on the wall above his head, and said a few words about the publications of the Society and his pride in it, and then lapsed into silence. The room was a student's room, such as one might find anywhere in the world, ringed with bookshelves, and photographs and diplomas on the wall. We sat and chatted with la Señorita Anjelica, a slender dark woman, with fine, deep eyes, until lights came, and then set off to return to the city. That was a curious journey. We took the electric car, which was so dimly lighted that, passing through the dark streets, we had the sensation of running in a tunnel, and were unable to form the least idea of where we were.

Our call on Dr. de la Riva Aguera was made in the early afternoon. We found him awaiting us at the head of the wide entrance stairs in the first fine house I have entered in Lima. It is like all

Spanish-Moorish houses, but we found the great reception room a surprise. It was all in red and faded gold, with fine old furniture toned to the walls, and with the most satisfactory collection of pictures I have yet seen in an Hispanic house.

Dr. Aguera explained to us that they were all copies obtained by his grandfather when he visited Paris at the Exposition of 1890, and taken from favourite pictures in the Louvre and the Luxembourg. They made with their setting a really charming room.

We chatted of the Hispanic Society, in which Dr. Aguera is a corresponding member, of American politics, of Peru and her future, of literature. He is an intellectual, a Continental, a Parisian, with the Latin love of precision and formula, and the Latin lack of allowance for the imponderable and the unformulated, but withal a real mind, active, alert and competent, the first modern man I have met here. I enjoyed meeting him immensely, and look forward to seeing a good deal of him while I am here.

LIMA, July 10, 1919.

I CALLED Dr. Aguera the first modern man I had met in Peru, but Dr. Prado, the Rector of the University, is no less modern, and possibly more effective. We met him this morning in his reception room at the University, where he was surrounded by signs of his various interests—rubbings on linen of Inca inscriptions, life-size portraits of his predecessors, books old and new, and the routine forms and reports of the University.

He showed a lively interest in the task I have in hand, as well as an active desire to be of assistance in it. We talked of books, including Señor Paz-Soldán's *Diccionario Biográfico* of Peru, and Dr. Prado promised to introduce me to the writer with an idea of getting his assistance in my task.

LIMA, July 11, 1919.

EVERY day presents new aspects of the life here, and I shall just set them down as they occur to me, without trying



The University corner, Church of San Carlos



✠ La Universidad
de Lima fue funda-
da a solicitud de fray
Tomás de San Martín
por Real Cédula de 12
de Mayo de 1551 del
Emperador Carlos
V y de la Reyna Va-
lde Dña Juana

Sus estudios se ma-
nifiestan en el Convento
de los religiosos Do-
minicos de esta Ciu-
dad de Lima

Memorial tablets at the University

to organize my impressions, and without anxiety over any lack of consistency.

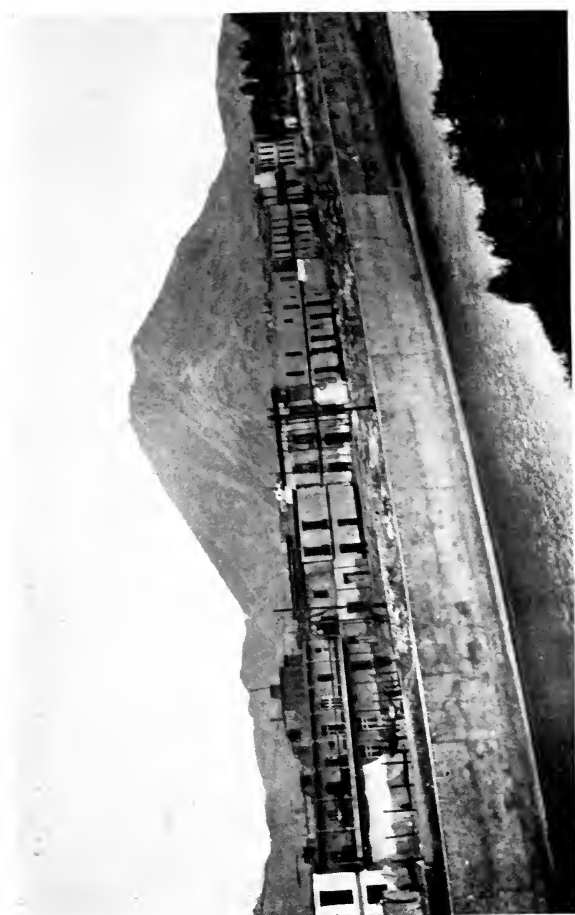
This morning, as I stood at the station behind the Palace, I was strongly reminded of an out-of-the-way corner of Rome. The church towers rising over the low, flat roofs, the pink, yellow, and multi-chrome walls of the houses, the occasional soldiers, looking very much like the slouchy, shoulderless Italian infantryman of 1903, the women passing to and from the churches with black mantillas over their heads, and the ubiquitous priests with shiny flat hats and an air of resentful authority, all fitted the scene. It might have been a corner behind the Café Roma.

As I went down to the train level, passing through a fine, clean, well-ordered station, I caught a fresh glimpse of the town. Just before me was a wide flower-bed stretching some distance along the tracks; beyond was the Rimac river, with two-thirds of its wide bed dry, then a long line of low buildings in low tones, a soft faded pink predominating; and over it rose threatening, and all but black, the

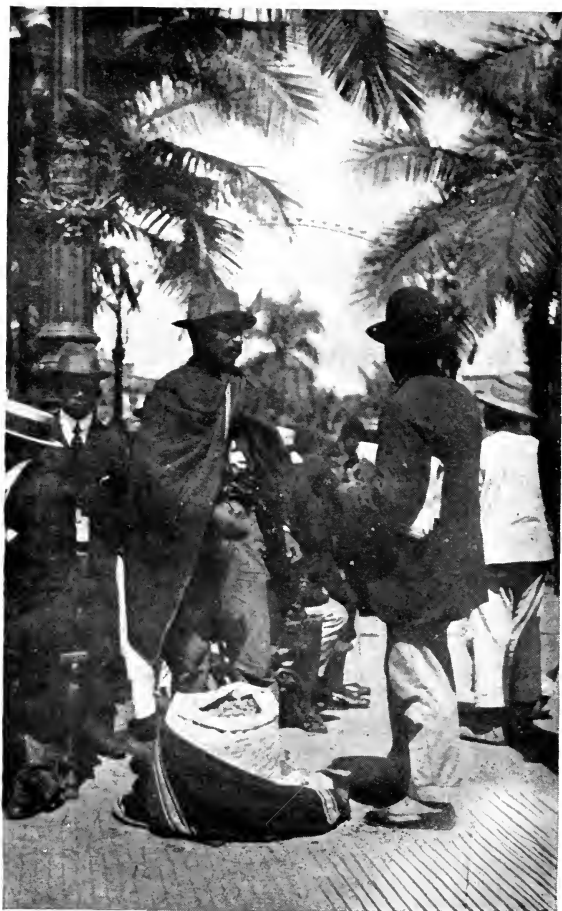
desolate mass of San Cristóbal Hill. Colour and atmosphere were both fascinating. Equally picturesque was another view on the way to Callao. It was a great mass of purple and pink wistaria and rambler roses, I fancy, rising into two domes over a broad, low ranch house of a dull yellow, which lies flat in a green plain, and hemmed in to left and right by mountain-like ridges, that to the left black and desolate, that to the right golden brown, in a rare passing shaft of sunshine.

Callao itself is as near devoid of poetry or the picturesque as can be imagined, though I should like to explore the old fort, now being used as the Customs House. I had lunch in a tavern, described as "the best restaurant in town," where there is half an inch of sawdust on the floor, and where the waiters bringing the dishes halted on their way to scratch vigorously, reminding one disagreeably that this coast from Alaska to the Straits is the habitat of the Red man and the flea.

In view of the current computation



“ The desolate mass of San Cristóbal Hill ”



Indians in the Plaza de Armas

that sets the Indian population in Peru at ninety-five per cent. of the whole, it is notable that the Indian physiognomy is not markedly conspicuous in Lima. In Callao this afternoon in a singular mixture of types, amongst Chinese, Negroes, Italians, Japs, and bastard cross-breeds of every race and clime, I saw an ancient crone who could have sat for the portrait of a Sioux chieftainess. Her thick, black hair was streaked with grey; her face was lined and wrinkled like a crumpled map; her profile was like a surly eagle, and her pose was the immemorial pose of the Red man, dumbly resigned and infinitely apathetic.

LIMA, *July 12, 1919.*

THE event of my stay here so far was the visit which I paid this afternoon to the house of Dr. Javier Prado y Ugarteche.

As is the rule with Hispanic houses, there is no indication outside of the wealth within. One enters through high and ponderous doors into a wide paved patio,

or court-yard, and is ushered into a reception room which leads into the larger rooms. These are arranged, of course, in the Roman manner, about the three sides of the patio. They are arranged also so as to give an historical sequence to their contents. Beginning at the archæological end of the line, one may pass through four rooms devoted to the Inca and pre-Inca collections, quite marvellous and full of surprises, such as would consume an archæological museum director with virulent envy. I think they contain about two thousand examples of stone-work and pottery, many pieces of the latter being graceful in form, very thin and light, and quite brilliant in colour. This brilliance of colour is also marked and striking in the examples of ancient fabrics, taken as a rule from the tombs, believed to be two thousand years old, and yet retaining undimmed their fine pristine colouring, reds and blues and yellows in many tones and in combinations often very subtle and giving surprisingly effective harmonies and contrasts. There are also here a

number of mummies, some stripped of cerements and forbidding in their two-fold nakedness, others as they came from the tombs, wrapped about with the ceremonial vestments, which in the case of those of royal or noble rank are very numerous and give the figure a great tub-like bulk.

Turning away from these collections, which I am not archæologist enough to appreciate, one enters the rooms devoted to the Colonial Period, among which is a bed-chamber quite exquisitely done, all in Peruvian workmanship, but from Spanish models. The bed, of dark wood, has high posts, and is carved with infinite laboriousness. Beside it is a great crucifix. On the walls are pictures of sacred or biblical subjects, some in gilt and some in silver frames; the floors are covered with rugs made of skins, and the hangings are of brocaded silk.

A later stage of the Colonial Period is illustrated by a salon filled with pictures by Peruvian artists, many of them—forty or more, I think—being the work of

Francisco Lazo, for whom Dr. Prado has a great admiration. Two or three of his portraits show unusual power and a certain humour which is very pleasant. There are two other salons presenting different styles of furnishing, one all in gilt after the Louis Quinze style, the other rather dark and heavy, but interesting for the quite remarkable wood carving. Finally, passing over entrances, ante-rooms and other such incidentals, there is the library, a great oblong room shelved from floor to ceiling and rich with various bindings. There are said to be twenty-five thousand books here, including many "rarissima" and books in manuscript.

I shall probably not succeed in conveying to you any notion of this house, which is one of the eyes of Lima and wears an air of dignity, amplitude, cultivation, and scholarship such as restores one's fading confidence in the former glories of this ancient City of the Kings. It is worth a volume, and you might commission some one jointly with the Haigh Museum to do it, in full colour and in ample page!

LIMA, *July 13, 1919.*

It is six o'clock of a drizzly, murky Sunday evening. I have just come in from a walk to the Plazuela Santa Ana, passing through streets just wet and muddy enough to convey discomfort, and now, in the gathering darkness, chilly and untenable. Fortunately it is not really cold here, but the poor, who are many, must suffer from the long-continued, penetrating damp and chill. Whether it affects their spirits no one can tell; for the Indian is never merry, and the stolid, taciturn apathy of their faces may be permanent and racial rather than the effect of present conditions. Given such a race, however, I think the course of the Church in emphasizing the tragical, sad, and painful aspects of the Christian faith has been immensely injurious and cruelly wrong. Everywhere here in the churches, which are legion, one is revolted not merely by the "cult of sorrow," for which I suppose a case can be made in the history of Christ, but for the cult of horror. Every circumstance of pain is lifted into the utmost prominence :

no church is without its realistic crucifixes, with the blood and wounds in exaggerated relief. In one small chapel I have counted four effigies of Christ, some of them literally horrible, the face drawn, the naked form emaciated, scarred, with gaping wounds and contorted limbs.

One of the sad diversions provided by the Church as a means apparently of increasing its income, is the religious procession. I met such a one in the midst of a thin drizzle on my walk this afternoon. It came on headed by three acolytes, small boys in robes which doubtless once were white, but now greatly in need of a washing, bearing aloft the tawdry symbols. They were followed by a rather casual group of men who carried banners, shambling along with conscious eyes on their friends in the crowd. Then came a flock of tiny girls in faded, dirty blue costumes like long pinafores, among whom were borne several constructions, one containing a toy lamb, another a toy cradle. They were followed by one pushing a wheelbarrow, from which flowers and leaves were thrown on the



“ One of the sad diversions ” is the religious procession



Church door

street, symbolic of the flower-strewn way, but not very convincing, for the poor, thin, faded things were lost in the muddy street. Soon came the main part of the procession, with a blaring band: first, a number of girls and women bearing banners and emblems; a large, black-clad negress carrying the incense-burner; several acolytes with lamps, and now, stretching tapes to keep the way, came the bearers of a tawdry canopy, under which marched the priest, with his eyes on his missal, and his assistants: a faint, far-off reflection of the days of golden canopies borne by city officials! The drums beat, the trumpets sounded; the crowd elbowed along the narrow sidewalks to keep pace; the rain drizzled gently on all our bare heads; a final group passed, men, women and girls, some of them ostentatiously gazing at their prayer-books, and everybody with apparent relief put on his hat and went about his business.

This morning I attended a really impressive and interesting service in the fine old church of the Merced on the principal street,

Calle Union, where official services are usually held. When I went in the church was well filled, with many men standing in the aisles and crowded round the altar, where I soon saw there were a number of officials seated in a wide semi-circle facing the chancel. Gradually I perceived that these were the members of the present Government and that President Leguía was the central figure flanked by his Ministers and former high officials, including the picturesque, venerable ex-President Cáceres. Fronting this array was a more compact body of Churchmen, who stood in the chancel grouped about a central figure in splendid ecclesiastical robes of white and gold. As I entered he was in full career of exhortation, invoking, with frequent gesture and the abundant metaphor of the Spanish tongue, the powers of Heaven, the spirit of Patriotism, and the shades of noble Peruvians of the past for the guidance and inspiration of the new Government. In impassioned, even if somewhat inconsequential rhetoric, he united in a burst of coruscating phrases the first great Deluge,

the recent deluge of blood in Europe, and the innocuous revolution of the week past, finding a parallel in the regenerating influence of the great disaster and a promise of immeasurable benefits to Peru now about to be witnessed.

The scene and the setting was impressive and satisfying. The people were evidently sympathetic and seemed thoroughly at ease, passing about, nodding, and signalling to friends here and there, and quite complacent under the glow of the high altar and in the presence of the great dignitaries of Church and State. When the address was over and the communion had been administered to the Presidential party, all rose and stood while Mr. Leguía, a small, thin man with a long nose and keen eyes, almost insignificant amidst his official array, passed out, entered his automobile, and drove away.

LIMA, *July* 16, 1919.

So that we might not lose any of the sensations proper to the place, we have

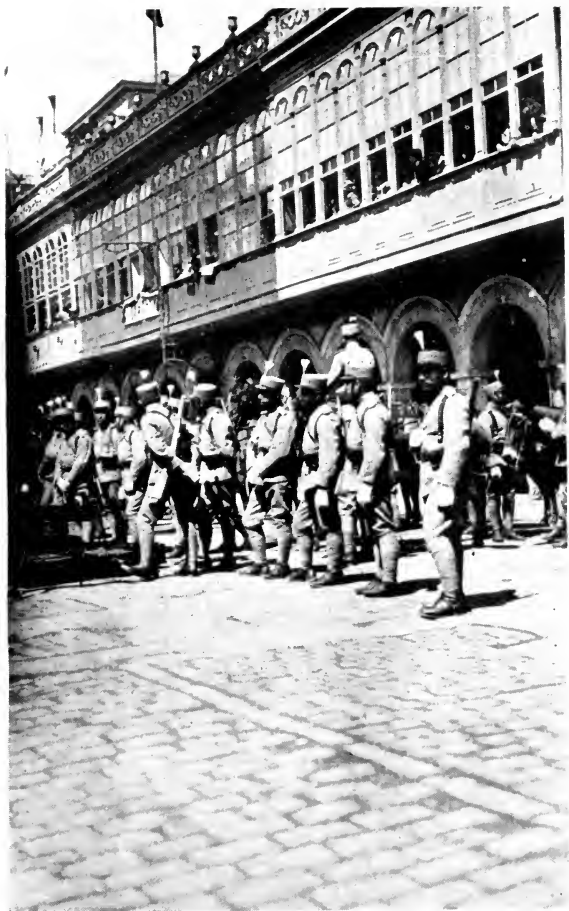
duly experienced the "temblor." One or two little shakes which rattled the windows, much as if a very heavy wagon were being driven through the streets, seemed only amusing; but on Monday morning we had a visitation of quite another sort. It came at twenty minutes to seven, and woke us from a fairly sound sleep with an unmistakable surge and swell and slide and shake such as an impatient man might make in an ill-fitting coat. My room-mate, who is from San Francisco, called across to me to reassure me. "That's a quake," he remarked; "it'll soon pass." But it didn't. It kept on shaking, rattling windows and doors and giving the beds a very disconcerting sea motion. One thought of all the counsel given for the occasion: to get up and stand in the arch of the door; to keep still and let it pass; to stand at a window ready. . . . But apart from the wisdom of the act, I was too nearly paralysed to do anything but lie still. I think I have never felt more helpless. The worst of it was the shifting and sliding and settling continued, so that the commode

slid across and struck the bed, and the bed turned as if on a pivot, and one recalled the structure of the building and reasoned that being of adobe it was as safe as could be; but surely the roof might fall at any minute! Gradually the shudder passed and left me feeling very tired, as if I had gone through great exertions.

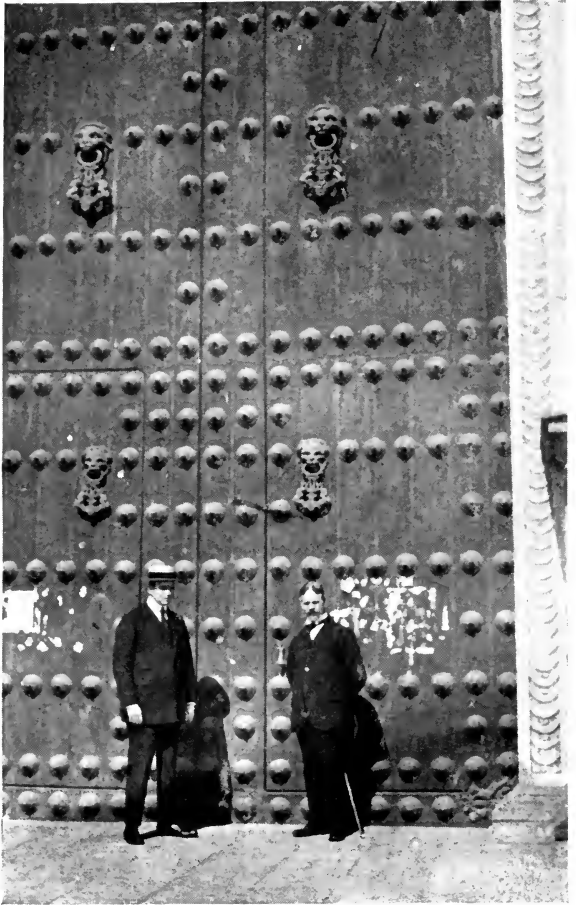
At the French breakfast later in the day, held to celebrate the Peace and the French Fête day, the Fourteenth, there were many amusing narratives, but I was relieved to hear Eggleston, a Harvard athlete, admit that he was too frightened to stir.

The breakfast itself was like other such affairs in a foreign country. Each nationality flocked by itself; Americans at the American table, British at their table, Italians at theirs, French at theirs. It was slow and stupid at first, warmed up slowly, came to its climax with the singing of the "Marseillaise," and kept its level for a time with fervent speeches. The American Minister, a nice old boy from Kentucky, made a speech that would have been

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|-----|---|
| 34 | CASUAL LETTERS |
| | <p>appropriate any time these fifty years past anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, with many references to the Almighty and many "Ah saays, Gen'l'men!" There was also the usual sorrowful attempt at singing the national hymn, for which, of course, we are reduced to the "Star-spangled Banner," which nobody knows, because the British have "God Save the King."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CLUB DE LA UNIÓN, LIMA, <i>July 20, 1919.</i></p> <p>I AM writing this in the Union Club, an old and dignified social club which has a fairly good library and a well-appointed reading-room. The windows open to the ceiling, giving on a balcony such as adorns nearly all the older houses of Lima, and allows one to see all that passes in the street below. From this balcony one can see the great Plaza and the front of the Cathedral, so that perhaps from this very spot one might have watched the passing of the Viceroys in their pomp of banners and pearls and gold on their gorgeous entry</p> |
| VII | HISPANIC NOTES |



Troops parading before the Club de la Unión



The big door of the Cathedral

to the Palace and their ceremonial visits to the Cathedral. One turns instinctively to the past here; for Lima's glory is all of earlier times and exists only in monuments, traditions, legends, and memories. It is possible, standing in the Plaza, or under the beautiful carved ceiling of the National Library, or in the patio of the Tagle Palace, to evoke visions of splendour and wealth when Lima lived in the glory of Viceregal pomp and the seemingly inexhaustible gifts of her silver mines; but the wings of fancy are often hampered by the sordid realities too plainly visible, the mean streets, the unkempt pavements, the unmended windows and doors, the decrepit coaches, and the unwashed mob. This last, I suppose, was never lacking, but belongs to the race as much as to the place.

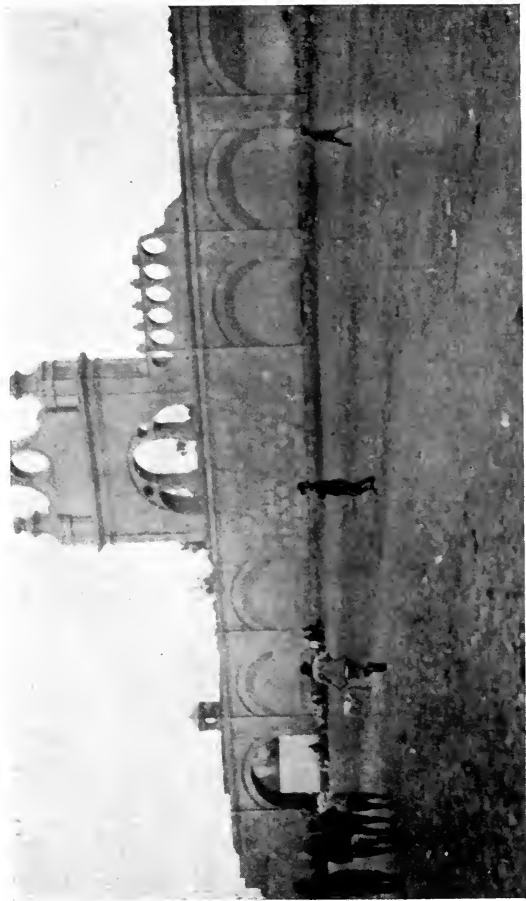
I find it very hard to keep my illusions. There is a good deal of solid wealth here, inconspicuous, as a rule; there is a good deal of solid worth, too, in people of character, attainments, and just pride of ancestry. Yet one cannot easily escape the impression that it is a remnant, and

that the civilization as a whole is a thin and feeble thing. It is a kind of veneer, just as it was in the days of the Viceroy. They might lay a pavement of ingots of silver for the Viceroy to pass over, but it was laid in mud, and on either side stretched quagmires of perilous extent. Spain, we are often told, imposed with unparalleled success her civilization on the lands she conquered, and my respect for the precision and permanence of the impression is sincere; it remains, however, an impression stamped from without, or, if you like, from above. It never partook of the nature of a change from within. And so you have everywhere in Hispanic America the forms of civilization, though you often miss the substance. Order, regularity, conformity, dignity, politeness, outward respect for constituted authority, yes; but an inner sense of justice, any love of fair play, genuine regard for the public welfare, these are far to seek. There is a parable in the remark of the Limeño on leaving the doors of the church, "I have drunk my Jesus; now to the bull-fight!"

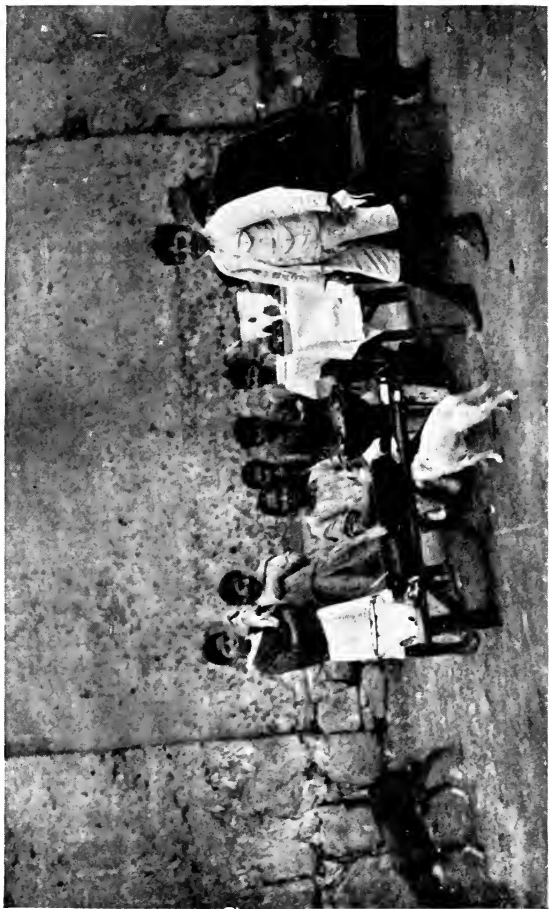
There is more beauty here than is promised at the first glance. It was not until I climbed the San Cristóbal Hill that I had any idea of the picturesque effect of the city lying under the shadow of the sierra, and coloured, with unconscious and unpremeditated art, in yellows and browns, and soft pinks, splashes of grey and green and deep reds, which are softened into a fine composition by two hundred feet of altitude and a mile of distance. Yesterday, from the University, I had a glimpse of the sierra in sunshine, rising over a long low range of flat blue building, the serrated outline of the hills softened and warmed by a film of sun-lit cloud.

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. L—— and I set off to climb the hill a second time. It was dull, cloudy, and a little cold when we started; but we found, as they say is usual here, that as we went up it grew warmer, and we passed above the damp and cloudy air which seemed to be only a thin stratum lying close to the ground, into a more bracing atmosphere, and soon struck the sunshine, which was actually strong

and gave me the first sensation of summer warmth that we have had here. The road winds entirely around the hill, and gives a constantly changing view of Lima and its environs. At one point, with the peak rising steeply behind us, we were actually surrounded with the steep mountain-like hills, which, although not very high, gave an impression of altitude because of their unrelieved severity of aspect; for they are as barren as so many aggregations^A of granite, or vast heaps of slag. The valleys among these sierras are extraordinarily flat, as if they had been ironed out, and are so neatly divided into little rectangular fields, all irrigated, as I suspect, by the Inca ditches, that they make the cleanest-cut checker-board patterns that I can remember. Low-lying bodies of white cloud, that drifted here and there, gave effects proper to much higher altitudes, and such as one finds among tall mountains. They lay in the folds of the hills, filling them as if with white lakes and rose to the tops, leaving just the dark peaks isolated against the sky, and flung themselves like scarves



On the way to San Cristóbal



A family party, on the way to San Cristóbal

over the whole face of the mountain, draping it with a thin, transparent veil.

We came down, the church towers rising to meet us from all over the town, and the tones of the bells, which seem to be never silent, growing clearer as we advanced. I was struck on entering the streets, as I have often been before, with the exasperating sense that nobody had ever given me any idea of the physiognomy or flavour of the city. We passed through the wide, desert-like streets of the outskirts, half paved with cobble-stones, and framed with their low, single-storey, windowless houses, but populated with dogs and a line of children and adults crowding the doorways; and as I looked down the vista and caught the unsavoury smells of food cooking at the open doors and the low circumspect glances that followed us at every turn, I felt myself rather in a Moorish than an American town. The sense of the foreignness, the Africanness, so to speak, of the city, is more marked in these wide, neglected streets of the outskirts, but I am not sure that it is not equally present in the narrow,

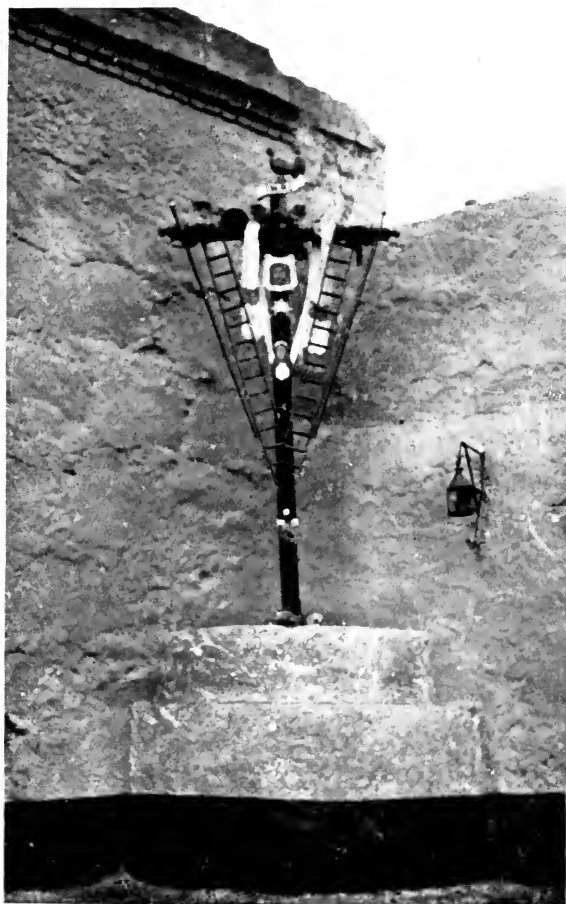
close-built streets in the heart of the town, with their fortress-like doors and windows barred as if for a siege.

LIMA, *July 23, 1919.*

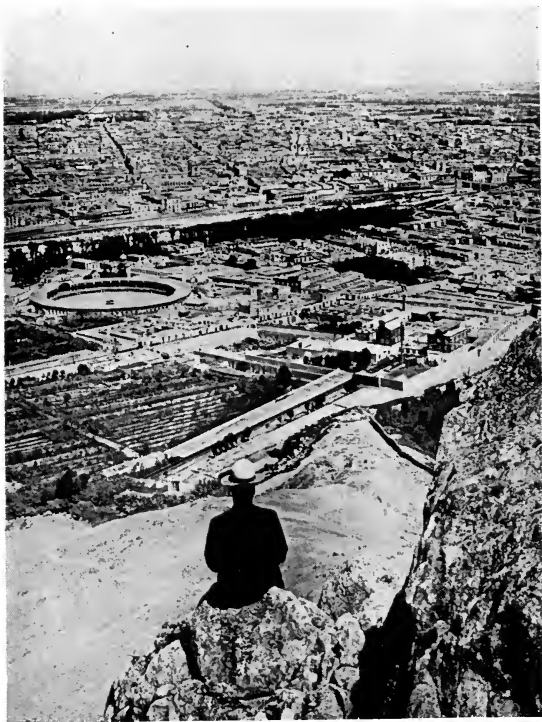
LET me add another impression of Lima.

The city is very flat, being set on one of the smooth level places made by the river in its wide divagations from side to side of the sierra. It is, moreover, so set among the spurs of the ridges as to lie in a pocket where the air hangs heavy and motionless, giving, they tell me, a very dull, damp atmosphere, which reduces the vitality and contributes to the listless, spiritless character of the people. As to this I cannot say, but certainly nobody can help remarking the contrast with Havana, with its ebullience and fever and care-free, tropical disposition. Lima recalls Puebla, Mexico's "City of Churches," with its constant bells and priests and innumerable black mantillas and air of forced sedateness and propriety.

Lima is too sedate. I think it is under-



A wayside shrine



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“The town is flat . . . uninspired . . . unenterprising”

vitalized, and my friend, Señor Paz-Soldán, says it is underfed. He goes so far as to say that all Peru is underfed; that the great landowners, who have kept alive the old *encomienda* system as far as possible, holding their Indian retainers in a form of peonage, have never half fed their people. He adds that they don't know how to feed themselves, and have no idea of food values. As to which I fancy he is at least half right. At any rate, a well-built, full-grown man is an unusual sight. The women of the better classes seem well enough fed, too well fed, in fact, fat and shapeless at thirty-five, but not often tall, and hardly ever graceful or athletic.

The town is flat, flat in tone, flat in interests, unventurous, uninspired, un-inspiring, and unenterprising. It seems at moments curiously provincial, like an Italian town off the beaten track, self-conscious, old and timid. Its newspapers, its theatres, its sports, even its revolutions, are tame. And it has a curiously shut-in air. Even the central Plaza seems enclosed

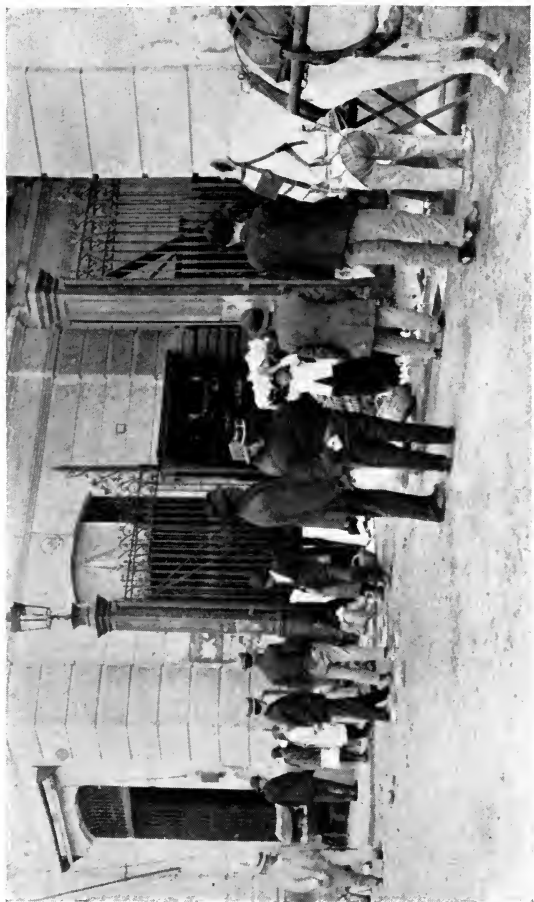
because its two sides on which people congregate—nobody wants to stand in front of the Palace or the Cathedral—are still enclosed by the low-arched porticoes that the Spaniards built two hundred years ago. Perhaps it is only imagination on my part that the nature of the buildings contributes to the dead, unresilient atmosphere of the place, but I fancy that the adobe, of which most of the houses are built, is permeated with moisture and dead with indefinitely repeated use. I never watch an old building being torn down and see the lumps of dried mud, into which it so readily disintegrates, breaking under the blows of the workman's shovel, without thinking of Omar's adjuration of the clay to the potter—"Gently, brother, gently pray!" I wonder how many houses these lumps have formed part of, how many generations have contributed of their dust to form them, and look across the valley to the remains of prehistoric dwellings, of the like substance, and in my mind's eye see the process indefinitely repeating itself into the future.

LIMA, PERU,
July 26, 1919.

I HAVE been here now three weeks, and the first period, of novelty and strangeness, of wariness and eager, watchful interest, the impressionable period, is past. I recognize the symptoms, and I note their disappearance. From now on there will be no strain of attention; on the other hand, there will be little or no surprise, and most of the habitual life of the place will become customary and natural. No doubt there is some gain in the change. It means that the nervous system and the digestive tract has adjusted itself to the new conditions, and ordinary existence becomes more comfortable. But it means also some loss, for it means that observation is already dulled by familiarity and the nerves have lost the quickened

responsiveness produced by the strange environment.

Already I find myself taking for granted the tall two-wheeled carts with their teams of three little mules abreast and the heavy, ever-active whips. The Indian women sitting at the street corners selling papers or tomalies seem matters of course, just as the policemen standing in the middle of the streets and blowing their whistles to mark the hours at night, or the slow-moving street cars or the white-robed Brothers in sandals and rope girdles. We are all dyers' hands, soon subdued to what we work in, and I can easily believe that in course of time I should cease to fret and fume at the snail's pace of work, at the amiable slackness about business, or at the equally amiable pliability of morals which makes everybody chiefly anxious to find out what you want said so that he can say it rather than to find out exactly what is so, and settle the matter. Nobody wants to settle the matter; nobody wants to get down to bed-rock; nobody wants to clean away accumulations of rubbish or error or mis-



Loungers at the market



Loaded burros coming to market

understanding. Everybody wants to let the creaking gate hang as long as possible, to let the moribund institution survive if it can, to let the ancient humbug stay on its feet, and the ramshackle building wobble on its unstable foundation as long as it may. Nobody wants to get to the root of the matter. Why not let the tinsel and varnish alone?

By which you will see that the adjustment of my moral system is not so complete as I think that of my nervous system is.

July 29, 1919.

YESTERDAY morning dawned damp and misty, the great national holiday of Peru. It had been awaited with absorbing interest. For two weeks the papers had printed announcements reminding tradesmen that they were under obligations to display the national colours; for days the streets had been obstructed by ladders on which hung the most casual and heterogeneous collection of house painters ever entrusted with a paint-pot; for two nights the sound of

hammering on the scaffolds and decorations had not ceased. At last the day had come. Before it was dawn trumpets were blaring, making fine play in the narrow streets, and the bells soon took up the tale with a surge and clamour that made their everyday efforts seem like silence. By ten o'clock the great Plaza was thronged with people and lined with soldiers. The sun came up and made the scene blithe and almost merry. Seldom does the social thermometer rise to the level of merriment here. There were ten thousand people in the Plaza, but there was no hilarity. They stood passive, silent, patient—tame. When I remarked to my neighbour in the crowd on the silence of the people, he replied, "Yes; they are very peaceable"—*muy pacificos*—"they are always so. They are good people, very good people." They seem and are believed to be the easiest people to rule in the world; but I have some mental reservations on the whole subject.

It was half-past twelve, when some of the crowd had been standing in place for



National holiday, crowd outside Cathedral



The Plaza in holiday dress

two hours and a half, before the President and other dignitaries emerged from the church. It was a long and glittering array. I should never have believed that Peru contained so many gold-braided uniforms, and as little could I have imagined so many men of the pre-eminent distinction indicated by the splendid insignia. Then came the march past. On the whole it was dignified and effective, though somewhat provincial. The army seemed to be well kept, well clothed, and well equipped, if not particularly well drilled. A curious, barbaric effect was produced by the rather gorgeous head-dress of the Palace Guard, tall, nickelled helmets, with high gilt crests and horse-tail plumes, when the brass chin-strap came over the negro face, which appeared to be frequent in the guard. More interesting, however, was the effect of the lines of Inca profiles that went by when the main body of infantry came in view. They were so surprisingly like the Inca idols as to startle one. The enlarged noses set woodenly on expressionless faces, the dark, monotonously coloured masks,

the even, regular set of their heads; all helped the illusion of rows of idols charmed into life and put into uniform.

I think nearly everybody who can muster a decent coat has been parading the main street, the Calle Mercaderes, or the Plaza, sauntering monotonously round the course from the Plaza to the Zoological Gardens or lounging elaborately in front of the Palais Concert to ogle the señoritas, most of the past two days. There seems literally nothing else to do. The scene is not without beauty. Last night I walked round the Plaza where the palm trees are joined by arches of electric lights and the central fountain is festooned and crowned with clusters of lights, and found it very pretty, while beyond loomed the mass of the Cathedral, apart and a bit remote, like a huge reliquary of old ivory glowing softly with the reflected lights as if illuminated from far within.

LIMA, *July 30, 1919.*

I HAVE been to see a bull-fight and a cock-fight. I am not quite sure whether

this is to be regarded in the light of a confession which calls for a defence, a recital of extenuating circumstances and an appeal to clemency; but I am willing to concede this much to prejudice and the nonconformist conscience, that I had already seen a second-rate bull-fight in Mexico and had no desire to see another, and that though I had never seen a cock-fight, I was not aware of any wish to see one; but that, of course, I was led away by impulsive and curious friends who represented that my knowledge of Spanish would be advantageous, and that in company we should be better off, that one ought not to leave Lima without getting an idea of the popular amusements.

The bull-fight was held, of course, on Sunday afternoon in the great Plaza de Toros of Lima, about which we had heard much: of its size, appointments, convenience and the numbers it would hold, a point on which popular estimate was apparently as vague as on the population of Lima: some said 30,000, one said 56,000, others 20,000. We arrived early and were

able to settle this point. The enclosure is fairly extensive, over 200 feet in diameter, and the seats would hold not many more than 6000. The greater part were unoccupied that day.

We had begun to be doubtful whether there would be any performance, but a postponement on account of the small attendance, when the trumpets sounded, the great doors were thrown open and the procession of toreadors advanced with slow and measured step into the ring. They made a dignified entrance; for their costumes were, though tarnished, still splendid, evidently, like so much else here, a heritage of more prosperous times. The capes were of the most delicate shades of old rose, crushed strawberry, dimmed gold, and faded salmon, relieved by the caps and tunics of black velvet and a few new capes, which gave splashes of scarlet to the scene. A little later there was another fanfare of trumpets, another set of doors opened and out rushed a young and very much surprised bull. Then a red cape flashed and he rushed at it, another crossed



“ The toreadors made a dignified entrance ”



The matador salutes

his path and he turned, rather too quickly for the toreador, whom he sent spinning in the dust.

That was the first clear evidence of the amateurism of the team; many more came later, and one of the party, who is a baseball enthusiast, kept score for the bulls and credited them with fifteen "knock-downs," fortunately none of them really serious, for the bulls were not savage. The trumpets blew and the bandilleros advanced into the ring. One planted his barbs with great skill and passed the bull; the second grew irritated at his failure to provoke the bull to charge, ran in and was bowled over. More trumpets and the matador, sword in hand, marched forward, but the fates were not with him. The bull saw through the device of his red capelet, charged him and ran over him. Dazed and angry he ran towards the bull, made an unskilful thrust, and left his sword sticking out of the bull's side, while the crowd hooted and stamped. They brought him another sword, and after two ineffectual attempts he succeeded in planting the blade

alongside the spinal cord, and the bull fell. The second episode was similar, save that in this chapter the matador was twice knocked down and escaped by a miracle. This bull, too, ran about the ring with two swords sticking in his shoulders. The third corrida was less lugubrious because the matador had a lot of spirit and daring. He, too, was struck by the bull's horns and fell, but immediately lay flat and still, so that the bull passed him by. Then he rose and delivered a fairly well-aimed thrust which was fatal.

It was a travesty on a famous sport, and was crowned by the final act, in which a bull came out that would not face anybody, but ran looking for a way of escape. Then the crowd began to leap down from their seats into the ring, took off their coats and baited the poor bull till he turned tail and ran about helplessly, one joker valiantly hanging on behind!

We left the ridiculous scene.

As to the cock-fight, I will not repeat my "extenuating circumstances." The same trio, the Professor, the ex-baseball

player, and I, went, this time to the Coliseo de Gallos, driving through a mean section of the town, with its low, solid buildings of faded blue and pink and green adobe, which always make me think of Pompeii, into a cul-de-sac where a long, low, blank wall was painted in great red letters "Coliseo Pompilla," and we entered through a low arch into a dark passage, where a man behind a little grated opening was selling tickets, and game-cocks in cages were crowing and rustling against the bars.

The Coliseo was very like a miniature Plaza del Toros, an amphitheatre on a small scale. There was the same air of decrepitude and of better days long past. There was the same air of something—shall I say not quite respectable? To be sure, the crowd—and in this case the little building was well filled—showed no slightest apprehension of being engaged in anything to be ashamed of, but then it was a crowd to which the sensations of delicacy were evidently not familiar. There were two or three women of the lower classes, but

neatly dressed and self-respecting in manner, quite absorbed in the sport and utterly free from self-consciousness; the rest were of two kinds, a more or less well-to-do group—"patrons of the pit"—and the mass of Indian and Mestizo teamsters, clerks, labouring men, and rough customers. It was not conspicuously a bad crowd, but certainly not a good one.

After a period of waiting, marked by growing and audible impatience on the part of the spectators, an Indian, with long, shiny hair plastered down over his ears, entered, bearing with an air of pride a richly embroidered silken robe, which we soon perceived covered a fighting cock. He took his stand on one side of the ring marked "Derecho," and in a few minutes from the other side entered a second man bearing a similar burden. Immediately the two cocks were displayed, allowed to run a few steps, and to take a driving peck at one another, each tearing away a feather. Meantime the ring filled with betting commissioners, and while the spurs, wicked-looking, razor-like knives, were adjusted

to the right legs of the cocks, a very lively business was done in various forms of betting "paper."

The bell rang, the trainers placed the two cocks in the middle of the ring facing one another, and drew back. There was a moment of suspense while the contestants, with alert and wary eye, took each other's measure, giving, as it seemed, the impression of utter unconcern; then, like a flash, their beaks were together; they were in the air, one passed over the other with a gleam of his deadly spur. Missed! Again, with feathers ruffled into a collar, they eyed one another, scarcely an inch apart. Again they leaped and clashed, and again they fronted one another, beak to beak, when suddenly one quivered, shuddered, toppled over, disclosing a great wound in his breast, and was dead. I do not think any one had seen the stroke.

Another pair was brought in. The preliminaries were repeated. The betting was more lively. The bell clashed, the two birds flew into action. There were three, four buffeting exchanges, feathers flew,

and suddenly one bird wavered, spun round and dropped. "How long is this going to last?" asked one of the party. "I don't see much 'sport' about this;" and after two more "bouts," one of which showed some of the disagreeable aspects of the pit, we climbed over the barrier, strode across the tiny, ten-foot arena, and got out into the open air.

LIMA, PERU,
August 1, 1919.

WE passed the second day of the triple national holiday in an excursion to the ruined Inca city of Cajamaquillo, which lies about twenty miles north of Lima in the same valley of the Rimac. We set out in the usual morning murk under the guidance of Dr. Julio C. Tello, the archaeologist, who has a degree from Harvard, where he spent a year or more, and is credited not only with a first-rate formal knowledge of Indian manners and customs, but with a sympathetic understanding, which springs from his Indian blood, said to be quite un-mixed. We went out by train and had the experience, always surprising no matter how often repeated, of moving into a lighter and brighter air as soon as we got away from the city. Soon the sun was shining and we found ourselves in the

midst of pastures and wide cultivated fields of cotton and sugar. The hills rose about us, brown and bare, but no longer with the grisly and forbidding air they wore in Lima. We left the train, found a miniature car drawn by a little mule on a two-foot track, and were off, going merrily along with the mule on a lope, and almost frisky, in cheerful contrast to his disconsolate brethren of the Lima streets. Evidently we were on a sugar car-line belonging to a big hacienda, the property, as we learned, of a Chinaman, who lives up to the racial reputation for competent management.

After more than half-an-hour's really diverting travel in the tiny car, we halted at a cross-road, and descended in a wide, dusty way flanked by old and solid adobe walls, along the top of which we walked, looking over fields of sugar-cane on either side. Our way led straight ahead for half-a-mile, then another half-mile to the left, along a similar causeway, inches deep in dust. We crossed a swift stream, passed a group of wretched dwellings of thin adobe



Cajamaquillo, the dead city



“ There were ranges of truncated dust-brown houses ”

laid on a kind of basket-woven wall, climbed an easy rise, and emerged on a wide terrace running across the valley from side to side. And now we saw the dead city, marvelously like all the pictures of desert city excavations from Arizona to Mesopotamia. There were ranges of truncated dust-brown houses, for the most part cut off at about the height of a man, but occasionally rising to twelve or fifteen feet. Doubtless the present state is the result of centuries of slow waste and the gradual wear of wind and "quake," but one has the impression as of a gigantic horizontal slicing operation, as if a hundred-foot sword had been brandished about by a careless child of the Titans. The sun shone on the golden-brown walls where nothing moved but a flickering lizard or a stray owl, who might have been a visitant from the Libyan desert; great buzzards floated far up in the air; the softest of winds stirred the rare leaf of the occasional vine trailing inconsequently over the crumbling blocks of adobe, and the twin spirits of time and fate seemed to settle over the scene.

We climbed to what an unscientific romanticist has called the Temple, and got a clearer view of the city. It is extensive, about half-a-mile square, and its streets or ways are still fairly clear, the outlines of its houses quite plain, and the walls of the plazas or meeting-places or markets, or whatever they may be, as well as of the greater buildings, whether temples or convents or store-houses or palaces, unmistakable, because more massive than the others. The individual storage wells, for grain or water, built like great jars underground and constructed of blocks of adobe fitted and curved with nice precision, are, in scores of cases, still intact and apparently as good as ever.

We went to the burial-ground, now ransacked and pitted with innumerable, disorderly holes, about which the skulls lie dishonoured and discreditable, and saw the broken shards and scattered pieces of cerements to witness the pious care with which the dead were laid away here at a period certainly very remote, but which comes shockingly near as one's foot catches

in the length of winding sheet half covered by the sand, or sends an unnoticed skull rolling down the slope of one of these vandals' pits.

The sun shone, warm and unashamed; the breeze wandered over the grass, and the golden-brown walls, where the lizards glanced and hid; the mountains changed from yellow to brown, and brown to maroon, as the afternoon wore on. Later they turned to rose-pink and purple and grey, just as they had done when those who built the walls turned to watch them at evening; and we went back to the new city of the conquerors, itself already becoming a fable, its only literature legends and traditions.

LIMA, *August 3, 1919.*

TO-DAY I have seen the sea-shore aspect of Lima and, like everything out of town, it is a brighter page than the city itself. My secretary, Señor B—, took me to see Chorrillos, the farthest and best of the shore suburbs. It is only half-an-hour away by street-car, but it seems an age, for the

electric line is perhaps the worst in the world. At last we left the dim, dingy, unsavoury, under-manned, crowded, creeping apology for a car and stepped down into a broad and quiet street.

Though it is all new, for in 1880, when the Chileans took this pleasant little town which had always been a favourite summer home for the prosperous Limeños, they left not a single building standing, but gutted and burned the houses they had sacked, yet it does not show a garish newness. The houses are quiet, substantial, and of modest appearance. One walks down streets so still as to recall Sunday afternoons in a New England village. Suddenly round the corner the sea stands up, wide and quiet, rimmed by the bay islands, and step by step the curving bay rounds away to the right past Barranco and Magdalena, down to Callao. We came out on the Parade, a wide, tiled promenade under the shadow of the long hill and high over the bay, where boat-houses and bathing pavilions run along the steep shore. In the bight of the bay the water is still,



“ Pavilions run along the deep shore ”



The Virgin of Chorillos



“ Where bay and ocean meet ”



“ The broken craggy shore.”

but further to the left, past the protecting point of cliff, it roughens and soon big-bodied, crested breakers come in view, and the low voice of the waves gives one a refreshing sense of the stir and power of the sea. Here, where bay and ocean meet, where the protecting wings of coast and island are drawn apart, there stands in a little cove of the hill beside the promenade a bust of Olaya, the Indian hero of the War for Independence. It is said to be a good likeness; at least it is a noble head, firmly featured, calm, and strong. Behind it stretches the long, brown, barren hill, rising some hundreds of feet and as grisly as a cinder heap, its dolorous surface dotted with white "stations," each with its statuette, bordering a winding path that leads to the summit, where, in glaring white against the utter barrenness, a great statue of the Virgin of Chorrillos crowns the apex, repellent and crude, like the statues and crucifixes of the churches, its head surrounded with a nimbus of electric lights.

The barrenness of the hill is repeated in the equal aridity of the shore. The name

Chorrillos is derived from the many little spouting springs all along the sea front, yet for miles there is hardly a green blade, all for lack of a little labour or ingenuity to apply the water which runs to waste in the concrete channels and which would make this long symmetrical curve of the bay into a lovely cup of green. For all its crass rawness and absence of verdure, there is present the unfailing majesty of the sea and a really fine, broken, craggy shore, with a cave or two, and black, basaltic, isolated rocks that meet the breakers and smash them into spray.

LIMA, *August 7, 1919.*

This morning, as we passed by the house of President Leguía, a single-storey, modest, but substantial drab house, B—— remarked on some holes in the concrete. "They are the marks of the bullets," he said, and on looking more closely I saw a neat, round perforation in one of the windows. It seems that when Billinghamurst was President he became

suspicious of Leguía's political activities and stirred up a mob to attack the house. Leguía had been warned, and when the crowd came they found him ready, with four or five friends, all armed with rifles or revolvers, some on the roof, the others behind the heavily barred windows. At the first fusillade from the mob the Leguía party began to fire, with such effect that several in the crowd were killed and the rest fled.

Which reminded B—— of other experiences of Presidents and politicians. In the last campaign, there were three important candidates — Aspillaga the Government man, Leguía the people's candidate, and Piérola, who threatened to draw off Government votes. As the canvass progressed Piérola seemed to be making headway and aroused the fears of the administration group. To discourage him, and intimidate his followers, a mob was organized and sent against his house, which they stoned, using not only ordinary-sized missiles, but paving-stones, which they hurled into the house, smashing

the windows and breaking the furniture. Although it was in broad daylight, at half-past four in the afternoon, and the uproar was audible to the whole town, no police appeared until ten o'clock at night. Then, the story says, the Commissary of Police came to Piérola's house to inquire about the disturbance. "He had just heard of it." Piérola took out his watch. "You have a watch, Señor Commissary?" "Yes," was the answer. "What time is it by your watch?" "Three minutes past ten," said the Commissary. "That seems to be precisely right," said Piérola; "yet evidently your watch has gained more than five hours, for the mob which wrecked my house arrived here at half-past four, and everybody in Lima heard the din." "What do you wish me to do?" asked the Commissary. "Allow yourself to be succeeded by some one who has a better watch or better ears," replied Piérola.

They tell a story of the lately deposed President Pardo. He visited the Penitentiary some months ago on a tour of

inspection and was shown the cell in which his predecessors, Leguía and Billinghamurst, had both been confined. "It doesn't seem very cheerful!" he remarked. "No," said the jailor, and added, "when President Billinghamurst had Leguía imprisoned here it was quite dark, which made it gloomy and depressing to the spirits. Some time later, when the rôles were changed and Billinghamurst was put into the same cell he protested violently. The protest was carried to the President. 'Was not that the cell in which he imprisoned his predecessor, Leguía?' he asked. 'Yes, Señor President.' 'Well, it seems appropriate for him to experience the same.'"

Pardo is said to have given the cell a long and careful scrutiny. "It might be well," he remarked to his companion, "to take note of it; for one might have to live in it some day." Prophetic words: for on the night of July 4 he was brought to the same prison and rumour says was placed in the same cell.

I think that these and similar stories

of Peruvian politics may help to account for the pessimism which is so general and so profound, at least so far as it applies to politics. It is a mood which regards nominations, elections, legislation, appointments, and the whole round of governmental action and inaction as a kind of lottery managed by a malicious fate. Nobody seems to believe in the efficacy of effort, but relies on some more or less occult form of incantation or device. Just as the Church embodies one vast system of Magic, so Politics, Business, Social Affairs, each have their own scheme of big or little Devils or Djinns to be propitiated or enslaved by some fortunate trick or password. In plain, straightforward work, or adequate, reasoned effort rightly proportioned to the end aimed at, there is no faith.

This I suspect to be both symptom and cause of the pessimism of which every thoughtful Peruvian seems to be a victim. I say seems, for it may be partly a pose and partly a survival from the days when the shadow of Chile lowered visibly before

their eyes. That shadow is not now so black, but the pessimism persists and is defended with eloquence. They ought, you are told, to be pessimistic about the nation because it is feeble and dwindling. Its numbers grow less from day to day; eighty per cent. of the children born in parts of Lima die in infancy; among the shore Indians the babies are fed on raw fish and quickly perish or grow into puny worthless people. On the plateau the Indians are oppressed, robbed, underfed, and abused by the land-owners, plundered by shark lawyers, and deprived of all chance of education, so that they resort to drugs—aguardiente and coca—and perish miserably. Meantime the so-called white stocks, continues the Jeremiad, cling to every luxury they can attain, avoid exercise, seek out new vices, practise sexual indulgence from childhood, and grow increasingly incapable of severe or sustained effort either physical or mental. Out of all this, they say, grows a literature effete, exotic and poisoned, enamoured of the artificial, the voluptuous, and the

sacrilegious, and without appetite or understanding for anything sound, or sincere. In short, you have, they complain, a people—

. . . feeble of heart,
For they know not the Lords of Olympus,
Neither broad-browed Zeus, nor Pallas
Athene,
Given of wisdom to heroes, Bestower of might
in the battle.

As to all which—"Quien sabe?" It is too soon for me to have an opinion; I content myself with recording the pessimism itself as a fact.

LIMA, PERU,
August 11, 1919.

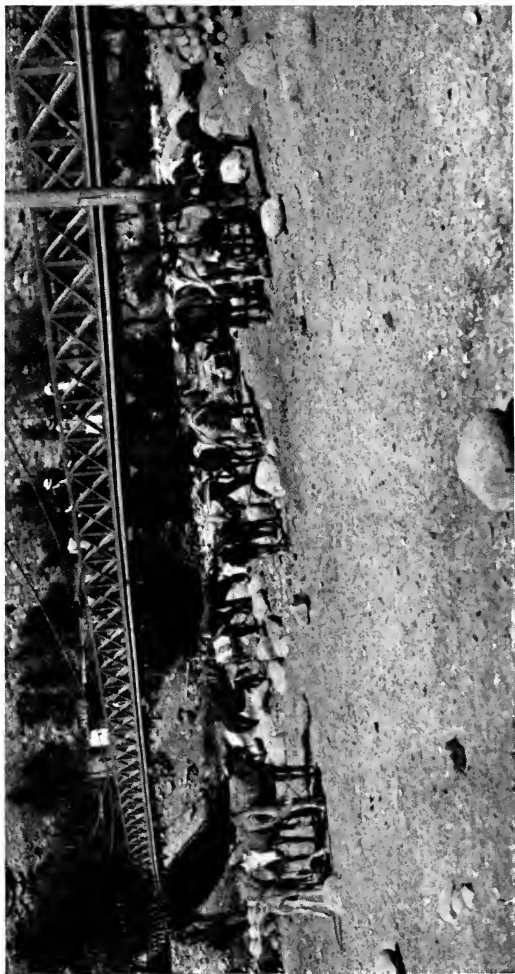
I SHALL never get over wondering at the singular perversity or mischance that put Lima into this extraordinarily ill-suited place for a city. Its whole history has been attended by a chorus of objur-gations of its climate. Residents say that one cannot move a mile in any direction without bettering himself, and meteor-ologists say that the atmosphere has a lower oxygen content than any other spot in the region. Certain it is that one is no sooner out of the city than he begins to experience a feeling of greater or less relief, if not positive exhilaration. Yesterday we spent a pleasant Sunday in one of the most cheerful places of escape, Chosica, which is about thirty miles distant and nearly four thousand feet above Lima.

The railway follows the course of the

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|-----|--|
| 72 | CASUAL LETTERS |
| | <p>Rimac, which runs in a steep, rocky channel and falls so rapidly that the stream is often grey, sometimes foamy, never silent, and as one sits by the open window makes a cheerful rippling and gurgling or rustling accompaniment to the noise of the train. The valley widens and narrows, running flat green tongues among the bare brown hills which are like nothing but heaps of rubble or ashes or slag. The scene is completely arid, save where there is a stream, but at every touch of water it breaks into instant verdure as if painted, often drawing lines sharp and clear like a draughtsman's contours. We passed occasional haciendas and sugar plantations, each with its little, narrow-gauge, mule-power car line, and ran through frequent cane brakes, which still supply, as they have done for countless generations, the slender framework on which the mud walls of the dwellings can be laid.</p> <p>Chosica came into view gradually, for it straggles down the stream, a collection of pretty little Spanish villas, of one</p> |
| VII | HISPANIC NOTES |



“ Very like a village in Utah ”



“ Beside the bridge . . . a train of loaded burros ”

storey for the most part, each with its little garden; for there is plenty of water, and it runs gurgling down concrete channels in every street, making a veritable oasis, very like a village in Utah. We soon finished our explorations. There was nothing else but the little villas where the wise, or fortunate, Limeños come for Sundays and the more energetic Gringos come every night, making the long journey twice a day for the sake of the bright sky and tonic air.

In a hollow beside the bridge we found a train of loaded burros, some of them sleeping peacefully on their sides with their packs still bound firmly on with tough rawhide thongs, and beside them in the sun the listless Indian muleteers, men and women together, but curiously enough no children; whereat one of our friends remarked that the Indian women often brought in babies, but seldom seemed to possess older children, the infants usually dying early. We scattered some coins among them, for which they scrambled like football players,

earnestly enough, but good-naturedly, showing their teeth and gladly posing for their pictures. Then we strolled back to the hotel, basked in the sun, ate our lunch in a flower-decked arbour, watched a game of tennis in another leafy retreat, and reluctantly climbed to our seats in the crowded train for Lima. The delights of Chosica are not for those who are as busy as we.

LIMA, PERU,
August 12, 1919.

THE churches of Lima are inexhaustible. They say that there are over eighty, and I have seen two more building. Nobody, I venture to say, has seen the inside of all of them; certainly I have no expectation of doing so, but I drop in whenever I have an opportunity to see a new one, with the hope of finding something of interest. For the most part they are poor things, with little to recommend them but the architecture, which often dates back to the period when the Romanesque tradition was clear. They have good domes, wide



“ Muleteers . . . good-naturedly posing for their pictures ”



“ The village . . . running among the bare brown hills ”

and lofty naves and great columns, which give dignity whenever the effect is not spoilt by the puerile, cheap and tawdry decoration. The poverty of decoration is said to date from the War of 1879-1883, when the Chileans stripped altars, walls, chapels, and pulpits of practically all that was precious and portable. They seem to have spared the Pizarro chapel and the choir stalls of the Cathedral, but are said to have taken all the gold and jewels from the high altar, the chapels, and the columns which, according to report, had bands and plaques of gold. They carried off also most of the paintings, as they did also from private houses. They seem, in fact, to have done a very Teutonic job of looting.

What is left in the other churches appears to have been overlooked. For example, in the Encarnación there is a grill of carved wood, mahogany, I fancy, in nine panels, about three feet by four and a half, very dignified and well proportioned; in the University Church, built in 1766, there is a heavy carved

wood altar-piece, like a Michael Angelo tomb, the figures very well conceived and the effect, in spite of sombreness, decidedly imposing; here, too, there are several oil-paintings of the eighteenth century not without merit. These are rare notes of relief in a desert of chromo and tinsel.

Yesterday morning I stepped into a church a block away from the University and found the vaulted ceiling painted a robin's-egg blue and spangled with bright gilt stars, apparently glued on. But the altar marked the last word in bathos; in front of several ill-carved figures beside the altar had been placed, just by the transept, two papier-mâché angels of heroic size, for all the world like gigantic paper dolls.

As a kind of offset, by good fortune I found myself at nightfall in the neighbourhood of San Francisco, and went in, to find a number of worshippers in little groups in the chapels and scattered singly about the great nave. It is spacious, with a fine vaulted roof; the high altar of



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The choir, San Francisco Church



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The cloisters, San Francisco Church

excellent proportions, but all the decoration new, theatrical, and thick with tinsel. The church is peculiar for the number of votive offerings. One wretched, naked figure of Christ is encircled by a wide band of cloth, like an exaggerated girdle, covered thick with little medals and plaques of silver giving a bizarre and rather unpleasant effect against the distorted, blood-stained figure. The dim lights flickered in the gloom; the worshippers mumbled and whispered their prayers, and there broke in from time to time the deep tones of the monks chanting Evensong behind the screen.

LIMA, *August 14, 1919.*

MORE and more it is clear to me that the problem of Peru is the problem of the Indian, and that in his salvation lies the salvation of the country. The white man is a mere fraction of the population, the thinnest of thin veneers on the surface of the social block; the mestizo is an unstable factor, a shifting element which, to

become useful, must be bred back, into the white if he can, but more probably into the red from which he came; the solid basis is the Indian, and he is the only industrial member. Every one who has observed the Indian of Peru is warm in his praise. In spite of incredible cruelties, oppressions, neglect, disease, drink, and drugs, he is a dependable worker and responsive to good treatment. Few workmen in the world can compete with him for docility, teachability and steadiness. He is the hope of Peru. But nothing has been done for him. The Spaniard thought of him only as a beast of burden, a thing to be used and used-up, raw material of which there was an inexhaustible supply, the only material which cost nothing. The Peruvian has been equally blind, only substituting heedlessness and folly for the Spaniards' calculated cupidity. The Indian sank into alcoholism and cocaism which offered in paralysis the only escape from his tortures.

Hardly a beginning has yet been made



An Indian hut



Indians marketing

in salvaging the race. Up near Puno an intelligent Protestant mission has succeeded by medical education and hygiene in bringing some of them back to life and arousing a racial sense, so that there is said to be a community in which a certain amount of self-respect and resistance to oppression is visible; in Ayacucho a Chinese local administrator has produced a community that washes and is in consequence clean and alive again; and in Trujillo a great hacienda has been operated on humane and decent principles. Here there are 1500 Indians who are fed properly, clothed, receive medical attention, and are taught, in day and evening schools, chiefly manual training and handicrafts. The chief owner, a cultivated, thoughtful man, tells me that they have three hundred children in the day schools and two hundred adults and youths in the night school. He has given me the regimen and dwelt particularly on the food problem. They do not permit any one to be underfed. Every man before he goes to work in the morning is given

an abundant breakfast, including a bowl of hot soup containing a ration of meat (twenty-five grammes) and, besides, an allowance of beans or other legumbre. Again, at noon, all the workers receive a second meal, two bowls of soup, with meat, bread, and vegetables. Besides, they receive an allowance of uncooked food for the family housekeeping. In consequence, there is no anæmia, very little use of alcohol, and a diminishing use of coca.

LIMA, *August 17, 1919.*

I GOT an unexpected glimpse of Peruvian education this morning. As I passed along the street called Buenamuerte, I saw a great sign "Colegio de L—", a name I had seen frequently in the biographical records which have been coming into my hands. Although it was Sunday the doors were open, and I stepped into the patio, where some small boys were playing marbles in a corner and an older boy was looking on. He came forward and took

me to the Director, a young man whom we found reading the morning paper in a dingy office. He was, as is almost invariable here, gracefully polite, and gladly showed me the Colegio.

I cannot do better than set down what I saw. In the Director's room and that adjoining it there were five or six small cases, with glass doors, one of which had a few books in it, but not for the students to read; the others contained Natural History, Chemistry and other specimens, and some small and simple devices for experiments in Mechanics and Physics. The chemistry specimens were in bottles, many of which were the worse for age and wear; they were covered with dust, and the glass in the door was broken and dirty. The appliances were antiquated, poor and trivial: one model of a pump, one bell for demonstrating a vacuum, a small model of a steam-engine, a magic-lantern, and one or two other simple things, but all of an early type and evidently neglected. The whole place looked indescribably out at elbows.

As we passed out I inquired how many students there were, and learned that the Colegio has about seventy pupils from seven to sixteen years old, and that about twenty are boarders, some of these being maintained at State expense, because they are refugees from the Peruvian families driven out of Tacna and Arica by the Chileans.

We made the round of the rooms; first a kindergarten room, with little desks in ill repair and walls covered with coloured pictures of animals such as were in our picture-books forty years ago; then a secondary room, with wall maps none too recent and somewhat the worse for wear; then a poorly lighted room, with history charts; next a space with skylight where there were two stands for resting and aiming rifles and a number of government carbines stacked against the wall. Here, I learned, the boys from twelve years up are taught to shoot, one thing which Peru seems to take seriously. We passed two doors, apparently of store-rooms, fastened with padlocks, and at the end of

the passage, next to the toilet arrangements, found the kitchen. It was not a prepossessing place, for it was dirty and grimy, the floor littered with cooking utensils, bits of uncooked food and great pieces of wood, and the room half-full of smoke from long pieces of wood sticking out a yard or more from the antique stove. The presiding genius, an unwashed Indian, stood and gazed at us, silent and listless, until we withdrew. The dining-room next door had a number of great bare tables, two of which seemed to be in use, for they had covers of a sort, shockingly in need of washing.

I expressed an interest in the sleeping quarters, and we climbed to the upper storey which covers the front part of the house, mounting a narrow, sloppy stairway, which lacked one or two steps and came to the wide, low dormitory where there were about twenty narrow cot beds, with coverlets and blankets. It was bare, except for the beds and the boys' clothes-chests which stood beside them, and it needed sweeping, but had the

virtue of abundant ventilation, the wide windows being confirmed in their intention by some large gaps in the glass.

We came down, exchanging greetings with the boys, who were as polite as courtiers, and I came away, realizing again that the presence of dirt, or absence of cleanliness, is evidently not equally distressing in Massachusetts and Peru. As to the education that can be gained in Colegios of this order one may be dubious; it is undeniably different from the Massachusetts type.

LIMA, *August 17, 1919.*

THERE is a strong fascination about the hill of San Cristóbal which overlooks Lima, the valley and the harbour. One climbs it with something more than relief; it is the sense of escape, and, as one rises above the streets and sees the houses, the churches and the whole town receding below him, he has some of the satisfaction of a school-boy getting out of the grounds. The peak, to be sure, shows



Lima from San Cristóbal



Another view of Lima from San Cristóbal

him new mountain barriers and reminds him that the isolation and imprisonment of Lima by the great Cordillera is permanent. But he is now free of the coast; he can project himself north and south and see in his mind's eye the long strip of level and valley which runs far enough to dispel for the time the feeling of repression and restraint which often lies heavy on the spirit. Not until railways run to the Amazon and even to the Atlantic will the wall of distance be effectually broken; but meantime North and South are open to the mental vision and a measure of freedom is won.

Then there is the immediate diversion. The city lies below, many-coloured and various, sending its bell music up from many towers above its subdued and modulated murmur. Directly in front lies the bull-ring, where even now a thin and scattered company is watching the poor excuse of a winter bull-fight. The band blares the toreador chorus, and from this height, though we are a mile away, we can see the toreros flaunting

their capes and the bull dashing now at one and now at another. Then the unmistakable red of the matador's capilla flashes against the sand; the bull charges him, is checked, charges again, and a moment after we see him lying black against the ground. The great doors open and the mules come on the run to drag his carcass out.

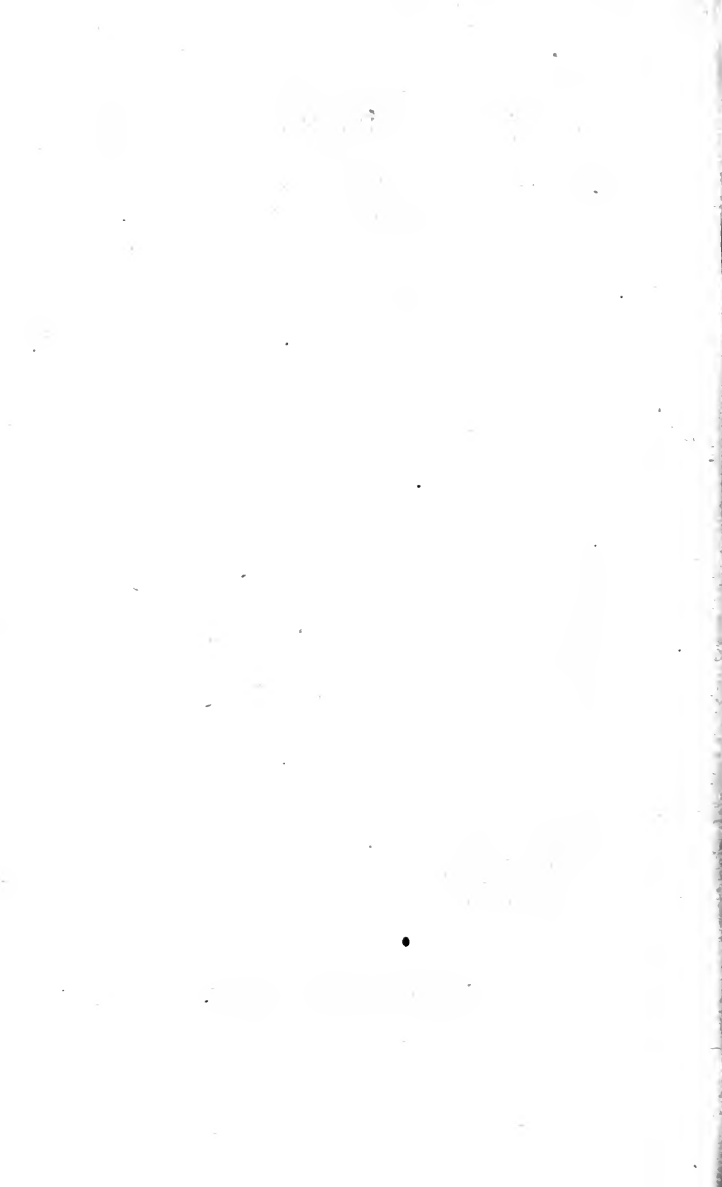
As we go down, the hills are reverberating to rifle shots from half-a-dozen ranges, for Sunday afternoon is the great opportunity for target practice which Peru, forever preoccupied with thoughts of Chile, is resolved never to neglect again.

LIMA, *August 18, 1919.*

THERE are moments here when I can share to the full the pessimism of the Peruvian "Intellectual." It sometimes seems as if there was nothing in the country worth saving but the Indian, and he was past saving. For the Peruvian mestizo I have no respect. He is like his Cuban and Mexican brother, but feeble. The Cuban has at least a jovial

animal vitality, negroid and gross, but it is life. The Peruvian mestizo often seems like a bloodless, degenerate remnant, diseased, foul, maimed and devitalized to the point of tottering debility. The only symbol for the civilization, if it can be called such, is the ponderous, two-wheeled cart and its team of puny, wretched burros covered with sores and cringing under the lash. If it required any amplification it might be found in the muleteer who gives the only evidence of zeal or energy in the country when he is lashing with the lust of cruelty at his helpless, pitiable victims. What generations of cynic and bloody brutality have gone into the alembic to distil this !

No wonder that some among them are without real hope, except from the outside. I have heard intelligent, cool people who were here when the Chileans came in 1880 say it marked a great improvement. The Chileans put things in order, and, add these pessimists, they will never be in order till Chile or another nation comes in again.



LIMA, PERU,
August 18, 1919.

IT occurs to me that it might amuse you to have a record of one of my days. This is the tale of yesterday. We got up (I have told you I have a room-mate) a little after eight, having had our chocolate and a square of toast in bed—for it is so dismal and chilly of mornings that the wise have warned us not to go out without taking something to eat beforehand—and were dressing when my co-worker was announced. I went out through the lofty, barren apartment, with tall mirrors, glass doors, red silk furniture, a carpet which I suspect of harbouring a colony of fleas, and the two writing tables drawn together into the middle of the room under the electric light which makes writing at night possible, upon the wide, tiled passage, past two walls that look into the chilly,

tiled dining-rooms below, and found Señor Juan Pedro Paz-Soldán armed with walking-stick and overcoat, waiting.

We set off, down marble steps into the drizzly, narrow street lined with the box-like buildings, across the famous but anything but impressive Plaza de Armas, to send off last night's letters, first going, as one must, to the stamp shop where the usual comedy of getting the right change occurred and when, after three demands, I got my Sol, which the sullen clerk hoped to retain for my foreign accent, then to the Post Office, only to learn that the boat, advertised for two weeks to sail at eleven to-day, would not go "until further notice."

Then we recrossed the dreary Plaza under the shadow of the Cathedral and came to the house of Señor X——, who had made urgent requests that I call to see a famous gold medal. We entered the patio through the usual great and ponderous doors, were admitted through an iron gate, passed up a flight of white stone steps into a gallery, and so into Señor

X——'s apartments, very Hispanic, tiled, with French furniture, a picture in oil of bull-fighters, two or three bits of bric-à-brac, two glass-fronted bookcases, and two heavily laden desks. The proud owner produced the gold medal, commemorating the opening of the Cortes in 1812, and we duly admired it. He narrated its history, desired me to inform the Hispanic Society about it, and then took us to see his other treasures, two pictures by Peruvian artists and two rather fine examples of early glazed porcelain. At parting he presented me with a book printed in Lima in 1760: *Pompa Funeral, Exequias, Reales, etc.*

We left as soon as we decently could, because our day's work was before us, descended to the narrow, crowded streets, damp and chilly with the half-mist that never comes to rain, and went on briskly past the churches and the stolid, almost funereal houses and the little shops, stepping from time to time into the gutter to let people pass, and so came to the University, a great expanse of one-storey

blind yellow wall, broken by two great entrances, over one of which is painted "Universidad," crossed two patios and came to our working-room in the Library. It is the Administrator's room, a cube, lighted from the top, and containing a safe, a huge desk with chairs on both sides, two shelves of books, and a little typewriter stand. There we sat us down and fell to on the work we had left the night before, to finish, if possible, our daily stint. Five biographies a day is our tarea, and we often fall below it. After half-an-hour's scratching of pens, in comes our junior, B——, and gets a volley of satiric greeting: "we have been disputing whether you had not yet got up, or, being a poet and a man of fashion, were just going to bed." He takes it with some discomfort and adds the tap of the typewriter to the sounds of action.

We are under full headway and really making progress when the doorman comes to lock up for the noon halt; for from about half-past twelve to about half-past two every day the University



Within the University, a patio



The outer patio of the University

locks its doors, and goes away to eat and sleep. Which is a nuisance. We start away together, with jests at the "poets," and chat about our subjects, cross great bare spaces where the city has razed blocks of buildings to make a wide avenue, part as each comes to his proper turning, and I get back to the hôtel for "breakfast" about one o'clock. About two I get to the printers', where I have been discussing for two or three weeks in the leisurely way of the country, the possibility of printing the book. Like many places of business, it is in an old house, with iron-barred windows, great doors armed with knob-like iron bolt-heads, a patio and office beside it. We make the inch or so of progress that is possible for the day, agree to resume to-morrow, and I continue on my way to the Library. The guardian of the reading-rooms has not yet returned, but while Paz-Soldán and I are still objurgating him he comes and waves us cheerfully in.

Again the pens begin to scratch; we stop to ask an occasional question, settle

a date or an accent, ridicule the junior, who is a little late as usual, and soon the light grows dim, the half-dozen readers in the outer room move off, and we set out for the office of the Minister of Foreign Relations, who has promised to see us at five o'clock or thereabouts.

Foreign Relations is fortunate in having a modern building, with marble and tile and brass fittings and business-like looking attendants. We are ushered into a lofty salon, with mirrors and marble statuettes in the corners, with the furniture in linen covers, and with some fine French engravings flanking a really excellent portrait of General Castilla, President of Peru in 1870. The Minister comes in, a man of fifty, with aquiline, clean-shaven face—what is sometimes called “the actor’s face”—and a cool, quiet manner. He sits down, addresses me a few words in English, which he speaks with evident difficulty, and responds with relief to a suggestion from Paz-Soldán that I would gladly try to speak in Spanish. We get on, not fluently on my part, but under-

standingly, and manage to exchange views as well as compliments. He is the Continental man, detached, clever, critical, a competent diplomatist, as his record shows. His secretary makes two or three urgent signals from the door, and, remarking that there are evidently persons out there who would like to have us shot for detaining him, I rise to go. He continues suave and cool, assures me that the Foreign Office is my house and all is at my disposal, and wishes me good-afternoon. We all shake hands and part.

Out on the avenue again the air seems chilly. Now for a cup of tea! We chat about our visit, remark on the fact that one's Spanish is very variable, one day good and one day hopeless, and run into the tea-time throng in the Calle Mercaderes, the principal street of Lima. Tea in the Palais Concert is a mild social function. Young people evidently find it a convenient place to exchange looks and greetings, and their elders a good place for gossip and tea.

At six o'clock there is still time for a

brisk walk, a look in at the club to see whether any new American papers have come in—the newest are over a month old—and a call for a book before dinner. This is by no means a serious affair for us. We go down to the main dining-room, a wide, rather low room, overloaded with cut-glass chandeliers of an earlier epoch and numerous mirrors which reflect the rather dim electric lights of Lima. The same bill of fare that we have faced these forty evenings appears again unchanged in any detail, and we pick the two or three things we know will do, take our diluted coffee and retire. There are no temptations outside, unless it be to put on one's overcoat and stir about a bit to feel warmer, so we settle down to work, and I manage, with occasional raids on the ever-present, ravenous flea, to get two more biographies ready for the copyist, and so to bed.

LIMA, PERU,
August 21, 1919.

I HAVE been looking at the Palace for six weeks with intermittent curiosity, and now that I have been inside it I can understand more of what I have heard here and elsewhere of Palace intrigue. It is a huge, yellow, flat box of a place, rather an enclosure than a building, which looks like a one-storey warehouse and covers a whole block. Battles have often been fought in that wilderness of patios and passages, and I believe three companies of infantry could be lost in it.

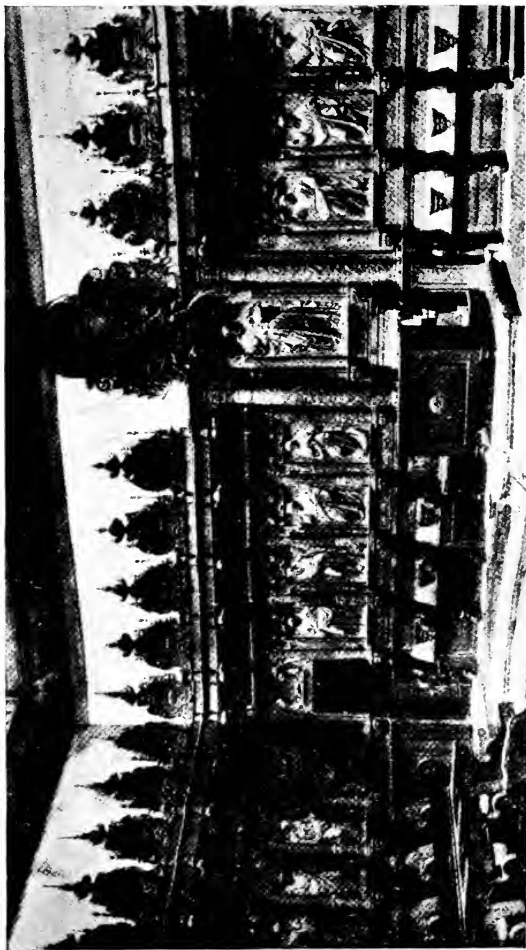
I went yesterday afternoon to make arrangements, in company with Tello, who is a candidate for the House of Deputies and therefore knows some of the windings of the maze. We entered under a heavy arch, passing between two sentries with bayonets fixed, turned into a low, wide

corridor, tiled and bare, past two more descendants of the Incas, looking like idols with bayonets, then through a waiting-room where there were four antique life-size portraits, on into a narrow passage where two in uniform guarded a door. This was the private entrance to the President's suite. We got our message from the secretary and returned, passing out another way, over the spot where Pizarro fell, slain by his fellow wolves, and through three patios to the chill, neglected, unkempt part of the palace, where the police functionaries have their appropriate quarters. Here we mounted a splendid old stairway of massive wood, mahogany I suppose, shiny with age and use and surmounted by two lovely carved figures of cavaliers in the same handsome stuff. I have not yet learned to take for granted the cheerful lack of cleanliness so characteristic of Peru, and kept wondering whether the corners of the rooms and stairs had been scrubbed since Pizarro's time.

It was probably the sight of the spot



The Palace walls

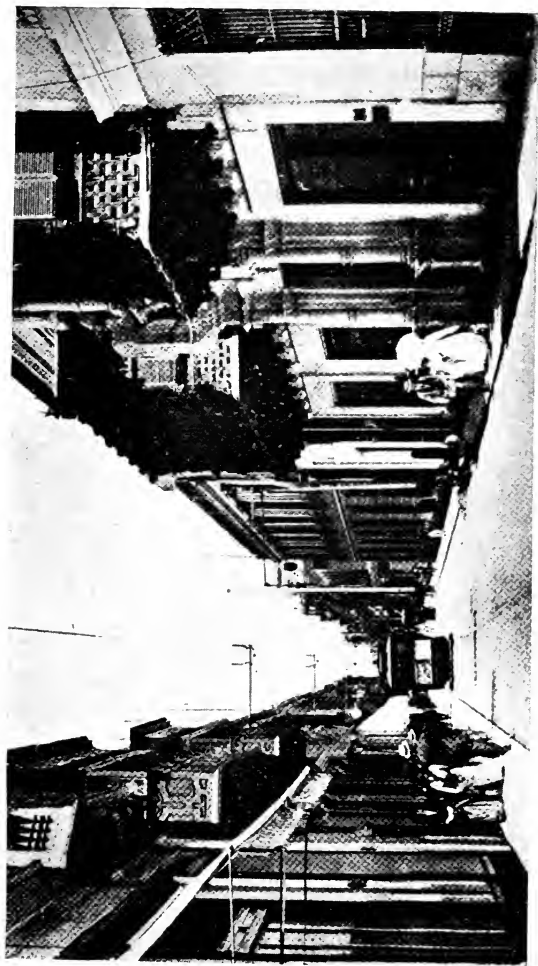


Choir of the Cathedral

where he is supposed to have been killed that reminded Tello that he had never been to see the old Conqueror's bones in the Cathedral. Although it was late, we found the sacristan, and listened to his patter about the veritable holes in the skeleton made by the assassins' knives, etc. Tello did not conceal his scepticism, for there is a well-told story here in Lima of the way in which Pizarro's bones were carried off and others, said to be those of a negro, substituted. My own scepticism was reserved for two huge canvases in the right aisle which we were assured were among the finest works of Murillo. We passed on to the crypt, were shown the veritable tomb of Pizarro among the sarcophagi of the bishops and archbishops, and, pushing our researches into the remoter corners, seldom visited, I am sure, by tourists, we saw, in the dimmest corner of all, a sack full of skulls. They were those of the displaced dignitaries, bishops and archbishops, who, after a certain space, are despoiled of their tombs to make way for later comers.

We came gladly back to the choir, about which there can be neither scepticism nor cavilling. It is among the noble and dignified spots of Lima; like the Torre Tagle Palace, the Javier Prado house and the Senate Chamber. Its lovely carved stalls form a continuous line all round the choir and give an atmosphere of dignity and age like that of Chester or of Gloucester. Here the sacristan found for us the great Seventeenth-Century Score Books, nearly three feet tall, twenty of them, all on stout parchment, three hundred pages each—a rich load of loot. How the Chileans were ever kept out of this fat corner is a miracle, but it remains, with its silver candlesticks and gilt taper holders and carved mahogany reading desks, a place of repose and charm.

As we came out we saw a crowd about the Lottery Stand and stopped a minute to watch the drawing. It is a ceremony. Under a canopy are officials at desks, and in front, facing the crowd, another set of eight, two by each of the four urns which



The Torre Tagle Palace (on right)



Drawing of the lottery

look like small churns on stands. At a signal the four who have the handles spin the urns, and when they stop, their seconds, who wear a special uniform, supposed to prevent sleight-of-hand performances, step forward, hold up their right hands to show they are empty, and then plunge them into the urn and draw out a disk, which they display, showing the number to the crowd. The Announcer shouts the combined number; it is posted on the bulletin board, and the urn is whirled again.

LIMA, *August 22, 1919.*

I RETURNED to the Palace this morning to keep my appointment with the President, passing the sentries, whose bayonets seem a little theatrical, and crossing the pavement where the blotch of Pizarro's blood used to be pointed out. Another sentry stood at the swinging door which opens on the gallery of the Patio of the Viceroy, a beautiful little spot overcrowded with palms and roses and gera-

niums and keeping in a corner a tree, of a species unknown to me, gnarled and crooked as an ancient olive tree, which they say was growing here in the time of the Conquistadores. At the end of the gallery were a few gentlemen suitors waiting their turn to see the President, and within the wide waiting-room were several others resting in the comfortable chairs. Half-an-hour passed, and then a young officer in a handsome uniform, with festoons of gold cord hanging on his chest, beckoned me, and I advanced into the President's room.

Mr. Leguía is a small, spare man, with sharp eyes set close together; he has thin hair touched with grey, a face that tells little and a manner quite unaffected and as business-like as a long experience in the insurance business might produce. He has no false dignity and seems entirely free from consciousness of self or of office. He came forward saying, "Good-morning, Mr. Parker, I am glad to see you!" and pointed me to a seat. We talked rapidly, of the Hispanic Society, of Mr. Huntington, of the United States, of Mexico, and

so came to Peru and her problems. He spoke of the Indian, of the need to house and care for him, particularly to educate him, so as to make him a good citizen fit to populate the country and build a nation; he spoke also of himself and referred very frankly to the Revolution. "I did not want that," he said; "I was very unwilling to have any political disorder, but I was obliged to do it; there was no other way. It was quite clear that President Pardo intended to prevent me from taking the office to which I was elected. If I had not acted then, I should not have been able in the future to secure what was mine, what I had won."

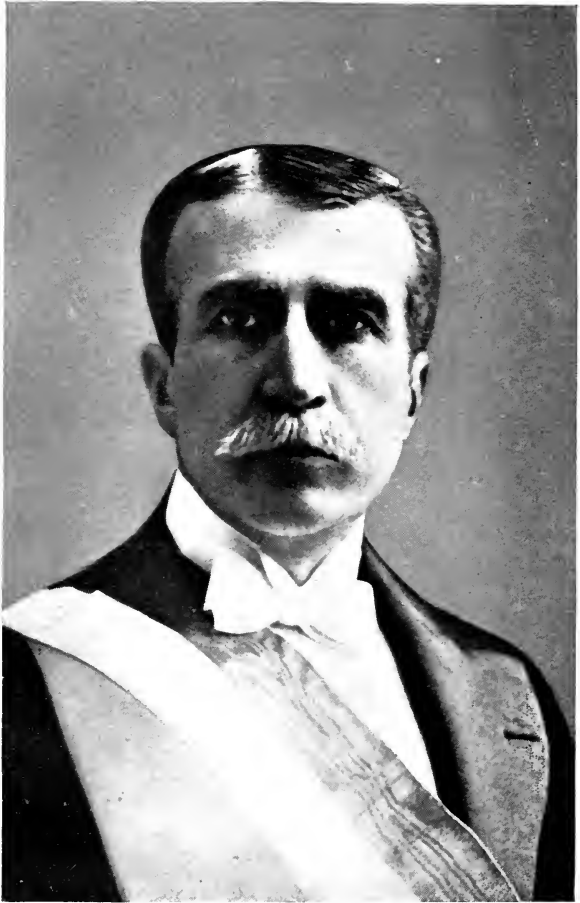
This corresponded very closely with what I had heard from other sources, and was spoken with so much simplicity and with such entire freedom from emotion of any sort that it carried conviction.

I handed him the brief biography¹ that I had prepared of him, and he read it at once, indicated a verbal error, and returned it. When he came to the passage de-

¹ See *Peruvians of To-day*, p. 3.

scribing the Revolution of 1909 in which the Palace was attacked and he himself carried off prisoner by the armed mob, he remarked: "That was very serious. It was not like the recent revolution. Many were killed. In fact, when I got on my feet after the shooting there were forty lying dead near me and eighty wounded."

Later in the day, as we were out walking, B—— and I followed the course of the mob as they went from the Palace with Leguía in their midst up to the Plaza of the Inquisition and to the statue of Bolivar, which, with the native instinct for dramatic effects, they had chosen for the scene of the President's abdication. There at the foot of the statue of the Liberator they produced the form of resignation, and, pointing revolvers at his head, demanded Leguía's signature. He did not flinch. They grew more and more impassioned, hustled him, took out watches and counted off the minutes, but Leguía remained firm. Soon soldiers appeared and prepared to charge the mob



President Leguía



Indians in the Plaza

and rescue their prisoner. Then the shooting began, the Revolutionists firing first and the soldiers replying with deadly effect. Leguía either fell or was knocked down, and, as he said, when he recovered his feet, the dead and wounded were lying all about him. Naturally enough it made him a popular hero.

I came out along the gallery of the patio, which I was now told was the scene of the crisis on the morning of July 4, when President Pardo attempted to call some of the officers to his support, but the younger officers were too numerous and frustrated the attempt. "He had the *Jefes* on his side," said my informant, "but he had forgotten that there are *sub-Jefes*, equally efficient and more numerous."

LIMA, *August 24, 1919.*

THERE are constant glimpses of beauty to be caught here. Hardly a street lacks its ancient patios set with palms, paved with coloured tile, and edged with iron grills as delicate as lace. As one passes

the great, arched entrance where the ponderous carved doors swing on gigantic storied hinges, a bare-footed Indian may step silently out with a basket of many-coloured fruit on his head, or a señora with black mantilla and prayer book and high-heeled shoes pass demurely on her way to church. I am glad that some of the famous old houses are being preserved. Last night I went to listen to music in the Torre Tagle Palace, which the Government has set aside for an Academy of Music. There were only seven of us: the leading painter of Peru, two visiting Spanish sculptors, and two young poets of Lima. The musician sat at a grand piano under a bust of Beethoven, and facing a great portrait in the modern Spanish style. Overhead were the carved beams, and around us the heavy carved shutters of the seventeenth century. The ample space, the perfect proportions, and the deep embrasures gave a setting of leisure and dignity very soothing and suitable to the Inca melodies and Grieg and Beethoven to which we listened.

This afternoon we paid a visit to the old Convent of the Recogidas lately assigned to the School of Fine Arts. It is a substantial, dignified pile, solid as a fort, with two patios, and fine, low, spacious rooms. The Sisters left it unwillingly after many protests, and at the last, finding all their resistance unavailing, took a truly feminine revenge by removing all that was portable and destroying the rest. They worked like furies the last night of their stay, so that when the new occupants arrived they found not a door nor window nor floor, nor even a growing thing in the gardens. Everything had been torn away and carried off until there remained absolutely nothing but the walls and the roof. The Director showed me one of the great rooms awaiting renovation, and it was mere earth and roof; not a door nor door-jamb, not a window nor a window-casing; not a floor-board nor even a floor-beam, but bare ground scored with the marks of the old beams. Here was the furia Española in a new form.

But already the chambers of discipline

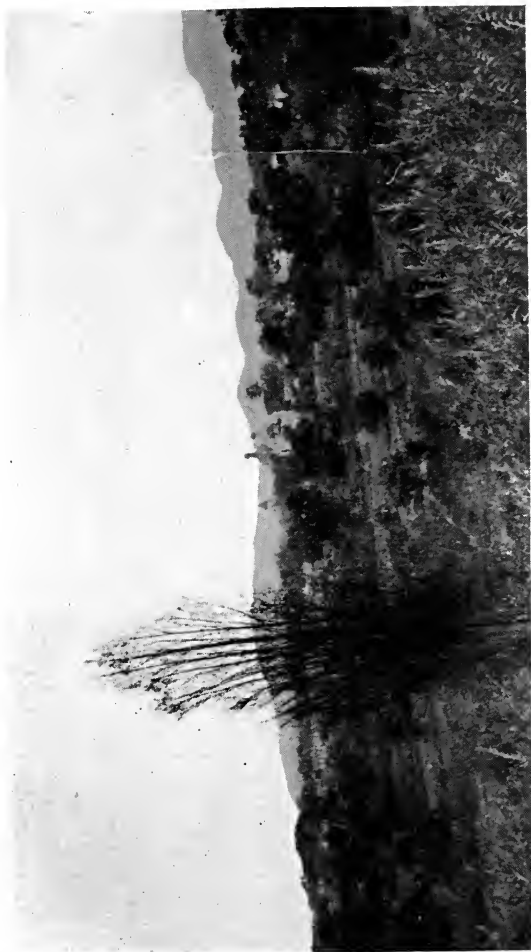
and meditation are filled with groups of young men and women drawing from models whose exhibition of naked flesh would certainly fulfil the gloomiest anticipations of the ascetic former occupants.

As we came back we passed the fine old Senate House, once occupied by the Inquisition—so surely are the old monuments being turned to modern uses—and stopped to look at the exquisite carved ceiling which reminded me of the Council Room of the Doges in Venice, and has probably no equal on this Continent. The wood is a rich brown, shiny with age, and the carving is wonderfully varied and deep. Here is a space of sixty feet by twenty-five, one rich expanse of hand-wrought wood, full of the piety and patience and craft of the seventeenth century, a witness in extenuation on behalf of the Spanish oppressors.

LIMA, PERU,
August 25, 1919.

THERE are plenty of surprises in Lima and its environs. To-day, within three miles of the Plaza de Armas, we found a scene as pastoral and primitive as the highlands of Bolivia could afford. To our appeals for a fresh, out-of-town excursion one of our friends suggested Las Amancaes, where the yellow flowers of this name bloom in the early spring. We set forth in a casual curricule drawn by two little horses; and, under the protests of the driver at having to go "so far from the city over such terrible roads," etc., felt like adventurers. We crossed the river Rimac, passed near the church and convent of the Barefoot Friars (Descalzos), and left paved streets behind us. In two hundred yards we had entered the orchard district, and soon were jolting over a much neglected

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| 110 | CASUAL LETTERS |
| | <p>way between lofty adobe walls punctuated by occasional great doorways marked "Huerta Alvilla," "Huerta Buenamuerte," and the like. The driver and his horses seemed to feel themselves far from home, the pace slackened, and at a little rise of ground we stopped. A strap broke, and we thought the driver grasped eagerly at the pretext for halting. He was like the average City cabby; off the pavements he was lost. We got out and paid him, discovering to our surprise and his stupefaction that we were only sixteen minutes' rather slow driving from the Plaza. We went on merrily afoot, came to the end of the walled road and emerged upon a little plain, flat, bare, and sandy as a parade ground, and rimmed by the barren hills. Across the level to the right was a little blue church, backed up against the brown hill; but to the left the ridges were green, and broke into a valley verdant on both sides. Evidently this was a mist-trap that caught the daily clouds and condensed them, for there was not the least trickle of a stream anywhere to be seen.</p> |
| VII | HISPANIC NOTES |



“Rimmed by the barren hills”



A suburb of Lima

With a glance at the blue church that seemed like a waif left here alone, far from the city, we turned towards the valley and saw a number of cattle grazing on the slopes. Soon little shelters, like the booths of Oriental herdsmen, came in view, and beside them Indian family groups at the noon meal in the customary confusion, men, women, babies, dogs and chickens, all in a careless, tolerant, dirty mess. One wonders sometimes whether the Indian is ever surprised into spontaneous and free expression. He seems from his babyhood to be either preternaturally suppressed or sunk in apathy. In answer to our questions they told us they had lately arrived here, bringing the cattle to this valley for the spring herbage; that there were five separate groups of cattle and herders; that they would stay about three months and then return to the haciendas on the other side of Lima. Each group had its own stone-walled corral that bore such signs of age as indicated that this annual change of pasture was a custom of many generations standing.

There is no water here, but the daily condensation of mist gives the cattle moisture enough in the herbage.

We climbed higher up the valley, getting fine views of Lima and the neighbouring hills, and gathering many flowers, wild hyacinth and speedwell, and several quite lovely flowers native to this region.

LIMA, *August 29, 1919.*

It is about half-past eleven, and I have just returned from the Palace where I was the President's guest at an informal dinner. It was so informal that it might be called casual. There was a great diversity of attire. I was alone in wearing full dress, the President and my neighbour at my right wore dinner jackets, the others a varying collection of informal suits. I do not now know the names of my dinner companions, except two whose names I asked after we had chatted together for a time. We were ushered into the salon as we arrived, and it was taken for granted that we all knew one another. I am getting

acquainted with this room now; it is about fifty feet long and perhaps twenty wide, and has a number of excellent portraits of generals, besides a picture of the death of Pizarro and another of Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand. We looked at the pictures and scraped acquaintance for half-an-hour, then were marshalled into another salon, a pretty little room with satin upholstered furniture. In due course the President appeared; we all stood up and shook hands with him, then little glasses of a native liqueur containing orange juice and quinine were served and dinner was announced.

I was not prepared for the commonplace aspect of the dining-room, evidently the regular place for ordinary occasions, for there must be a more imposing salon for banquets and special days. Though the room was large and of good proportions, it was unmistakably commonplace, as was the furniture, the cutlery and the table-ware. No one can charge the President with undue luxury or display at table. The meal was ample and well

served, but in no respect distinguished, hardly better, in fact, than the usual dinner at the Hôtel Maury. The President, who sat half-way down the table, set me opposite him, and as we sat down addressed me pleasantly in English, asking me how I liked my stay here, to which I replied in Spanish. Then my neighbour on my right expressed his pleasure, and in a moment I turned to make an inquiry of my neighbour on my left, who repeated to the President my remark that he must be a good Peruvian, *Peruano puro*, if he had never been out of his own country. The conversation was brisk but easy, and in a pleasant key. It soon turned to the country, its extent, resources, population, irrigation, history, antiquities, rivers, and railroads; it floated about, touching the Indian music, the Quechua and Ayamará languages, the Spanish cruelties, the relative merits of the Axtec and Inca civilizations, the advisability of a newspaper printed partly in Quechua and partly in Spanish, and so on round the gamut.

The guests displayed a good deal of

knowledge of the country; two or three of them spoke Quechua and praised it highly; they talked with enthusiasm of Cuzco and its buildings and impressive ruins, urging me vehemently on no account to leave the country without seeing this old centre of the Inca power. There was the inevitable talk about Chile, and I noticed a quick response in an almost tense alertness at the first mention of the enemy's name. One of the guests propounded the theory that Chile was decadent, another referred to the superiority of Peru in population, resources, and culture; the man at my left quietly remarked that undoubtedly the quality of Peru's culture was higher, but Chile had a greater proportion of her people educated. At a reference to the power of Chile the President's nostril dilated and his eye flashed. He intends to make Peru more than a match for her.

It was nearly eleven when we left the table, but no one had taken more than a glass and a half of wine. Few took coffee, and only three smoked even a cigarette.

Considering the number there were, it was the most moderate and sensible dinner party, with the best accompaniment of conversation, that I have attended in recent times. When we returned to the salon, the military part of the company left us and the talk became general on railways and ports, the imperfect communication between the different parts of the country and the comparative isolation of Lima and the coast from the interior. "We are always fighting," said the President, "against the dorsal spine of the continent which separates us from the rest of the country" ("Somos siempre luchando contra la espina dorsal del continente"): the discussion summing itself up in the need of a great trunk railway from the coast to the Amazon, a favourite topic here.

We prepared to separate. The President inquired whether I wanted to go. I assured him that I didn't, the Palace seemed much preferable to the Hôtel Maury, but I feared there were no extra apartments; to which he replied, "Si,

yo tengo; pero parece dudoso que sean tan seguro como el Hotel" ("Yes, I have rooms, but it is doubtful whether they would be as safe as the hotel"), at which there was a hearty laugh, for everybody remembered that both he and his immediate predecessor have found the President's apartments anything but safe.

No one in the company was likely to forget that on the 29th of May, 1909, in Leguía's earlier presidency, in full daylight, at about half-past two in the afternoon, de Piérola, a prominent public man here, and Leguía's opponent at the last election, rushed the Palace with only twenty-eight men, brushed the guard aside, tore along the corridors, broke into the President's apartments, seized him, and literally carried him away bodily at full speed, in spite of the resistance of the Palace troops, who by this time were partly aroused. Still less was anybody at that dinner likely to forget how almost exactly the scene repeated itself on the morning of the 4th of July, when Leguía's friends, though in much larger numbers, captured the Palace

at three o'clock in the morning and carried away President Pardo prisoner from the very rooms we were in.

LIMA, *September 5, 1919.*

ONE is amused at the different impressions that people get of Lima and Peru. One of my friends, a florid, well-fed youth from the Back Bay district of Boston, finds the people "adorable," and "loves every stone of Lima," which does not prevent him from going on to draw an indictment against them for filth, graft, incapacity, ignorance, and sloth, which makes the words of a cool critic seem colourless and vain. "Adorable" is also the word of a New York spinster, a college woman who has been here for three weeks on an academic mission, and who has pretty much exhausted the subject. It reminds me vividly of the attitude of generations of American spinsters towards the young devils who posed so picturesquely at the foot of the Spanish steps in Rome. Indubitably they were of the

pit, but the spinsters only found them adorable. Of course, the Academic person from New York never got into any real contact with any but academic people. She found the most un-Peruvian boarding-house in Lima filled with English and American gentlefolk, where nobody spoke Spanish and where everybody spoke of "these people" and she took a Spanish lesson every afternoon. Lima was to her an elaborate and extended slumming expedition, with artistic and academic persons in the background. She is an admirable person and will be an authority on Peru for the rest of her days.

Another recent visitor, a Chicago business man and a man of great practical ability and high character, declares that he hasn't yet seen a Peruvian good enough to wipe his feet on.

On the whole I prefer the attitude of my Boston friend, for, though he is still living in an unreal world, trailing clouds of undergraduate sentimentalism about him, his is not a case of mere crass ignorance. As to what is the reality of the matter,

I am not qualified to say. Certain it is that to the sober sight the population of Lima in particular, and Peru in general, leave much to be desired. To be careful and confine myself to simple things: they are unsatisfactory in race, in habits, and in character. They are of a racial mixture not fortunate. The Indo-Spanish cross is not the most satisfactory, and when to these ingredients there are added Negro, Chinese, Japanese and Lascar elements, the result is the nondescript human patchwork that occurs along this coast.

Then they are unmistakably dirty. No less frank term will do. The hotels do not have baths. Those that do are exceptions, and I have met the gentleman to whose insistence it is due that the leading hotel in Lima put in the four baths it boasts, of which only those on the lower floor have hot water before noon. Private houses sometimes have baths—for occasional use. In one of the handsomest houses in Lima, where there are three automobiles and many other evidences

of wealth and taste, the bath-tub is used for the nightly shelter of the pet turkey, which spends its days on the roof, but when evening falls is brought down and tethered to the faucet. The lack of facilities is balanced by the lack of use; bathing is not practised. One hears many stories such as that of the son of a well-known family who came to school day after day so conspicuously unwashed that the director protested and was confronted by an angry mother who said, "But José has a cold!" So that it is easy to believe the sober assertion that in Cuzco there is an annual bathing day followed usually by an epidemic of colds with perhaps some cases of pneumonia resulting from the exposure.

To use a New England expression, they are shiftless. Everybody lets everything slide. Nothing is kept up. Repairs are neglected. It appears to be the rule to let everything go until it is ruined, and then replace it. Fundamentally, this means a lack of confidence that anything is worth while, a disbelief in the value

of effort, a basic lack of convictions. It is Oriental, an affair of Kismet, of African fatalism; for nobody can long forget here that the Spanish stock was largely Moorish and very Oriental in temper. This has not been off-set by the contact with the Indian whether or not accompanied by mixture of blood. So I do not see any ground for the opinion that this is a high or fine civilization. It has high and fine elements in it; it contains gentlemen of the fine type of Mediæval Spain, and it has touches of courtliness, flashes of dignity and nobility; but these do not give its prevailing colour; they are touches and flashes, bits of ribbon and fustian and gilding, not the body of the article.

LIMA, *September 11, 1919.*

As I write I can hear the cavalry on patrol, passing and re-passing in the street below, as they have been doing all the evening, for we are in the midst of another political crisis. This morning's papers



Cavalry patrolling the street



Artillery in the Plaza

announced in glaring headlines the discovery of a plot to assassinate the President and the arrest of a considerable number of prominent persons implicated. All day rumours have floated about of others who were being taken, and this afternoon there were great demonstrations of denunciation of the plotters. We went to take our usual cup of tea at the Palais Concert on the Calle Union, the principal street—and found half the shutters up, as was the case with nearly all the other business places; and while we sat there we heard the shouting and the feet of a crowd which poured along the street growing more noisy every moment. In a jiffy the clerks and waiters had run to the windows and were pulling down the rest of the shutters. It had a curiously mediæval effect, and reminded us sharply that Lima has not yet reached entirely modern ways.

A little later we went up to the Plaza where the mob had preceded us, and was now gathered, two or three thousand strong, in front of the Palace. We climbed to the Colonial Gallery of the Municipal

Hall, diagonally across from the Palace, and got a place just at an angle from the balcony where the President soon appeared to address the crowd. Straight in front of us was the open street that runs beside the Palace, behind which towered the dark mass of San Cristobal, which, while we looked, disappeared in the gathering night. The lights came on, the crowd murmured and rumbled and broke into shouts and stilled again to listen. Leguía spoke very well, in a clear voice that carried far across the Plaza, calmly, without passion, but with evident mastery of his audience, and when he touched the familiar notes of "Patria," "Pueblo," "Valor," "Bandera," the mob crackled into applause that ran through the mass and broke into full roars. When, as he went on, he came to the "assassins," there was something like a growl, and, at the significant reference to other enemies of the country who had lately been deported, there was a mingling of delighted laughter and triumphant shouting, very intelligible. It was not a clean or a nice mob. I do not remember

ever being so close to so many obviously unwashed fellow-beings. They seemed very pliable, very dangerous in the wrong hands; and there, at the corner of the Palace where many Viceroys, and more Presidents—for Presidents change rapidly—have cajoled and threatened and humoured and played with the mob, one could hardly help reflecting that this is still a very ticklish job of government with a fickle, childish multitude and a scattering of intellectuals—mostly unconvinced of the use or sense of democracy.

LIMA, *September 11, 1919.*

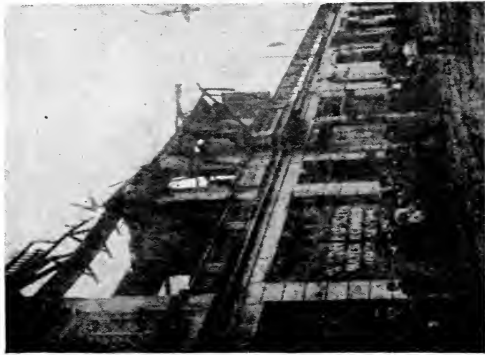
ON my way home from the Plaza yesterday evening after leaving B——, I noticed a long line of police stretched in front of the *Prensa* newspaper offices, and further on, before the Penitentiary, a troop of mounted police armed with carbines, which, just as I passed, was called to attention, numbered off by fours, and trotted away towards the centre of the town. I was reminded of B——'s remark on the street

a little earlier: "The air smells powder." There was a strong feeling of tension, and the atmosphere was thunder.

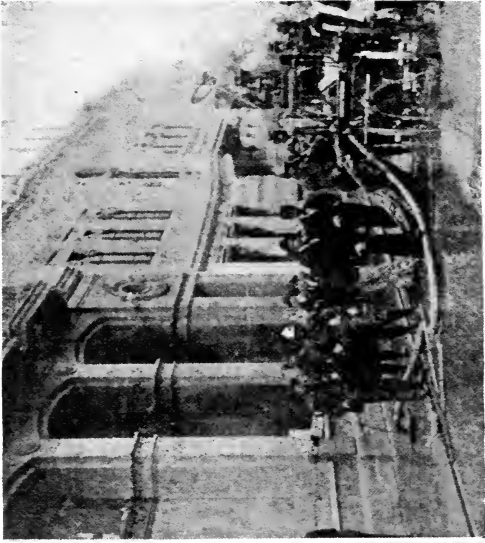
This morning the *Prensa* is missing and the *Comercio* is under evident restraint; the *Tiempo*, the Government paper, prints a large account of the "demonstrations" of yesterday, and, finally, the *Crónica*, the picture paper, prints various photographs of the crowds in the Plaza, and all denounce the events of last night. The storm broke early. B—— says that after leaving me he had started home about seven o'clock, when the mob came roaring down the street, directly from the Palace, where we had left them a few minutes earlier, and rushed into the *Prensa* building, apparently unopposed by the police, and in a minute it was ablaze. Some one had brought kerosene and poured it over the bales of paper, which flared like torches. Not liking the looks of things, B—— set off on a side street only to find himself carried along in a crowd that brought up before the *Comercio* building, which was burning in one or two



The Comercio building after the fight



Quesada's house burnt



Fighting the fire at La Prensa building

spots but which was evidently regarded as dangerous, for the mob kept at a modest distance. Soon the main tide set off again, in the direction of the houses of Miró Quesada, owner of the *Comercio*, and Aspíllaga, one of the leaders of the Aristocratic party. From a safe distance B—— saw Miró Quesada's house burning, and a fire in front where his goods were being destroyed, and near Aspíllaga's house a fire for his belongings which were dragged out and burned. There was no effective interference by the police.

LIMA, *September 12, 1919.*

ALL day the talk about the disorders of the night before last has gone on, and it is not favourable to the Government. In fact, the more it is studied the more sinister the episode appears. One can hardly retain the hypothesis of a spontaneous or accidental outbreak of violence against the authors or abettors of the plot against the President. It looks rather as if the plot had been made the excuse

for a more or less carefully organized attack on the leaders of the opposition. It wears a bad look. Of course, the case is not clear; such cases never are. But many things are said: for example, my friend A—— from New York repeats the statement of a friend who was at the Palace yesterday morning at eleven o'clock and heard an officer remark that the *Prensa* and the *Comercio* had better be burned. Another friend who lives here, and is not opposed to the Government, says that he saw an automobile with a number of cans of kerosene leave the Palace yard. Then there are various scraps of testimony, one of an observer in the Grace building which is diagonally across from the *Comercio*, who says that when the mob arrived the police withdrew without a word of protest, and that the Governor of Lima sat in his automobile and observed part of the proceedings. There is the testimony of two girls, nieces of one of the victims, that they called up the Police Department and begged for police protection, for the mob was attacking the

Comercio building, and got for answer that the mob must amuse itself somehow. They then called up the Palace and asked for the President's Secretary, were told that he was at the 'phone, but when they made their appeal the receiver at the other end was hung up without a word. Finally, there is the testimony of Señor D. y L. that he was at the Palace about eight o'clock and found a group of Ministers with the President; that he told them what was going on and that they seemed genuinely surprised, and that the President instructed one of the officers present to take adequate forces and stop this at once, but in fact that the officer went alone or accompanied by only one or two.

Meantime what happened at the *Comercio*? The owner, Antonio Miró Quesada, was there, and, having been warned, had taken precautions. There were about twenty rifles which were distributed among the employees, who were placed suitably for defence. When the mob came, and the police stole away, Miró Quesada went up to the roof to take his bearings.

While there he saw a mounted officer of police, whom he knew, accompanied by two patrolmen, going by in the street below. The mob were beginning to rush the doors, and Miró Quesada, in great bitterness and contempt, shouted to the officer, called him a coward, and advised him to take off his epaulets. The officer turned angrily and gave an order to his men, who immediately aimed their carbines at Miró Quesada and fired; but he dropped behind the parapet and was unhurt. Then he went down and the main action began. It was now dark. The mob rushed the main entrance and broke into the patio and immediately Miró Quesada, having placed his men, turned off all the lights but one, which showed the mob, and awaited events. The mob charged; rifles cracked; the first group of invaders fell; more came in, and, on the second discharge, another lot tumbled. The rush was checked and the attacking party drew off, taking their wounded, said to be over thirty, and two dead.

Then the editor gathered his staff

together and set to work to repair the damage and to get out the next day's paper, which appeared as usual.

This morning the *Crónica* prints photographs showing the damage done and a vigorous denunciation of the whole affair. The entire episode is obscure, but does not reflect credit on the Government and indicates a certain moral obliquity in many quarters.

September 21, 1919.

• THERE is something provocative about this country. There are always explanations and behind these other explanations, and so ad infinitum. For example: the city of Lima is undoubtedly gloomy; at first one is inclined to think this is merely temporary, due to a passing stage of weather, but it does not pass; then one thinks it is merely local, confined to Lima and produced by the singular arrangement of the enclosing hills, and at first this view seems to be confirmed, for outside of Lima there is much more sunshine; but the

sunshine is not attended by gaiety. In the country, too, there is sombreness. The gloom is more widespread than Lima; in fact, my friends tell me it is universal in Peru, and that it is much more profound in the back country among and beyond the mountains. Abelardo Gamarra, himself an Indian author of unmixed race, has made a telling phrase, "Peru is the land of hush, hush!" ("El Peru es el pais de *sotto voce!*") This hush, this mood of depression, is said to be racial and historical. Some say that the Peruvian Indian was always sad, in the days of the Incas and long before, that the Spanish conquest and domination had no appreciable effect, and still less the comparatively brief (and mild) rule under the Republic.

Some truth, of course, there is in this; it may even be the basic truth, but I see also a disposition to cover and excuse the recent and present attitude towards the native stock. The fact is that the Indian is still being abused, exploited, trampled upon, and ill-treated as he always has been, and there are few whom one can meet

who are not directly or indirectly profiting from the exploitation. The Indian of Peru, broadly speaking, is still in a state of veiled slavery; he has no chance for education, for self-development, self-expression, or freedom of action. On the great haciendas his condition remains that of the serf: he may be able to leave at will—one hears that he can—but he doesn't. Nearly always he is prevented by innocent-appearing legal requirements and silky regulations which tie him to the land as effectually as if he were a chattel. The consequence is depression, a profound resentment, hidden and silent, as is the way with the Indian, sometimes, I am told, breaking his heart, more often smouldering in a patient hatred which my friend the Indian Deputy in Congress tells me supplies the motive of those who think—a long hope for ultimate retribution!

It is not an agreeable aspect of Peru, this racial hostility. Most people here make light of it or deny it altogether; others tell you that in the last two strikes

the cry of the mob was "Down with the whites!" ("Abaja los blancos!") Some echo of this I recall both in Mexico and in Cuba, but with less cause; for in both of those "Republics" the more numerous race has had a share of glory and of power: Mateo, a Negro, is the hero of Cuba, and in Mexico, Juarez, the founder of the Republic, Diaz and Huerta, three Presidents, as well as many other leaders and standard bearers, have been of Indian stock. Here, however, except for Olaya, who was a mere instrument and had a tragic fate, there has been scarcely an Indian name written in capitals, and there seems to be as little disposition as ever to give him a chance. One cannot help recalling Kirkpatrick's contrast (in the *Cambridge Modern History*) between Mexico and Peru, the land of Cortez and that of Pizarro, Cortez, the soldier and adventurer, Pizarro the freebooter and cut-throat. The motto of Mexico, he says, was, "Live and let live;" that of Peru was, "Eat and let eat." I fancy the distinction still holds good. I saw many

sights in Mexico that wrung my heart, but I do not remember so callous an insensibility to the sufferings of animals or of the inferior human being as I see here. The pack burros that carry the loads to market and the horses in the public carriages are often shocking sights, and nobody ever seems to give their condition a thought.

Another form of indifference is hardly less shocking, that to dirt and fleas. It is no answer to say that they are used to them. A live, vigorous, sensitive civilization couldn't be "used to them." It is to say that the civilization, if it deserves the name, is a civilization that either does not feel fleas and dirt, or that thinks it can shut them out of its own house and—the devil take the other man's! a view that spells benighted ignorance or criminal carelessness.

Finally, there is sex. Nobody would charge the Peruvian with indifference on this matter. He is only indifferent to its nobler side. Continenence is little regarded, and it is universal testimony that chastity—

among men at least—is unknown. A certain gentleman here has become the butt of jests among his friends, and notorious outside his circle, by a reputation for chastity, and it is soberly given as the explanation for his lack of greater prominence and success. Our hostess remarks that the young men can only think of the señoritas; the grocery man remarks contemptuously that the young gentlemen cannot play games because of their absorption with the muchachas; my secretary jokes about the entire output of the poems being on eyes and lips; the director of a University Department, talking about learning English, makes a ribald jest about the number of ladies in Lima who speak English, and even the grave and taciturn author remarks on spending one's holidays as if they could have only one destination and that an amorous one. Now, Heaven knows, jokes on the subject are common enough among us, but a pre-occupation of this intensity is another matter and spells pathology.

There is a custom of selling children;

it is called by another name, but the essential requirement is payment of four, five, or six pounds for the child, who then becomes practically your slave. In many houses here you may see tiny children, Indian or mainly so, doing all manner of hard work, and my friends tell me of many cases of little boys and girls from six years up who are kept at work from early morning till late at night. Under my own eyes here is a boy of about eight who is fetching and carrying, scrubbing and cleaning, washing dishes and running errands at all hours, and three times I have had to hear him crying pitifully under the beatings that they give him. As I heard the blows I felt a hot desire for retribution, and had to remind myself that a stranger must step softly in a country like Peru. He cannot move these mountains of cruelty, ignorance and greed. At such moments I can appreciate the invective of a friend who says this is a land of fleas and lies, disease and dirt, a nation conceived in treachery, born in crime, and perpetuated in cruelty and

graft. The true symbol of Peru, he says, is the wretched burro, covered with bruises, bending under a filthy, flea-ridden driver who beats him at every step.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the people one meets are almost invariably polite and frequently amiable. Thanks to the church schools, they have cultivated their manners, if not their minds; they like to please their friends and acquaintances and visitors. If they abuse the orders below them, that is the custom of the country; the burro and the Indian were made to bear burdens and be beaten.

LIMA, *September 25, 1919.*

THE book — *Peruvians of To-day* — is approaching completion; four hundred pages are in page-proof and I am to deliver the last biography to the printer tomorrow. And because nobody who reads these dull and arid pages—if indeed anybody ever does read them—will have the slightest idea of the labour and strain they have cost me, I am going to put down

a note of it. I have not only written in my own hand practically every one of the two hundred and forty odd lives, condensing clouds of Peruvian rhetoric into a few sentences of plain English, and often, of course, writing a second or third draft, but I have corrected the typewritten copy and read proof. This is a heavy task, because the compositor knows only an occasional word of English and there is no proof-reader. Consequently I have read from five to ten, and even twelve proofs of the book. This does not mean that it is free from errors, I know of two, but it means that I have paid the price of reasonable accuracy. It means also that since the middle of July I have worked days, nights, and Sundays, haunting the printing shop, which is infested with fleas that exact a heavy toll for my invasion of their bailiwick, and keeping my assistants and the printing staff up to a level of activity unknown there before.

Of the book I have nothing to say: there is no need. If it is good, it won't need my praise, and if it is bad excuses

won't mend it. I will send you the first copy as soon as it comes from the binder.

LIMA, *September 27, 1919.*

ONE has to remind oneself frequently that Lima is not Peru. Lima is old, degenerate, a relic of the past that is dead—"dead in trespasses and sins." Its spirit is that of the Spanish Viceroy, the spirit of the daughters of the horse-leech; it is a confirmed parasite, and, securely seated here at the principal port of entry and receipt of customs, it sucks the sustenance regardless of the welfare of its victim. If Peru were Lima there would be no hope for the future, since here there is the spirit of the vulture over the carcass. But every time one gets outside of Lima or meets a man from the provinces one feels a change of air. Planters, miners, surveyors and explorers from the wide spaces of the interior give a fresh and bracing aspect to the land. They talk of the future whereas Lima talks and thinks of the past.

What kind of a future can Peru expect? It is a question of population. The present population in its present condition can give no promise for the future. Either the Indian must be washed, fed, taught and regenerated, so that he can be a man, or the land must be replenished by other people.

It is a new picture of Peru that the explorer and surveyor paints, a country of vast grassy prairies, of great expanses of forest, of mountain and fertile valley, wide, free, unpeopled, awaiting the railway and the plough. A Scotch firm here began some time ago to raise sheep, and now has great flocks on distant hills tended by a score of Scotch shepherds. Another firm is planning a great cattle range where millions of Texas steers could find room and to spare. And at every turn one hears of railway projects, especially of the famous Transcontinental, to run from the Pacific to the River Amazon, and so connect the oceans. It is an old plan often discussed, forever about to be. It will come in time and perhaps will bring

the much desired American or European immigration which is to swamp the Indian and make Peru a "white man's country." Quien sabe? I have many doubts. Above all I doubt whether the long-enduring Indian of Peru will be swamped by white immigration for many long years to come.

LIMA, *September 29, 1919.*

I HAVE been working, as you know, in the University Library and have enjoyed a post of great advantage for observing this ancient seat of learning in full activity—or inactivity; for surely there could hardly be a nearer approach to complete rest and absence of activity than is exhibited here in the halls of San Marcos. Most of the past three months, to be sure, the classes have been halted by a strike of the students, who demand more modern instruction and better instructors, but there is not much difference to be seen between the University in action and in repose. At the height of the strike there were many noisy meetings and the hall



An inner patio at the University



A funeral passing along the Paseo Colón



Another patio at the University

of meeting next door to us, a hall which resembles very closely some of the early New England meeting-houses, fairly rocked with the storms of eloquence and applause and counterblast. Nobody can deny the gift of oratory here; one sees it exhibited every day on the street, and here in the cloisters on which our door opens. The students in fact seem to give their time principally to declaiming and expounding something or other to whatever audience they can find; but for its full glory there is nothing finer than the impassioned student facing several hundred of his fellows and fired with a sense of wrong. The sight was an interesting one. The speaker had the stage above the mass, who sat in the body of the narrow hall, but almost level with the galleries, jammed, as the body of the house was, with eager partisans, many of whom had speeches ill-restrained in their chests. At every telling phrase there was a roar of approval or dissent, and at times the storm drowned the speaker for several minutes at a time. It seemed to be a kind of orgy of speech-

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| | <p>making: sometimes a dozen were speaking at once, but ultimately, without more result than discharge of fireworks, the meeting broke up into little groups who harangued one another, worked toward the gates, and scattered.</p> <p>Ordinarily the place is still; one or two groups gather in the pleasant patios, walk up and down posturing and speechifying, and go away. The library, which in a live University is the centre of action, is hardly visited. The reading-room, where all books are delivered, is often empty and seldom has more than five readers. One of the most regular visitors is a young woman about whom we have joked, saying that the fair sex has a twenty per cent. representation in the University, for she is one of the five who read.</p> <p>The great building deserves better of the time, for it is a charming shell of a University. Truly it has no advantage of situation, but is ill-placed in the flat, dull middle of the town, and has no outlook, none of the stimulating sweep of landscape of Williams or Dartmouth or</p> |
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Wisconsin, nor the magnificent view of Havana, but, once within its dull outer walls, there are patios with fountains and flowers and seats convenient for reading; there are echoing cloisters and an upper gallery with a long series of portraits of Rectors and Professors such as probably no other University on the Continent can boast. But all is wasted; the shell is uninhabited. These so-called students are mere casual visitants, and the spirit of learning has no part in them.

LIMA, *September 30, 1919.*

WE have been having some amusement over the drinking water supplied here. Being of a cautious disposition, I formed a habit, after leaving Panama, of drinking bottled water only, and have continued this custom, notwithstanding the gibes of some of my friends and many assurances that the drinking water of Lima was thoroughly filtered, quite pure, and could be drunk with confidence. Nevertheless, I persisted in my cautious course.

A day or two ago, however, one of the leading American authorities on hygiene and tropical medicine turned up at the hotel, and gave us a very convincing account of the admirable methods followed at the Lima Municipal Water Works, which he told us were under the charge of a competent American engineer. He described the sound scientific method by which the water was treated, first with alum to clarify it, and later with chlorine to purify it, presenting so cogent an argument as to shake us both in our scepticism and incline us to drink the water and take our chances. Before quite yielding, however, with some painful recollections of the difference that could occur in Peru between theory and practice, I prevailed upon one of our friends, Professor A——, to go up to the water-works and see these excellent purifying processes in operation. The Professor went, and on his return, much to our amusement, sent away the water carafe from the table and ordered bottled water. "I went," he said, "to the waterworks and found all the machinery

as described, excellent devices and contrivances, and apparatus of the latest model, and I found the man whose duty it was to put the alum and the chlorine into the water in specified amounts and at a specified hour. The hour had just passed when I arrived, and I inquired whether the drugs had been applied as specified. 'No,' was the answer, 'the jefe was away and I was very busy, so I omitted it.' Dropping the subject for a time I returned to it somewhat later and inquired casually whether interruptions in the application of chlorine were frequent, and discovered, as I might have surmised, that from time to time when the man was busy he just let it go." It is needless to add that we are all now drinking bottled water.

Apropos of water, a friend who was here before the baths were installed at the Maury, describes the ceremony of getting a bath in those mediæval but recent days. There was then a large tub mounted upon low-wheeled trucks which could be drawn from room to room when

required. One gave orders for his bath as long as possible in advance, usually a day ahead, and within an hour or two of the time appointed the procession moved solemnly across the patio. A man in front pulled, a man behind pushed, one on either side steadied the tub and bore towels, and the rear was brought up by one or more carrying buckets of hot and cold water. The truck could be manœuvred so as to pass through the doors of nearly all the rooms. The procession once safely ensconced inside, the doors were closed. Most of the attendants, however, showing a persistent desire to be present at the ceremony, remained within, and my friend declares that it sometimes took a lot of persuasion and occupied no little time finally to clear the room of the entire curious group, and one or more of them was almost certain to be found later with his eye to the key-hole or whatever point of vantage might be found. Baths, you see, were no trivial matter !

LIMA, PERU,
October 1, 1919.

PERU is variously described as primitive, mediæval, and capitalist. It is all three. It is primitive, not only because by far the greater part of its people is Indian and possibly half of them, not even speaking Spanish, retain their Indian language, but also because it has many primitive ways. It uses donkey-back, human-back, and llama-back largely for transportation, and clings to many crude and ancient customs chiefly because they are old. It is mediæval in its religiosity—Lima fairly clangs with church bells—in its education, still largely in the hands of the Catholic clergy, and in its lack of hygiene. It is capitalist, for it has no middle class, but consists of the magnate and the serf. Its upper classes are, as a rule, great landowners, who have on their

ancestral estates entire communities of Indians and other low-class labourers who are essentially in a state of serfdom. There are a few very rich men who have considerable sums of liquid capital, *e. g.* Fernandini, who is said to be worth \$15,000,000, Victor Larco, who probably has half as much, and a score of others, whose fortunes are believed to range about \$5,000,000 each.

The time seems to be propitious for the entrance of new men and methods, for, although Peru is capitalist, it is unexploited and very responsive. For example, until about three years ago, cotton and sugar, which are the principal exports of Peru, were almost entirely in the hands of three old firms, W. R. Grace & Co., Duncan Fox & Co., and Graham, Rowe & Co. When the new firms entered the field they were welcomed, and to-day there are the beginnings of a lively competition. I am told that the same is true of the banking business. Certain it is that the Mercantile Bank of the Americas has had a very active and prosperous career so far,

and I never pass its doors without seeing a crowd before its counters. There is a good deal of simple banking here, for the use of cheques is growing, and there is a good loan business not only with business men, but also with planters and rich land-owners, whose wealth is often in land alone. Prices and wages are high.

The Peruvian is not a good business man. Business standards are low, and most of the commercial business is in the hands of foreigners. Fifty per cent. of the larger business is said to be in the hands of Italians, and a large part of the little retail business in the hands of Chinese and Japanese.

Meantime there are many signs of development. One hears of new railway, telephone, cable, and irrigation projects, which are about to be put into effect, and there are possibilities of a new era of expansion. Cattle ranching, sheep ranching, new cotton and sugar plantations seem likely to succeed. The great obstacle may prove to be labour, for there is no surplus, in fact a shortage of labour, and

there is some doubt whether the population of the country is not actually decreasing. That may not be serious from the point of view of actual business and profit making, for the reformation of the country on modern business lines is afoot and likely to go on, but for the long future there must be either such an improvement in the living conditions of the Indian as to let him increase and replenish the earth, or there must be a great new immigration. This is what the projectors of railroads confidently expect and predict. Meantime there are undoubtedly many opportunities and favourable conditions for business and for large scale investments.

LIMA, *October 2, 1919.*

ALL the world says that the Peruvians are polite, and all the world cannot be wrong. Some of my friends are inclined to analyze the politeness of Lima, and to reduce it to mere manners, but why look a gift-horse in the mouth? Pleasant manners, even if they be superficial, are

welcome anywhere, and I should be grateful for them even if I were sure that they did not go very deep. In point of fact I suspect that the politeness of Peru goes as deep as any quality of the national character, for I take it to be an inheritance from the Middle Ages, a residuum of chivalry. As little now as then is it a guarantee of amiability, of gentleness, or placability of character; rather, like the sense of honour which sometimes accompanies it, is it an end in itself. Nowhere are men more polite than on the duelling ground, and I have heard men soberly defend duelling as the ultimate guarantee of politeness. Well, duelling continues here as well as politeness, but behind both there is a certain ruthlessness.

If one may believe what one is told, there have been dark doings in Lima notwithstanding its politeness. The recent President, José Pardo, was very polite and had a high sense of his personal dignity, but when the mob rose last May and his rule was in danger, he called out the machine guns, and it is currently

believed—in fact my secretary tells me that the official records show—that over six hundred people were killed. The formal records state that three hundred others were arrested and confined in the Penitentiary on Fronton Island in the harbour. What the story goes on to tell is that of these three hundred the major part were taken out of the prison at night and forced over the cliff into the sea. Perhaps the story is not true, but it is widely repeated and believed among many of the most polite people of this polite capital.

The recent revolution, of the fourth of July, and its sequelæ afford other examples. On the night of the revolution a number of partisans of the new President entered the principal opposition newspaper building and threw bombs as near the presses as they could get. They were not successful in destroying the presses, but did a lot of damage. No disavowal came from any responsible source, although the leader of the band was a well-known supporter of the new Government. During

the assault of September 10, on the same newspaper, which I described to you in a former letter, the police were withdrawn and the Governor of the district sat in an automobile observing the proceedings. When, on the following day, a friend called on the President and inquired whether the Government proposed to disavow and denounce the attack on the newspaper offices, the head of the Government replied: "Why should I, after all they have done to me?" On further reflection, two days later, he gave out a statement to the effect that the mob of 25,000 was a genuine uprising of the nation, etc., etc., but it is certain that it consisted of only a few hundred men of the very lowest order, and it is said that the Government provided three trains to bring many of these to the city from Callao, where rough characters abound.

LIMA, *October 5, 1919.*

So as to be in fashion, we are having strikes here, and they are attributed as

usual to all manner of causes, personal, political, national, and international. One hears much of conspiracies, Bolshevism, Chilean agents, agitators deported from America, and all the other furniture of the street-corner authority who is as numerous here as anywhere. Meantime the course of the strike is more or less amusing. Last night and to-day we have been without light and water because of the electricians' strike. At seven o'clock the house was in complete darkness. Of course our hosts knew the strike was coming, but the mingling of heedlessness, improvidence, petty parsimony, and fatalism common to Peruvians, kept them from doing anything until the blow fell. Then they scurried around, found three or four candles, for a house of twenty rooms and fifteen guests, and sent the slavey out to buy more, but of course it was too late and the shops were closed. Having a fair idea of the prospects I had bought a package and was able to lend lights to three of my fellow-sufferers. In regard to water the same thing happened; the warning was

disregarded, little or no water was saved, and one or two were left without water to wash in or to drink.

The head of the electric lighting company had acted in the same way; although he had received warning two days ago that, failing an adjustment, a strike would be called, he disregarded the notice, treating it with the contempt that his sense of dignity demanded, and the strike found him wholly unprepared. In consequence the entire city is in darkness and more or less at the mercy of its criminal classes.

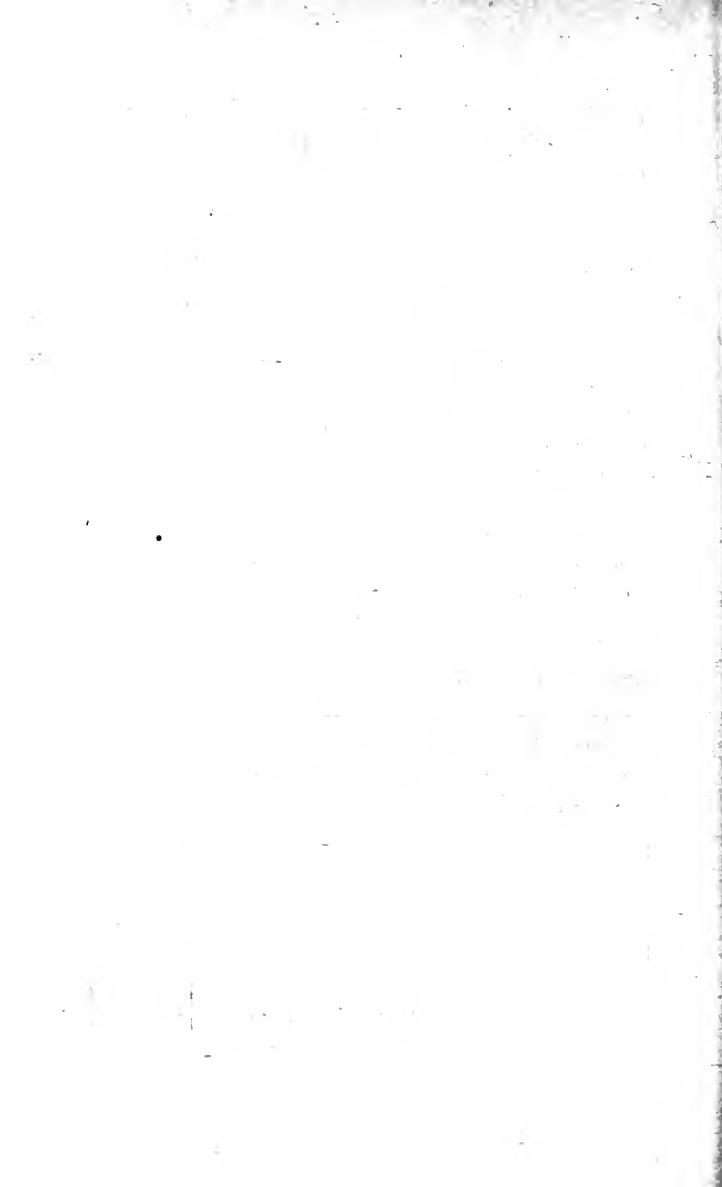
It is the recurrence of episodes like this which causes one misgivings about the character of the Peruvian and the future of his country. It seems to be almost universal testimony that the Peruvian does not improve on acquaintance. The old resident, as a rule, is tolerant. If he had not learned a certain philosophy he could not have stayed; but he has achieved very often a tolerance tinged with contempt. A business man remarked to me to-day that the inferiority of the Peruvian

was evident in the fact that practically all the foreigners, Italians, French, British, and American alike, succeed here and make money, whereas many of them are not especially able or intelligent. The extraordinary success of the new American bank, which has invaded the field of the older banks here and carried off much of the business, is laid to the Peruvian management of the older institutions.

At every turn one hears the old complaint that the Peruvian has no public spirit, that his one idea is to exploit the immediate opportunity and to provide for his family. He makes no sacrifices for the public, he doesn't believe the public has any claim on him, but he has the general attitude of a man at a lottery. Life is to him a lottery, and having no faith in justice, or "the square deal," of course he makes no effort to establish them. His world consists of exploiters and exploited, and his ruling motive is to get in or to stay in the first class.

Some of the consequences of this are serious; among them I suppose must be

placed the gradual depopulation of the country. It seems to be agreed that when the Spaniards came Peru contained probably three times as many people as it has to-day. Under normal conditions of increase of population it should now be at least three times as great; in other words, there are one-ninth as many people as in the ordinary course of events there should have been. But the decrease of population continues. The engancheros who go up into the interior to get labourers for the great haciendas of the coast region report an increasing difficulty in finding men. The mine managers give the same testimony and confess that they have been driven to care for the health of their employees by the growing scarcity of the supply. From this in time much good may come, for the present it is evidence for the prosecution.



LIMA, PERU,
October 6, 1919.

IT is Sunday night, the second night of candle-light (our own candles, too!), for the strike, reported settled this morning, is still on. This morning I walked up to the Sunday out-door market which is held on the wide Avenida Grau. It is an old-fashioned affair, mingling, I am told, with the native Indian customs some Spanish. The booths are set up in two long double rows along the avenue; on one side the bulky things, coal, charcoal, meat, bones, the larger vegetables; on the other, small goods and miscellanies, from foods and clothes, household fixtures and hardware to books and corn-plasters. The crowd which was dense and very leisurely was dark of colour, largely Indian, Negro, and Chinese, Indian predominating, and apparently quite aimless

in its wanderings. I watched an Indian boy buying a book, Pickwick in Spanish. He approached the booth in an insinuating, sidling fashion and inquired the price: "Un sol," said the booth-keeper, nonchalantly. The boy made a strategic retreat. In a minute he was there again, very like a fish at a baited hook. He asked the price of another book, then casually touching Pickwick, asked, "Se quiere noventa centavos?" The shop-keeper shook his head. The boy took up two or three other books and asked the price, but without conviction and got answers equally lack-lustre. He disappeared again, but I waited for the end of the drama. He came back. "Se quiere noventa-cinco?" "Un sol," was the uncompromising reply. Then, rather heavily, he drew a sol from his pocket, laid it down, took up Pickwick with an air of ownership and went off. I hope he will find it a good bargain.

I wound my way among the booths and the slow-moving people, who seemed to transact their business absent-mindedly, as if it were incidental to some real business



Sunday market



Snake-charmer in the market



An imp

they might have somewhere else, watched the many kinds of food, cooked and uncooked—and heaven knows there are manifold messes offered in the native pots that nothing would tempt me to venture—observed the children and dogs floundering together beside the booths and the dark-faced stream of rather unpromising material for a nation, till church time.

It was a pleasant contrast, the deep-coloured, sober English church, with the three-panelled window behind the altar, the Virgin Mother, flanked by David and Dorcas, and the familiar symbols, the dove and the lamb, the Alpha and Omega, and in the chancel two other friendly figures, St. Cecilia and the Good Shepherd, in fine deep crimsons and soft blues. The pews were of dark wood, the carpet was red; these and the roof beams gave the air of an English village church, infinitely restful. And when, in a sing-song voice, dimly reminiscent of chants in a Cathedral close, the clergyman read the familiar collects, and the choir led the old "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ

her Lord," it needed little more than to shut one's eyes to be transported far, far away from Peru and all her problems.

LIMA, *October 8, 1919.*

I HAVE to-day had the longest immersion of my life in a funeral atmosphere; I have attended a state funeral in Peru. The pomp and circumstance were appropriate, if ever they could be so, for it was the funeral of Ricardo Palma, whom his panegyrists are comparing with Cervantes and Shakespeare and Dante, but who, without any question, was the most considerable man of letters produced in Peru, and has had few, if any, equals in South America.

We heard of his death the day before yesterday, last night his body lay in state in the Merced, which is a sort of State Church where the funeral services proper were held to-day. The obsequies were announced to begin at nine o'clock, but at that hour the church was a black cave in which the dim lights barely showed



MANUEL RICARDO PALMA
(del Perú)

Ricardo Palma in 1870



Ricardo Palma

Death mask and last signature of Ricardo Palma

a white-clad priest and, at the far end by the altar, the sentinel standing at attention beside the catafalque. Twenty minutes later the military had begun to take their place and many people were in their seats. As a representative of the Hispanic Society, I was given a modest place where I could see, through the side door, part of the cavalry escort. The church was effectively set as a stage; for it was hung in black, not only the entire length of the nave, but also the whole apse, making an almost complete black chamber, picked out with crosses and funeral wreaths in silver. Against the black screen that shut off the altar was placed a tabernacle, white like a Greek temple, which covered the casket, and before it was a bank of palms and flowers. As always here, I was surprised at the number of silk hats, of uniforms, and at the amount of gold lace in Lima. Certainly no small part of the national income must go for the support of the army and its resplendent officers.

The distinguished guests were still entering when suddenly the strong chanting

of men's voices came from the gallery overhead. It was impressive music from one of the old masses, and had some of the quality of a Gregorian chant, deep, reverberating, full of low, chest tones. The accompaniment, too, of violins and bass viols was appropriate and sadly harmonious.

The service unfolded, with responses and orchestral interludes, the people coming and going as they do in these churches, and the solemn Mass marching on with dignity and leisure.

The solemnity was broken in a manner entirely natural to the place, by the entrance of several of the Indian porters of the church, collarless, unwashed, and unkempt, bearing four huge candles, taller than themselves, which they set up in their proper places and essayed to light. Again and again they attacked the mountains of wax with their flambeaux, but in vain, meantime absorbing the interest and attention of the congregation, and at last the most unkempt of the lot fetched a ladder, placed it in front of the



Two aspects of the cemetery



Copyright : Underwood and Underwood.

Interior of the Cathedral

main aisle and mounted it. There he operated, far more conspicuous than the officiating clergy, the ineffaceable Indian, dominant factor in Peru.

The music and the chanting resumed their sway, we knelt and rose, sat and knelt again, we heard the military bands outside repeating the great strains in time with the orchestra in the gallery, and at the high moments I caught through the open door the picture of the cavalymen rising in their stirrups and flashing their sabres in the salute to the dead. At last it closed; we reached the door, under the guidance of my friend Tello, who is an Indian and also a Deputy, and therefore knows his way about, in time to see the procession pass out, the white and brown-clad monks, book in hand, still chanting, the black-clad pall-bearers and members of the family, and then the blaze of gold-laced uniform when the army and navy men came into the sunlight.

We caught one of the numerous carriages provided by the Government and entered the long line that trailed away to the

cemetery, through streets crowded as I have not seen them crowded before on any occasion. The people stood on the sidewalks, were thick at the corners and blackened the doors and windows. I hope much of this meant respect for the dead author, who deserved all this and more, but doubtless part of it was curiosity, the wish to see the gilded state coaches, the statesmen and all the gold-laced, silk-hatted throng.

At the cemetery there was more military display, more music, and then a flood of oratory over the bier. No fewer than five distinguished men made funeral orations, full of eloquence, of flowers of speech, of rising periods, of mournful tropes; but, as one remarked to me, with hardly a concrete fact about the man or his career or his work. Probably, as was explained, the speakers did not know the facts, and in Peruvian oratory they are superfluous, anyway!

LIMA, *October 12, 1919.*

I HAVE asked myself why it is that nearly all the books that have been written about Peru have been so encomiastic, although everybody I meet here is so out of conceit with the country. I suppose nearly all of those who have written came here under selected conditions, at the right time of year; they were received on their arrival, they were "personally conducted" to the Cathedral, the Palace, the University, and the best houses; they met only the "best people," and they did not stay long. I think it also likely that when most of these books were written it was easier to ignore or remain in ignorance of the lower classes than it is now. The war has made a difference, and to-day it is difficult to forget the dirt and wretchedness of the mass of the people. Moreover, the upper classes themselves are more presentable on parade than in their every-day attire and manners. No doubt one of the things that cause our discontent is that we cannot easily adopt

the attitude of superior to inferior, which is almost inevitable, whether one deals with the upper or the lower classes. The air and manners of our Peruvian acquaintances at the top call for treatment as equals, to say the least; they call for the treatment of adult to adult; but in fact we find that often they are not adults, but children, petulant, irresponsible, wayward, inconsequential, often charming, to be sure, yet certainly not grown-up persons.

The Peruvian's stock of information is often mere hearsay; he seldom verifies anything, rather prefers the fiction that is exciting to the fact that is dull; he does not read books, most of the serious books published here are given away. As I may have mentioned before, I am told that of Professor Ross's book, *South of Panama*, only ten copies were sold here; an author tells me that of his book, a work highly praised, he sold only twenty-five copies; of many books published here only two hundred copies are printed. There is a branch public library and reading-room here which I have visited; in its book-

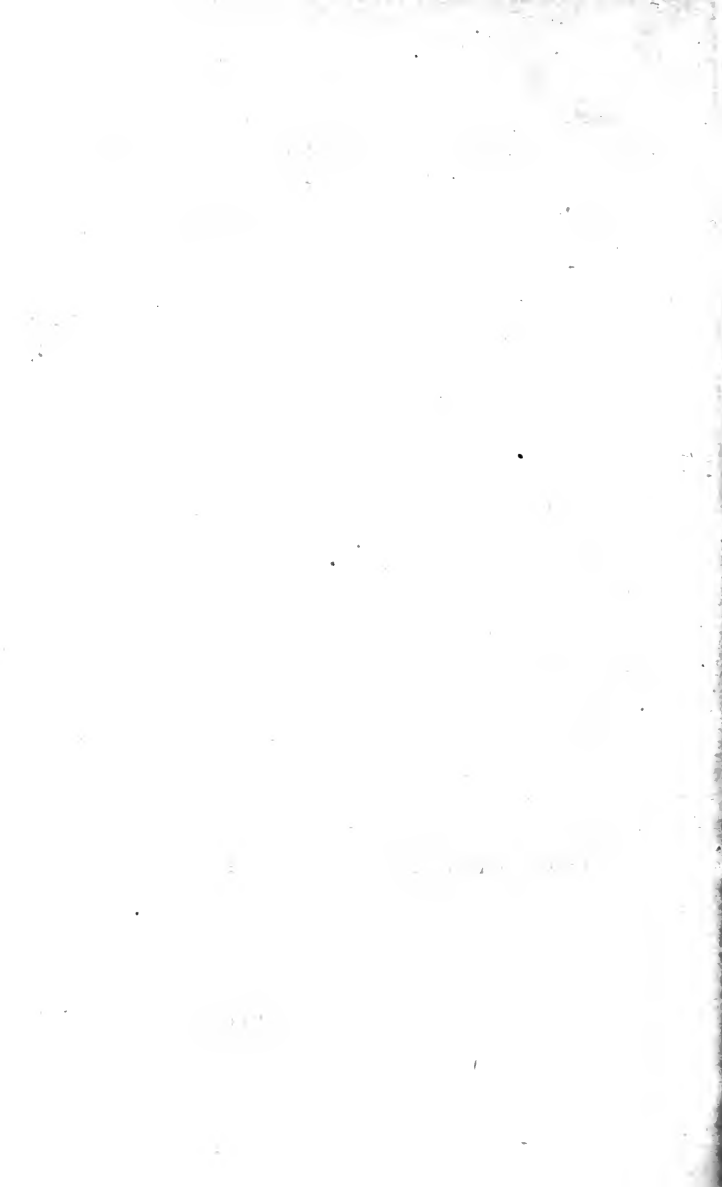
cases there are a few cheap reprints and thirty or more old volumes, more or less tattered, all covered with dust, and on the tables a miscellaneous collection of antiquated periodicals, likewise dusty and disorderly. The floor is unswept, and the room has the air of a forgotten lumber-room, yet I have seen youths wander in, sit down, turn over the ancient, dusty periodicals and give it up apparently with regret. As a rule there is not so much enterprise, and apathy reigns undisturbed. Books are looked at only by the few, and then to make a showing in public.

Of the lower classes there need be no argument: it may be gravely doubted whether the Peruvians in general are sufficiently grown-up to believe in the modern world. They seem to be still pre-Baconians; they probably accept the doctrine that the world is round, but certainly reject modern science in general, with its ideas of hygiene and cleanliness and popular education, none of which has much footing here. They regard nearly all the propositions of physicians,

scientists, and teachers with a Chinese superiority as the vagaries of impertinent people, interrupting for a moment the settled course of things, but soon to be forgotten. Their real world is one of traditions, charms, amulets, holy water, sacraments, and fate. In the hospitals here there are English and American nurses, but their authority is limited by the Madres of the religious order whose rule is absolute over a great part of the ménage, and they are not permitted to be present in the men's wards at night *because it would be immoral*. Wherefore many patients die. This, however, doesn't matter if they have received the final sacraments; in fact, their end is often hastened by covering them tightly with sheets, and even blankets, so that the other patients—the wards are all open—shall not be distressed by knowing of their death.

How is one to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with a civilization like this? The older method was to confine one's relations to the few who were distinguished, polished

citizens of the world; but this method, though convenient for the traveller, would hardly serve for a resident or for anybody who had business to do. He must accept the philosophy of those who live in countries where there is an inferior race. India, Egypt, South Africa, the Southern States, Cuba, Mexico, and South America all demand the same philosophy, and a sense of humour. If one can smile, all may go well, if he can't much may go ill and his contentment will certainly be lost. One must say to oneself: "Stop trying to apply your Northern or Anglo-Saxon standards to another stock; stop trying to explain their actions by your mental processes, theirs are different, they start from other premises and run to other conclusions. You might as well try to add four o'clock and four pounds of butter as to assimilate your mental processes to those of your Latin-American brother; the two are incommensurable."



LIMA, PERU,
October 13, 1919.

ONE of the most amusing of our Sunday excursions was that to Lurín, the station nearest to the famous Inca ruins of Pachacamac, which lie about thirty-five miles south of Lima on the coast. Dr. and Mrs. Leavitt and I had the good fortune to go on the same train with a party made up of the editors and contributors to the *Mercurio Peruano*, the one serious literary magazine of Peru. They had a private car and invited us to share it, thus saving us from an unsavoury experience; for few things are less pleasant than a journey in a crowded Peruvian car with no air, much invisible company, and many smells. Our literary friends were a silent company at first, for good cause, as we soon learned, for when we were half-an-hour out an attendant appeared with cakes and coffee

and sandwiches and pisco, a native liqueur. It appeared they had set off without breakfast, and now, after a bite and a dram and a cigarette, an air of gaiety came over the company. The sun appeared and the sea came in sight: we were running between sea and mountain with glimpses of verdure in the hollows. Our young editors grew increasingly vivacious as we got farther from Lima. It was soon clear that most of them had never been so far in this direction before. At every fresh glimpse of mountain and sea their interest was delightful to see. We came in sight of cattle, and at the gambols of the calves our friends gave naïve and boyish expression to their glee. "Mire!" "Mire!" "Vamos á ver!" "Que curiosa!" "Mire!" they called one to another, and ran off into voluble and rhapsodical utterance. The train circled and twisted round a low mountain, and every curve called forth fresh exclamations and wordy expositions.

We were sorry to part from them, but we were going to see the church and take



La Calle Colón



Cross in the churchyard



Typical house in the village

lunch on the beach, both of which things we accomplished, not without difficulty. The church was sadly out of repair and had no other interest than its decrepitude, but at its door there stood one of the most tawdry and puerile crosses I have seen even here. It was cheaply made and had the effect of a small boy's attempt. Nothing was lacking, from the cock on the top to the cross-bones at the bottom. There was the ladder and the spear, the pole by which the vinegar was passed, the scales, the garments, the thorns, the hammer, and every implement used in the tragedy, all of the cheapest material and of the poorest possible construction.

We passed along the ways of the little town—though old and long used and named vain-gloriously Calle Colón and Calle Bolognesi, they could hardly be called streets—and saw with interest the houses of the place and all the simple house-keeping open and visible, with chickens and dogs, pigs and donkeys and children all sharing democratically in the comforts of home. Nothing is simpler ;

the entire equipment of some of the houses is a brazier, a table, a few pots and a sleeping-bench. We were soon in the open, walking between walls of adobe over which cotton bolls wavered in the soft wind; on and on we went, with the sound of the sea in our ears as if close at hand, but seeing only the distant water, until suddenly we topped a little rise and found a wide sandy beach at our very feet. It was no longer Peru, but the universal sand and sea. Soon we began to notice great clouds of birds that swept and circled in the heavens, settled on the beaches at a distance and fairly blackened the broad yellow strand. These were Peru, no other country boasts such multitudes of sea-fowl. There we had our lunch on the sand, looking across to the islands. We might almost have been alone in the world, so still it was.

We had picked up a guide by the way, a peon who had discreetly withdrawn when we began our lunch and now reappeared from behind a dune to show us the way back. He was a tatterdemalion, but



View of Lurin



Courtyard



Our guide

full of language of the loftiest, except when it failed him. Then, like Mark Twain's guide, he lapsed into inarticulate uhs and huhs, as, for example, when he tried to tell us of his master's wealth—"Land : many hectares, uh!—mil; diez mil; muchos—uh!" and tractors? "si, el tiene; muchos, muchos; dos — diez — veinte — muchos — uh, huh!"

We wandered back to the dusty road, re-visited Lurín, wondering as one can never cease doing, at the air of infinite apathetic acceptance of the dirt and discomfort of the ordinary life, discomfort which a few days of energetic work would remove, and came back to the train. Here a little later we were joined by our editorial party, who, though accompanied by two literary archæologists, one from Boston, had not succeeded in finding the famous ruins which cover nearly a square mile.

LIMA, *October 14, 1919.*

As I am my own "advance agent" and publicity staff, I have of course cultivated

the acquaintance of the newspaper men here. They are like their kind the world over; keener, quicker, more alert and mercurial than their fellow-countrymen and responsive to the passwords of the guild. We have made common cause over the difficulties of the game, have become confidential over old stories of circulation, advertising, "scoops," and special editions, and there are proof-strewn editors' dens in which I feel much at home. One of them is occupied by the son of Peru's greatest writer, no wielder himself of the bow of Ulysses, but a weaver of quaint tales with a taste for old books not too saintly. There is another with whom I can claim no intimacy but whose story if I could tell it would make my fortune: a solid, suave, well-barbered, well-tailored figure, the model business man, who yet is believed to be at the bottom of every revolution on the coast and whose adventures in getting clear of his own machinations would make an *Arabian Nights* story. A third editor and manager belongs to the class of wary



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A Peruvian conception of President Wilson



Non Facciamo Confuzione

—¿ Y con qué objeto hace usted poner ese rótulo, don Mariano, en el local del próximo Congreso ?

— Por nada casi . . . Es para que el país se vaya fijando y no incurra e lamentable confusión con la próxima Sociedad Protectora de Animales.

Characteristic pose of President Leguía

administrators, old to the ways of newspaperdom, whose eyes are on the balance sheet and whose attention never leaves the cash account. Not one of them has a first-rate equipment, but like some old-fashioned cooks they manage to turn out surprisingly good dishes of news and comment with very inferior materials and appliances. In fact the best expression of the Peruvian genius I have met thus far is in its journalism and in the cartoons which brighten both the newspapers and the magazines and of which I have preserved two examples—a characteristic pose of President Leguía and a Peruvian conception of President Wilson.

LIMA, *October 16, 1919.*

LET me send you a few general conclusions about Peru as seen from Lima. As Franck in his book on Mexico, etc., calls Honduras the land of "No Hay"—("There isn't any")—so one might call Peru the land of "Más ó Menos" ("more or less"). Nothing here is exact. No information is

quite correct. If you ask six people when a boat sails or a train leaves, you will get six answers, and if there be three in a company no one of them will think of making sure, but all will set to arguing why it is as each thinks. In a bank when a question arises as to an account there will be a forum, but nobody will go to the books and look it up until he is ordered to do so. Men in high position when asked for a specific fact will sit, as the Librarian of the University Library did yesterday, close to the book which contains the information required, and expound their view of it and consume half-an-hour in futile speculations. (This was about the number of books required to be deposited here to secure copyright. I have asked six or seven persons of intelligence and have as many opinions, but nobody looks at the law, which I have to search for myself.)

There are practically no fixed prices, so that you may pay three times as much for the same article within two blocks, and, whatever price you pay, you have always the uncomfortable feeling that you are

being cheated. This on the lower levels; on the higher, when defalcations occur, as they do not infrequently, it is practically impossible to secure either redress or punishment of the offender, because everybody makes it a family affair. "Of course it was bad, but he was a man of good antecedents and always bore himself well—and it might have been worse." Offenders are frequently arrested with a great air of severity, but in a day or two have disappeared from jail and are far away.

Peru has no foreign debt, a fact of which some of her public men make much in their speeches, but a friend tells me that the Government loans outstanding in banks and corporations total nearly four million pounds, about \$20,000,000, which would be a fair-sized debt for a small country even at five per cent., but at the eight or ten, which it pays, is large. My informant thought it typical and characteristic that the part of this loan which pays the highest interest, ten per cent., is in the German bank here.

The President in his recent inaugural

address says he has contracted for the long-talked of Paita-Amazonas railway. I believe he has a project of a concession and has discussed and initialled it, but I do not understand that the other party has any capital, and I know that only a third of the route has been surveyed. The statement is well intentioned and "más ó menos" correct.

The general testimony is that the mass of the people are fairly honest. One of my friends who has been here thirty years tells me that in the interior the general opinion is favourable to the Indian's honesty. Whereas everybody here believes that if a Chilean gets a chance at goods or money he will take the lot, it is understood that you may leave money in sight of the Indian of Peru and he will only take two or three soles, a tax, so to speak. He is honest, más ó menos.

The laundries here are ludicrous. The best require twelve days to wash your clothes, and charge from one and a half to five times American prices. If you want your clothes in a week, it can be done, but

at double prices, that is to say, *twenty cents* for a collar, etc., more than my collars used to cost me in New York. When they come back they are frequently clean—*más ó menos*—though I have often seen them returned less clean than when they went.

LIMA, *October 17, 1919.*

I MAY have told you that since I found the hotel intolerable I have been living in the Paseo Colón, which is the principal avenue of Lima, a very broad continental show street with a park-way in the middle, where there are palms and urns and shrubs and statues, "all along in a row," and drives on the sides, and showy houses with broad sidewalks, the only broad side-walks in Lima, before them. At one end of the half-mile avenue are the Exposition Palace and the Zoological Gardens, fronted by two marble lions, where you may dine on a verandah and hear the live lions roar. At the other end, set in a circle, not unlike the Dupont Circle in Washington, is the Bolognesi Monument, which one of my

friends says is the saddest monument in the world, for every figure is dead, dying, or weeping. He goes on to say that it is the spirit of Peru in sculpture, for Peru is still immersed in her great defeat at the hands of Chile when Bolognesi fell.

LIMA, *October 24, 1919.*

MY wife and the boys have arrived; the book is finished and all the formalities of publication and copyright are fulfilled; we have said our farewells and to-morrow we set sail. Interesting as the visit to Lima has been, if half that is told us of the strangeness and glamour of Cuzco is true, yet more interesting experiences lie before us.



The Bolognesi Monument—"the saddest monument in the world"



The Lions of the Paseo Colón

*Near MOLLENDO, PERU,
October 27, 1919.*

WE left Callao on Friday evening and have been steaming ever since along the most inhospitable and desolate coast on the globe. It can only be compared to its counterpart that runs north of Callao to Guayaquil, making a stretch of 1700 miles of utter waste. It is sand and rock, unrelieved by dwelling, tree, or shrub; a thousand miles contains not a single blade of grass, island and promontory are alike arid, grim, and forbidding, the only life that of the sea-fish and the fishing birds that make the sole wealth of the islands of the guano deposits.

Midway of our course we stopped at Chala, one of the ports, hardly more than an open roadstead. There are desert settlements, I am told, in Turkestan which are comparable to this, a disorderly

collection of wooden and adobe buildings straggling along the sandy slope, grey and brown, with no blade of grass. From this dreary settlement emerged a dozen boats, large and small, manned by barefoot oarsmen and handled with surprising skill, which soon swarmed about the ship to take off the cargo and passengers. They had nothing to bring us, for this is a cattle port. There ensued a babel of noise. Cattle handling seems always to be attended by clamour, and the Chalaons evidently had the custom of vociferation. At one time there were five boats in a knot at the gangway, every boat with three or more dishevelled, barefoot, shrill-voiced ragamuffins, all giving orders, yelling warnings, objurgations, curses and maledictions in fluent and apparently comprehensible Castillian. Their skill and watermanship deserved all praise; their boats bobbed about like corks, colliding and rebounding, rubbing and grinding, while they continued to catch trunks and bags and boxes and huge bundles from the ship, moving them, with a thousand instructions, from boat to

boat with almost incredible skill. They left us at last, perched toppily on piles of baggage and freight that brought their gunwales perilously near the water's edge, and we weighed anchor and left the dismal shore.

I think we might have sailed past Molendo without the passengers knowing it; yet it is a town of about eight thousand people. There is neither tree nor shrub, nor any notable elevation, and the town lies so close to the desert, and has so little change of colour, that it appears from a distance to be merely a darker patch in the vast shelving stretch of browns and yellows and grey. On closer view it shows the sordidness of aspect common to the region. With the customary clamour, but with a suddenness and rush almost disconcerting, the fleteros were upon us, battling for our trunks. We were soon aboard one of the little launches, brought up alongside a tall stone wall, and were hauled up to the top in a swinging chair, which caused the ladies no little alarm. There followed some anxious moments while we gazed

across at the boat coming with our baggage, and the time for the departure of the train grew closer and closer. But the fleteros proved equal to the crisis; soon half a dozen Indians appeared, each with a trunk on his shoulders; the Customs agent kindly passed all without examination on the strength of my literary mission; with a final rush we captured the train, and settled down in the very last seat of the last car, where we found a calm and restful coign of vantage for the marvellous journey we were beginning up to Arequipa.

Any one who has taken the journey by rail from Vera Cruz to Mexico City has experienced the rise from level to level and the circling and winding, the doubling on the course, and the recurring sight of the high mountains. All is repeated here under another sky, in a desert atmosphere, with all the heights and levels barren and bare as a sand-box. We climbed and doubled with many glimpses of the sea, and twice saw fertile valleys, green and yellow, divided like checker-boards, and full of sugar-cane; after three thousand feet we



Copyright : Underwood and Underwood.

The sea-shore at Mollendo



Sand-crescent dunes

came out on the pampa "La Joya," a level like the plains of Afghanistan, desolate, barren, dreary, and dotted with singular formations of bluish sand-crescent dunes, exquisite in outline, carried all this distance from the coast and smoothed by the wind into forms of exact and perfect proportion. Past hundreds of these bluish decorations we crawled across the yellow plain, seeing beside us the giant forms of Misti and Chinchu, towering ever higher as we approached. The plain ceased; we came to a region of deep cañons, broken into all manner of forms, opening profound deeps under our feet, with dizzy heights and gaps and levels all in the yellow brown, unrelieved by a blade of green, except in the valley of the Chile, beside which we travelled much of our journey. Part of the time it was like a journey along the rim of a gigantic contour map done in clay, but as we continued the valley widened from glimpse to glimpse: first a tiny ribbon of green, soon it grew to a broad band beside the river, and then swelled to fields and pastures, emerald green, cultivated, and

well-ordered at the bottom of the steep slopes.

AREQUIPA, *October 28, 1919.*

THE city of Arequipa is a contrast at all points to Lima. We entered it at sunset last night with all the banners of the sky ablaze across the breasts of the snow-topped mountains and felt in the tonic, bracing air a new climate. All day we have been feeling the impression deepened. The Cathedral, lofty, white, serene, chaste, and noble, calls to mind the clutter of most of the Lima churches, and even the Cathedral, to make them seem lower and quite inferior. The people, quick and eager, the children playful and happy, the burros, less beaten and depressed, the shops, modest and clean, all belong to another type of life. All testify to the influence of mountain air and water and the ever-present sublimity of the white peaks that tower over the city in the dazzling sunshine.

Arequipa has an air of dignity that extends to its clubs and shops. We are



View of Arequipa



“ The Cathedral, lofty . . . serene . . . noble ”

continually remarking on the contrast with Lima in the greater cheerfulness of the people, men, women, and children alike; on the greater humanity to horses, burros, and dogs, and on the fact that the boys and men can be heard whistling in the streets. The people of the better class conduct themselves with a manner of quiet dignity which is pleasant to see, and the churches have the atmosphere of solidity and affluence. Here, in fact, one touches a vital matter. Arequipa has been, and is still, a stronghold, some say the chief stronghold, of the Church in Peru. It is full of churches, monasteries, and nunneries: its streets are often black with priestly robes, which in olden times were regarded with reverence not unmixed with fear. That day has passed. The prevailing disregard for Church authority has spread even to these remote places. Whereas even a dozen years ago the sound of the procession bell announcing the passage of the Host through the streets was enough to bring every one, passer-by in the streets, and clerk in the stores,

to his knees, and all knelt when the Bishop passed along the Plaza, now both events are regarded with indifference. Whereas the priest could count on a clear path whenever he chose to walk abroad, to-day he has an even chance and no more on the sidewalk. The clergy retain their influence over the women, but with the men their day is past. The mayor-domo at the Observatory declines to attend on the holy fathers when they come a-visiting: "Let Juan," the Indian helper, "do it, I have no patience." There is little in their lives to inspire especial respect. Stories are numberless of their easy virtue, their self-indulgence, their profanity. As to the lack of austerity among them, their ruddy faces and corpulent forms are adequate testimony. My friend, Mr. M——, has been telling me of three typical priests, one the village priest of Caillima, who blessed the tombs in a stertorous voice to the accompaniment of a band, six flutes and a drum, all drunk, ending, "Pax vobiscum: Ahora pasamos al otro," receiving his two soles and hurrying on to the next, and then invited



The Church of San Agustín



A beautiful Colonial entrance

Mr. M—— to lunch, setting before him wine, beer, whisky, cognac and pisco. He told also of the well-known Father X—— of Arequipa, whose profanity and obscenity exceed all records and make him notorious far and wide, and of the genial canon of the Cathedral, who sympathized with him in the affliction of a bad cold and proposed that they take a big drunk together on the quiet.

There are a good many well-to-do families here and a few that are rich, but there is little spirit of enterprise. The general disposition is to hoard, and many still bury their money under the floors of their houses. It is an old custom, and from time to time earlier hoards, tapados, are unearthed. Many search for them, and they lead to crime. A grim tale was told me of an old woman and a son who took a room in an old house where a tapado was believed to exist. After some time there were rumours about the tapado, and one day the room was deserted. The woman was found dead in the irrigation ditch at the foot of the garden, and

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| | <p>under the bed was a hole from which it appeared the hoard had been abstracted. The son was gone, and has never been heard of since.</p> <p>The hoarding habit is a symptom of the suspicion, timidity, and ignorance of the community. It indulges in no enterprise, ventures no money in projects, turns a jealous eye on the plans of foreigners, and when they succeed seeks only to hamper or to seize the enterprise it did not dare to enter on. Which makes the path of the foreign investor thorny and perilous. In fact the American or Englishman who comes here must be reconciled to leave his own century and revert to mediaevalism in many of the affairs of life. Habits of mind and customs of action which our world has forgotten these three centuries are still the rule here.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AREQUIPA, <i>October 29, 1919.</i></p> <p>AREQUIPA provided us an unexpected adventure in hotel hunting. We had telegraphed ahead to reserve accommodation,</p> |
| VII | HISPANIC NOTES |



Where we stayed in Arequipa, the Patio



Looking down the street

but when we arrived we found that the hotel-keeper had forgotten his promises and there was no room in the inn, nor, it appeared, in any other inn. Night had fallen when we came to a pension, to which we had been directed as the last chance. As I entered the courtyard it came home to me that we must stay here at all hazards, and with this resolve I attempted my explanations to the family that kept the pension, seated round the table at their evening meal. It was in vain that they assured me with the most persistent and reiterated asseverations that there was not a room to be had; with the picture in my mind of the family wandering about the streets of an unknown town, I felt myself bound to be persuasive. I pointed to the large sitting-room, at that moment unoccupied, inquired whether that was not a sofa that I saw before me, and asked whether it would not be possible to put another beside it and lay rugs on the floor for a shakedown for the boys. Little by little their resolution wavered and amusement succeeded to the first mood

of opposition. As they explained to my wife a little later, they could not help laughing at the audacity of a stranger who came into their house and told them he was determined to stay, and proceeded to upset all their arrangements to make it possible. They surrendered, made up for us some improvised beds, and on the morrow two of their guests departed and we spent a few days very pleasantly in what turned out to be the most comfortable inn in the long line of our travels. It is, moreover, a quaint house with delightful corners, and, as you will gather from the photographs which I am sending you, the views from our windows were superb. We are quite sorry to leave.

AREQUIPA, *November 1, 1919.*

WE shall remember this mountain city with pleasure. The mountains themselves which are always visible in this air, sharp and dominant in the morning light, calmly impressive in the afternoon, solemnly beautiful at sunset, and towering in shadowy



View from our window



“ Along ways hardly wider than the machine ”

benediction at night, give an air of perennial dignity to the place. Air and sky and the brown masses recall El Paso, bits of northern Mexico and parts of Colorado. The ripple and gurgle of the water down the streets and in every garden one visits give constant reminder that this is a desert district saved from desolation by water. The ever-present burros are another sign of the desert. Few things are carried by wagon, but morning, noon and night the feet of the burros click and thud over the cobble-stones.

One is waked before dawn by the burros bringing every manner of produce to market, the unshod feet making a steady shuffle to the accompaniment of the Mula Mula, and the long-drawn S—S—S—S of the Indian arrieros, like a sustained exhaust of steam. More than once I have got up in the early hours of the morning and looked down from the balcony into the dim street filled with the grey forms of burros laden with sacks, bundles, sides of beef, and carcasses of sheep. Even more striking is the great quantity of dried carcasses of

sheep offered for sale in the market and piled up like cord wood in the warehouses. A scene in the market the other day, when three women sat around a charcoal brazier on which was a pile of singed sheep's heads, had all the flavour of Asiatic desert life.

One is constantly baffled by the mixture of Spanish, Moorish, and Indian elements in the town. The ride by automobile from the Plaza in Arequipa to the Harvard Observatory is one of the most surprising and unexpected little journeys imaginable. Setting off past the Cathedral and through the streets, which seem to be filled with churches and solemn little shops, we crossed a stone bridge of the Roman fashion and turned along the main course of the irrigating stream into a street so narrow that the automobile scarcely passed between the houses and the water, which was rimmed on the other side by a long, low wall pierced with squat doors, each evidently the entrance to a habitation, like a series of caves. A bit farther we swung around a corner, grazing both sides



On the way to the Observatory



Misti, from the Observatory

of the narrow way, an ancient street not unlike those of Pompeii and certain ancient parts of Naples, the doors the only openings, and the interiors darkly mysterious. At every turn we wondered at the skill of the driver, who steered his automobile around corners apparently impossible, along ways hardly wider than the machine. We advanced to the accompaniment of a tremendous fanfare of horn and bell, making a vast din in the tiny streets, which were cleared on our approach, babies and burros and dogs being hustled into doorways, to let us pass. Half-a-mile of doorways, a village of stone shacks and sandy streets, and we emerged on a country road with mountains around us, and in the foreground terraces rising level by level to the water supply and all green with fertile growths. So we came to the Observatory, a bit of Cambridge transplanted here, and had tea in a spotless room looking out on a veranda, beyond which rose the mass of Misti, 20,000 feet up and eight miles away.

AREQUIPA, November 2, 1919.

PERUVIAN medicine, like Peruvian religion, especially in the provinces, is still to a large measure in the period of magic and incantation. One of our friends has been describing to us the treatment given to a horse, ill of what the local "vet" called typhoid. The prescription is portentous; it is:—

3 quarts of milk.

1 quart of vinegar (to curdle the milk).

3 tuna leaves.

3 eggs.

Coarse brown sugar to taste.

3 quarts of olive brine.

3 pints of sweet oil.

1 melon.

Leaf lard, from the shoulder of the pig.

Alcohol *ad lib.*

To be ground into a mixture and poured into the horse's nose, one quart at a time, three treatments at brief intervals. Meantime sweet oil, mixed with one quart of turpentine, is to be rubbed with one finger,



An Indian house, exterior



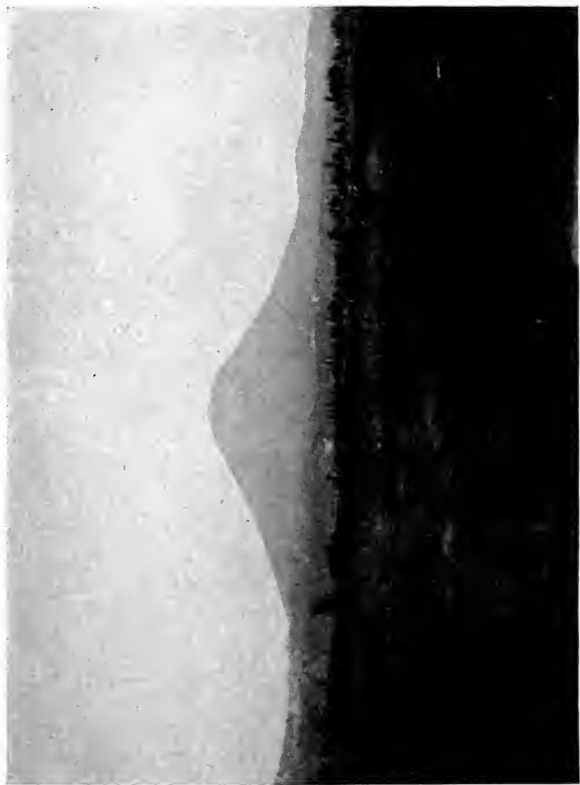
A ramshackle interior

to the accompaniment of appropriate incantations, over the body. Incredible as it sounds, my informant, the head of the Harvard Observatory, tells me that the remedy was actually applied, and I believe the horse survived. This is only one of many such remedies of which one hears: another being the favourite treatment for the swelling caused by colic, which is to place a large quantity of ashes on the back of the horse or cow and over this pour water.

*En route to Cuzco,
November 2, 1919.*

WE are at the highest point of railroad of this region, Crucero Alto, 14,600 feet high, and in the midst of the first thunderstorm, in fact the first real rain we have seen since we left New York. About us stretches the vast plateau, brown and yellow and grey. Yonder a band of llamas huddles together for common protection against the storm, and jagged lightning flashes among the clouds. The ride up from Arequipa, which we left this morning

at half-past seven, has been a satisfying experience of distances and towering mountains. Everywhere vast stretches of desert-brown and yellow and grey, grey and yellow and brown, and, until the train reached the top, blue sky over the treeless desolate wastes. Now we are among the clouds, for on this side the moist winds from the Atlantic reach the summits. The aspect of the landscape changes. Here there is some herbage and some of it is actually green; here the outlines of the mountains are less rugged and the landscape is less grim. Our speed has more than doubled; we are sliding down the slope with brakes set. In the valley below us runs a streamlet, and yonder, between two hills, a lake, the first we have seen in Peru. In the hollows among the hills little bands of llamas and alpacas are grazing, lifting their delicate camel-like heads to regard us scornfully as we pass. Here and there on the slopes are round corrals of stone, like relics of an older civilization. We are swinging round curves, doubling and coursing and weaving



Misti



Llamas grazing



“Llamas . . . regard us scornfully as we pass”

figures among the heights, while endless valleys and numberless hills unfold their pictures, satisfying the soul with their majestic distances and titanic proportions. Beyond us the clouds lift and reveal a mountain lake backed by a jagged mountain wall, purplish and black and grey over the gloomy water. Now the soil changes and the rocks, which have been grey, turn to reds and yellows with great lumps of what looks like volcanic tufa. The note of green grows stronger in the vegetation, and we slide down into a valley where the soil is cultivated in neat, orderly fields and there are houses of stone and adobe with thatched roofs, which look well from a distance, but on closer view present the usual appearance of wretchedness and provoke the usual exasperated comment on the three and a half centuries of government by Spain and the Church.

*En route to Cuzco,
November 3, 1919.*

WE passed the first unpleasant night of our travels at the Gran Hotel Ratti of

Juliaca. There were no vermin, and the beds were clean, but every hour was uncomfortable. The rain, which had begun in the afternoon, increased and fell in streams and gusts nearly all night. The hotel is an irregular hollow square, enclosing a big courtyard paved with cobblestones and none too clean. The dining-room, which, like all the other rooms of the place, opens on the yard, is dim, draughty, and barren. White men, Indians and dogs continually pass to and fro and nobody ever closes the door. Our room, a great square enclosure with a bed in each corner, was chilly and inclement, being, in fact, no more than so much cubic space, and evidently so regarded; for the servants, ill-kempt, dirty, slouching Indian boys, entered on whatever errand without knocking or other ceremony. They wear their hats and use no trays, but carry things, one by one, in their hands, crossing the courtyard with a cup of coffee open to the cold and rain, putting it down and withdrawing to fetch another in the same manner, all in a prehistoric silence. And

so we had our tepid coffee in our draughty chamber, separated from the room above by a single thickness of board, where every sound is audible, and we had lain awake until nearly four in the morning, listening, perforce, to a group of roysterers upstairs.

The sun is setting among the mountains as we approach Cuzco. All day we have journeyed in altitudes from 13,000 to 14,000 feet up to the high point at Santa Rosa and down on the eastern slope. In the morning we passed over great moors, sometimes swampy, edged with the desolate brown mountain slopes we have grown familiar with. On the levels we saw a number of circular, shallow ponds, which looked as if they had been made with instruments of precision, and had the appearance of enormous dinner-plates. Everywhere we saw herds of sheep and llamas and cattle watched by Indian women, who were often spinning at their work; and at every station we saw groups of morose descendants of the Incas, clad in rainbow-hued ponchos, and regarding us with lack-

lustre eyes. After passing the apex we noticed many differences. This eastern slope was in ancient times more immediately under the direction of the Incas and irrigation was developed to a high degree. Here we found water used with skill and consequently crops, houses, clothing and every corollary of living on a higher level. As we descended we saw occasional trees; the houses began to show tile roofs; we thought the women showed more spirit and self-respect.

The moors ceased and disappeared; we came into a long valley, that of the river Villcanota, which belongs to the Amazon system, and entered among cañons with snow-capped mountains wreathed in mist and great buttresses projecting into the valleys. At several stations we saw groups of Indians dressed as if for a holiday, and at Sicuani we saw several hundred who had apparently been interrupted by the rain in the midst of a religious procession, for many were grouped at the church door and others were in shelter all along the street, with their symbolic standards leaning against



Cuzco from the top of SachsaHuáman



A plaza in Cuzco

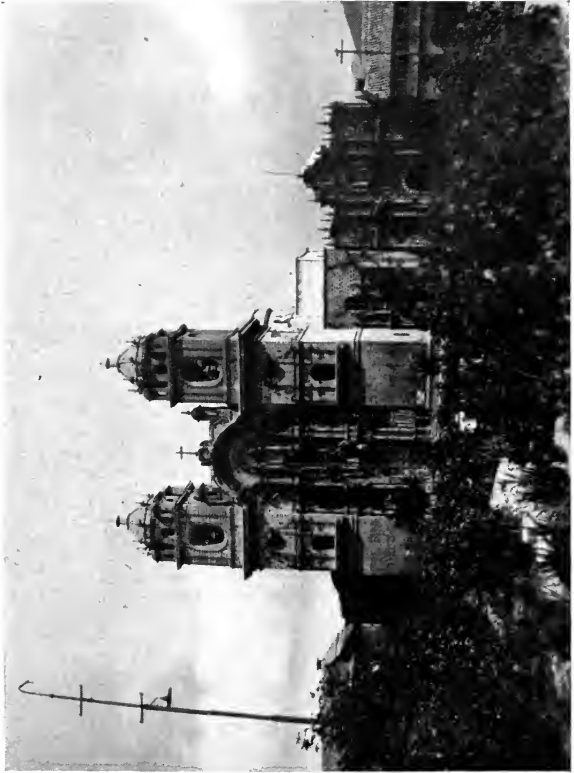
walls and doors. Below Sicuani the valley grows finer and is at points really beautiful. One of the villages seems a model of order and neatness. The road descends rapidly, giving a magnificent series of mountain vistas, chasms, cañons, far-sweeping views of range over range, and winding narrow corridors beside the river along which the train swings and sways. The range of colour is surprising after the dull skies of this morning, deep reds and silvers, copper and emerald and russet-brown, pink and lavender and black shadows follow in an endless race until one's eyes tire.

Cuzco, *November 4, 1919.*

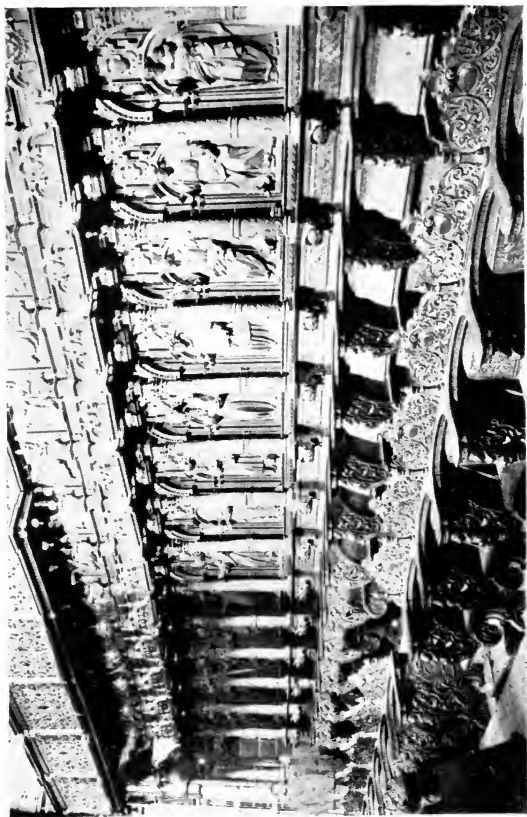
WE came into Cuzco as night was settling over the city, found our friend Dr. Giesecke waiting for us, and rode in the ubiquitous Ford up the rough, sloping streets to the old Hôtel Colón, low and broad and squat, that faces its Plaza and looks like the central building of a mediæval Italian hill town. We had dinner in a room where there were dining also the

members of the newly established Regional Congress, and after a long, leisurely meal, sallied out for a look at the Cathedral by evening. The Doctor guided us past the dusky towers of the Cathedral to a building on the opposite corner, where great blocks of masonry showed dark against the white paint. These were the remnants of an Inca building, and still as solid after all the vicissitudes of history as if they had been laid in their courses yesterday. We passed our hands over their smooth surfaces and their faultless points with a sensation akin to reverence. I have seen much masonry from Rome to Mexico City, but none like this which has continued to impress me as I have seen it more.

Yesterday and to-day I have felt some discomfort from the altitude, but have visited the famous churches of Cuzco, which embody nearly all of the history of the city save for the Inca remains, and have made shift to incorporate into their walls no small part of the splendid stone work of the former civilization. First, the Cathedral, a great, brown stone mass with



The Church of San Domingo



Stalls in the choir of San Domingo

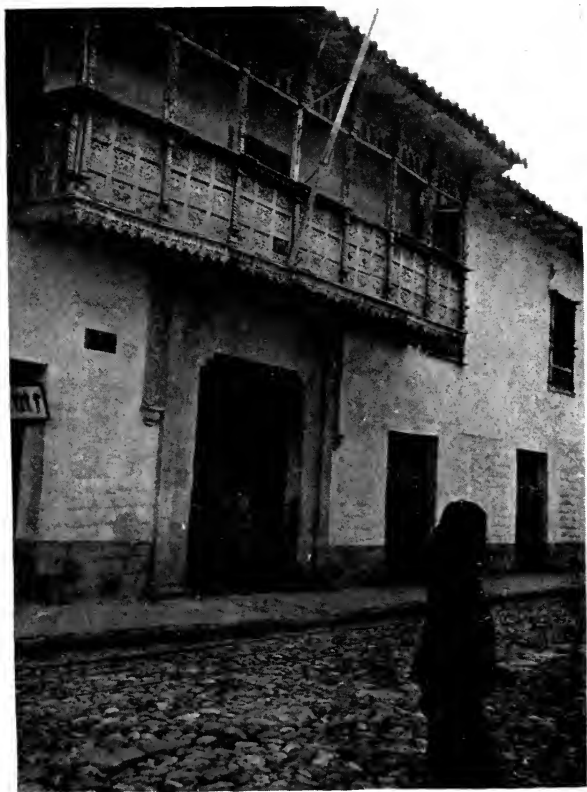
an immense landing, leading down by broad steps to the level of the Plaza, and two square towers filled with bells. Within there is a dull, subdued glow of gold from the heavy gilt picture frames, and the gilded gratings and altars of the chapels that run down the side aisles to the main altar. The interior is arranged as that of the Cathedral of Mexico, the central aisle, which includes the choir, being enclosed toward the doors and open toward the great altar. Thus the worship of the chapter can be conducted without regard to the ministrations or frivolities of the public in the outer shell, and the clergy from their beautifully carved stalls, facing the noble altar, a mass of silver, can rise to heights of secure contemplation. Whether they do, one may doubt, for the stories current in Cuzco are not calculated to increase one's reverence for the padres.

A closer examination of the Cathedral, the choir, the chapels, and the sacristy disclosed many signs of poverty and decay; altars, stalls, vestments, all bore evidence of departed glory and present neglect.

They showed us the Van Dyke *Christ on the Cross*, the one art treasure of the church, now kept behind an iron grating because it has been stolen once, and called our attention to the frames of the other paintings, much in need of re-gilding. We soon perceived that this was the prevailing tone of all the church life of Cuzco. Everywhere the same song of regret, of the glory departed. We visited the churches and monasteries of the Jesuits, San Francisco, the Merced, and San Domingo; we saw acres of mural painting, paced miles of arched cloisters, saw many ample patios and well-designed gardens, wondered at the exquisite carving of choir stalls and the noble array of aisle and chantry, of stairway, of refectory, and library, and marvelled at the amplitude of these great foundations, at the energy of their designers and the wealth of which in their prime they must have disposed; but the paved ways, broken and lacking stones, the long lines of mural paintings, lacking portions of the story, with mere fragments of their once splendid, gilded frames, now hanging disordered and



Patio in the University



An old house with balcony

discoloured, the choir stalls with gaps like those of missing teeth, the effigies of saints ill-clad and in disrepair, all told the same story. Here is the worn and dishonoured garment from which the living owner has departed. The age of the builder has gone, the age of the believers has passed, the age of those who wondered and admired has passed too; there remains only the age of the sordid custodian, profiting where possible by the alms or the fees of the gullible.

Cuzco, *November 6, 1919.*

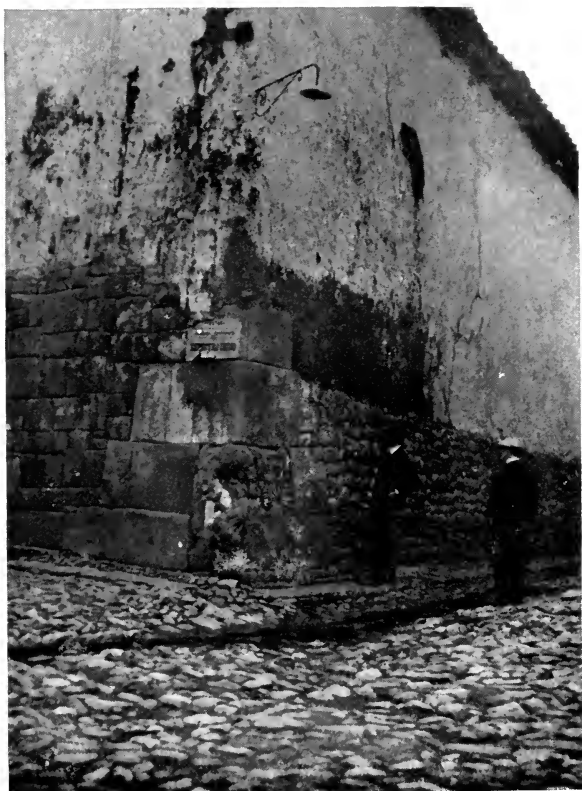
Cuzco lies in a valley with hills rising nearly a thousand feet behind it. In the rainy season, which is just beginning, clouds circle round it and showers fall suddenly. Most notable of the hills is that of the fortress of *Sachsahuáman*, the tremendous construction of the Incas, which completely dominates the town. It occupies the crest and terminus of a ridge 700 feet high, and so encircles the points of approach with three levels of defence as to make an

assault by foot soliders practically impossible. In its time it must have been unequalled, and even now compels the admiration of every student, not so much for the extent and massiveness of the work as for the exquisite detail of the stonework, which very probably has no equal in the works of man.

On a smaller scale, but no whit less impressive, are the remains of the Temple of the Sun, situated in the heart of the town and almost entirely obscured by the great church and convent of San Blas, which is built over, and of the original materials of, the Temple, in a way to remind one of the Cathedral of Mexico built of the materials of the Aztec Teocalli, of the Pantheon turned to the uses of a Christian temple, and of the Mamertine Prison enclosed by a church. What is left of the Inca temple is a curving wall to delight the heart of a stone worker, about twenty feet high and perhaps fifty feet on the base line, with a combination of curves involving calculations of the utmost delicacy, and probably im-



Curving wall of the Temple of the Sun



Wall showing Inca, Colonial, and modern construction

possible without the use of geometric instruments as well as long practice and skill. Probably the world contains no example of stone-cutting and fitting comparable to this, and as one passes his hand over the surfaces and the exquisite jointing, and then turns his eyes up to the Spanish stonework which covers and encloses it, the contrast is like that between a Roman bridge and a flimsy, modern iron structure. Neither in the plan nor in any detail is the comparison anything but unfortunate for the later work.

We went out in the evening in spite of a cold, drizzling rain, to take another look at the Inca stonework in the Prefect's building in the Plaza. It seems to me to be explicable only on the theory of guild-work, an achievement of close organization, jealous preservation of trade secrets, and long, severe apprenticeship.

Cuzco, November 7, 1919.

THE most impressive experience that Peru has had for me is the visit to the famous Inca ruins of *Sachsahuáman*. They

are stupendous in their extent, in their splendid situation, forming a triple row on the brow of a hill which completely dominates the modern city, as it must have done the ancient Inca capital, and also in the vast size and imposing workmanship of the individual units of stone.

On a sunny morning it is a notable and exhilarating climb to the top; first, the ancient, narrow streets of Cuzco, past churches and convents and along straight, stony ways where burros and llamas crowd and shoulder one another, then along a wide path between stone walls and beside a tiny, rippling stream bordered with grass and flowers, like a mountain streamlet, shining in the sun. Gradually the path grew steeper and more broken; soon the battlements of Sachsahuáman came into view, solid as parts of the mountain, and apparently as immovable. We mounted rapidly, passing rank on rank of these gigantic monumental stones which defy any competition from masons of any other age, vast, ponderous, adamant, immovable, yet carved with the nicety and precision of



“ An ancient narrow street ”



The battlements of Sachsaquíman

diamond-cutters' work. It is difficult to convey the sense of satisfaction which one derives from these mountainous rows of blocks, so vast in mass and weight and yet so delicate and precise in their adjustment. Reclining at the top among the cyclopean rocks, with the bloom of yellow flowers growing in the interstices, under a sky of lovely blue with fleecy clouds, and surrounded by the buzzing of bees and the chirping of birds, I recalled a day at Pæstum among the Greek temple ruins and a friend's description of Agrigentum and Syracuse. The semi-tropical sun, the sense of antiquity, the great and mysterious works of the past, the sky and the warm, caressing air, make an experience unapproachable on this side of the continent.

One feels the influence of the old rulers and builders all about him. Across the narrow cleft of valley lies another mass of stone surmounted by what is called the Throne of the Inca, a rock carved into seats not unlike those of the top row in the little Roman amphitheatre at

Fiesole, and near by is a smooth slide worn in the stone and named the Devil's Slide, used it may be by the Inca sentinel, but now become merely a means of diversion for the tourist. Of course these ruins are rich in tales and legends. There are a dozen stories of underground passages leading to treasure hoards—for the Incas surely had vast accumulations of gold which escaped the rapacious hands of the Spaniards—which are still being sought for and of which fragments are occasionally said to be found.

Our second visit to the famous Temple of the Sun has been quite amusing. Dr. Giesecke, who has devoted himself with infinite kindness to our instruction and entertainment, had arranged with the clergy at the monastery church to permit us a special view this morning.

It is a sight jealously guarded and, being within the monastic enclosure, straitly forbidden to women. But my wife, possessed of the full spirit of curiosity of the daughters of Eve, desired to enter; so we devised a plot. Leaving her in the church



The " Devil's Slide " . . . a diversion for the tourist



Indians in Cuzco

above we went and viewed the sight, and as we returned, seeing the coast clear, we gave her the signal agreed upon; passing quickly across the threshold into the forbidden territory of the monastery, she gained the inner door and came down beside the temple wall, no one preventing. We returned unmolested and, tempting our good fortune, were about to pass into the cloisters, but this was more than even our good angels could permit. At this moment an acolyte in the distance, catching sight of a woman in the monastic precincts, rushed towards us as if horror-stricken, waving his arms, crying, "No se permite las mujeres. No se permite!" With the blandest look of surprise that we could muster we expressed our regrets and withdrew within the common level of the church. But the adventure had been successful, and my wife is still glowing with satisfaction at being the second woman, in recent times at least, who has crossed these well-guarded thresholds, Mrs. Bryce being the only other who had preceded her.

Many other impressions of Cuzco will stay fixed in our memories, of the churches, of the Temple of the Sun, of the Cloisters of San Francisco, of the University, of plazas and patios, of the charming visit to the country house of Dr. Giesecke, of the shops and the markets and the Indians, but over all will persist the dominant influence of the dead Incas, with their unconquerable patience and uncanny skill, of which Sachsahuáman towering above the city, is the final and enduring symbol.

Cuzco, *November 8, 1919.*

IN closing a memorable visit to the historic seat of Inca civilization, one has to record again an experience at variance with the current reports and predictions. Just as in Lima, we found the reports unduly roseate and spent four months in comparative discomfort where the glamour of past glory had nearly faded away, and where the veneer of modern civilization was conspicuously thin, so here in Cuzco



The Cathedral, Cuzco



Indian market in Cuzco

we found the reports of a city of filth and stench quite exaggerated. The absence of sewers and the use of the unpaved streets for all purposes is open, unashamed, and shocking, as it is in Arequipa ; but so long as the water flows in the channels the condition is far from hopeless, and we were less offended by sights and smells in Cuzco than we had been in Lima. We had heard much superior, smart, and satirical comment in Lima about " dirty Cuzco : what could you expect from an Indian town ? " etc. We had been led to expect a condition of primitive disorder. We found a city of 20,000, with streets, plazas, churches, shops, and houses that compare favourably with any other Peruvian town, with a noble cathedral, a dignified university, fairly comfortable hotels, and customs of life and business no whit inferior to those of Arequipa and Lima.

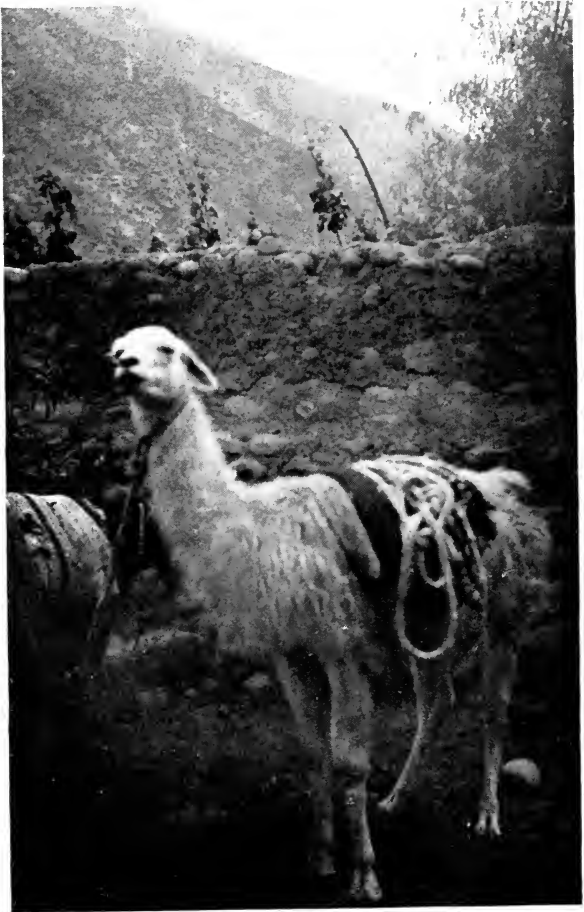
*Between Cuzco and SUCUANI,
November 8, 1919.*

THE ride up from Cuzco to SUCUANI, where we are to sleep, is through a valley

inhabited by Indians of the Quichua stock, descendants of the Incas and preservers of many of the Inca ways and habits. The effect is one of great distances, the valley stretching far away on both sides with many little valleys debouching into it and all cultivated or grazed, a landscape dotted with Indians^o farming or herding and wearing the inevitable poncho, often red, usually brightly coloured, and the round peaked woven caps with ear tips, the women with wide skirts, mantas containing babies or bundles over their shoulders, and flat, pancake hats. They are an industrious people who, with a little instruction in science, hygiene, and cleanliness during the past three hundred years, would have made themselves a well-to-do and prosperous people long ere now. But that has never been Spain's way. Among the impressions I am carrying away from this her latest colony of South America, is that of short-sighted, purblind, infinitely stupid exploitation. It is the impression of a band of adventurers coming upon a people weak but indus-



The Alcalde of the market with staff of office



Portrait of a llama

trious, loyal and over-organized; subduing them by guile and force, treachery and cruelty, and, by incredible fortune, retaining their position as conquerors with their feet on the neck of a prostrate, patient, laborious race of slaves. As time passed the adventurers formed a close corporation to monopolize their exploitation, excluding others as far as they could, and gradually mixing their blood with that of the subject race until there remain few of the original stock who are not part Indian.

The numbers of the Spaniards both in Peru and in Mexico have always been exaggerated. They were never more than a handful among their slaves, the thinnest of thin veneers on the surface of the Indian mass, which increases the wonder that the exploiting conqueror was never overthrown.

Yet meantime they have kept alive the spirit of the insolent, haughty, and unscrupulous invader. No consideration for the inferior race enters their calculations, but the one policy steadfastly pursued

is that of subjection and exploitation, keeping the Indian helpless and squeezing the last drop of profit from his toil. Everywhere, in monastic halls, in newspaper offices, at dinner-tables, in clubs, and in academic circles I have heard the same: with rare exceptions, such as the Larco-Herreras and the British Sugar Company, the exploitation of the Indian continues relentless and greedy as ever.

*Near SICUANI,
November 8, 1919.*

THE life of the market-place must have played a large part in the civilization of the Inca and of all the earlier people of the continent, for it is most conspicuous and flourishing in the oldest seats of the native stocks. At Cuzco and at Sicuani we have found markets crowded with the Indians in their ancestral attire, buying and selling and bartering; but, as it seemed to us, chiefly passing the time, finding the market an end in itself. I have been told of many cases in which the native merchant, selling oranges or toys or



Sicuaní market



‘ Little Church round the Corner,’ Sicuni

potatoes, has refused to sell the whole of her stock in hand, responding, "But then I should have nothing to do."

The market at Sicuani this morning recalled vividly that at Zumpango, Mexico, which I saw in April, 1914. Both towns were seats of the older civilization, and both are chiefly notable for their markets. Sicuani has the advantage in colour, for the Indians of this part of Peru are addicted to bright raiment: the men to rainbow-coloured ponchos and woven woollen caps of many hues, the women to bodices of blue or green, sometimes adorned with gilt or silver buttons with bright mantas besides, and flat circular hats divided into segments and ornamented with colours and gilt braids. In both markets alike the vendors squat in rows with their little stocks of goods spread before them on a cloth or blanket on the ground, heaps of potatoes, beans, fruits, sacks of wheat, little bundles of herbs, bits of woven goods, bundles of bark, spoons, knives, beads, odds and ends. Along the rows of offerings pass the buyers, testing, bargaining,

chaffering, but all in quiet tones and with restrained, sober manner. Never have I heard loud voices or turbulent action in a market, but the habitual stolidity and taciturnity of the Indian prevails.

Yesterday evening we had an amusing time bargaining with an Indian girl for a silver brooch which she wore in her manta and offered us. She invoked the aid of her companions and we had an animated exchange of question, offer, rejection, protestation, argument, smile, depreciation, re-offer, feint of withdrawal, ultimate offer, and final agreement, all with a wealth of good humour and banter such as we have seldom met with in Peru.

For an hour and a half we have climbed the valley of the River Villcanota with great brown heights rising on either side of us and giving occasional glimpses of snow-covered peaks in the distance. As we have withdrawn from Cuzco the trees and houses have grown fewer, the patch-work patterns of cultivated land running up the hill-sides have grown less frequent, and on the high slopes have been replaced

by stretches of brown moor and yellow hill-side dotted with llamas and sheep.

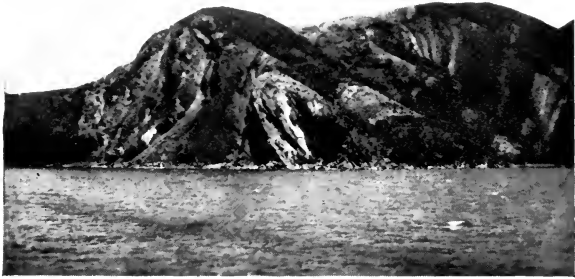
LAKE TITICACA,
November 11, 1919.

I AM repeating the familiar experience of finding the famous and long-anticipated scene far from startling or exciting. Lake Titicaca has little of the exotic about it, hardly seems strange, in fact, but might be an old acquaintance. To be sure the mountains yonder are the Sorate, Illampu, and Illampi, and the masses of ice and snow that look so natural that they almost miss being impressive are the gigantic peaks twenty thousand feet in height about which some writers have grown hectic. But what is interesting to me is the exceeding naturalness of the scene. The sunlit waters of the lake, stirred by a fugitive breeze, the sloping shores scantily wooded and often bare, the farm lands, rather cold and reluctant to bear crops, the tonic, sub-acid air, and, beyond, the towering crags and stupendous mountain masses deep in eternal snow, might

be a scene from the Canadian North-West, or even our own New Hampshire Lake Winnepesaukee, as I have seen it in spring or fall, only vastly magnified.

There are, of course, other aspects of the scene: the queer reed rafts or boats never had a counterpart in any New England craft; the villages, with their rough stone houses, the haciendas, tiny principalities in themselves, the "Andenes," cultivated terraces of soil transported by hand and tilled with infinite pains, that ridge and line the rounded hills, some of them almost as old as the mountains themselves, some of them new as the Indian ponchos, the Indians themselves in rainbow-coloured ponchos, lounging on the wooden wharves at the landing-places and gazing with impassive faces but rounded eyes at our little steamer and the Yankees: these are remote enough from New England.

The records show that there can be storms and tempests on these waters, but it is hard to realize it under the mild sunshine, and on the smooth waters of to-day.



Views of Lake Titicaca



Bolsa on Lake Titicaca

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LA PAZ, BOLIVIA,
November 16, 1919.

LA PAZ can have few, if any, rivals in picturesqueness either of surroundings or of contents. It is set in a valley among towering mountains on some of which gleams perennial snow, and within its streets moves a throng of bronze-faced Indians wrapped in the many-hued ponchos of the Aymara. This morning we went down the steep streets to the Sunday market and found a thousand Indians, men and women, squatting on the sidewalks behind their wares, fruits, vegetables, coffee, cocoa, shoes, caps, belts, all manner of odds and ends, and flowers of which there was an abundance and variety to delight the eye. It reminded me of the flower market of Mexico City on Easter Sunday, and added another to the impressions of community between the

Indians north and south of the Equator. The race is one and the same: the variations are superficial.

In the afternoon we looked in at the Cathedral, a somewhat bare, white, place with the air of a conventicle rather than a Roman church, the only note of affluence given by a few massive candlesticks of silver and the brocaded altar seats. There was a service in progress and the voices rose and fell monotonous as a fountain. Indians knelt or squatted in the aisles, a few of the gente decente occupied seats, and the solemn mummery droned its dreary course along. A little later we spent a few minutes in San Juan de Dios, an old church also dull and poor in its furnishings, but elaborately adorned for a festival with tinsel and flowers, and a wealth of incongruous electric lights. The streets were infinitely more interesting. There the stream of Indians in chrome and purple and ox-blood red passed, varied by the burro pack-trains, the German-trained soldiers, the upper class people in black cloth and silk and high-



View of La Paz, Sorate in the distance



Sorate seen from the edge of the town

heeled shoes. They passed and repassed over the cobble-stones and the narrow sidewalks, between houses of pink and blue and yellow with red-tiled roofs that dipped steeply on the sudden slopes of the mountain streets.

LA PAZ, *November 27, 1919.*

FEW and meagre are the intellectual interests of this town. There is little to satisfy the love of art or letters, and, in fact, there are few outlets for any active curiosity, except in the bald material things; though the newspapers contrive to fill their columns, much of the matter they print is derived and paraphrased from other journals, much of it is of a false or trivial interest; there is not a single magazine in the whole Republic. We are, in fact, witnessing at this time an attempt to found one called *Atlántida*, the first number of which I have seen in proof. So it is not surprising that archæology and collecting play a large part in the lives of people who have leisure. I have been told

of the collections in the National Museum and in Professor Posnansky's "palace," which I expect to visit, and I have now been to see two other good private collections. The first is that of Dr. de Rada, the Secretary of the House of Representatives, who lives in a modest house on a side street which was occupied, I believe, by his father before him and his grandfather, who began the collection which has been continued and added to by his descendants, so that now de Rada's collection is fairly representative of the colonial and later silver work, of the Indian wood carving, leather work, weaving and weapons. We have passed several hours among these objects, finding our curiosity aroused over the relics of the Indians and especially over their idols, the tiny replicas of which appear to have been carried by everybody and found in everybody's grave, but sharper even than the curiosity one feels is the poignant sense of regret that people who could do things as good as these should have been swept away. For while one need not take

too seriously the great claims of men like Posnansky who compare Tiahuanaca with Mycene and Troy, there was a touch of grandeur about their works and an instinct for form and beauty in their handicraft; but both architecture and handicrafts appear utterly to have disappeared from the world of their present day descendants.

In the house of Colonel Federico de Medina we found another quite charming little collection, occupying two or three rooms which the owner had arranged in excellent taste. Here, again, were idols and weapons, feather work and wood carving, and weaving of remarkable wealth and colour, reminding us of the display of burial ceremonies in the house of Dr. Prado y Ugarteche at Lima. It is a fascinating sort of collecting to do, and Colonel Medina was fortunate in that his military duties in the remoter parts of the country gave him extraordinary opportunities. He told us that he picked up most of his best specimens through Indian messengers and workmen, and sometimes

from the old Indian market-women. Within fifteen or twenty years he has thus been able to assemble a collection which gives a representative idea of the arts and crafts both of the pre-colonial and of the colonial periods.

LA PAZ, *November 28, 1919.*

I HAD the opportunity to-day to see the House of Representatives of Bolivia in session, and found it a curious spectacle. It is the first deliberative assembly I have seen in which the members speak sitting down and smoke as they talk. This exceedingly casual and free-and-easy proceeding is all the more disconcerting because the Chamber is as formal, dignified, and conventional as any other. It is an oval theatre lighted by a skylight of coloured glass, with a pit where part of the members sit, a slightly raised dais all around it, about the level of the speaking desk where sit the rest of the members, and two public galleries above, nearly if not quite encircling the theatre.



President's Palace and Hall of Congress



A typical street in La Paz

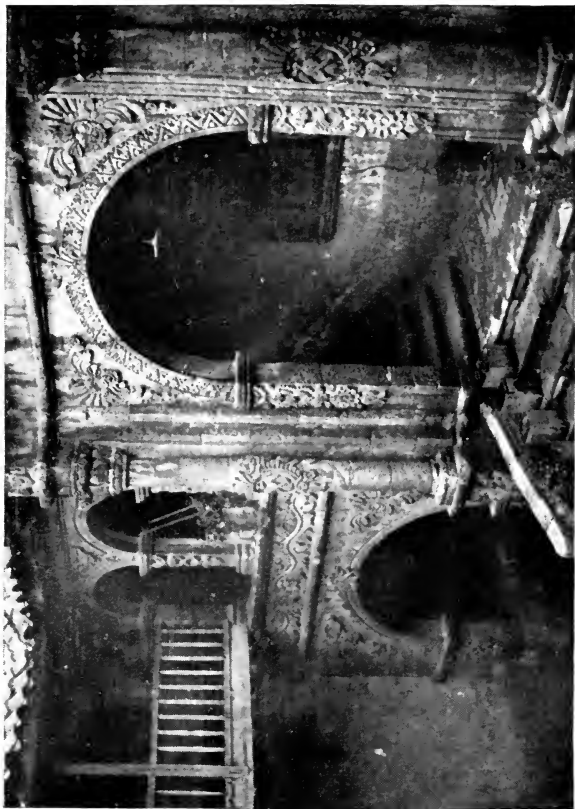
The skylight is large, covering the whole centre or pit of the chamber, and the effect is unusually good.

When we entered, a well-known journalist and politician, Señor Ituralde, was speaking, leaning slightly forward in a lounging attitude in his chair and pausing from time to time to puff at his cigarette. The members, others of whom were smoking, appeared to listen politely but with faint interest, and the few persons in the gallery gazed about with curiosity at the various members present. Despite the apparent lack of dignity and absence of strict decorum, the atmosphere of the House, and of the Senate of which I have had one or two glimpses, has no savour of disorder, but is rather homely and easy-going, like that of a country house.

In general La Paz is rural and frugal, without evidence of extreme poverty or ostentatious wealth, and with many of the ways and manners of a well-to-do, old-fashioned village, retaining probably, as Lima, Arequipa, and Cuzco seem to have done, some of the restricted fashions

and antique ways of the Colonial Period. Of course, it has yielded to the universal fashion of modernity, and strives to look like a little Paris or New York. Its architecture is fortunately not nearly so modern as appears, for most of the buildings are old, and even those that have modern faces still retain within their gates the spacious flower-decked patios with old stone stairways and galleries that give a definite charm to most of the streets.

One still finds some colonial houses in all their simple, old-world dignity, and one is constantly catching glimpses through open doorways of little rain-washed patios and carved stone façades, some of which have a noble air. This evening we turned to look through one of the great entrances with its ponderous wooden doors, designed as if to resist a siege, and saw the loveliest bit of decorative stone carving that I can remember anywhere. It was a low colonial front with a wide, curving staircase of stone on which the carving ran from the balustrade to the top of the arch, where it was crowned with a coat of arms so



“ One still finds some Colonial houses in all their simple old-world dignity ”



A Colonial front with coat of arms

exquisitely done that one could not only read the coat, but the spirited motto itself in its old Spanish, QUEBRARA MAS MI FE E NO FARTARA.¹ I made some enquiries but was not fortunate enough to come upon the historian or antiquarian who knew the story of the house, but we shall remember with delight this glimpse of the possibilities of colonial life in old Bolivia.

LA PAZ, *November 29, 1919.*

I HAVE had several interviews with President Gutiérrez Guerra and find him a very likeable person. He is a large, loosely-built, brown man, with brown hair, bushy brown beard, and brown English tweed clothes, with kindly twinkling eyes behind old-fashioned glasses, and a cigarette which he smokes with the manner of yesterday. He might pass for an English country gentleman of the last generation, and I fancy has more or less unconsciously modelled himself on the English statesman

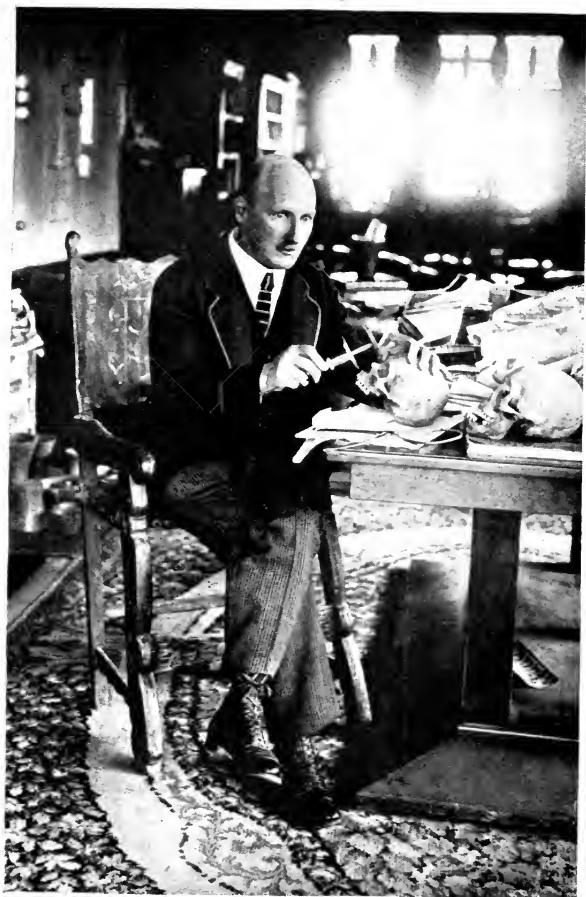
¹ "I will break before my faith and I will not yield."

of an earlier day, for he spent several years in English schools, and has in his veins some of the blood of Lord Palmerston.

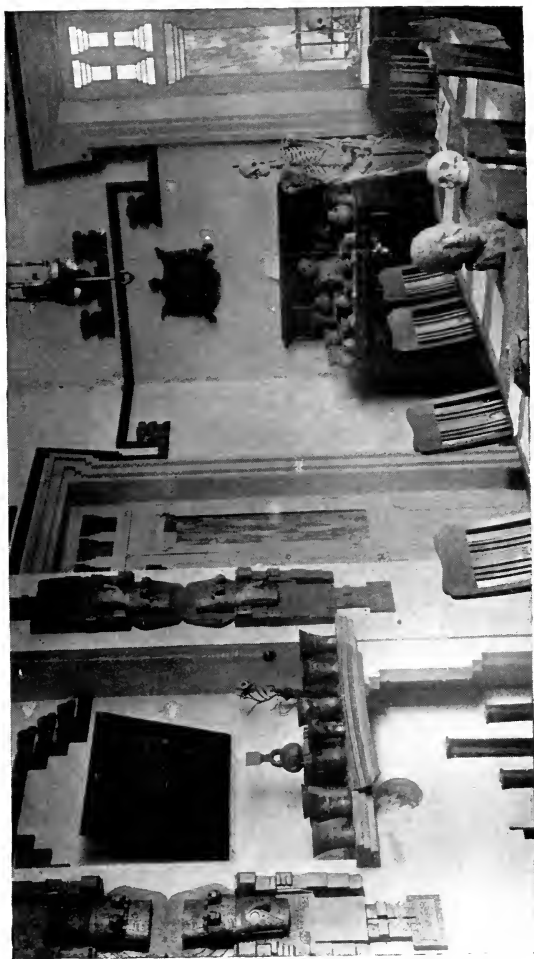
He receives his guests in the Hall of the Diplomats, which is the conventional solemn chamber, hung in crimson, with heavy damask curtains at the windows, red velvet carpet on the floor, and red-upholstered gilt furniture ranged along the walls. He enters in the easiest, most unaffected manner, greeting one with a smile as he approaches and beginning to talk as he takes his seat. He speaks English with the hesitation and slight stiffness which go with lack of practice and with the careful correctness of the foreigner, and yet, nevertheless, with an unmistakable English accent. We chatted of Bolivia, of my errand, of the United States, and of England, and I left with the feeling that I had formed a friendship.

LA PAZ, *November 30, 1919.*

WE have had lunch to-day with "Professor" Posnansky, one of the most



Professor Posnansky



A room in Professor Posnansky's "palace"

remarkable men of Bolivia, in his "Palace of Tiahuanaco," a great stone structure which he has built to serve as a museum and also as a reconstruction of the famous Palace of the pre-Inca civilization on the shores of Lake Titicaca.

To begin with, the Professor is not a Bolivian but a German Pole, whose father was with Maximilian in Mexico, and who apparently inherited the spirit of adventure. After some strenuous experiences on the Amazon where he became involved in the fighting between Bolivia and Brazil, he came to La Paz, and was granted rights of citizenship. Meantime he became interested in the archæology of Lake Titicaca and Tiahuanaca on which he has become an authority, all of which is narrated in *Bolivians of To-day*.

The "Palace" is a stone building of two storeys and a basement, not yet finished, but already housing the National Museum and the Government meteorological service, both of which I believe are yielding a return. Posnansky has presented a considerable part of the

collection to the nation, and retains in the same building his private collection.

We had lunch, Dr. and Mrs. Leavitt, Dr. de Rada, Señor Jaúregui, Mrs. Parker and I, in what would probably be called the Directors' Room, a long chamber, lined with cabinets topped with idols and skulls, and with a very fine mounted skeleton near the head of the table where we sat. At the other end of the long table were Posnansky's three sons, tow-headed young Prussians of seven, nine, and eleven, whose pranks diverted us, and who were described by their father, with due anthropological data for the classification, as the "Scientist," the "Priest," and the "Business Man." Mrs. Posnansky was vaguely referred to, but was not present, nor did any of us meet her while we were in La Paz.

The lunch was Bolivian, of Bolivian dishes, served by Bolivian Indians, and conducted with some Bolivian absence of ceremony; for example, the dumb-waiter to the kitchen below being unfinished, the dishes were passed up by

hand, and one of the ladies declares she was startled by seeing a dark hand appearing through the floor and waving in the air. When our host wanted to hasten the service he bent down from his chair and tapped vigorously with his fork on the floor. The dishes were Bolivian: soup of meat and vegetables, including half potatoes and sections of green corn, cob and all, fricasseed hare, ground corn mixed with egg and flavouring, and baked in the folded husk, roast chicken, stewed fruit, and red Bolivian wine.

The conversation turned on archæology, on the differences between the Aymara and the Quichua Indians, on the use of gold by the pre-Inca people, and on the decorations of the Palace of Tiahuanaca which were reproduced on the walls around us. Posnansky was disposed to claim very high rank for his pre-Inca friends, putting them into the same class with the builders of Troy and Mycenæ, but we were not quite ready to follow him so far.

After lunch we passed through a highly decorated "Tiahuanaca" door into the

music-room, where Señor Jaúregui played for us on the piano some of the plaintive and rather monotonous Aymara music, which is based on the pentatonic scale.

LA PAZ, *December 1, 1919.*

THE difference between Bolivia and Peru has not ceased to impress us. Peru seemed old and weary, Bolivia is young and hopeful. Peru was dirty, Bolivia is comparatively clean, La Paz, the one thoroughly clean town we have seen. No doubt this is largely due to rain and the tilt of the streets, but it is clean. So, speaking generally, are the people. Most of all the Indians of Bolivia have a bearing of self-respect very different from the Peruvian Indian, who wears generally the abject and despondent air of a beaten hound. Of course, there were exceptions to this also; we saw some Indians with a manner of dignity near Sicuani, but as a rule the Indian of Peru is a downcast, miserable thing, which the Indian of Bolivia is not. The Peruvian is likely

to tell you, with an air of satisfaction, that the Indians of Peru were more thoroughly subjugated in the Conquest, which has kept them from being troublesome since. It is a poor basis for complacency. To-day the Indians of Peru, nine-tenths of the population, are wretched, dispirited, feeble creatures, inferior in peace and in war, gradually dying off in disease and misery for want of the essentials that make life interesting and worth living.

In Bolivia, too, one hears that the Indians are diminishing in numbers, but facts are lacking and appearances are against the opinion. The women and children one sees in La Paz and all along the railroad look cleaner, fresher, better-fed, and happier than those of any part of Peru we have visited. The Indian in Peru seems to accept his lot with the hopeless fatalism of the low caste of India, but in Bolivia he seems often to flaunt his race in the face of the white man. He wears his gorgeous orange, red, or purple poncho with a flourish, and often fairly

struts in his brilliant plumage. The women have developed a costume, now more or less Cho'lo (half-breed), but essentially Indian in origin, which is distinctive, striking, and worn with pride by many who are well-to-do. The tall straw hat, the coloured shawl, the short skirt, often brilliant as a rainbow, worn with or without shoes and stockings, is a costume that has no note of inferiority, but occasionally suggests a pride of race very reassuring for the future.

LA PAZ, *December 3, 1919.*

LA PAZ awakens many reflections. Its situation is so strange, its history so notable, its climate so unusual that one is tempted to treat it as a city wholly exceptional. But it must take its place in the world; it engages in commerce, in government, in social life, and in a mild sense in literature. Plainly its position and history were determined by the presence of mines and of a moderate amount of tillable soil. Now it has become the capital of a country



Street Market, La Paz



An avenue in La Paz

of vast extent, of vaguely known resources, and surrounded by neighbours who have shown themselves ready to take advantage of her weakness.

La Paz itself is a reflection of the national history. It is practically a wheel-less city : it has street cars, a number of automobiles and a still smaller number of carriages, but nearly all the traffic is borne on the backs of burros, llamas, or Indians; side by side with the street car trudges or trots the Indian, carrying piano or scales or bedstead, or equally, a perfumed note or a new bonnet. The other day an American auto-truck passed along the main street with a load of Indian mummies and idols that bobbed and jolted as they passed.

Church life is the life of the country in miniature. The service is mediæval, showy and almost meaningless. The nave is largely occupied by women, Spanish and mestizo in the seats, Indians kneeling or squatting on the floor; the aisles and the space about the door are filled by men, the white stock standing or leaning against

wall or column, the Indian kneeling on the floor. The older order is represented by the dueña who enters with a rustle attended by a little Indian boy or girl carrying handkerchief or prayer-book, the present-day survival of the seventeenth century slave, for virtual slavery persists in spite of laws; the new order is represented by youths and girls in ready-made American clothes, who flirt and giggle and exchange glances quite in the most approved modern manner.

LA PAZ, *December 4, 1919.*

WE have finished the short visit in Bolivia, during which many of our previous impressions have been discarded. We expected to find a country remote, backward, benighted, and unenterprising. We found a country sufficiently remote in all conscience, but vigorous, energetic, ambitious, and ready for progress, moved by a spirit strikingly different from the apathetic, backward-looking disposition which offended us so often in Peru.

Bolivia, to be sure, is an Indian country, probably ninety-five per cent. Indian; it is unexplored, unenlightened, weak, the victim of the greed of its stronger neighbours. Nobody knows its boundaries, and the best authorities make estimates of its extent 100,000 square miles apart. Of its population, said to be two and a half million, probably not more than a fifth speak Spanish, still fewer read it, and the qualified voters are frequently estimated at 50,000. Its annual income, given out as 30,000,000 bolivianos, about \$10,000,000, is actually less (Chilean critics say about 21,000,000, *i. e.* \$7,000,000), of which about two-fifths goes for the army, leaving little enough for public service, railroads, education, and all else.

Of the future of Bolivia it is difficult to speak: the horoscope is clouded. With abundant capital and large immigration of a good type there would be good prospect of forming a nation able to sustain itself, but these are large assumptions, and not at present in sight.

LA PAZ, *December 4, 1919.*

OF the Bolivian character it is difficult and perilous to speak on so short acquaintance, but some things may be said with confidence: it is more rugged and energetic than the Peruvian, more enterprising and hopeful at the same time that it is less ingratiating and polite. The Peruvian attaches great importance to the manner of doing whatever he has in hand, the Bolivian to getting it done; so the Bolivian is often brusque, which the Peruvian seldom or never is. The difference is partly a matter of climate, partly of race, history, and mere remoteness.

The Bolivian is farther removed from contact with the world than any other South American, his capital, Sucre, more inaccessible, and his country unexplored to a greater extent than any other on the continent. So he is a rustic person. On the other hand, he is self-reliant, energetic, and vigorous. Racially he is Indian, probably 95 per cent. of the blood of Bolivia is Indian; more than that,



View from our window, La Paz



“ Water has carved the surface into infinite forms ”

his blood is of two very different Indian strains. Whereas the Peruvian native stock is almost wholly Quichua, a mild, teachable race amenable to discipline, a considerable part of the Indian stock in the settled part of Bolivia is Aymara, a race implacable, stubborn, hostile, and unrelenting in its opposition to the white man. It is a significant phrase that one hears so frequently in La Paz, "El es muy Indio." Suspicion flourishes here and dissimulation, but it is a strong and capable stock, industrious and frugal.

*En route near LA PAZ,
December 4, 1919.*

WE have climbed up from the cleft in which La Paz lies, rising mile by mile along cañons and across chasms, seeing the manifold operations of water which has carved the surface into infinite forms, castle, cathedral, pinnacle, and tower, and the multitudinous range of colour, from grey to pink and silver. And all the way along we have been sentinelled

by the white mass of Illimanni which seems to have lifted its head higher as we have mounted, until now, where we are running along on the level mesa, it shows vastly greater than we have ever seen it before. Other mountains also with their heads and shoulders covered with snow have risen into view, so that we march forward in a wide corridor with giant snowy peaks on either side. The plain is treeless and seems barren, but is everywhere dotted with earth-coloured dwellings and Indians, with bright ponchos, watching their flocks. Patches of cultivated land show that there are crops, too, but of what nature one cannot guess. After the panoramic effect of colour and form on the way up from the valley this seems tame, but to one who loves the prairie it is very agreeable. The level plain, rimmed by rounded hills, and in the farther distance the tremendous mountains, make an outlook very restful and satisfying.

*En route to ARICA,
December 5, 1919.*

AFTER sliding down the mountain slope all night, we are still in sight of snow-covered peaks. We went to bed early in a comfortable compartment where our windows gave us a good moonlight view of the landscape. It was then silvery grey, a treeless waste broken at times by rounded hills or irregular masses of broken rock; this morning at dawn it was a gloomy plain overshadowed by black masses of mountains tipped with snow. As the light deepened the desert showed yellow-brown with tufts of darker brown like dried sea-weed—an enormous plain stretching far away, and rising in a long curve to the snowy peaks that lent a touch of sublimity and grandeur to the desolate scene.

We crossed the plain in a gradual descent and came to the cañons again. All vegetation ceased, and the sandstone base of the continent here was broken into craggy hills and chasms. League upon league

stretched the grey-brown, barren wastes, unrelieved by leaf or blade, a solitude in which the eye vainly sought the least sign of life—a masterpiece of desolation. Across the face of these bare slopes and over their very crests zigzagged thin trails of Indian, llama, or burro, but, look as closely as we would, we could not see a sign of life. There was something incongruous in a modern train equipped with sleeping cars and dining cars moving amidst this outrageous nihilism of nature.

It was nearly noon before the spell of the desert was broken. Then suddenly over the edge of the chasm, flowing like a wide river, appeared a green valley crossing from wall to wall of the brown slopes and meandering on a leisurely course to the sea. The explanation was soon apparent: a stream of water coursing down the middle of the valley and conducted by many channels to the margin where the last ditch cut the edge like a knife. Up to the edge of the sand went the green line of verdure, and stopped as if drawn by instruments of precision. There was some-

thing fantastic about this broad band of green, exquisitely ordered, divided into neat, rectangular patches, for all the world like a piece of green silk fitted into the coarse brown weave of the sandy waste.

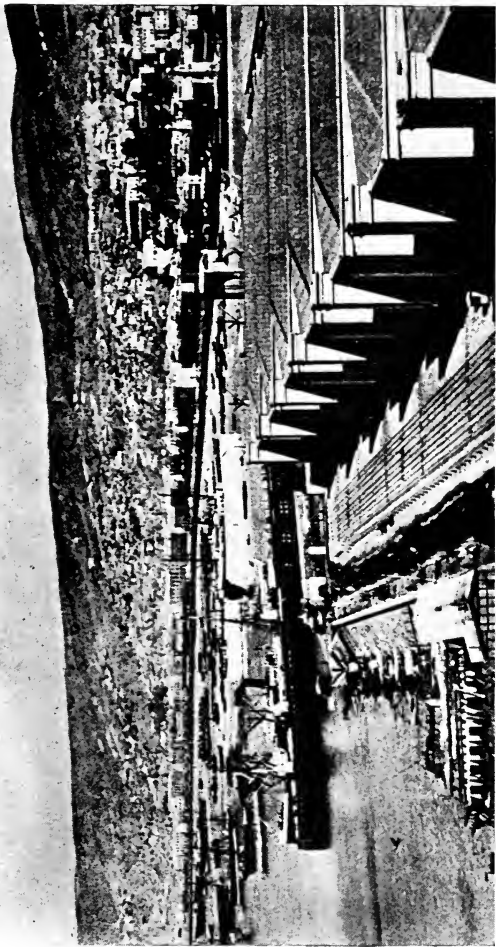
ANTOFAGASTA, *December 7, 1919.*

WE took ship again at Arica, a desert town like a dozen others along the coast, but lifted out of commonplaceness by the great rock, like a miniature Gibraltar, that rises sheer from the sea and marks the scene of the tragic end of Bolognesi and 1700 Peruvians in the War of the Pacific (1877-82), the hopeless struggle in which Peru was crushed by Chile. The annihilation of Bolognesi is an epitome of the war. In spite of an apparently impregnable position the Peruvians allowed themselves to be outflanked, their citadel stormed, and themselves killed to a man, many of them leaping from the summit into the sea to avoid capture by the enemy. This is the event so appropriately com-

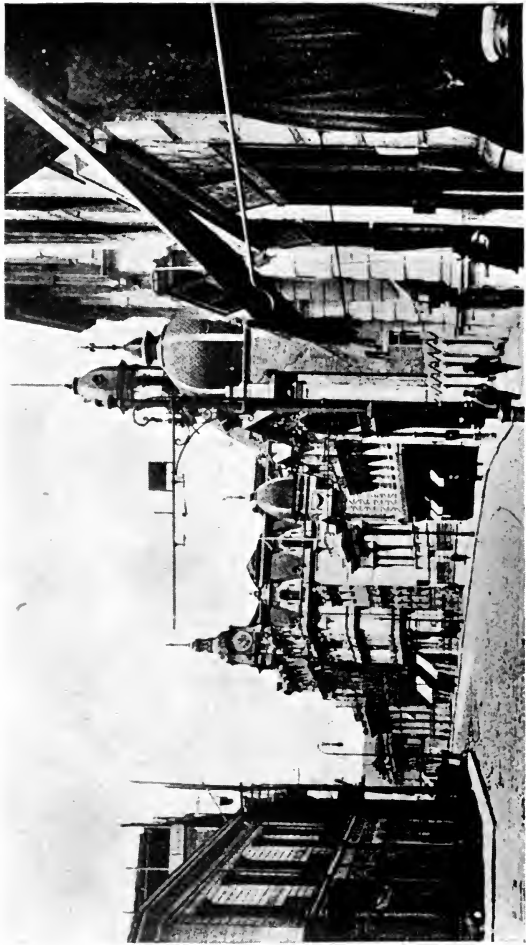
memorated in the Bolgnesi Statue —“ the apotheosis of despair ”—in Lima.

On leaving Arica we resumed our course along the same desolate coast that runs most of the length of South America—a treeless waste, brown and yellow and grey, unrelieved by any sign of life, animal or vegetable.

Here at Antofogasta we feel again the pulse of modern life and commerce. The morning papers contain cables which are intelligible and are full of market reports and quotations. We are already fifty years in advance of La Paz, and, paradoxical as it seems, nearer New York than we were in Lima.



The Harbour, Valparaiso



A business street, Valparaiso

SANTIAGO, CHILE,
December 21, 1919.

THE most singular impression I derived from Valparaiso, and one which has not yet been dispelled, but seems to belong also to Santiago, was that of having ended with the strange, of having arrived again at the customary, usual, and ordinary thing, of having nothing to write about.

We came into Valparaiso harbour in the evening and saw a town stretched for miles along the steep slope that curved in a half-moon about the bay. Ashore we stepped into paved streets that might belong to Providence or Naples or Boston. One of the party declared he was "back on Atlantic Avenue in Boston," but the resemblance was closest to Naples. Behind a narrow strip of business streets the hill rose steeply, crowned with parks and houses, some of them very pleasant to

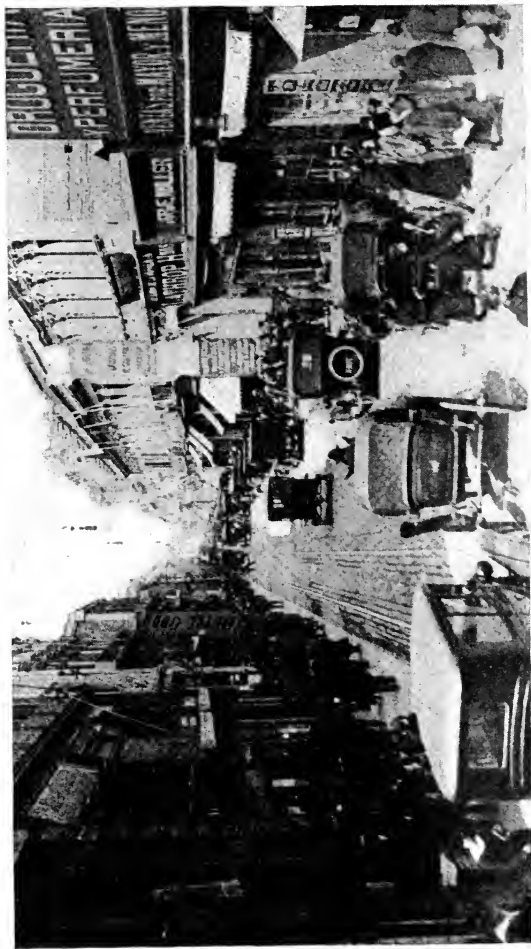
see. The shops were full of English and American goods, and everywhere one heard English phrases and English tones. The mediæval, the bizarre, the strange and marvellous, the Inca and the Aymara, the llamas and the laden burro, the bare-foot peon and the sullen wearer of the rainbow poncho, all were gone and we were back again in the paved streets and among the ordered ways of the everyday twentieth century. There was no longer anything to note; we might have been in Providence or Boston.

SANTIAGO, *December 22, 1919.*

It is an exceptionally solid, orderly, substantial, and self-satisfied city that has grown up here under the shadow of the mountains, and become rich with the mines and nitrate that the Spaniards discovered half-way through the sixteenth century. It would be worth doing if one could lay bare the many factors of race, climate, position, soil, minerals, and chance, which have produced the difference between



General view of Santiago



A street in Santiago

Lima and Santiago. Lima seems always to have had her eyes on Europe; her wealth was too exportable and her people were too easily exploited. She was, I think, always a colony at heart, and I am not sure that she is not so to-day. Santiago is no colony, nor has been these two centuries at least, no matter what date you may write her independence, but a city extraordinarily well content with herself and absorbed in the pursuit of her interests. She seems never to have feared the invader, and cares little for any foreign affairs.

SANTIAGO, *January 1, 1920.*

THE idea of Chile which is emerging from the mass of first impressions, is that the country and the people are not so different as might appear from the Latin-America we already know. Day by day the familiar lineaments appear more distinctly: procrastination, inaccuracy, instability, incapacity to carry things through, and the disposition to

say what the hearer will like to hear; in these features the Chilean betrays the family likeness, in others he is different. He lacks the kindly politeness of the Peruvian and the courtly manners of the Mexican, in fact he is often insolent and defiant. He is of a harder temper than his northern neighbours, doubtless as a result both of climate and of race. Having less of the Indian blood which predominates so overwhelmingly in the northern republics, he lacks the inertia and also the mildness which, except for the Aymara strain, characterizes the basic stock from Bolivia to Mexico. The Chilean lacks the Indian kindness to beast and child. He may not be actively cruel, but he is indifferent, if not callous. Our windows open on one of the principal streets of the city, and the chief objection to the place is that neither day nor night can we escape the sound of the whips crackling round the wretched horses. Not that they are either so miserable, so ill-fed, so bruised, or generally ill-used as in Lima, but the whips play incessantly.

In business there is no denying the brisk and energetic manner that marks so great a contrast with the Peruvian, and undoubtedly there is a higher level of general activity and enterprise here. But the apparent energy is not real, and the difference is not so great as appears. For example, the tea-room, frequented by ladies and gentlemen of the best families here, has an air of much care and propriety, but one notices that the spoons are none too clean; and I have seen a patron, after three attempts to get what he ordered, go himself to the counter. I have been labouring for nearly three weeks with the leading importing and exporting house here, which after thirty-five years has become thoroughly acclimatized, to get my trunks which have been in their charge in Valparaiso since November 11. The story is one of blunder, confusion, error on error, and mistake on mistake, and Latin-American incapacity to carry things through. I have been trying to get printing done; a little task which would have taken a day in New York

and three days in Lima has already consumed two weeks; on an estimate which should have been made up in two days at most we have already spent two weeks without completing it.

The Chilean, I conclude, has the machinery of modern civilization, and knows how to use some of it, he has the overweening pride of the victorious aggressor in the war with Peru, and he has the vanity of the superior nation; but the net result is that he often falls far below his Peruvian and Bolivian neighbours in the actual execution of plain, every-day work.

SANTIAGO, *January 2, 1920.*

It is astonishing what a strong family likeness prevails among the capitals of the West Coast. Most of them seem to have been placed in the craters of extinct volcanoes or on the floors of mountain-rimmed valleys; Mexico City, Guatemala City, Quito, Cuzco, La Paz, and Santiago, seem all to be placed under the immediate

guardianship of mountains that stand sentinel over them. Even Lima lies under the shadow of hills that might be called mountains.

I doubt, however, whether any of them has a situation more admirable than Santiago. It is less bizarre than that of Quito or La Paz, and less romantic than that of Mexico, but more comfortable than any of them, its mountains forming a circle within which it rests like a jewel in a setting. If it has a fault it is the regularity and symmetry of its geography; the mountains are so regular and so unfailing that there is lacking the element of surprise. But to see it as we saw it at sunset this evening, one half aglow with the sinking sun and the other half silvered with the light of the full moon, is to see a thing hard to be surpassed for beauty.

The same fault, if fault it be, of symmetry, can be found with the city itself. It is almost a model of the classic Spanish Colonial Villa. From the Plaza the streets run with regularity to the four

quarters of the compass and, except for the Alameda, which winds gently across the quadrangle of the town, following the course of a branch of the river which the Spaniards dammed and made into a parkway, all the streets seem to run at right angles. The buildings, too, are symmetrical and regular, almost like measured blocks of concrete; level and flat, in one-storey heights in the outer parts and rising to three or four, seldom to five, storeys at the centre.

Conditions determined very largely the form and dimensions of the city. It was planted, probably, on the site of an older settlement in the middle of the flat valley floor where the River Mapocho, descending from the mountains, afforded a means of easy irrigation for a broad band of cultivable soil. And so the lines were drawn, fixed by the great irrigation ditches which draw so rigorous a line between the desert and the town, so that to-day you may drive along two sides of the city beside what seem to be the old city walls of adobe, just inside the outer

irrigation ditch, and see beyond it the primeval, unproductive waste. Within are gardens and lawns, for the waters of the outer ditch are broken into many little streams, and wherever the water goes there is a little copy of Eden, so absolutely does the land depend upon the water.

SANTIAGO, *January 3, 1920.*

ONE grows more impressed from day to day with the political stability of this country. In Peru there was always more or less electricity in the air; one felt that a revolution was at least possible at any moment, and that the government was more or less precarious. To be sure, there was also a fairly comfortable assurance that a revolution would not matter very much even if it did come, but it was like the earthquake, a permanent possibility. I wonder, by the way, whether it is not more than a coincidence that earthquakes and revolutions occur in the same localities. Indubitably the atmosphere of Chile is different; although the

people strike one as being less amenable to discipline and civilization, less amiable, kindly, and docile than the Peruvians, the idea of revolt on a large or small scale does not occur to one. On the contrary, the political ground seems as steady as that of New England. To this condition of stability I suspect that national pride has contributed not a little. After her victory over Peru and Bolivia in 1880, Chile seems to have become enormously impressed with her own importance, and determined to take a place among the Great Powers. She aspired longingly to be regarded as one of the foremost civilised nations and saw the value of appearances for this rôle. So she has directed her policy in the hope of being accepted by the world at her own valuation, and plays the part with absorbing earnestness. Climate and race have helped enormously. She had a large infusion of British blood and followed the lead of the English and Scotch in business and finance. Valparaiso is almost an English city; the manager of a great bank told

me that ninety per cent. of the business they do in Valparaiso is transacted in English, and it seems as if English is more spoken on the streets than Spanish. Of course, this is not the case in Santiago, and in any case it is only a symptom, yet, I think, an important one, and reminds one that the financial basis of Chile is English, that the official monetary standard is the Pound Sterling, that Chilean companies are incorporated with capital in pounds, and that their capital is subscribed in English money. Perhaps this also is a factor in stabilizing both finance and politics.

SANTIAGO, *January 4, 1920.*

OF the Chilean character it is too early for me to speak, but I am venturing to set down one or two impressions. The Chilean seems to be intensely self-conscious: for example, I have had more inquiries for my opinion of Chile than I remember in the same length of time in any other country, and the experience is a common

one here. He appears to be exceedingly jealous of all that touches the national honour, insatiable for prestige, ready to take offence and not infrequently truculent in his attitude on matters that touch national pride or reputation. So he is almost preternaturally sensitive on the subject of race: he would have Chile regarded as a "white man's country," and would ignore entirely the Indian infusion, which is of course considerable.

SANTIAGO, *January 8, 1920.*

THE beauty of Santiago is undisputable. Every morning the sun rises clear in a cloudless sky against which the mountains, on one side brown, on the other snowy, stand sharp and plain. The lines, written, I believe, about Callao but more appropriate far to this mountain city—

Day long, the diamond weather,
The sky's unaltered blue,
The smell of goats and heather
And the mule bells tinkling through,

leap to the mind in this lovely place.



Santiago from Santa Lucia Hill



Statue in the Parque Forestal

As the hours pass the sun grows more dazzling, the air a little thinner and hotter, so that at times it almost burns one's face, but seldom seems oppressive. Then, as afternoon draws on, the heat lessens, the glare fades out of the sunshine, the mountains catch a little haze and the streets fill again with people.

At evening we go out to ride or walk, and find ourselves always in an enchanted world. From many points one can see the entire circle of mountains, and in the sunset afterglow the church towers and the tall poplar trees are glorified in a setting of pure gold, like the pictures of the early Italian painters before they had quite decided whether they were painters or goldsmiths.

SANTIAGO, *January 10, 1920.*

I HAVE just returned from an interview with the President, Juan Luis Sanfuentes, whom I found very affable, easy, and informal. We entered by the wide doors of the Palace, which were guarded by four sentinels who required me to leave my

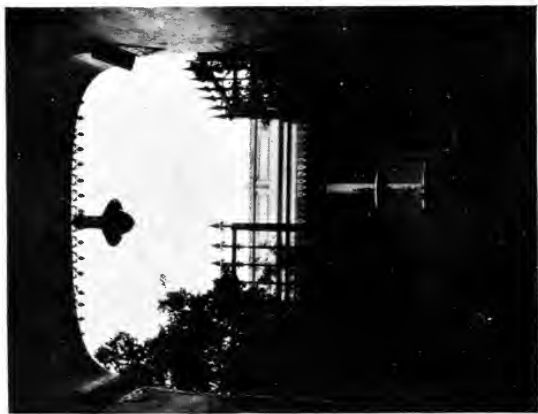
satchel, in which I was carrying two or three books as gifts, so I was fain to take my votive offerings in my hands and pass on across the great patio which was an unmitigated blaze of sunshine. We hurried under an arch into the lesser patio which lies in the older part of the Palace, passing a charming Colonial stone fountain, and went up a flight of broad sandstone steps with balustrades which belong to the Colonial Period, and are among the few old pieces of architecture in Santiago. At the top we stepped at once into a waiting-room, pretty well filled with the traditional expectant, thence into another larger room, fairly crowded with suitors and their friends, and on into an inner ante-room reserved for the privileged, and darkened to that tone of solemnity proper to churches, monasteries, funeral chambers, and ante-chambers. The functionary, who, like nearly all officials of whatever type here, wore a semi-military uniform and a wholly military manner, shook hands, took our cards and soon informed us that we might enter. I took my books, the



The wide doors of the Palace



A patio doorway



A patio

Cancionera General and *The Cubans*, under my arm, we crossed a second ante-room and saw the President sitting behind a desk at the far end of a room which looked like a bank-president's reception room. He rose as we came forward and stretched out his hand across the desk. He is tall, and large, with the manner of a successful retired business man. He has white hair and moustache, a ruddy face, a well-fed air, and wears a black cutaway coat with dark worsted trousers. He maintained a sympathetic silence, smiling and nodding, while I explained the purpose of the Society and my errand here. He seemed much pleased with my gift of books and at the end of my remarks assured me in the regular Latin-American style that he was entirely at my orders and that anything I might wish he would do.

SANTIAGO, *January 15, 1920.*

WE are growing familiar with the aspect of Santiago and beginning to analyse its charm. The mountains, the sunshine, and

the bright air form the chief elements in its attraction; the mountains save it from being merely a flat, desert town. They save it from commonplaceness, and as the source of its water-supply, make its very life possible. The water is so abundant, and generally speaking so well distributed—there are so many trees and well-kept gardens all over the city—that one has to remind oneself, or venture into a neglected section, to be aware that this is a desert city, set in a desert valley where no rain falls for eight months of the year, and where not a tree or a blade of grass can grow except by water artificially directed and actually conveyed to the tree itself. When it is properly conveyed and carefully distributed, the results are marvellous. Nowhere in the world, I think, can you find foliage so dense or so intensely green as we see in some of the gardens in Nuñoa looking over the long, adobe, tile-topped walls. There are fields of alfalfa which would make the directors of model farms in Iowa or California jealous, and there are trees like walls of verdure. Everywhere

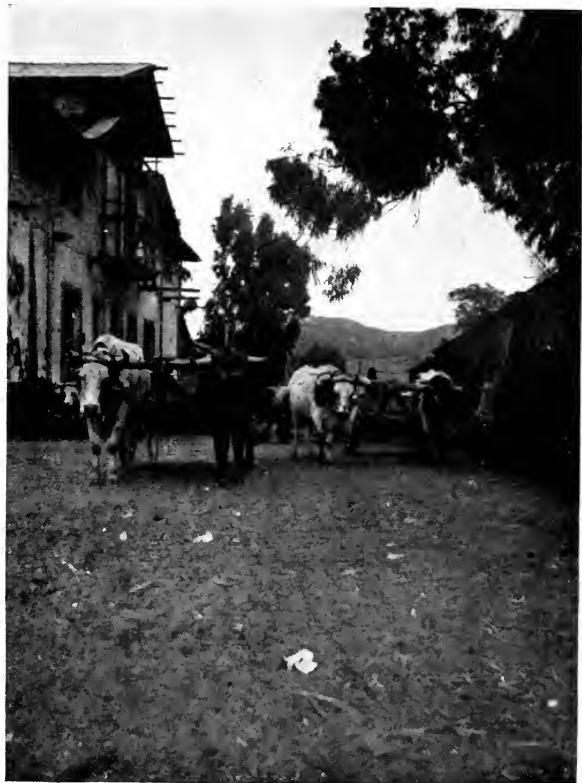
through the city one finds gardens, tiny patches in patios, or wide, rambling, half-wild preserves around big houses a little out of the town. They are usually formal, tidy, well-kept affairs on the model of the English formal garden, with neatly trimmed walks, beds of flowers edged with box, roses in rows and geraniums in blocks, all in excellent order, very surprising when one first sees them through open doors or between iron railings, and very restful. The gardens save the town, for the houses with hardly an exception are ugly. There is something about Chile rather like the mood of the United States after the Civil War, something wantonly perverse, that shows itself in architecture, irregular, wayward, and unsymmetrical. As one of my friends used to say, "as unlovely as the late U.S. Grant period of Architecture." Here the gardens save the day.

SANTIAGO, *January* 18, 1920.

WE have just returned from a ride into the country, coming back in the sunset

and the dusk, through a world half glory and half gloom. On one side stretched a level plain, all gold, where the poplars, singly or in rows, were like Corot's tenderest and most ethereal pictures, and the eucalyptus trees were like bits of old gold worn with age, and the low, flat fields stretching away to the mountains were banked deep in a golden and purplish mist. The mountains were nearly lost in a rich, murky air, wine-colour and purple and amethyst, so that we moved through a world of dreams, dusty, to be sure, and at moments not all agreeable, but worth the price for the lavish wealth of colour and the riot of gold.

On the other side lay another world, cold, grey, forbidding, where the mountains, in a light strained of the sunset, stood up in harsh outline, revealing their grim, unverdured slopes and rugged crags, sharp and rough, unmitigated by a single tree, and all their severity accentuated by the snow that lay white and arctic along their upper edges.



A village scene



A tram



A plazuela

SANTIAGO, *January 21, 1920.*

WE have been seeing the city from the upper decks of the street cars, which is the nearest approach Santiago affords to the top of the London 'bus. Rather illogically as it seems to us—for one can hardly imagine oneself riding in the cramped interior when he can sit up aloft under a canopy and put his feet on the rail in the lordly manner that used to be the fashion in the front windows of provincial hotels from Albany to New Orleans—here, at any rate, it is second-class. You ride up there for half fare, five centavos, equal to a little more than one cent, and view the city from a good point of vantage. To be sure you are viewed yourself with some little disapproval, for I fancy it is not in the very best form for the élite to ride up there in the second-class seats, and you are stared at with all the settled, earnest devouring and consuming energy of curiosity which is the Chilean's birthright. There is a deal of curiosity in all Latin-American towns; we have grown accustomed to it elsewhere,

but here the stare of the people is like a blast, so absorbing, intense, and half truculent it is. We have sometimes found it troublesome, and one sympathizes with women and children who are disconcerted and almost brought to tears by finding themselves the object of the concentrated, open-eyed, persistent searching stare of the whole company in hotel, street-car, or any public place.

Notwithstanding the Chilean stare, we went on our voyage of discovery, finding the Plaza and familiar squares quite novel looked at from twenty feet in the air. The streets are often mere blind stretches of concrete cañon, broken by door and window openings; again they are series of scenes from Oriental picture-books, as when we pass a line of shops in a poor quarter, and bits of mediæval Spain when we pass long, tile-topped walls, and look down into enclosed gardens where roses and geraniums bloom and paths wind under peach and plum and orange trees. We rode far into the outskirts and turned to find the mountains, which are the

unfailing resource of the landscape, great masses of shadow on our right. So we came back, through streets where the open shops were lighted by flaring benzine lamps and working men sat resting in rows beside the railings of churches and on the steps of open houses, and all the little houses, nothing but cubicles in the long stretch of one-storey, concrete monotony, were open to the street. Many of them seemed home-like, with red-covered tables and a lighted lamp and a chromo of the Virgin on the wall.

SANTIAGO, *January 24, 1920.*

I HAVE wondered much about the Chilean character and am far from ready to put down any conclusions, but my day to day experience would be illuminating if I could record it in detail and clearly. For example, I have been treating for a month with a printer, said to be the best book printer here. He is not amiable, but always polite, and at first the delays which I encountered were only the usual

thing in Latin-America. At last I got an estimate; then as time drew on to begin work, I learned that the type shown in the sample could not be had. A new page was drawn up, very inferior because all the proportions were lost in the changes of size of type. I explained this and asked for another page; I got the same one back again. I repeated the request and, with evident reluctance, the same page was produced again, but with a slight modification, wholly inadequate. I laboured with the printer, begging him to give it his attention and make me a page of the right proportions, and drew a line to show how one change could be made. I got the original page back with my line followed exactly and all the original errors, thirteen, unchanged. We have now been struggling with this problem of a page for a week, with the copy on the printer's desk most of that time, and we are still battling over the same discreditable and slipshod page of printing that would be a disgrace to an ordinary job printer in Boston. I had repeated my requests, my

pleas, my demands, a score of times, always getting the same half-pained, polite reply, "We are just doing that." Of course at last my patience broke down and I got savage. Then the proprietor told me that they had not understood me because they never had problems of proportion and adjustment here: they took an existing book as a model and came as near to it as they could, and they had never made a book with border lines. It was quite clear that he had been playing the Chilean game of passive resistance, quite convinced that the foreigner would get tired and take what he could get.

Yesterday I went to a photographer's to have a photograph taken for urgent need, and after the ceremony he promised me a proof to-day before noon. When I appeared he came to meet me, smiling, to explain that the proof was not there, but I might see it this afternoon or to-morrow. That he had made an explicit promise, bound with all sorts of protestations of fidelity mattered nothing to him; something else had occurred to him as equally

good and he had lightly forgotten his engagement.

During the past ten days three different persons have promised to bring me certain books which they have for sale and which I need in my work. Two have sent excuses and probably will turn up some day when they have nothing special to do; the other has forgotten it.

That is the most serious gap in the character of the coast, an incapacity for sustained attention, consecutive thought, or continuity of purpose. All their mental activities are momentary, impulsive, fugitive, and unreliable. I think they are congenitally incapable of such attention as results in close or effective reasoning.



Watering horses



“ The wheat harvest is now on ”

SANTIAGO, CHILE,
January 25, 1920.

WE made our first excursion into the country to-day, to visit Señor José Toribio Medina at his summer home, about forty miles from the city up the valley of the Angostura. The landscape recalled that of the valley of Mexico which it much resembles, except that it is lower and more "civilized." Where there is water for irrigation it is a fat land, level, well-wooded, well-fenced with American wire fences or adobe walls, with cattle and horses in the fields. The wheat harvest is now on, and we saw them carrying the grain to the stacks in great ox-carts of enormous width and weight and frequently using three teams of oxen.

In the better farms one sees a good deal of English or French influence in the formal planted woods, which are numerous and

extensive, the paved barnyards, the sturdy horses and heavy-bodied cattle, as well as in the way of harvesting the wheat, which is not at all American.

We crossed a river as muddy as the Missouri and more rapid, split into many separate channels in its wide gravelly bed, and passed great vineyards with well-trimmed vines running in mile-long rows, and fields of corn interspersed with pastures.

Near the city the little houses of the farm hands are of concrete, more substantial and solid than the jacals of Mexico or the huts of Cuba or Peru, though not much more comfortable, for they have no windows and few have other than dirt floors. Farther out the dwellings become meaner and slighter; some are of adobe, some of brush, and finally one finds the counterpart of the flimsy stick-and-mud shack of rural Peru.

As we went on the mountains closed in about us, the river beside which we went ran faster, and we came to the Pass of Angostura, where the river and the railroad

elbow each other for passage between the hills. This is said to be the narrowest pass in the mountains, and the strategic point in attack or defence of Santiago and the Central Valley.

Señor Medina met us at the station and led us to La Cartucha, as he calls his country place, which is only a stone's-throw away. It is an interesting little farm of perhaps ten acres, forming a peninsula in a deep bend of the river, and here fifteen years ago Señor Medina planted 8000 trees, which at the rapid rate of growth common to this region had formed a magnificent grove, lofty and leafy like a succession of cathedral naves. But last year a cyclone passed that way and mowed the great trees down like a field of grain. We went out to see the desolation and found the splendid trunks and shafts broken, splintered, twisted, and strewn about in utter disorder.

We turned away to wander in the old-fashioned formal garden, now much overgrown for lack of help—scarce here as everywhere else—where the box borders

had grown waist high and filled the narrower paths, but where one could wander under palm and fruit trees in a friendly wilderness. There were great avenues, too, pleasant to walk in, with cedars of Lebanon and towering eucalyptus spared by the storm.

The house itself, a wide rambling old place, with great echoing rooms, broad stairways, and airy chambers, suits the summer-time. Beside the front door under a little porch are comfortable chairs where we sat and chatted of many things: books and writing, travel and politics, and the American influence in South America.

We strolled and walked and talked, had two delightful meals at which were served wine and fruit and vegetables of the farm with some special breads of the neighbourhood.

We came back in the afternoon light, under which the mountains, which are partly wooded, took on a lovely aspect, with a purple background flecked and patterned in sun and shade. We drew near

the city, running through the broad, flat valley under the evening light, with wide fields of mown grass and pasture stretching across to the mountains, which stood up in purple masses against the rose-tinted sky in an atmosphere calm and peaceful and wholly sabbath-like.

SANTIAGO, *January 27, 1920.*

FEW things are more curious to us, and I am sure nothing is more characteristic of the people of this coast than the Plaza habit. Here every evening at six or seven, and as late as eight, the people resort in numbers to the Plaza, the elders to sit on the benches, the young folks to pace round and round the place, to the music of the band if there is one, if not, to their own time, the girls moving in one direction in twos and threes and sometimes lines of five or more; the young men in similar phalanx moving in the opposite direction, so that there is opportunity to admire, to salute, and to gaze repeatedly upon one another. It is a rural practice, but

practically universal. I am told that from the Rio Grande to Puente Arenas, every town has its "Plaza parade" if not every evening at least on Sundays, and that the convention, seldom broken, provides that the sexes gyrate in opposite directions, under the eyes, of course, of the elders.

SANTIAGO, *January 27, 1920.*

THIS evening, after the sunset, we climbed to the top of Santa Lucia Hill, which is the one striking feature in the map of Santiago. It rises, an isolated rock, in the very heart of the city and dominates it completely. Lima has her San Cristobal Hill, but it is a mile distant from the Plaza; here Santa Lucia is a stone's throw from the Plaza and the city flows round it. Historically it is the heart of the place, for it was the citadel and centre. Here the Spaniards made their first victorious onslaught, and here they made the desperate defence against the concentrated counter-attacks of the Indians. It was their Acropolis and



Entrance to Santa Lucia



Statue of Pedro Valdivia



Statue of Caupolicán on Santa Lucia

Tarpeian Rock, and remains to this day a shrine and rallying point. From it every part of the city is visible, and it is visible likewise from all parts of the city. They have done well, therefore, to buttress and adorn it, making it the chief beauty spot of the town and a pleasure resort for the people. The side that had an easy approach they have still further smoothed and levelled, so that now a softly rising path winds up the slope, giving a pleasant ascent up to the steeper portion of the hill, and the cliff side they have beautified with wide stone steps and balustrades and esplanades so that it presents an ample and dignified welcoming façade. We climbed in the soft evening light, stopping from stage to stage to see the city ever widening below us, spreading to its great extent and stretching its long straight streets far away to the outskirts until it seemed to fill the whole valley. The buildings are so low, by far the greater part being only one storey, that the town covers a great expanse of ground. And so it spread before us in ever-widening extent

as we climbed, and we saw the mountains a dull red under the glow of the sunken sun, and the moon came out and silvered the roofs and towers, and the lights sprang up, revealing cañons and bright paths in the wilderness of darkening buildings, and the trees below us turned black in the shadow. So we came down, half reluctant to leave the quiet, and lose the sense of aloof and lofty observation, to the familiar streets.

SANTIAGO, *January 30, 1920.*

IF I were to venture upon a single generalization about our neighbours on this coast, Peruvians, Chileans, Bolivians, and others alike, I should say that they lack moral earnestness. They have not lacked in the past, nor do they lack to-day, poets, enthusiasts, devotees, fanatics, martyrs, or saints; but ordinary plain men who have an inner glow of conviction about righteousness, to whom the ultimate good is to do the will of God and who pursue it as an end in itself, praying and

yearning for it silently, secretly, these I doubt whether Latin-America has yet produced. These friends and neighbours of ours are capable of fine and lofty actions, of graceful and dignified and noble behaviour; but for inconspicuous, patient, humble devotion to an inner compulsion where there is no audience, no applause, no public recognition, where it must be done without gesture or flourish or a single rewarding glance, this, I doubt they are capable of, or even of aspiring to.

SANTIAGO, *January 31, 1920.*

THE factors in the general moral condition hereabouts are many, of course, and among them are our old friends, race, climate, history, and education. That the racial constituents of the Chilean give him a certain callousness cannot be denied. The Conquistador was not a tender-hearted person and the Araucanian even less so. His history, too, with its two centuries of isolation and struggle, did nothing to soften or ameliorate his nature,

but quite the contrary. His education likewise, particularly on the religious side, has not been of the sort to develop a deep or reverent inner life. In fact, some of my friends who have observed the workings of the Church here incline to the belief that it tends to "harden all within," that its emphasis on mere observance of form and ritual, without regard to any inner adjustment of conscience or conduct, with none of the change or growth which the Protestant means by conversion, itself contributes to a certain callousness and hinders any deepening or softening of the moral nature.

SANTIAGO, *February 1, 1920.*

WE have been for a long ride on the top of a "double-decker" street-car, traversing much of that part of the city which is so ill-paved and generally undesirable that it is not visited in pleasure carriages and automobiles. We found it highly instructive and particularly for this, that it took us behind the screen of

Europeanism or twentieth centurism, which is the pose of Santiago, and showed us the actual Latin-Americanism of the town in unmistakable colours.

At one time I could almost have believed myself in Juarez, Mexico, so like, in the pink, blue and yellow one-storey, dilapidated adobe shacks was it to the picturesque town across the river from El Paso. There were blocks and blocks of long, low, flat dwellings, of one storey, without windows, and running together behind the street front into various confusion. There were sections that might have been Lima, or Havana, or Vera Cruz, or Puebla, Mexico, or Arequipa, or any town between here and Texas.

We saw the Sunday afternoon crowds also, and perceived the unmistakable mestizo character of great masses of the people, reminding ourselves of the remark of those who arrive from Buenos Aires, that Chile seems "muy Indio."

SANTIAGO, *February 5, 1920.*

WE have been to the National Museum, particularly to see the Chilean paintings, which are disappointing. There is no catalogue of the gallery, but we found a grey-haired attendant who scented in the extranjero a possible tip and showed us amiable attention, telling us the names of many of the pictures and of their painters. The most notable of the recent works are by Correa, who has done one or two admirable landscapes, and there are half a dozen very creditable portraits of Chileans. Most of the canvases, however, are of foreign scenes, done on foreign soil, and wholly devoid of national character or atmosphere.

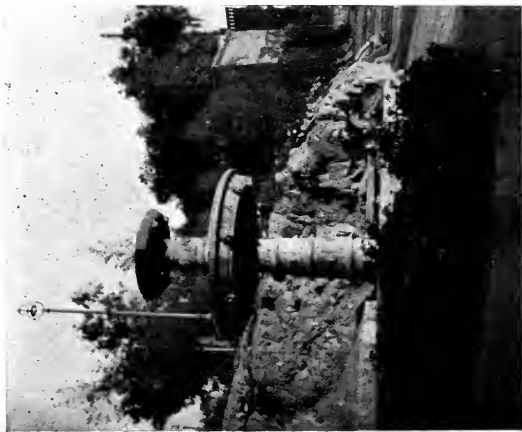
Yesterday I was taken by a young Mexican to see a collection of water-colours said to be finely illustrative of Chilean landscape customs and people. I found a charming collection of water-colours, with market scenes, aspects of ranch life, horse-racing, cattle-herding, ox-carts on the highway, and a whole line devoted to the mountains and especi-



Two views of the National Museum



Statue at foot of Santa Lucia



A Colonial fountain

ally to sunset in the high cordilleras. The colour in some of these was exquisite, rose-pink and purple and the softest of lavender mist, as we have seen them in Bolivia. But their painter is a Frenchman, and although there are good pictures by Alfredo Helsby and Válenzuela, and much is said of a national school of artists, and I have seen a number of canvases in minor exhibitions, there is no evidence yet that there is any real national artistic consciousness or any realization of the national resources as a field for art.

SANTIAGO, *February 8, 1920.*

As I have written you before, the Chilean is fond of emphasizing the differences between himself and other South Americans. On every opportunity he dwells upon the Chilean type of character, sometimes in a tone of more or less sincere apology for its faults, as, for example, that the Chilean is of a strong, militant, and aggressive nature, intensely patriotic; and so, he explains, when

Roosevelt came here a few years ago, the intense patriotism of the students unfortunately boiled over, and they attacked him as an exponent of "North Americanism," mobbed him, stoned his carriage and his hotel, and greeted him whenever he appeared with noisy demonstrations of hostility. The same aggressive patriotism, carried too far, accounted for the tone of the addresses made on the occasion of his reception at the University, all of which were couched in militant terms, emphasizing and reiterating the Chilean's war-like character and his readiness to fight whatsoever enemy might appear. Sometimes one's Chilean friends express a kind of regret over the phlegmatic national temperament, telling of dramatic oratorical and musical notabilities who have created great enthusiasm in other cities, but here in Santiago have been greeted with cool, appraising criticism. It is fairly obvious that the self-depreciation is not very sincere, and that the occasion is simply being used to insinuate Chilean superiority.



The University, Santiago



Fountain and street

As to the aggressive, not to say truculent, character of the people, one is not left in doubt. From Government officials down to mozos, the general tone is one of rather surly independence and indifference. The first and natural response of the Chilean to any approach is negative. The salesmen or clerks in the stores appear as a rule utterly indifferent to the customer. If he wants anything, and wants it badly enough, he will be patient; the clerk doesn't need to. One often hears of refusals to sell goods because they are on high shelves and it is troublesome to take them down. Again and again I have bought articles after the clerk had denied having them, although they were in plain sight all the time, and I had given the name with which they were marked. Then there is a surly acquiescence, the purchase is made and the clerk hands you your change in silence. Frequently one makes purchases without exchange of a word. "Tiene Usted archivedores?" The reply is to hand you one in silence. You say, "Cinco pesos, no?" He nods, you pay

and withdraw. He is not offended, only you have not broken through his habitual and customary mood of settled and phlegmatic apathy.

SANTIAGO, *February 14, 1920.*

WE have been to see the Cathedral, and in spite of its rather disappointing exterior, a square, solid, brown-stone effect, such as would be appropriate in Baltimore or in Genoa, we found it really impressive. The nave is lofty, and so long as to give the effect, so often striven after and so seldom attained in modern churches, of an arched vista. The side aisles are ample and the whole effect is spacious, noble, and imposing with a note of solemnity very satisfying to the devout mind. There are good windows of glass that recall the French Cathedrals, and there are many statues—a series, for example, of the Apostles ranged aloft, one beside each of the great columns—without exception dignified, sober, and appropriate. Here, too, for the first time



The Cathedral, Santiago



Interior of the Cathedral

in South America we found a series of memorial chapels, all of them inoffensive, and several of them in taste that is severe and elevated. The paintings are copies of famous works, and the figures on the tombs recall the classic types. So that, though it lacks the appeal to the historic sense that is so strong in the Cathedral of Lima, and has not a trace of the aroma of antiquity or the sentiment of age, it is a noble and impressive church.

SANTIAGO, *February* 18, 1920.

I DO not think it would be well for Americans to count too much on the friendship of South America for the United States. Neither for the Government nor for the people do I find any affection; on the contrary I think the sentiment is one of indifference if not of antipathy. Peru wants American support in its contest with Chile, and Bolivia wants American capital with an ulterior hope of getting political support against the encroachments of her powerful neighbours.

Chile, on the other hand, has until lately had a rather poor opinion of American policy, and something very like contempt for American military or naval power. At present she is converted on the second point, but not, I think, on the first. For a time the idealists and academic persons were dazzled with the magnificent phrases of President Wilson, but begin to doubt now whether they should be taken seriously; the practical men never were much influenced by them. Meantime the old causes of friction: the incident of the U.S.S. "Baltimore", the Mexican War, the Panama Canal episode, and the inveterate jealousy of the stronger power, have reasserted themselves and the mood of antagonism has been resuscitated.

I find also another cause of irritation, small in itself but effective in combination, is the sum of petty annoyances over business and social intercourse. One hears at every turn that American business men and business methods are not liked. The demand for payment in advance for goods which when received are not

always up to sample, the disposition to regard every transaction with South America as if it were a passing chance at a profit not likely to recur, and the indifference alike to the convenience and the susceptibilities of the customer leave many wounds. There are unpleasant stories told, for example, of the leading American shipping firm on the coast, which induced the American Ambassador to request for them the mail-carrying contract as a token of appreciation of their putting fast steamers on the route, and then charged ten times the old price for the service, and of various contracts for materials grossly mishandled. A trifling but annoying matter is the habit which seems to be general in the United States, of sending letters here with insufficient postage, so that everybody is kept paying the little fines of ten, twenty, thirty centavos on his American letters. The manager of Grace & Co. tells me that after twenty years they are still sending constant requests to American firms, corporations, insurance companies and others to put

on adequate postage, but apparently in vain !

The general impression is that the American is a person entirely self-satisfied, impervious to ideas or information, and rather contemptuous of this part of the world, an attitude which meets with equal contempt and hostility in response.

SANTIAGO, CHILE,
February 20, 1920.

I HAVE just paid a visit to Señor Salvador Izquierdo, one of the aristocratic rich men of Chile. The house is very large but unpretentious and out of fashion. Inside it seems to need painting; it is all so dark and apparently dingy. I was led along echoing halls to the study, and the owner, a large, well-appearing man, with a beard and a black suit, came in to ask me to excuse him while he finished his lunch. (He had made the appointment, but, of course, didn't expect me to keep it.) So I sat in the study, a lofty rectangular room filled with furniture old enough to be out of fashion, but not old enough to be interesting.

My seat was a ponderous sofa that filled the greater part of one end of the room. At the opposite end was a fireplace, used,

apparently, for a gas log, and over the mantelpiece were hung five paintings, a large one in the centre flanked by pairs of little ones, two of which were apparently good work by Spanish artists. In the most prominent place in the room, directly in front of the first window was a tall glass cabinet not unlike a show-case, filled with stuffed birds, sea-shells and bric-à-brac. Nearly opposite it was the great desk, of a dark wood like walnut, heavy and serviceable, covered with papers and periodicals. Behind it on the wall were the usual portraits, and at one side was a large safe set into the wall and surmounted by a roller map, which when let down would cover it entirely. The corners and the space between the windows were occupied by tall, heavy, dull-looking book-cases in which were many reports, files, and technical books, an unappetizing array. It had something of the aspect of a workshop, but more of a place occupied casually by a man so absorbed in his affairs as to be only dimly aware of his surroundings.

In due course, Señor Izquierdo reappeared, a substantial man, strongly built, with easy, quiet manners and a certain gravity which goes well with his attainments, which are genuine and solid. He told with a certain naïveté of the honours given him by foreign societies, including the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, and, once launched on his pet subject of arboriculture, showed more fire and interest than I had expected. There is no doubt of the value of his work to the country, and there seems to be some basis for his dream of making Chile one of the chief sources of fruit for the United States.

SANTIAGO, *February 22, 1920.*

UP to this time our impressions of the beauty of Chilean women, and for that matter of Peruvian and Bolivian women as well, have fallen far below our expectations. In general the women of the upper classes mature too early, eat too much, exercise too little, have no interests except

the purely domestic ones, and show the effects in expressionless faces and shapeless forms. The interesting faces belong as a rule to the lower classes, the working women. Sometimes one sees a woman selling flowers or newspapers who would make a Rembrandt, and often one sees among them a face that bears testimony to trials bravely borne and victories won.

There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, for the human plant, wherever its roots are set, will produce a certain number of rare blossoms; so one occasionally sees a charming face or a pair of dark eyes full of expression. This morning we met three girls of perhaps fourteen, young enough to retain a certain freshness of expression and artlessness, one of whom had the face of a Madonna, oval, dark, with large, liquid eyes, and a look of such sweet serenity as would delight a painter's soul.

SANTIAGO, *February 24, 1920.*

WE have been on a sunset excursion across the River Mapocho into the older

part of the city, hunting silver thimbles in the pawn-shops. As we crossed the bridge the mountains were veiled in diaphanous lavender mist, and the Parque Forestal was filled with young people pacing with decorous step back and forth on the well-kept paths under the eyes of their elders on the seats ranged alongside.

We had not gone a hundred yards before we felt the contact with antiquity; the paving all but disappeared, and when at our request the driver took us along one of the side streets the carriage rocked like a boat in a rough sea. The houses were now all adobe, one-storey, unglazed, and, as was plain enough to nose and eye, none too clean. The patios within were often picturesque but eminently unattractive, with children and dogs, washing on the lines, and rubbish in the corners. So we rode on, the object of earnest and concentrated attention from doors and windows. We passed buildings that seemed much older than any we have seen in Santiago proper. The familiar patch-work of colour, and the frequent imposing

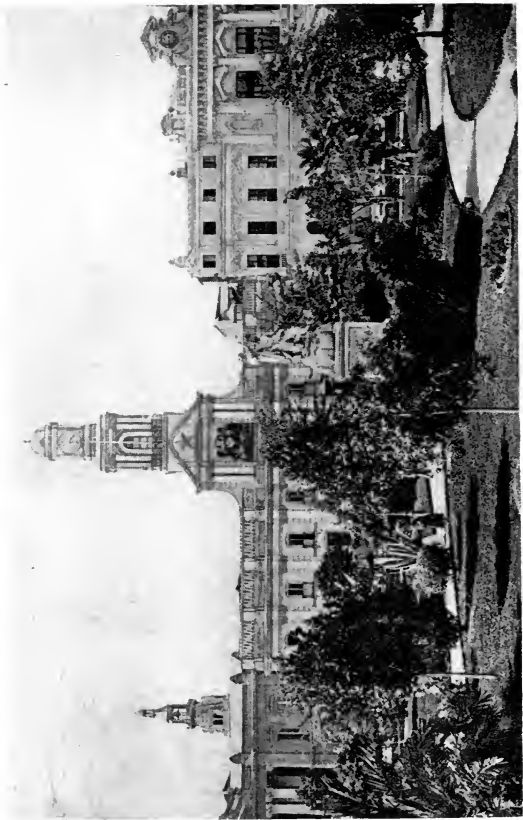
church, which, with the unkempt houses, the unwashed people, and the unpaved streets that seem characteristic of the West Coast town, reappeared as soon as we left the main streets. The half-dozen principal business streets of Santiago are well paved and well kept, washed every day, one or two of them twice a day, and might serve as models, but the other two or three hundred are in another category. Apparently the whole of the older part of the city across the river is beyond the pale; here no paving, no washing of streets, no movement of carriages or automobiles, merely a survival of things as they have always been.

SANTIAGO, *February 25, 1920.*

HOWEVER chary one may be of generalizations, he cannot avoid one or two conclusions about the Chileans and their neighbours. Everywhere one is struck by the absence of the sense of fair play. I think it is more conspicuous in little things than in greater ones; for example,



Slums in Santiago



The Plaza, Santiago

nobody has any respect for the rights of the first comer. At the theatre, the post office, or the bank alike, men will break in without ceremony or apology, thrust their arms over your shoulder or across the counter, interrupt your business and demand prior attention, and, what is more irritating, obtain it, at your expense and that of all those who were waiting there. It is a somewhat exasperating illustration of the text, "The last shall be first."

Equally amusing when one is in the proper mood, is the practice of using the side-walks for reception rooms. There are hours when the principal streets of Santiago are practically blocked by groups of twos and threes, who stand serenely in the middle of the side-walk and conduct leisurely conversations. The man with an errand may take to the street. It was the same in Lima, where I have often seen the principal street jammed at six o'clock in the evening by apparently respectable people, conducting their afternoon reception and so fearful of failing to see or be

seen that they clung to the side-walk where no one could miss them. One worked one's way through very much as he does at an afternoon tea "crush."

There is also a general disposition to construe obligations in a free and easy sense. Specific performance as to time or other conditions seldom occurs. Eight o'clock in the morning means for your secretary: I have in mind one notable exception: half-past eight or a quarter to nine with lapses now and then to half-past nine, occasions for splendid demonstrations in the art of apology. *Momentito*, of course, means anywhere from five minutes to three-quarters of an hour. The printer, the bookbinder, the engraver, the carpenter, makes whatever promise seems to please you and brings the result, wofully and incredibly unlike the article promised, and from a day to a month behind time, smilingly protesting that, though not *igual* (the same) it is *muy parecido* (very like) and *más ó menos*—this is his ultimate reliance—more or less, what you ordered.

One gradually comes to see that he has to deal with a civilization and a temper of mind which is not based on moral or even legal obligation, but rests upon privilege and personal relations. If you could look into the heart of your servant, your clerk, your secretary, your tradesman, you would find that no one of them regards himself as fulfilling this or that obligation because he has promised to do it or is under bond to do it or has accepted payment to do it, all these are incidental, but because he is your loyal adherent, a member of your gang, one of your brotherhood, or because he, as a knightly gentleman, chooses to honour himself by doing this gracious act of homage.

SANTIAGO, *February 29, 1920.*

THE question, What kind of a civilization is this of Chile? is a natural one for the visitor from abroad. He could hardly avoid it, but even if he would, he may not; for the Chilean is so sensitive on the subject that he asks it himself, repeatedly.

The newspapers reprint with evident satisfaction the remark of Blasco Ibañez that the two foremost countries of South America are Argentina and Chile, and that they bear favourable comparison with Europe. One's friends comment on it and add the well-worn saying of Mr. Bryce that Chile has the most homogeneous population to be found in any of the Hispanic-American republics, and offers the most promising material for making a nation.

Blasco Ibañez was quite right in urging upon an American audience the propriety of regarding Latin-America with respect, and his assertion of Chilean equality with Europe was well meant. It all depends on what is meant by Europe. Without doubt the best people of Santiago will bear comparison with the better class people of Spain, Italy, or France; it may even be said that the best people of Santiago might meet on terms of equality the best of Italy or Spain, or France. But that would be a matter of social grace and courtesy on both sides. It can hardly be

maintained that the poets, painters, musicians, scholars of Chile, hold equal rank with those of Europe. Nor would anybody say that the mass of the Chilean population would bear comparison with that of France or Spain or Italy. No one has much idea hitherto about the sentiments or the ideas of the great body of Chileans, for they are illiterate and take no part in their Government. Figures are hard to find and harder to interpret, but it appears that, according to different estimates, between sixty-five and eighty per cent. of the Chilean people neither read nor write, and more than half of the population is illegitimate.

Chile has benefited—at least in the view she is able to present to the world—from the fact that for three generations her Government has been aristocratic and oligarchical, she has been in the hands of “the best people,” who have imposed order, discipline, and restraint. To be sure, one finds among the ardent young Chileans those who deny the oligarchy. To their exaggerated patriotism

whatever is Chilean is excellent, and they make it a point of honour, as the young in all countries are prone to do, to claim for their fatherland all the virtues and a superiority, if not a monopoly, in all the graces a nation can possess.

But this is mere school-boy boasting; among the mature and clear-eyed there is no denial of oligarchy, but a plain admission that without it Chile would be no pleasant place for the foreigner.

En route to CONSTITUCIÓN,
March 8, 1920.

WE set out on a beautiful morning, in cool, tonic air, under a sky that promised heat, and followed the same route that we took on our visit to the Medina's, the only other railway journey we have made from Santiago. We passed along the valley, rich and cultivated and pleasant to look at, with mountains always in sight on both sides, and came to Angostura, which impressed me more at second view. It would be easy to hold and hard to take. The barren mountains and rough hills reminded me of descriptions of the landscape of South Africa, and recalled the stories of the fighting during the South African War under conditions which I think must have been very similar to these.

Beyond Angostura the valley continues, but the mountains grow taller on the east

and lower on the west. There are great fields in which ox-teams are ploughing, three pairs to the plough, with the owner or manager on horseback supervising the work. There are fields of alfalfa, emerald green and neat as a billiard table, bordered with tall lines of poplars, and over them brown mountain masses tipped, farther back, with snowy peaks.

As the day wore on we came into a wider place; the mountains drew apart, those on the west dwindling into rounded hills and the space between became veldt, with sparse grass and thorn bushes and widely scattered cattle.

All of this region, and indeed agricultural Chile in general, is a land of great haciendas. The small proprietor is unknown and the population consists, like that of Imperial Rome and Mediæval Europe, of two classes: the senators or barons, and the serfs. The extent of some of the great estates is truly baronial. Not a few stretch the whole width of the country, from the sea to the mountains, and contain a number of villages within their limits.



Ox team and cart



“ Constitución is a decayed seaport ”

They are often inheritances from the days of the Conquest, which, notwithstanding the Chilean law for distributing estates, have remained in one family, and they repeat with local modifications, the story of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia. For the most part they are vast dormant possessions, ill-cultivated because of the ignorance and lack of ready capital of their owners.

CONSTITUCIÓN, *March 9, 1920.*

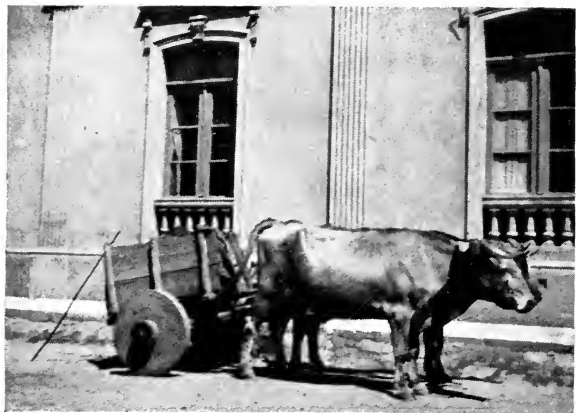
CONSTITUCIÓN is a decayed seaport, like many of those along the New England coast, its former activities of fishing and shipbuilding now lost, and its chief industries those of a summer sea-side resort. It consists of an old town lying between the river and the sea, and various flimsy new buildings along the beach to accommodate the summer visitors.

A rounded grassy hill curves steeply upward two or three hundred feet from the beach, and affords wide views both on the sea and on the land side. To the right one

looks across the little town and the river to the wooded slopes beyond it; to the left the sea sweeps to the far horizon, and nearer lie the craggy shore and the long black beach for the rocks here are basaltic and the sand, though spotlessly clean, is as black as coal. Here on the wind-swept hill we have been basking in the sun and the breeze, watching the children far below running on the beach, and the amusing ox-drawn omnibus which comes down from the baths at the far end to meet the equally curious, tiny, mule-drawn tram-car. This visit to Constitución has been our first South American holiday and we shall remember it, not only for our good fortune in having the Medinas for company, but also for finding here ponies to ride. The boys and I have been out on horseback together for the first time, and begin to think ourselves accomplished horsemen.

CONSTITUCIÓN, *March* 9, 1920.

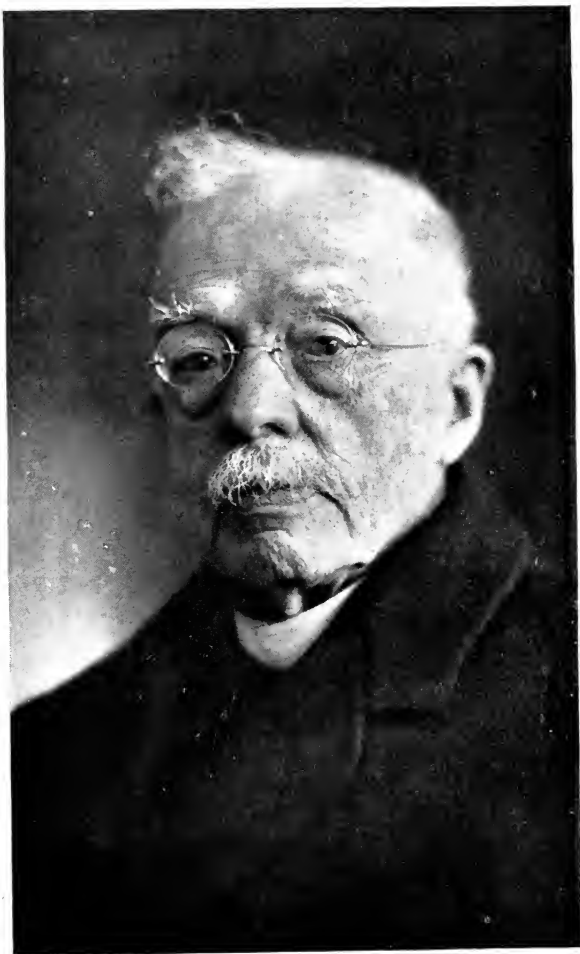
SEÑOR MEDINA accompanied me on a visit to Señor McIver, whom everybody



The dustman's cart



Ox-drawn omnibus



“ Señor McIver, whom everybody calls ‘ Don Enrique ’ ”

calls "Don Enrique." We had an enjoyable hour. He is the leading citizen of Constitución and has a place in the political life of Chile comparable to that of Archbishop Errázuriz in the church. Both are over eighty and are honoured by friend and foe. Señor McIver's house, which was built by his father three-quarters of a century ago, and still has on the brass door-plate, Henry McIver, is an extensive one-storey dwelling which, with its additions and appurtenances, patios and gardens, covers a city block. It had need to, for it houses not only the McIvers, but the families of the sons-in-law in one generous, patriarchal household.

An exceptionally neat and competent-looking maid admitted us into a hall that had the air of the entrance hall of an old-fashioned English house. The grandfather's clock, the hat-tree, and the portraits on the walls seemed like friends from far away. We passed on into a great, roomy sitting-room, where we found Señor McIver in an overcoat, for inside the house was cool and the blood of eighty-

three is not ardent. We sat on a solid old sofa and chatted of politics, and then he led us across the hall to see the parlour, of which Señor Medina had a boyish memory. It was very little changed, Don Enrique told us, from what it was seventy years ago. It is a spacious room between thirty and forty feet square. The carpet was red and pale yellow in a huge pattern, and the walls were a deep, metallic green, in what I believe is now called a self-pattern of leaves a foot long. The host pointed out many places where it had been repaired, but it was the same paper that he could remember as a boy. The portraits, too, were old friends, solid, substantial British men of the last century or its predecessor, and ladies in stiff black silk and white lace.

We returned to chat again of politics, for Don Enrique is the head of the Radical Party, is talked of for the Presidency, and if he were ten years younger might run and be sure of election, for he has everybody's respect.

CONSTITUCIÓN, *March 10, 1920.*

EVERYWHERE one hears laments of the lack of population. I grew used to them in Peru and was not surprised at them in Bolivia, where the unused territory is so extensive. But I had not expected them here. Especially strange it seemed to hear laments over the lack of increase and fears of the positive diminution of the population. It seems, however, that the entire coast from the Isthmus to the Straits is unfriendly to the white man, and that he can flourish here only by giving special attention to his food and his house. This, hitherto, no community on the coast has done. Nowhere is there any knowledge of hygiene, and the infant mortality is shocking. A thousand infants die every month in Santiago, and in addition to these every day's paper, in its list of the dead, contains the names of from five to ten children who have reached sufficient age to be baptized. The causes are ignorance of the elements of nursing, improper food, overcrowding,

filth, and vermin. Efforts are being made to provide proper houses, or at least houses less deadly than the ancient, malodorous adobe shacks that house so many of the poor, but there is much inertia and a spirit of comfortable, religious resignation, very difficult to combat. So long as the belief prevails that the infant blessed by the priest goes straight to Heaven, and, moreover, so long as this death is the occasion of a celebration very like an Irish wake, it will probably be difficult to get active co-operation in hygienic reform.

*En route to TALCA,
March 11, 1920.*

WE have spent three days in what is by general consent the most beautiful seaside resort in Chile, and, if the opinions of the Chileans are accepted, the most beautiful in the world. The Moule River, at the mouth of which this picturesque little town is situated, was a navigable stream until the bar at its mouth became impassable. Now only small craft enter,

and of its former manifold seafaring activities there remain only the building of lighters. This, they say, furnishes employment for nearly a thousand men and boys—I thought the number exaggerated—and the rest of the population lives by fishing and by the summer visitor who has become the mainstay of the place.

One can hardly avoid comparison with places on the New England coast, such as Buzzard's Bay, Newburyport, Gloucester, or St. Andrews, New Brunswick. It is possible that in the matter of climate Constitución has an advantage over all of these, for there is no rain on this coast for three months of the year. In the matter of scenery also it would be possible to claim first place for Constitución, for it has river and mountain, broad beaches, and a wealth of craggy coast with hills and winding trails in the background. It would not, however, quite equal St. Andrews in scenery, and with that the comparison stops. In every element of comfort, of the graces of life, of charm and dignity, no comparison is possible.

The accommodation of the best hotel in the town is hardly on a par with the poorest boarding house of Buzzard's Bay, and, of course, cleanliness, as it is practised in New England, is a foreign language here as elsewhere on this coast. Nevertheless, in spite of unswept floors, doubtfully washed dishes, an occasional flea in the daytime and many mosquitoes at night, we greatly benefited from our visit and enjoyed it.

We were fortunate in our company, Señor José Toribio Medina and his wife, whose knowledge of things Chilean as well as all other things Hispanic is past finding out. Like ourselves they were on a vacation, to rest and play. We had walked and ridden together, paid visits, and enjoyed one another's company at the hotel table without a single dull moment.

*En route to SANTIAGO,
March 13, 1920.*

WE spent the night in Talca, the fourth city of Chile, a solid, compact town without notable feature, which lies in a



“ We were fortunate in our company, Señor Medina
and his wife ”



An ox team



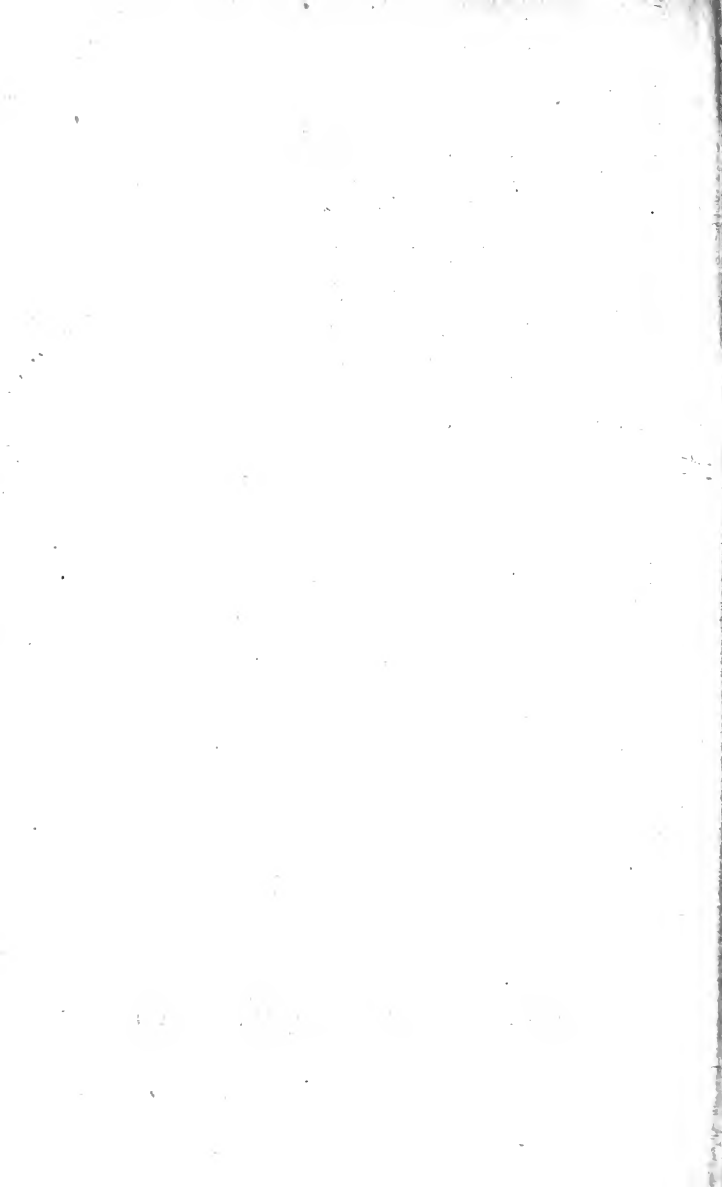
Tiny mule-drawn tram

hollow surrounded by low hills. The pride and glory of Talca is its Plaza, which Talcans consider superior to that of Santiago and probably the finest in the world, for the vanity of Talca is proverbial. They say that the people of Talca arrange the cities of the world in the following order : Talca, Paris, London, and perhaps New York. It is said also that the legend is generally accepted which declares that the bones of Don Quixote are buried in the Plaza. They are quite right in taking pride in their Plaza, it is ample, filling an entire block like that of Santiago, well planted and well kept, with a broad walk nearly as wide as a street running round it, set in tiles to rival the tiled walk of the Plaza in the capital. On one of the four sides there are substantial buildings, but on the other three ordinary dwellings and places of business. Apart from this square there seems to be nothing in Talca but a succession of ill-paved streets, rows on rows of the usual one storey, adobe, cement-covered houses, shops, and markets.

The train stopped for ten minutes at Rancagua, where there was much bustle and activity. The long platform presented a study of Chilean life more than usually varied. A long line of women with baskets of peaches, plums, grapes, green figs, cakes, and sweetmeats of all kinds, squatted close to the train, beating away the flies and calling their wares. The first-class passengers crowded around them or edged their way along and a close procession of second and third-class passengers struggled along with their multitudinous luggage.

There were ranchers with ponchos of red and blue, black and white, and faded browns; there were servants with their black mantillas over their heads, and village people going avisting, carrying chickens, turkeys, pet dogs, and kids wrapped in sacks under their arms. It is, I imagine, in the third-class carriages that the great bottom strata of Chile can be best observed. Here, on long benches that face one another, are soldiers, rotos, railroad hands, an occasional priest, shepherds, and their various

women folk, in a fairly democratic intimacy. It is a closed world to the traveller, but gives me impressions very like those I get from Kipling's pictures of Indian railways. There are no castes here, but with the close grip of the senatorial class on the land it is no easy task for the low-class man to change his status.



SANTIAGO, CHILE,
March 18, 1920.

THE foreigner gets light on the actual Chile very gradually, for Chileans are notoriously uncommunicative. Señor Medina prides himself on being informativo, but I think the average Chilean is as inexpressive and unexpressive as any sort of man in the world. He is not merely silent, but morosely mute. He not only does not talk, he does not sing. Even the Peruvian and the Bolivian sings, sad songs, it is true, uttering the melancholy of the race, but the Chilean seems to feel no need to unburden his heart in speech or in song. One has to provoke a discussion and stir up controversy in order to get any expression of opinion even among one's friends.

A young man who has lived under the same roof with me for some weeks and

gradually grown communicative tells me that he is going to run for Congress, and is sure to be elected, because he has the support of one of the great landowners who can dispose absolutely of the votes of several thousand peasants who live on his land. "Why, of course," says my secretary, "he controls their food; they don't dare offend him. If they didn't vote as he told them he would find it out, and they would suffer. The hand of the landowner lies heavy on the peon. In the city, naturally, there is no such control, but in the country (and Chile is an agricultural nation) the landlords are supreme. So the Senate is filled with great landowners who really form an oligarchy and in the last analysis control the Government."

SANTIAGO, *March* 21, 1920.

ONE does not need to travel far to discover that the Government of Chile is heavy-handed and far from the democratic, responsive, sympathetic instrument that some of one's Chilean friends consider

it. There is something to be said for their contention in so far as the parliamentary side of government is concerned. The Cabinet is responsive, or can readily be made so; for a single Deputy, apparently, has power such as one time was common to a Senator in Washington, by exercising his right to unlimited speech, to block progress and compel the resignation of the Cabinet. In consequence, the life of a Cabinet is short and the office of Minister not highly valued. As Señor Huidobro, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, remarked to me the other day, "It is rather a sign of eminence here not to be a Minister than to be one."

The frequent fall of Ministries, with the attendant reverberations, gives a false sense of executive weakness and of power on the outside. In fact, however, the actual mechanism of government as it touches the public is rigid, Prussian, and repressive, and is not much affected by changes of party or personnel; all apparently agreeing that a "strong government" is necessary for Chile, for,

whatever their party, all alike are subject to the autocratic control of the Senatorial oligarchy.

Two evenings ago, as we were driving down the Alameda at dusk, we saw a considerable group of men and boys with banners, holding a strikers' meeting at the base of a famous statue to the heroes of Chile. The meeting appeared to be orderly, yet at the next cross street we saw a squadron of mounted police, and the next morning we read that several of the leaders in the demonstration had been arrested. This morning there are signs posted calling for a meeting of protest, but the public seems unresponsive; it expects and takes for granted an amount of police supervision which would hardly be tolerated elsewhere. We saw many processions of all sorts in Lima and seldom noted the police; here in every procession we have seen there seem to be two mounted policemen to every four or five marchers, and the demonstrations are as decorous as the afternoon constitutional of the Sisters' school.

SANTIAGO, *March 21, 1920.*

OUR boys have begun to go to school, and we are getting some insight into Chilean education. They are attending the National Institute, by common consent the best school in Chile, and find many things surprising. Every pupil not only buys his own books, and his own pencils, rulers, and paper, but also his own pen and ink, and carries the whole cumbrous outfit to and fro to every session, so that one sees small boys toiling sadly along with baggage enough for a long journey looking like walking stationery shops. We are assured that under the law of Chile corporal punishment is forbidden in schools, but the boys say there is a whip kept in the office, and for the slightest infraction of discipline the offender is sent to be whipped. In other respects the morale is antiquated: windows are not opened, the teachers bullyrag the scholars, occasionally handling them roughly, and there is the usual imperfect regard for cleanliness.

The boys report a large proportion of foreign names among the scholars, especially German, Italian, and English, which falls in with the testimony of one of the leading authorities, who tells me that in the High Schools and Universities about fifty per cent. of the students are foreign. Evidently the Chilean has no overmastering ambition for learning. It appears also that the school facilities only provide for twenty-two per cent. of the children of school age and that no more than sixteen per cent. attend. That this is not by reason of want of room appears from the figures at the Braden mine, where, although abundant facilities are provided, the percentage of attendance is the same as elsewhere. It is not surprising, therefore, that illiteracy is the rule rather than the exception; but it is disconcerting to discover, after the hall-boy, who is very intelligent, has been handling your letters for three weeks, that he can't tell Parker from McPherson, and that your maid cannot count beyond three. In Peru and Bolivia, where the

servants were usually Indians, one took illiteracy more or less for granted, it went with the colour; but when it goes with a fairly white face and a neat person it seems incongruous.

SANTIAGO, *March 24, 1920.*

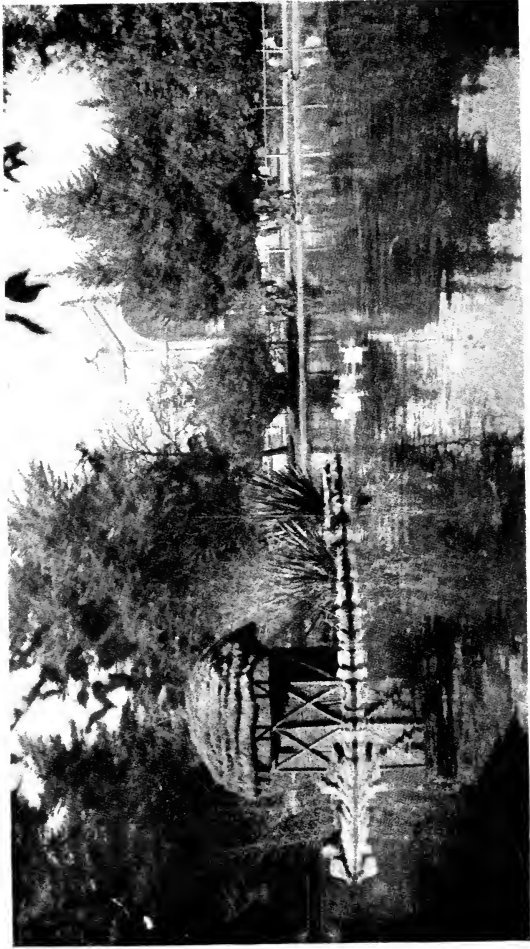
ENOUGH time has now elapsed to make possible a comparison of Santiago and Lima. The contrast is not so sharp as one might expect. The differences are, to be sure, not small; of these the absence here of the Indian and the presence of the mountains make the greatest. As is constantly forced on one's attention, here and everywhere in South America, race and climate are the chief factors in the life of a nation. In both Santiago, which is to say Chile, is the more fortunate. With her greater distance from the Equator, her altitude, and her position among the mountains, she has an immense advantage. The air is more bracing and the people are more energetic. The absence of the Indian, on the other hand,

removes the bottom stratum, and leaves Chile better off for the lack of another weak, dispirited, and exploitable element ; for, of course, there is no absolute absence of the ignorant and exploitable here, any more than there is of the Indian blood. The visible Indian, with his poncho and sandals, is missing, but his blood is everywhere. One of the most intelligent Chilean women I have met tells me that she doubts whether there are Chileans without Indian blood, and for her part she is proud to have it. Of course, this is heresy, if not treason, but the truth of it is visible in every Chilean face, and the mass of the lower level of society, illiterate and hopelessly impoverished, are obviously Indian in their essential character and condition.

Of the outward and visible differences between Lima and Santiago the hotels and the paved streets are the most important. The Maury in Lima is but a poor thing ; the Savoy here is a modern, clean, and pleasant hostelry. In Lima there are only three or four streets on which you



The Parque Cousiño



The Quinta Normal

may drive without discomfort ; here there are a dozen. Each city relies chiefly on its main avenue, the Paseo Colón in Lima, the Alameda here ; but Santiago has, besides, two delightful parks in which one may drive with comfort and enjoyment, while Lima has only the sea-front drive, very fine at its best, but not well kept, and only in spots equal to the fine and comfortable roads of the Parque Cousiño or the Quinta Normal.

SANTIAGO, *March* 26, 1920.

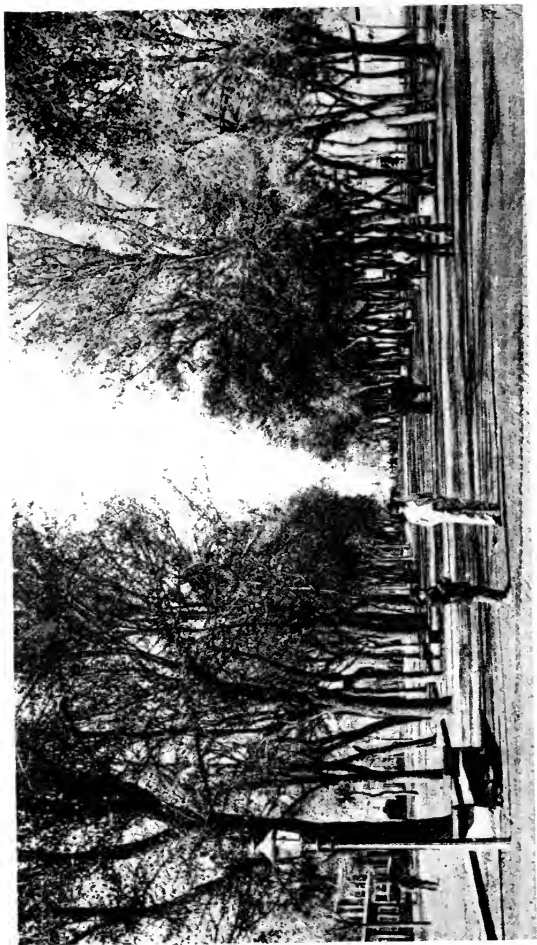
I HAVE just paid a visit to His Grace Crescente Errázuriz, Archbishop of Santiago, and found it thoroughly enjoyable. I was fortunate in having as my guide Don José Toribio Medina, who is an old and intimate friend of the Archbishop, so the call was an informal one. We found him at his house, an unpretentious dwelling on a quiet street, which, legend says, is on the site of the house of Pedro Valdivia, the conqueror and founder of Santiago. We were admitted into a tiny

courtyard, thence into a narrow, porch-like ante-room, and ushered into the Archbishop's sitting-room, which opened into an equally tiny, walled garden hung with creepers. There was a minute before the Archbishop entered to glance at the room, a scholar's apartment, simply and plainly furnished, its severity relieved by cushions in the long sofa, above which hung three charming little oil paintings of religious subjects, done in flat tones, but of unmistakable age and excellence, and framed in antique frames of glazed wood and gold. Higher on the walls were large steel engravings, and there were small tables, with books and papers and fruit and a cigar-box, which gave another friendly touch to the room.

The Archbishop entered, a tall, imposing figure, who moved in his robes with some of the stateliness of office united to an appealing air of age and impending infirmity. He approached his old friend, took his hand and held it, with a long benignant smile, while he asked the usual questions about the health of



Crescente Errázuriz, Archbishop of Santiago



The Alameda, Santiago

the family. He turned then to me, and, shaking hands with a simple, kindly manner, murmured "Muchisimo gusto!" We sat down, chatted of the Hispanic Society and my task here, I made my little presentation of the *Romances Historicas Sacadas*, etc., a copy of *The Cubans* and of the *Catalogue*, and the conversation turned to politics, the mismanagement of the railways, and crops. The old man's interest in politics was keen, and his knowledge of men and affairs evidently first rate, derived, too, as it seemed to me, from first-hand conversation, which, here especially, is immeasurably surer than the printed medium.

I had asked him for his autograph, and we all passed into his study while he wrote it in a firm hand and with a flourish a little old-fashioned, giving the simple act an air of ceremony. This room also was plainly furnished, without a hint of luxury, but also without severity. He seems too much of a man to pose and too much of a scholar and a gentleman for mere asceticism. Yet they say he rises

at four, works till eleven or twelve, and after breakfast allows himself only an hour's siesta before the afternoon's work.

As he rose from his desk, a plain, modern roll-top affair, on which rested the two archiepiscopal caps, one red, the other purple, I noted again how tall he is, and he reminded us that he is eighty-one. I recalled an interview some years ago with Cardinal Gibbons, and felt the comparison all in favour of the Chilean Churchman. His lofty and noble figure, his clean linen, his simple, benignant scholar's face, his thick grey eyebrows that draw down like a veritable screen before his eyes, his fine strong hands and his manner of entire sincerity and freedom from self-consciousness, all told the story of a gentleman, a scholar and a kindly man.

We left with regret on our part and the friendliest expressions on the part of our host, who shook hands with us at the door, and, following us to the gate, shook hands again, with a smile that was a benediction.

SANTIAGO, *March 28, 1920.*

FOR a week now the morning papers have been filled with diatribes on the "Peru-Bolivia incident," an echo of the interminable Tacna-Arica question, which is the South American analogue to Alsace-Lorraine.

Nearly all the references to the topic, by individuals as well as the Press, are marked by animosity, and some by extreme bitterness and hate. The outburst has been very interesting to us, because for two months previously we were constantly being assured that Chile was utterly indifferent to Peru and all things Peruvian, regarding her poor, inferior, defeated enemy of old, with complacent unconcern touched with commiseration. Whenever one referred to Peru he was told that Peru, of course, felt an intense and hostile interest in Chile, but Chile was not the least concerned about Peru, one never heard the word in the clubs, etc., etc. To all this there was an answer. The Peruvian Chancellor's telegram to

Bolivia protesting against her project of acquiring the port of Arica, which is in the "lost provinces," produced an explosion. Everywhere the lofty indifference as to the poor Peruvian gave place to savage denunciation. The Peruvians were Indians, negroes, cowards, traitors. In short, the vials of wrath were uncorked and have been dripping ever since. Some of the paragraphs and cartoons were savage; for example, the illustration on the front cover of *Sucesos*, a popular weekly magazine, which portrays Peru as a naked negress, with nose-ring, armlets, and ankle-rings, and the central caricature, representing Uncle Sam with Peru and Bolivia, two naked piccaninnies, clutching his legs, while Bolivia explains that with one hand he could beat that *coward*.

The episode sufficed to dispel the illusion of Olympian indifference and lofty unconcern. One learns now that Chile maintains a constant propaganda abroad, and has within a year or two sought the services of the head of an American bank here to make the propa-

SUCESOS



411 4222
411 915
—
Sábado de
7:30, 23 de
marzo de 1931
—
PRETO,
de 'ENTAYOS

MURDO
Joko Bull.—Y hira choifa, puerón Gij,
la San c'caída en su escudo, es decir, el
su honor, ¿qué ha hecho usted para defen-
dérlo?
Kise.—Armar en tele tele de mil dem-
nias y colocar el escudo en su vitra, pata

Chilean cartoon: a jibe at Peru



Typical street off main thoroughfares

ganda more efficient. It appears also that the representation of Peru as negro is no chance stroke of the cartoonist, but belongs to the propaganda. The boys report that at school the Peruvians are constantly referred to as largely negro, and since it was learned that they had been in Peru both teachers and scholars repeatedly inquire whether the Peruvians are not mostly negroes, with evident disappointment at the reply that there were very few negroes there. I have had professors and librarians, theoretically the most intelligent of men, seriously inquire whether the Peruvians were not at least thirty per cent. negro.

Not all the wrath was directed against Peru; the United States came in for a share also, showing how sore was the nerve that was touched. The cable from Washington directed to all three Governments alike, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, was bitterly resented. One's friends and acquaintances, almost without exception, demand reasons; my neighbour the banker tells me that at least fifty Chileans

have demanded reasons, meaning apologies, from him. The newspapers have printed editorials recalling all the old grievances against the United States, and the United States Chamber of Commerce in Valparaiso has been badly enough frightened to pass resolutions which amount to a public apology, a thing which only adds to the Chilean's sense of his own importance and of the justice of his complaint.

SANTIAGO, *March 28, 1920.*

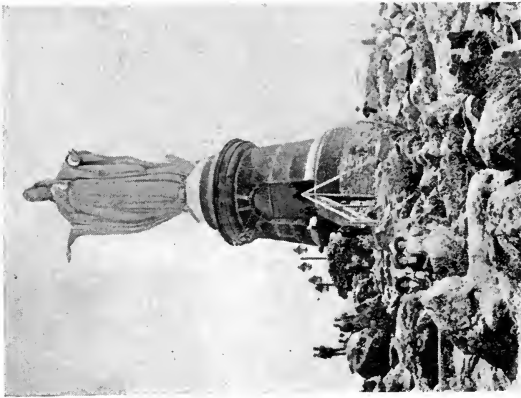
WE have paid another visit to the chief beauty spot of Santiago, Santa Lucia Hill. It is a remarkable place, both by nature and by art, and the city owes a debt of gratitude to the memory of Vicuña Mackenna, who conceived the plan and the excellent landscape architecture of it. A winding road, beautifully shaded, turns in a spiral half-way to the top, which is reached by steps skilfully placed and often hidden in the natural rock. From the summit the view over the city and to the mountains on either side is magnificent. Even from the



Santa Lucia, the Caupolicán



“ San Cristóbal, usually bare and forbidding ”



Statue of the Virgin, which crowns San Cristóbal

restaurant, which is at the end of the automobile road, there is a noteworthy outlook. There are, I imagine, few places in the world where one may sit on a tree-fringed balcony, sip his tea, and look out over church-towers and across to mountains to right and left. It is easily the most charming spot in the city, and the wonder is that so few Santiguenians appreciate it. A good many come, to be sure, and stroll about, but time after time we have gone and found the balcony empty. To-day, as we crossed the tiled lower balcony, with its carved stone railings and the inevitable fountain, and passed under the Spanish arch, surmounted by the Arms of Charles III, the mountains were immersed in the golden light of sunset. On our left there were the ranks of the lower mountains, with every line gilded and painted with the sinking sun, and on our right the taller snow-capped peaks lighted and warmed with the reflected rays; even San Cristóbal, usually bare and forbidding, was all aglow. It was an effect of a few moments,

but sweet and fine and as consoling as a religious experience.

SANTIAGO, *March 31, 1920.*

TO-DAY was a perfect sample of the autumn climate of Santiago, a sunshine rich and mellow, air soft and still, a hint of drowsiness and luxury and the smell of gathered fruits. This afternoon Fortune favoured me by obliging me to make several little journeys along the Alameda, which was like a basking-place for the autumn spirit. As if by an instinct, the labour-unionists had lighted on this particular afternoon for a great demonstration of "Solidarity," whatever that may mean, and all the cars were still, the cabs were gone, shops were closed, and everywhere people lounged or strolled. The vast breadth of the Alameda, which is like two avenues, with a parkway in the middle, was steeped in sun, and redolent with the odours of fruit and autumn leaves. The very air seemed interfused with indolence and the poppy breath of sloth. And

then down one of the broad avenues came a red banner, leading a straggling host of the workers. First, the girls and women, strolling rather than marching, arm in arm in threes or fives or singly, and from time to time, as it seemed, quite spontaneously, lifting a cheerful "Viva! Viva!" which shrilled across the Alameda and was taken up by the solider ranks of men and boys behind, who gave it back often half-heartedly, but occasionally with a full-throated shout that had depth and plenty of volume. So they went marching in their casual, undisciplined formation down the great avenue to where I saw at a distance a great assembly of red banners round a statue and heard a deeper murmur. Strains of the *Marseillaise* floated back to me, and some along the way shook their heads, but it was hard to believe anything serious could happen on a day so filled with the warmth and perfume of the lotus.

SANTIAGO, *April 2, 1920.*

I HAVE alluded before to the high death-rate in Chile, and to the misgiving

among well-informed people as to the future. There are fears of a gradual depopulation. To-day's paper points the moral afresh in an article showing an excess of 159 deaths over births since the first of the year in Santiago alone, and in the month of March a total of 1265 deaths, of which 736 were of infants less than a year old. This in Santiago, which is believed to have the finest climate, and the best hygienic conditions to be found in the country. To add to the seriousness of the matter, one notes that the official in charge of these statistics declares that the infant mortality is increasing, and that the evidence points to a growing debility in the race. He quotes the totals of deaths for three years, 1917, 5095; 1918, 5204; 1919, 6885, and for 1920 prognosticates a much higher total.

These figures and the gloomy views of competent physicians reawaken one's doubts about the West Coast as an habitat for the white race, or for the mestizo, which the Chilean is. One's dubiety is not diminished by a study of the Chilean

vital statistics. To be sure they show a gross increase in population, but the figures are looked at askance; not without reason. For example, one's eye falls on the causes of death: "Convulsiones de los niños" is given as the cause of death of 373 children in 1909; of 710 in 1910; of 4194 in 1911; of 6097 in 1912. This was going pretty fast, and evidently struck some one as too rapid, so in 1913 it appeared as the cause of only 1613 deaths, and in 1914 of only 1485. "Other causes" took its place, rising from 1902 in the year 1911 to 2152 in 1912, 5644 in 1913, and 6894 in 1915.

The statistics, it is plain, will not bear examination. Everybody agrees that the last census was a humbug, and one is left with a disposition to believe the worst. What I am inclined to suspect is that the dust of ages, which on much of the coast is never laid by rain, continues to bear the germs of Inca and pre-Inca diseases, which, with all their successors, are not only carried by the wind, but also by the flies which likewise go unmitigated, for

there is neither frost nor snow to give a good clearance of them or their eggs. Flies by the million and the infinite disorders of the past civilizations carried in dust across the plains, retained in the adobe walls, constantly given off in the crumbling and disintegration of daily use, afford an abundant variety of ills unknown to other parts of the world and uncombated by adequate precautions or decent conditions of life.

SANTIAGO, CHILE,
Good Friday, April 2, 1920.

JUST at dusk this evening we went into the Cathedral, to find the service over and the church nearly empty. While we stood looking down the long nave, the clergy gathered at the altar, formed a group about the Archbishop, as if to receive his Benediction, and then in a procession moved down the central aisle, the Archbishop supported on either side by one of the higher clergy. The pace was very slow and the effect quite solemn, for, long before one could see his face, it was plain that the old man was worn out with the vigil and toil of Passion Week. He drew on with feeble and heavy steps, his face lined, his eyes leaden, his chin set, his shoulder sunken, every sign proclaiming his exhaustion.

As he approached, the remnants of the

congregation bent their knees and rose to crowd about him, with every mark of respect and affection. He was a reverend figure as he passed us, with his head, crowned with his four-cornered purple cap of office, held stiffly up against the weight of years and weariness, and his black surtout, against which hung in its heavy golden chain a splendid cross, framed in the folds of the purple robe that he carried draped over his arm.

The congregation closed in about him as he moved to his automobile, and stood bareheaded while he entered and drove away.

SANTIAGO, *April 8, 1920.*

I HAVE been visiting the four leading newspapers of Santiago—*El Mercurio, La Nación, Diario Ilustrado* and *La Unión*. They are fairly representative of the city and I think of the country also. I shall trouble you with only one of them. *El Mercurio* is nearly a hundred years old, strong, prosperous, and well-managed. Its home, which is nearly opposite the

Hall of Congress, is a huge, red building, an old palace that retains in its lofty and spacious entrance hall, its immense stairway, and its heavily barred windows, many of the marks of the colonial architecture.

Within one finds a vigorous life: the staff of *El Mercurio* is admittedly the strongest group of journalists in Chile, and though it has many critics and some enemies, it has no very close rival. Its editors include Carlos Silva Vildósola, who was the most ardent Chilean supporter of the Allies in the recent war; Armando Donoso, who wields the most brilliant and productive pen in Chile; Emilio Vaïsse, the foremost literary critic, and half-a-dozen others less notable.

The editors' offices open on the gallery that runs all round the central entrance hall. Here is the focus of the paper, and one at least of the centres of the life of the city, for everybody comes here, to tell or learn the news. A governor of a remote province with his story of Peruvian aggressions, a politician with news of a fresh

parliamentary combination, a promoter with a new nitrate mine, a poet with a new volume of verses—I have met them all and been delighted with the sense of life, the zest, the eager give and take of conversation. At the other newspaper offices I have found competent journalists, well-equipped plants, evidences of energy as well as intelligence, but nowhere else the same feeling of a centre of political and intellectual life as in the *Mercurio*.

SANTIAGO, April 11, 1920.

THIS morning we were awakened by trumpets and drums in the street below, and went to the window to see a procession that might have been witnessed a thousand years ago on the Via Sacra, when the Roman Pontifex Maximus made his visits of inspection.

The Bishop of Santiago was setting forth on a visitation to one of the churches, and went in a chariot drawn and propelled by bareheaded acolytes in faded yellow lace coats, preceded by a crucifero and

attended by Roman flamos, except that these carried candles. He sat within the closed carriage, with attendant cruciferos on either side and followed by an array of the higher and lower clergy in robes of ceremony.

Behind in a long line came the trumpeters, but here one lost touch with Rome. Instead of the long, straight, silver trumpets were modern brass instruments, and instead of the Roman cloak the players wore khaki uniforms. But it was a splendid glimpse that united us for an instant to the past.

The next episode of the day seemed like passing from the Via Sacra to the Catacombs. An hour later my friend the Presbyterian missionary, who has been working for more than thirty years to spread the Gospel here, working perforce among the poor, because the rich and cultivated are inaccessible, came and took me to the slums to attend his Sunday School. We went by tram a considerable distance and penetrated to streets I had not seen, full of conventillos,

alleys that lead to rows of one-room habitations opening upon narrow courts or tiny patios, where all the families do their cooking and washing in the same communal open-air style as was common in the mean streets of the Rome of the Cæsars.

We entered the modest building, and the company assembled, men, women, and children, to the number of 130. Many of them greatly needed washing, some of the children were barefoot and some wore shoes that hardly deserved the name, but they joined in the responsive reading, and sang with enthusiasm. It was interesting to hear the old hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!" as "Santo, Santo, Santo! Señor Omnipotente!"

In spite of one's sympathy with the spirit and zeal of the missionary, the insistent doubt returns: Is it worth while? One of my friends tells me that missions, Congregational or Presbyterian, have been maintained in Talca for sixty years without making any notable impression. At the end of more than half-a-

century of labour with many devoted men and women and at great expense of money, Chile remains Romanist or infidel. There are said to be only about thirteen thousand professing Protestants in the country, and, as everybody knows, many of these are Christians in profession only. One wonders how many would remain in that faith if the missionaries went home.

When one talks with the men who are labouring here far from home to accomplish this tremendous task of changing the faith and morals of a whole people, he feels baffled at their lack of comprehension of the nature of the task or of the means to the end. There is a good deal of honest uncomprehending, oxlike, plodding industry, but often an utter blindness to the profound racial and historical differences that separate the American from the Hispanic peoples and make the superimposition of one culture upon the other a practical impossibility. The point of view of the American missionary and teacher here is very similar to that of the Yankee business man, who regards his own

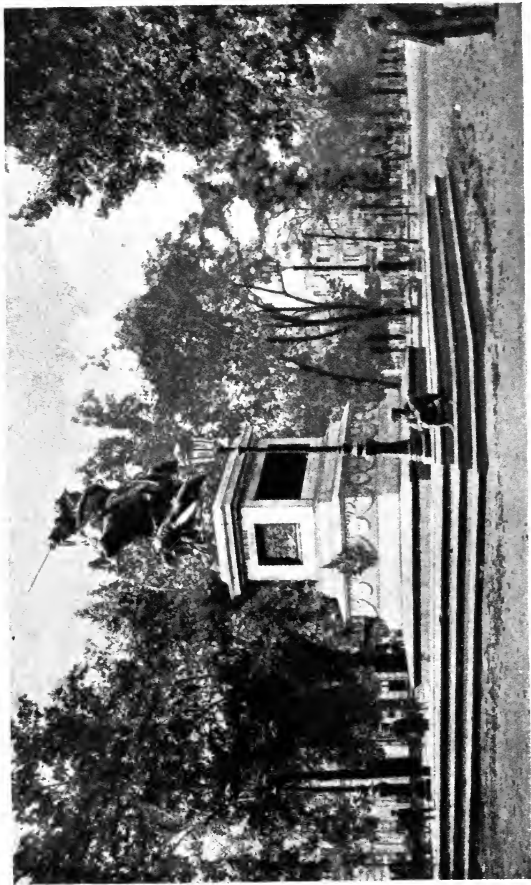
civilization, government, education, and religion as the perfect model which the rest of the world is bound sooner or later to adopt, and only delays in adopting because of its ignorance or sloth. That other peoples may be equally convinced of the superiority of their own culture seems never to occur to him, and that, in fact, each people has its own nature and type, distinct as the types of trees, and as impossible to standardize and make uniform, would, I think, be a revolutionary idea to him. He would not dream of turning a palm tree into a pine, but he lightly essays the infinitely more difficult task of transforming a Chilean into an Anglo-Saxon.

SANTIAGO, *April 11, 1920.*

So much has been written about the beauty and fascination of South American women that I have been alert to appreciate their charm. I think it has been exaggerated. I am inclined to think that we have here a tradition which dates from



Chilean belles



Statue of General O'Higgins

the time when strangers arrived on this coast after a long and dreary voyage unrelieved by any social intercourse, and came ashore in a highly impressionable state, to find a society equally avid of novelty and eager to greet a stranger bringing news and perhaps personal attractions besides. So the well-connected or well-introduced visitor found his hosts charming, the country and the climate entrancing, and the ladies lovely.

It would be grossly unjust to say that the charms were imaginary. From day to day on the streets one sees faces that would arrest the artist's eye; there are girls whose youth and vivacity are as fascinating here as in New Orleans or New York, and there are women who have faces and forms of undeniable attractions. That is only to say what must be true anywhere where a quarter of a million people are gathered together. But what of the special and local type of beauty? I think one may say here, as in Peru, that the mingling of Spanish and Indian blood has produced a good many interesting

examples; as to a definite type I am in doubt. Occasionally one sees a face that is compelling for its depth of colour and its conquering aquilinity of line, "more terrible than an army with banners," and at rare intervals one sees a matron with an air of subdued but pervading dignity, like an emanation that affects the air she breathes and the streets she walks on. Two such as this I have seen, and a number of merely smart women, faithful and wholly satisfied reflections of the Fifth Avenue fashion plates. I have doubts as to the type of beauty, but I have no doubts as to the mantilla, which is the chief aid and equipment of the local belles. As worn by young women, it affords not merely an article of dress, but a stage property. Whatever may have been its origin, probably in the peasant costume of mediæval Spain, its almost universal use here is due to the prescription of the Church which until to-day has forbidden hats to be worn in the churches. The early form of the mantilla seems to have been designed like a Moorish veil to

cover the head and face, but the craft of women long since turned the repressive decrees of the clergy to its uses, and transformed a mortifying restriction to another weapon of attack. It can be draped in a thousand forms to convey anything from complete sanctity and holy abnegation to the most frivolous coquetry. It is to the mantilla in the costume and the Indian strain in the blood that we may look for the Chilean "type" of beauty, if there is one.

When one reflects upon the deeper qualities of womanhood, one is aware of more misgivings about Chilean women. I do not say that they are lax in morals, but I do think that the finer moral sense is wanting in them. It seems impossible to me that young women of delicate instincts could endure to parade by the hour evening after evening round and round the Plaza before the eyes of close-packed lines of young men, almost touching as they pass, and encountering at this close range the unblushing and unrestrained gaze of the average young Santiguenian.

One can hardly imagine five hundred young women of good family in any American city voluntarily seeking and basking in this sort of appraisal, inspection, ogling, and familiarity by the male population of the town. There is something lacking here, and the daily recurrence of this parade disposes finally of the claim of superior refinement and delicacy sometimes set up for the Latin-American young woman.

SANTIAGO, *April 12, 1920.*

I HAVE paid a visit to the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Antonio Huneeus, who, after one of the frequent cabinet crises to which Chile is subject, has taken the place of Señor Alamiro Huidobro. The interview was long delayed, because the Papal Nuncio arrived just as we were about to enter, and, as he takes precedence by courtesy over every one here, we waited nearly an hour. Then he made his exit in due state, a picturesque figure in crimson robe and biretta, flanked by

black-robed secretaries and accompanied by the assistant-secretary, who showed him, with all deference, to the door, and remained bowing while he went away.

We found the Minister sitting in the same place where we had greeted his predecessor a few days ago, in the far corner of the great apartment of State, and looking rather small and insignificant. He is a neat little figure, like a Boston law professor, with thin, well-brushed grey hair and beard, a neat, spare person in a pepper-and-salt suit, rather correct and prim in appearance. We sat on a sofa, and he listened to my brief remarks about the Society, then in measured terms proceeded to express his sense of the value and importance of the task the Society has in hand. He spoke of Chile's position in the world, her desire for amity and good understanding, which, he added, she maintains with all her neighbours, except Peru, where special circumstances and past events operate to make cordial relations impossible at present, etc., etc. It seemed a little like a well-conned

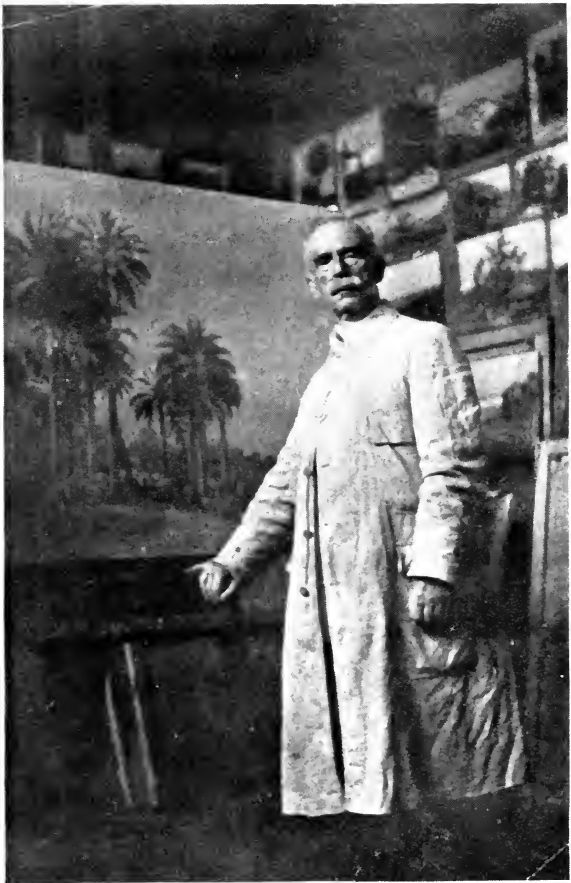
lesson. Later the conversation became lighter, and he managed to smile at some of my attempts at levity. We made our modest presentations and withdrew, with the feeling that the room and the task was too large for our host to animate.

SANTIAGO, *April 15, 1920.*

THE art treasures of Santiago seem to be very limited, and the production of works of art very slight. This is partly accounted for by the fact that up to this time Chile has not developed any native resources. There are Chilean painters, of whom some, *e.g.* Jarpa, Espinosa, Correa, Valenzuela, Helsby, and Rebolledo, are competent craftsmen, but their work, excepting only the last, is plainly derivative and their inspiration obviously foreign. Their eyes are still on Paris, where they had their training, and where much of their best work was done. Lately all six of those I have mentioned have shown signs of finding a field in the Chilean landscape, but it is said that their pictures are



Eucarpio Espinosa, after a portrait by himself



Onofre Jarpa in his studio

either sold abroad or have to be shown and praised there before they can find a market here. It is the hall-mark of Paris or New York which gives them value.

I have already referred to the very small number of Chilean subjects that are to be found in the Chilean section of the National Museum, and I have yet to find a good collection of Chilean subjects painted by Chilean artists anywhere else. The best presentation of Chile in pictures that I have yet seen is an extensive series of water-colours by a French artist, Bonnencontre, who seems to have got stranded here, is teaching in the School of Architecture, and accumulating a stock of pictures with which some day he is going to take Paris by storm. I have no doubt he will make an impression when he has his exhibition there, for the views of the Cordillera, the ranches, the roads, the valleys, rivers, and plateaus are very striking, full of gorgeous colour and sublime effects of landscape. Whether they will capture the public that cares for pictures and buys them is another

question, for these magnificent transcripts of mountain peaks and rainbow-hued haunts of the guanache have none of the homely, human quality that makes pictures pleasant to live with.

I have found only one other lot of pictures. These are in the hands of what appears to be the only picture dealer worthy the name in Santiago, a Señor, a man of some wealth, who has a great house filled with all manner of collectanea: ivories, carved chests, mounted and unmounted stones, old silver, vestments, furniture, and pictures. Of these he has a rather heterogeneous collection, running from a so-called Ribera, a huge, forbidding canvas of the Prophet Elias in the Desert, to pretty little things of the modern French school. Among them is a picture of St. James the Apostle, which is said to have come from the Senate Chamber in Lima, and is the first notable example of the spoils of the War of the Pacific that I have seen. It suggests the possibility, however, that many more of the treasures of the house may have had a

FROM CHILE

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similar origin. I enclose a priced list of sixteen just as he wrote it for me; it gives a fairly adequate idea of the lot.

| | Dólares. |
|---|----------|
| 1. Profeta Elias en el Desierta. Atribuido a Ribera. En perfecto estado. 145 × 97 cent. | 2000 |
| 2. San Santiago Apostol. Sin autor, escuela española, muy antiguo. 85 × 62 cent. | 550 |
| 3. Virgin con el niño. Atribuido a Ribalta. 58 × 22 cent. | 800 |
| 4. Cabeza de Viejo—Escuela Italiano, sin autor, en muy buenas condiciones. 40 × 30 cent. | 600 |
| 5. Paisaje con figuras. 22 × 17 cent. | 300 |
| 6. Paisaje antiguo de F. Post. 40 × 33 cent. En madera | 450 |
| 7. Flamenco "Mercado" en madera; muy antiguo y de gran merito artistico; sin autor. 60 × 50 cent. | 1800 |
| 8. Jota Española. Atribuido a Goya. 34 × 26 cent. | 1400 |

AND MONOGRAPHS

VII

| | Dólares. |
|---|----------|
| 9. Interior con figuras. Atribuido a Kerel de Moor. 32 × 24 cent. | 400 |
| 10. Leccion de Canto de Bouison. En madera. 35 × 22 cent. | 450 |
| 11. Marina de Albonge 1868. 46 × 26 cent. | 1200 |
| 12. Paisaja de Koek Koek. En madera. 45 × 30 cent. | 1200 |
| 13. Puesta de Sol. Paisaje con figuras y caballos, de Bergeret. 45 × 37 cent. | 650 |
| 14. Paisaje con animales. Atribuido a Salvator Rosa. Precioso cuadro. 40 × 30 cent. | 1300 |
| 15. Una Taberna con muchas figuras. Esplendid cuadro antiguo de A. Brauwer. 64 × 38 cent. | 2000 |
| 16. San Jeronimo con el Leon. Gran retable tallado; muy antiguo, del Siglo XV. al XVI. 104 × 74 cent. | 600 |

You will not fail to observe the recurrence of the blessed word "atribuido." Where it is omitted there is still considerable doubt as to the authorship.

SANTIAGO, CHILE,
April 18, 1920.

THE Chilean is a fascinating study, for he is different from his neighbours. He has more pride, greater hardihood, and more ruthlessness than Peruvian, Bolivian, or Argentine. He is proud of his blood and makes absurd claims for his Spanish ancestry, ignoring the plain facts of the small number of Spaniards, and the exceedingly small number of Spanish women, who arrived here during the entire Colonial Period. A recent book by Señor Luis Thayer Ojeda, a descendant of the Thayers of Braintree, Mass., panders to the Chilean's pride of race by a large array of figures, obtained Heaven knows how, to demonstrate the Castilian purity of blood found here. He publishes a column of figures to show that 569,276 Chileans are 100 per cent. Spanish stock, 300,000 93 $\frac{3}{4}$ per

cent. pure, and so on down to a trivial 20,000 who have only $8\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the Spanish fluid in their veins. It is enough to look at the page to see its artificial and mechanical composition; the whole book is clearly an elaborate piece of flattery, yet this is said to be the best work available on the Chilean population.

Perhaps such publications are effectual in sustaining national pride, but they are unnecessary, for neither element in the racial composition ever lacked pride of blood. It was as strong in the Indian as in the Spaniard; both were capable of arrogance and hauteur such as is strange to the Anglo-Saxon and I have seen women pass along the streets of Santiago who were nearly perfect embodiments of insolent and vaunting arrogance. One can find it elsewhere, but here I fancy it is cultivated assiduously and blooms like a flaunting poppy.

The Chilean's hardihood and ruthlessness are well known. They belong to his double inheritance. It was the hardest of Pizarro's grim and insensible freebooters

who made the forbidding adventure across mountains and deserts to this valley, and encountered here the most warlike and indomitable of South American Indians. Two hundred years of savage war did not tend to diminish the grimmer elements of character in either, and their descendants have inherited full store. An example of what bitter things the present-day Chilean can do in cold blood is found in the story of the suppression of the strikers and the mutiny in Iquique a few years ago. The story was told us as we lay in the harbour on the way down from Arica, and the Plaza was pointed out where the thing was done. Strikers to the number of several hundred had gathered in the Plaza in defiance of the orders of the Military Governor, whereupon he ordered out the troops, who mutinied, refusing to fire on their own kind. He then called on the warship in the harbour and got a force of marines with machine-guns. The strikers were given five minutes to disperse and then the machine-guns began to sweep back and forth. Soon most of

the strikers were down, but a few offered resistance, and one who served there as captain tells of leading his men in a charge against them, passing at double-quick over the slippery bodies, his gorge rising at every step. It is said that five hundred were killed that day.

On a petty scale the same insensibility rises to greet one in the incessant hiss and slash of the driver's whip that rises in these streets from morning till night like a curse.

SANTIAGO, *April 20, 1920.*

THIS afternoon we paid a visit to Señor Rebolledo, who is often spoken of as the most typical of Chilean artists. We found him living in a very poor district, remote from the centre of the town, in a neighbourhood not much removed from the slums. A wretched, unkempt, flowerless patch of ground separated the iron fence from the house; the inside of the house seemed equally neglected, and the artist, in shirt sleeves and without a collar, admitted

us into his studio which was also his bedroom.

Rebolledo is undoubtedly a remarkable man. He is emphatically Indian in type : short, broad, with bull-neck and bull-head, he radiates a sort of elemental energy. He talks little except in reply to questions, but admits that he has learned his painting by himself. Indeed, it appears that he is entirely self-taught, knows nothing even of the local Art School, and appears never to have had a single hour's instruction from any master. One can imagine a hostile critic describing him as "a glorified sign-painter," and his methods are, in fact, of utter simplicity. Yet he is no sign-painter. He is, on the contrary, a man of vision and execution. He has "the devouring eye and the portraying hand." He transfers to his canvas visibly the force and energy of his visual impression, so that his figures, cattle, and mountains start from the background.

He showed us a number of pictures of mountain, seaside, and valley, and one or two ideal compositions. Among the

last was a huge canvas, fifteen feet long, of Christ with little children, Chilean children of a marked Indian type, upon a Chilean beach where Christ sat holding out his arms to them. The figures were natural, that of Christ was dignified and sympathetic, and the detail of the children's bodies was excellent, but the picture lacked constructive imagination. There was another of Potiphar's wife, a splendid, heroic-size, fleshly creature that fairly surged from the canvas; but the things that showed him at his best, though he was loth to hear it, were three or four scenes of cattle in a mountain valley. One of these, a white cow moving toward a mountain brook, with the valley rising to the cleft in the hills and topped by a bit of cloud-flecked sky, is I imagine his masterpiece. There is an energy in the line and colour that is quite Sorallaesque.

SANTIAGO, *April* 23, 1920.

ONE hears so much about early hours, of one's friends having their coffee at six

o'clock in the morning and of some persons rising at five, that one does not at first realize how slow and late life is here. In fact, however, one can hardly buy anything in the stores before nine—some stores open later—and at half-past eleven they begin to close, many of them remaining closed until two o'clock. I remember my difficulty in getting anything done at the Anglo South American Bank in Lima because it opened at 9.30, closed at 11.0, resumed at 1.30 or 2.0, and closed again at 4.0. Here they begin again to close their doors at 5 o'clock; they put up their big wooden shutters, or draw down their corrugated iron doors, which come down with a harsh, resounding clangour that fills the street, so that when a dozen of them come down in a row there is a roar like the concentrated noise of riveting on a New York sky-scraper.

All these are hints of the mediævalism that lies just below the surface here. It is an archaic, sessile existence. My friend Mr. McL—tells me that in San Fernando, where he lived for a time, people locked

their heavy doors at eight o'clock in the evening, and many of them stayed in bed in the winter until noon, and my secretary, Señor Silva, assures me there are many people here in Santiago who stir out only in the middle of the day, and adds that he could make a long list of those who have not been out of their houses for years. Many of the houses are still Moorish: large walled-in spaces, where the master and mistress loll in almost complete inactivity, and the numerous dependents and peons, nearly always two or three times as many as are needed for the tasks, work in a kind of patriarchal slavery.

SANTIAGO, *April 24, 1920.*

YESTERDAY, in company with my secretary, Señor Silva, I paid a visit to Lucila Godoy, "Gabriela Mistral," who is generally regarded as the foremost poetess of Chile if not of South America. We found her in a modest little blue-tinted one-storey house on a side street where she is visiting, and where she received

us in a typical Latin-American parlour of the plain people, rather overloaded with modern furniture and bric-à-brac, and with rather too many pictures and decorations on the walls.

Gabriela Mistral is tall and of a noble figure. She might easily be imposing or majestic if she were not so evidently retiring and diffident. She drew her chair into the corner as if to be as inconspicuous as possible, and throughout the visit retained a slightly deprecatory mood, which only disappeared when she grew animated over poetry and the landscape of Southern Chile, where she has been living.

She is dark, of course, with a full brow, a lustrous eye, fine teeth, and a kindly but abstracted expression. She wore a blue serge coat and skirt, and neither in her hair or anywhere did she have the slightest ornament. I could not help studying her expression, which baffled me : it was not happy, nor quite contented, neither was it morose. Inscrutable, I think, is the adjective usually applied to countenances which are not immediately

legible. Well, Gabriela Mistral's expression might be inscrutable. It seemed to me to have a permanent cast of half-melancholy detachment, such as tempted one to interpretations and imaginings. One fancied that she had seen too much too young, that the zest of life and its bloom had left her early; her eyes had the look of one who had gazed on despair, there was something in them so sadly wise. She smiled, and her eyes smiled ever so mildly, as if she could be tolerant of the world's folly, and perhaps of its cruelty too, because she knew it was so ignorant.

She told us more or less about her poems: she writes them to express her moods, but she does not regard them seriously. She has never collected them, though publishers have pestered her to do so, and she has no idea how many there are, for she considers them as mere incidents in her life as a teacher. She thinks her poems of childhood are the best.



Gabriela Mistral



Señor Alessandri, whose nomination to the Presidency
we saw

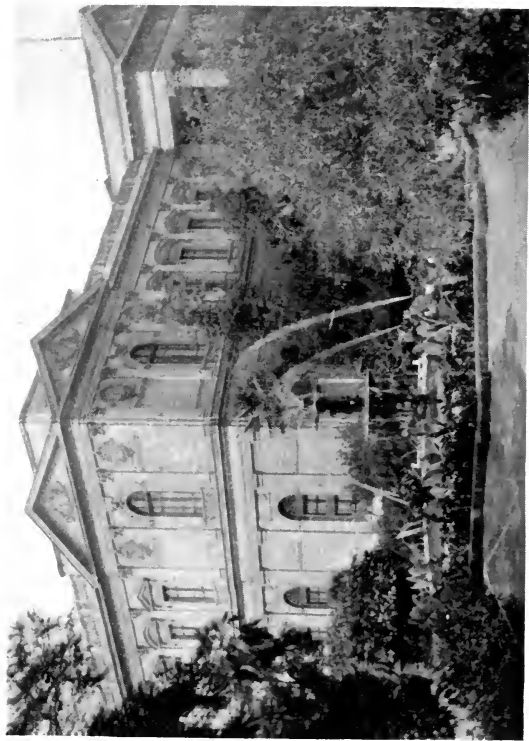
SANTIAGO, *April 25, 1920.*

I HAVE been to a Convention and seen a candidate nominated for the Presidency of Chile. It was held in the Hall of Congress, and, of course, on Sunday afternoon, so that everybody appeared in his best attire and the affair had the aspect of a fiesta. The delegates, to the number of twelve hundred and fifty, sat or stood, for the chairs were insufficient, on the floor which was specially arranged for the purpose with lines of ballot-boxes from the Speaker's desk to the doors, and the public jammed itself by hundreds into the galleries, out of which they leaned and stretched, craning their necks round the supporting columns, and over one another's shoulders, until they looked like the baskets of live turkeys that the country people bring in on horseback.

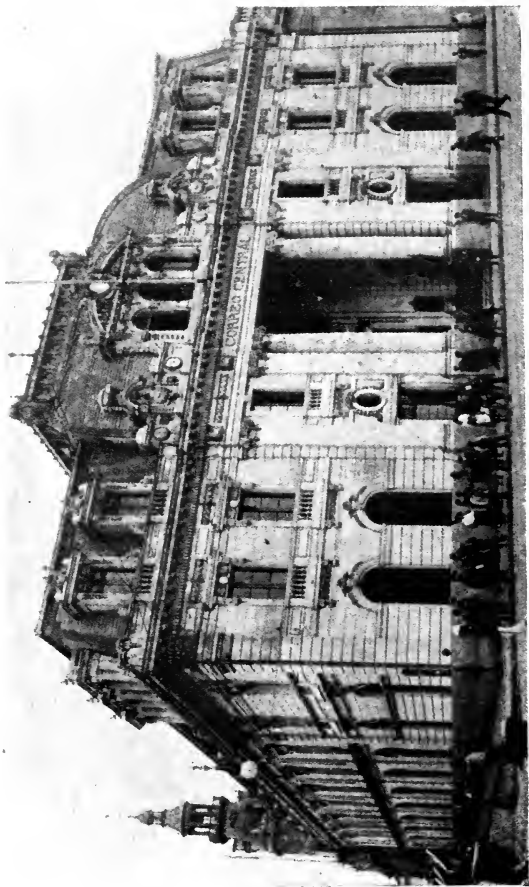
While we were waiting for the proceedings to begin the crowd amused itself with singling out its favourites on the floor, and giving them a cheer or shouting their first names, and waving greetings

in a cheerfully familiar style. The Hall is large and fairly well proportioned, except for being a little too high. It has dignity and less adornment than is usual in Latin-American public buildings. The walls are old ivory, which would be flat but for the colour given by a huge mural painting over the Speaker's desk showing Pedro Valdivia choosing the site for the city, and a great skylight of stained glass that practically fills the ceiling.

The convention gradually settled down and proceeded with a promptness that surprised me to the business of voting. The first ballot showed the "favourite" Alessandri, well in the lead, and his followers who were the most vociferous and the best organized, celebrated the fact with a tremendous din. Still I was hardly prepared for the sequel. I remembered that when Alessandri and his opponent had their opéra-bouffe duel two months ago up yonder beside the Christ of the Andes, many people here said it was all a piece of advertising to further his campaign for the Presidency. The



The House of Deputies



The General Post Office

thing seemed so ridiculous and undignified that I thought, instead of furthering his ambition it would kill it. I misjudged the people. The notoriety served its end, and enabled him, I am told, to obtain 70,000 pesos, which he boldly wagered by buying a full page in the leading paper to be used every day until the election with his propaganda.

Well, the second ballot was counted and Alessandri was announced the victor by a wide margin. The crowd shouted and leaped, tossed its hats, waved its arms, filled the air with loose papers, and made a fair pretence at rivalling an American convention on the announcement of the winner.

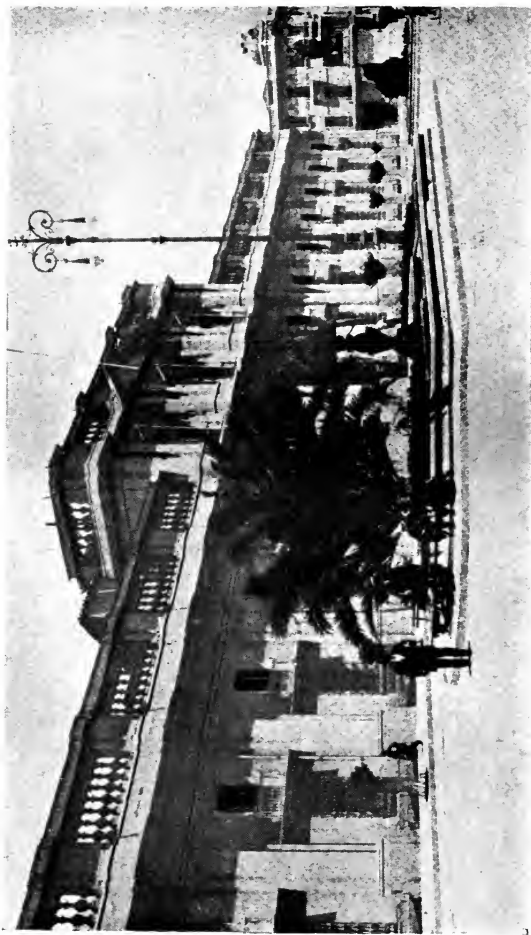
They were still shouting for the candidate to come and show himself when I stole away.

SANTIAGO, *April 29, 1920.*

YESTERDAY we paid our formal visits to the President, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and other members of the Cabinet, to present copies of *Chileans of To-day*

and to say our farewells. They were all very courteous, said many flattering things about the book, and I think found it better than they had expected.

An envoy from abroad slipped in before us to see the President and caused us one of the familiar spells of waiting in the ante-chamber, with time enough to observe our surroundings and our fellow-sufferers. The building that houses the President's offices and those of his principal Ministers is the one fine old public building of Santiago. It is the Moneda, the mint, a dignified solid, two-storey structure of adobe with walls four feet thick, ample patios and galleries and series of salons, all in the best style of Colonial architecture. It is the only example of its kind, just as the Toro Palace is the only example of the private house of the Colonial Period. It is said, moreover, that it was by a species of accident that so substantial and costly a building was erected in Chile. The story goes that plans were drawn at the same time, about the year 1784, in Seville for two great Government buildings,



The Moneda



Caupolicán, the famous Indian Chief

one to be built in Mexico, the other in Santiago, the Mexican being, of course, the more important. In the transmission the two sets of plans were exchanged, and Santiago got the building meant for Mexico, very much larger and more valuable than her importance at that time warranted.

In the various salons assigned to the different Ministers there are many portraits and not a few landscapes and other works of art by Chilean artists. In the ante-chamber where we waited there are, in particular, two statuettes apparently in bronze, reproductions of the two best-known statues by Chilean sculptors, the Caupolicán by Plaza, which crowns the hill of Santa Lucia, and the Roto Chileno by Arias. We had time to observe them carefully, and to note the expressions of the faces, anything but agreeable, alike in the Indian, which is full of hate, and in the Chilean, which is set in contemptuous defiance. While we sat studying the statuettes one of our fellow-sufferers in the ante-chamber, a very tall young man,

of a preternaturally sombre cast of countenance, stalked solemnly back and forth, up and down before us, pursing his lips and apparently conning the lesson he was about to repeat to the President. His stride was long, and so slow that his foot descended impressively with a gradual bend of the knee, and he must have possessed a marvellous set of nerves to continue in apparent unconsciousness this stork-like performance under the eyes of the impatient audience.

There was no great novelty in our interview with the President. We found him standing to greet us behind the barricade of his desk; he shook hands, said the usual "Mucho gusto a saludar le a usted," and waited in silence for our remarks. We presented the volume of the *Chileans of To-day*, which had been very handsomely bound, and made our remarks of presentation. The President looked at the book, expressed his admiration, which appeared to be sincere, and his surprise that so fine a piece of book-making had been done here, spoke of the Society in terms of admiration,



A Colonial fountain in the Moneda



The Alameda, entrance to Santa Lucia

and we parted with mutual expressions of regard.

As we passed along the gallery and descended the steps to the ancient patio, we encountered on the stairs one of the officers of the Palace Guard, a resplendent figure. He wore the grey and silver uniform of the corps, his great, red leather boots came up to his thighs, his sword swung shining at his side, across his breast he had a baldric of silver and grey, with threads of red, and there rose from his head, like the plumed helmet of a mediæval knight, the tall and glittering helmet of the Guard, rimmed and plated and topped with shining nickel and surmounted by the Condor with outstretched wings which is the special mark of the corps.

SANTIAGO, *May 1, 1920.*

TO-DAY is May Day, which here, as everywhere else, is an occasion for Labour demonstrations. All business is at a standstill in the city, and on the Alameda

great crowds of labourers are assembled about the favourite statues where they have grouped their banners—a very red collection—and stand listening to noisy orations. I passed along the great dusty avenue, rather desolate now that the leaves are few and brown; but the sun shone, and I stopped to listen to one and another of the speakers. All were vociferous, and all had, I thought, a fluency and an ease of style such as few of our Labour orators could equal. I saw among the banners quite conspicuously displayed a huge flag of the I.W.W., which seemed like an ill-omened standard and promised trouble.

Trouble is not easily started here, for the hand of the law is too heavy. I saw a number of mounted patrols, and down one of the side streets came a long column of lancers four abreast, an array calculated to check any rash impulses.

SANTIAGO, *May 1, 1920.*

SANTIAGO, like all her sister cities, has different faces for different people. "Isn't

it a *dear* city?" says the charming lady correspondent of a great London paper. Yes, it is, and if her visit is not protracted, and if she continues to be surrounded by thoughtful friends, who keep her from all unpleasant contacts, she may retain this roseate view until she leaves. I do not think any old resident of the town thinks of it in these terms. A few days ago I went to see the Argentine Consul, who has been here more than thirty years. As we came out of his wide, rambling house on a side street remote from the Plaza and the Savoy Hotel, and started along the dusty, ill-kempt street where sporadic cobblestones dotted the sandy waste, picking our way along what had been a side-walk, the old man looked at the miserable dogs in the highway, waved his hand towards the neglected children and the slatternly dwellings and said: "Constantinople! Except for six blocks near the Plaza, this is Constantinople."

My friend the missionary, who has also been here thirty years, and has sent his daughter to the United States because

he found it impossible to provide sufficient safeguards for her against the constant vulgar and insulting attentions of the men in the streets and on the cars, finds Santiago anything but "a *dear* city." There is too little morality for that description to fit. He remarked on the general disregard of marriage—half of the people are born out of wedlock—and the really shocking things that keep occurring. Two of the attendants on mission services who had been living together for years and had several children, came not long ago and asked to be married. In making the necessary inquiries preliminary to the service (neither had any idea of his or her parentage), it was discovered that they were brother and sister!

I have met several people who prefer Santiago to Buenos Aires, and I have been fortunate enough to see some of the pleasant neighbourhood groups who enjoy a really delightful social life under the shadow of the mountains, content with their own protected course of existence, and hardly aware of the conditions sur-

rounding them. It is possible to be very comfortable in Santiago, but I am not sure that it is "a *dear* city"! There are, in fact, stories that give it another complexion. There is the tale of a young Englishman, who, after dining too well, found his way to the Plaza and was discovered late at night sitting harmlessly on a bench which he declined to leave at the bidding of a Santiago policeman, who thereupon drew his sabre and struck the visitor on the head, so that he died. Nor was it possible to obtain any redress. There is, too, the tale, told me a day or so ago, of an American accountant with a taste for adventure, who went out at night and wandered along Calle San Pablo, a street where adventures may be expected. As he passed along a soft voice called to him out of the dark, inviting him to come upstairs. He entered, stumbled up the black staircase, and was welcomed by a young woman who bade him come and sit beside her to watch the lights in the street and the passers-by. So the two sat there, smoking cigarettes

and talking in the singular, desultory manner of strangers who know nothing of each other by race or native tongue, common country, or education, when suddenly they heard the shuffling sound of bare feet running and pursued by sandalled feet. The chase stopped at the door, where a woman tried to enter, but too late. There was a scuffle, a cry, a hacking blow, a fall and silence. When the two at the window had waited until there was no prospect of further violence they went down and opened the door. The dead body of a girl, which had been propped against the door, fell into the hall, her skull split by a heavy Chilean knife.

SANTIAGO, *May 2, 1920.*

NATURALLY enough I have heard much literary gossip while I have been here, and have had my suspicions confirmed that Chile, no more and possibly less than Peru, is a book-reading or book-buying community. The regular edition for a book is 500, and of many serious books

not more than 200 are issued. Even these are not sold. As a rule the author gives away the larger part of his edition. They disappear rapidly, being used for wrapping small wares and other base purposes, so that after a year or so it is very difficult to find a copy except in the libraries. Several stories have been told me of the total disappearance of important books within four years of their publication.

Of course, the author's existence is difficult. Even a well-to-do man finds it a drain to issue and give away his books, and for the poorer writers it means a sacrifice often made in the hope of obtaining compensation in Government office or preferment.

Yet they tell me that the very poorest authors, the writers and reciters of ballads, often earn a modest livelihood by printing their ballads on single sheets and hawking them about the streets and in the trains.

SANTIAGO, *May 3, 1920.*

WE have spent what is probably our last Sunday in Santiago in a very conventional New England fashion. This morning we went to church, met friends, came home to lunch, did some packing; at five o'clock had tea in our apartment with guests, Miss L. E. Elliot, of the *London Times*, and Mr. Sargent, the British Consul; at seven o'clock we took a walk across the crowded Plaza and along quiet streets to the Palace, the Moneda, and back for dinner.

It is surprising when one reflects how easily one can re-establish his customary habits and ways of life in a community that is at heart so far removed and so radically different. The reflection helps one to understand how it is that foreigners, English and Americans among them, can live here for a lifetime and actually know nothing of the inner life, the concerns, the tastes, and the prejudices of the people.

I have now met a number of the members

of the English-speaking colony, and find it rather depressing to notice how few of them have discovered any intellectual interest in the country, the people, the art, literature, or products of the place. On the contrary they seem to live an insulated life here, fulfilling the specific duties assigned to them and passing their lives with as few contacts as possible with the nation that surrounds them.



En route for ARGENTINA,

May 4, 1920.

I HAD not expected to be moved with regret at leaving Chile, but to-day, when our train was standing in the station, our boxes stowed away, our luggage piled up in the racks, and all ready for departure, we could not say good-bye to our friends without genuine emotion. They had gradually become our dear friends. The clergyman to whom we had listened Sunday after Sunday and turned to so often for practical counsel on worldly affairs, the ladies who had made their homes havens of rest, the secretaries with whom I had laboured for strenuous months, the journalists who had shown so generous a spirit of freemasonry, there they were, and their friendly presence quite melted me. We said a thousand farewells, and with their flowers in our hands waved the last

greetings with dimming eyes as the train moved off toward Argentina.

I have done a heavy stint of work. In the four and a half months here I have finished and published two volumes and brought my task well on toward the middle of the way. When I cross the mountains and begin the descent towards the Argentine plain I shall feel that my feet are on the second half of my course, but I may well doubt whether ever again I shall get through more or better work in the same length of time than I have done on this much-abused West Coast, or whether I shall ever find more loyal and steadfast co-labourers in any land than in this. The conditions of climate, surroundings, hours and co-operation have been good, and it has been positively satisfying to one's soul to feel that he was putting forth his strength upon his appointed task.

LOS ANDES, *May 5, 1920.*

WE were awakened half-an-hour later than the time set, to find ourselves in a



An old building in Santiago



A Chilean cowboy

crisp, cold, eager air, in which every object stood out sharp and clear. The stars were still bright when we came out and the mountain crests were sharp as saw-teeth. Below us in the courtyard were little piles of baggage where the early risers in overcoats and mufflers paced back and forth beside their belongings.

There were many Germans: in fact, they seemed to preponderate, inviting comment and leading our neighbour to remark that Chile was very Prussian, a thing one hears everywhere, and had sent 300,000 young men to Germany for their education. I suppose 3000 is an ample estimate, but these exaggerations are common and to be taken for granted.

When we came to take our seats we found that none had been assigned to us. The conductor had no list and was sure it wasn't his fault; of course it was nobody's fault, but a reflection of the general hit-or-miss, *más ó menos* method of railroad operation; for railroad travel here is still something of an adventure, and the most uncomfortable, crowded

and disagreeable that we have encountered in South America. The Chilean is very imitative, and has caught the superficial ways and manners of modern civilization. At heart, however, he is of another race and epoch, and one often feels that while he imitates and adopts he does not accept and is never really converted to modernism.

The morning light on the broken mountain masses gives lovely views. There are ravines and valleys filled with gloom, hills and mountain sides shining in the full blaze of the sun, and the river valley along which we are climbing winds in interesting curves enclosing the brawling river below us. The cultivable territory, here as in all but the south of Chile is very limited, often a mere strip beside the river, or a series of patches laid down by the stream in the divagations of its course during the centuries past. One cannot escape the reminders that this, like the whole of the west coast to the north almost to the Isthmus is desert.

We are rising steadily, following the river towards its source and passing



“ There are stretches of gloom in the valley bottoms ”



“ We pass through a series of tunnels ”

through glens, gorges, little valleys, and occasional levels which tempt one to forget the steepness of the climb only to lead in another turn of the road into a cleft where the rocky sides run sheer perpendicular for five hundred feet. There are stretches of gloom in the valley bottom where the sun seldom strikes, and open spaces that shine in the sun and smile with verdure because of the ribbon of water in the irrigation ditch above the river.

At Rio Blanco we saw a large, new, wooden hotel, like the cheaper varieties of Swiss hostelries, set in picturesque surroundings, the white river foaming in front, grey peaks in the near distance, and beyond masses rising to great heights against a cloudless, delicate blue sky.

Mile by mile as we creep along the valleys deepen, the sides grow more precipitous, vegetation disappears, and the patches of snow occur more frequently and at closer view. Wherever there is a level half-acre there is a little shining ribbon of water along the upper border, and grass

or grain growing. These irrigation ditches and the mountain trails represent much skill and labour, in surprising contrast to the houses, which are poor things, often mere hovels of wattle-work and mud.

Gradually as we rise all vegetation disappears, the river has shrunk to a white thread on the face of the grey slope, and the only variation from the dusty brown masses is afforded by patches of snow, to which we approach constantly closer.

We pass through a series of tunnels, climbing so rapidly and with so much effort that we can feel the pulsations of the engine. Across the valley, here profound and somewhat gloomy, rises a section of the old plateau, perfectly dissected and disclosing a long series of strata. Facing us, there runs a fine mountain road, winding back and forth in the conventional spiral that is always surprising to me. For a few minutes we were in line with the crest of the summit, thin and jagged like a row of shark's teeth, and we have drawn level with the snow patches which lie on both sides of our course.



“ Facing us runs a fine mountain road, winding
back and forth ”



The Lake of the Inca

The one break in the succession of grey-brown slopes, peaks, detritus heaps, and grey valleys, is the Lake of the Inca, which lies at an altitude of 10,000 feet, a smooth, wine-coloured piece of water, almost magical, alike in colour and placidity, in these heights. But this as well as the mountains was bare of life. For unnumbered miles the desert mountains have given us no single glimpse of living thing. Not a wing has stirred the air, not a foot has moved the dust of trail or slope or crag. Neither in Peru nor in Bolivia have we seen more utter desolation; there at least one saw llamas, alpacas, or vicunas, here not a creature moves amid the solitudes.

We reached and passed the summit in the dark of a long tunnel, where we heard the fact announced with an Argentine cheer, and emerged into the sunshine on Argentine soil. There the Chilean conductor and minor officials left us—without regret on our part; for, say what one will, the Chilean is not an ingratiating person.

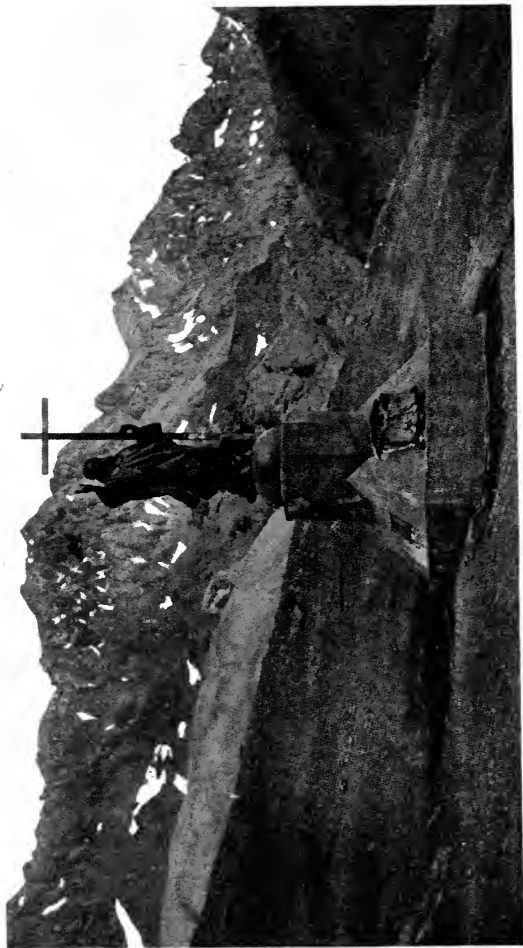
In the afternoon we are reversing the process of the morning. Then we climbed, now we slide; then we met a brawling stream, now we accompany one; then as now we rode along valleys and beside towering mountain walls. But whereas we saw them there rising from stage to stage ever nearer the sky and narrowing our view, now we see them diminishing, and we pass to wider and ever wider vistas.

There is a difference between Argentina and Chile perceptible from the first moment. We had scarcely emerged from the tunnel on the Argentine side before we saw a bird, the first winged thing for many hours, and felt a breeze which is with us still. Here immediately we were conscious of an ampler air, the air of wider spaces and a greater country. The men are taller and have a free, swinging stride and the level gaze of men used to great spaces.

The nature and the form of the rocks and soil are strikingly different on this side of the mountains. There the prevailing rock was granite, here it is sand-



“ We met a brawling stream, now we accompany one ”



The Christ of the Andes

stone; there the colour was grey, here it is red. In the warm afternoon sun the mountain slopes opposite us are a splendid study in colour. They rise from the base of red soil and change by gradations into a purple that turns to dark brown at the tips. Mountain and desert and brawling river continue to form our landscape. There are "purple patches," great pieces of "painted" mountain, like parts of the Grand Cañon, or the Garden of the Gods, and there are stretches of desert covered with low, grey-green bushes, like the sage-bush of Texas, but it is a treeless, rainless region.

As the sun sinks and the sunset colours come out there is the same lovely, tender evening light like purity and chastity itself that seems to be the special property of the desert, as if to compensate for its barrenness and aridity.

MENDOZA, ARGENTINA,

May 6, 1920.

MENDOZA is the Salt Lake City of Argentina, it is a desert city with wide clean

streets, bordered with one-storey houses, shaded with rows of trees that run beside the irrigating streamlets on both sides of the streets. We are still noticing differences with Chile, for example, fewer priests and less noise of whips. Though the streets are full of horses and carriages we have passed hours without hearing the slash or hiss of a whip, and we have yet to see a priest's cassock in the street.

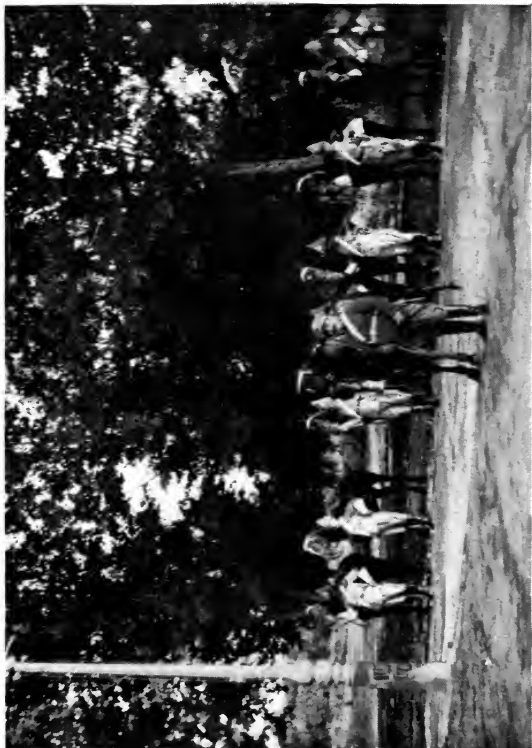
I think the symptoms are genuine and characteristic: the general air seems free alike from truculence and fanaticism, rather it seems tolerant, easy-going, materialistic, and pleasure-loving.

Mendoza is a large, sprawling town of 60,000 people on the edge of the flat plain at the end of the long spur of the Cordillera, from which it draws the water which is its life-blood, and distributing it over the plain, cultivates vast vineyards which make it the chief wine-producing district of Argentina.

This afternoon we went to visit one of the largest bodegas here, a great warehouse and winery where they make six



A Boulevard



“ The rural guard . . . posed for their photographs ”

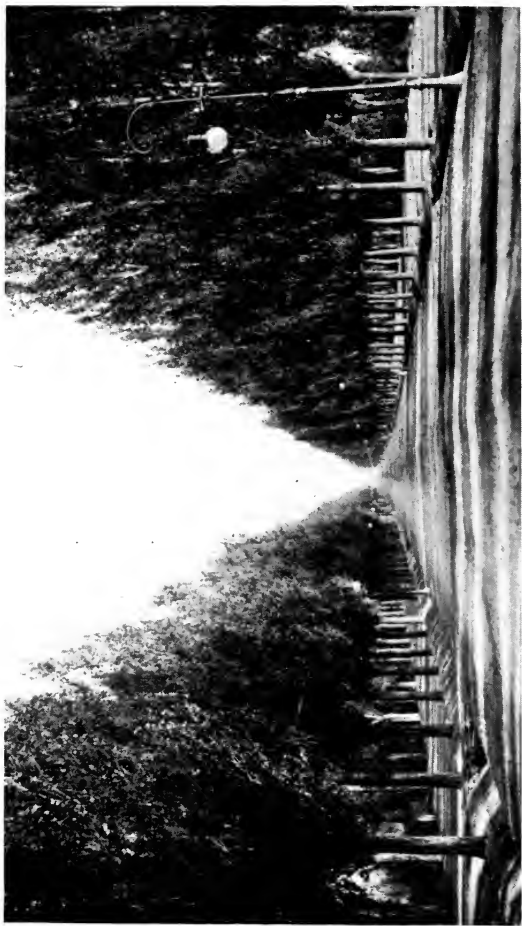
million gallons of wine a year. The entrance into the cave of the wine-tuns which lifted their huge bulk high above us and stretched in long lines into the distance, recalled descriptions of famous old-world wineries of Champagne and Rudesheimer. We followed the process from the receipt of the grapes to the delivery of the wine, when it is drawn by electric pumps from the huge French oak tuns and passed through modern filters into new barrels of American oak, made in Pekin, Illinois, finding it surprisingly scientific and "up-to-date" at every stage.

An hour later we set out to see the two notable sights of Mendoza, its Park and the Cerro de la Gloria, the hill of the monument to San Martin and his fellow heroes of the War of Independence. As we passed through the park, which is really fine if somewhat formal, the rural guard good-humouredly posed for their photographs. The hill, which is about 1300 feet high, is surmounted by a great mass of stone and bronze, from which the monument proper seems about to launch

itself into the air. This pictures a close-packed squadron of horsemen at full gallop in the abandon of battle; Victory, with a billowing banner that serves for wings, leads the host and seems to lift them into the air, where she flies at their head. It is grandiose, overstrained, aiming at more than bronze and stone can achieve, but undeniably interesting and impressive.

From the top of the hill the view is wide, and in the late afternoon light extraordinarily clear. For nearly three-quarters of the circle the horizon is of mountains; the rest is plain, but all, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Mendoza, is treeless. The surface is not utterly bare, as is the case as a rule on the western slope, but is sparsely covered with something like sage-bush and cactus.

We came back by roads that were good examples of engineering, and as we descended the sun went down, the sky broke into colours, and the mountains slowly took on the exquisite clear outline which is the gift of the desert air. It was a



The Alameda, Mendoza



Monument to the Army of the War of Independence

beautiful calm evening, with no breath of air, and the delicate banners of the sunset spread over the tips of the mountain in tints as fine as filaments of mother-of-pearl. We rode into Mendoza, with a memory of an evening of flawless beauty.

*En route to BUENOS AIRES,
May 7, 1920.*

ON leaving Mendoza, we entered on the great plain, much of which is desert, that stretches far: north, south, and east. At first there are patches, large and small, of cultivation, chiefly vineyards, but these fade into a great monotony of grey-green level, of sandy, alkaline soil covered with low bushes. The settlements are merely stations for storing and forwarding the produce of the region; so that the wine bodegas give place to cattle-sheds, and in some there are only piles of the poor, gnarled, twisted wood, the sole merchantable stuff yielded by the plains and the occasional water-courses.

The general aspect of the country recalls the southern border of Texas along

the Mexican boundary. The houses are miserable enough, mere huts of adobe, but the people, though wretched are largely white, or at least not Indian, the racial mixture here being Spanish, Italian, and Indian, with the Latin blood and habit predominating.

To-morrow we arrive in Buenos Aires, and shall have started on the last stretch of our long pilgrimage.

En route to BUENOS AIRES,
May 8, 1920.

WE woke up to find ourselves moving across a vast flat plain full of cornfields and pastures which might be a neglected section of Iowa or Illinois. Pasture succeeds pasture in an unbroken series; miles of barbed wire fence enclose great level squares in which cattle feed, and here and there clumps of trees and houses break the dull monotony.

Hour after hour continues the steady progress over level pasture and cultivated land, past many stations that seem



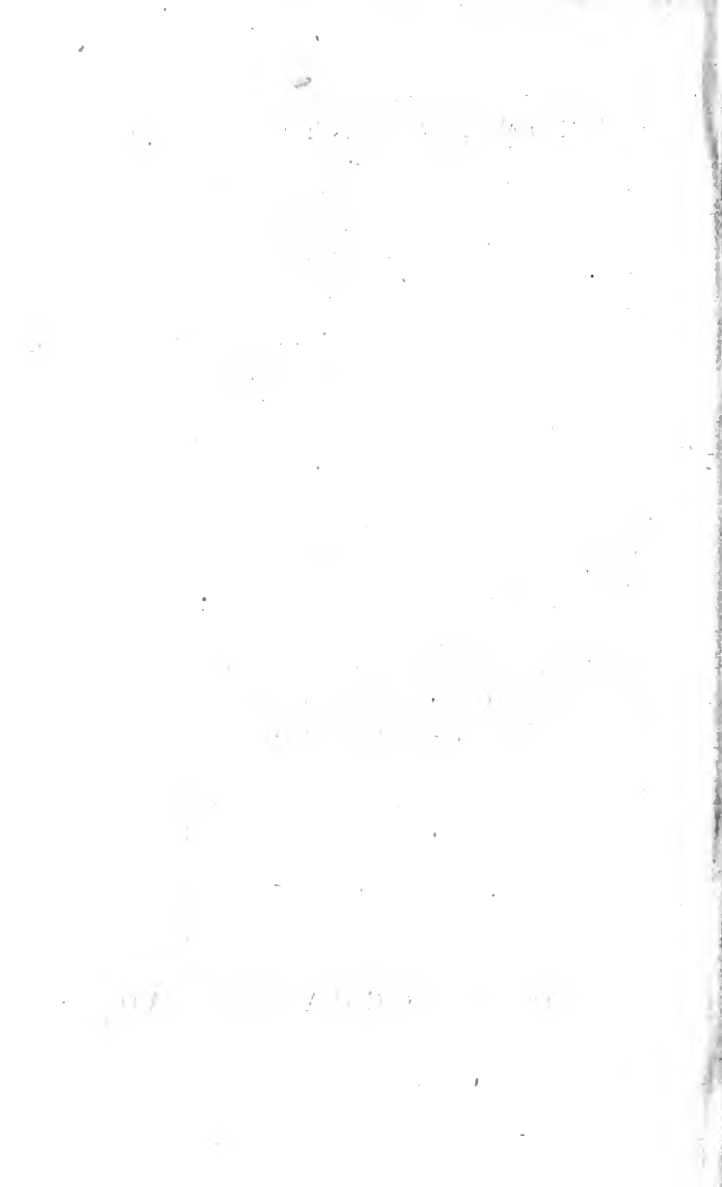
“ We woke to find ourselves moving across a vast plain ”



“ We are in the city ”

made from the same pattern, but gradually the houses become more pretentious, the roads better kept, adobe gives place to brick and the farm-lands lead into the outskirts of Buenos Aires.

We are in the city. Electric cars, trim and neat, run along new streets of concrete beside new houses, and beyond stretches an enormous extent of streets, houses, churches on the level plain. Parks, playgrounds, bridges of steel and brick pass before us; on our left the bay dotted with sails, and on our right buildings of three or more storeys give a new aspect to the scene. Here is a sky-scraper and there a tall chimney; yonder is a decorative building with turrets, and beyond are towers of churches and modern temples of commerce.

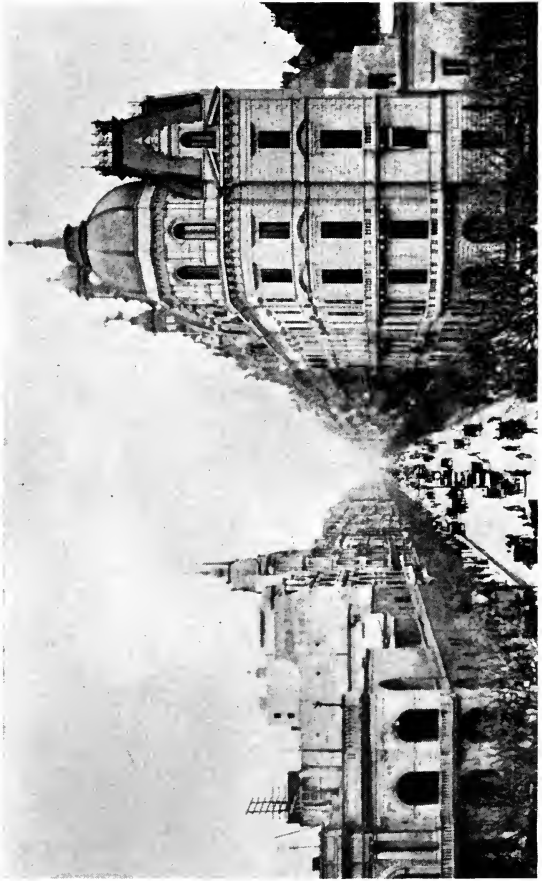


BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA,
May 8, 1920.

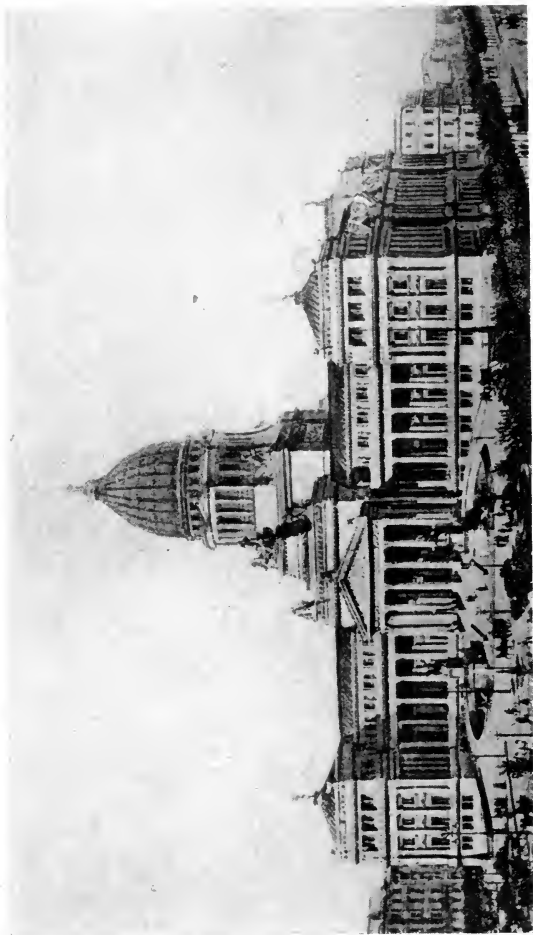
Now that Chile is behind us we can see it in perspective and form some general ideas about it.

The country has advantages of climate and race over its neighbours to the north. The lower temperature, with a touch of vigour in the winter, makes for greater physical energy and more sustained effort : everybody speaks with admiration of the Chilean Roto as a workman. The practical absence of the Indian is clear gain also from the economic point of view. There seems to be little doubt that the Indian race as a separate element has, except in the south, ceased to exist in Chile, but the Indian blood makes itself everywhere felt, so that travellers who enter Chile without a previous sojourn in Peru or Bolivia find the people "muy Indio." Moreover, the

original Spanish element was anything but admirable. During two hundred years it received very little modification from without; through all that period the intermixture with the Indian stock, originally very numerous, went on in the intervals of fighting with them, and the result is a racial compound, warlike, tenacious, enduring, but almost devoid of social or other graces. The Chilean is never merry or ingratiating or gay. His general attitude toward the world is one of resistance; he shows the effect of two centuries of sleeping on his arms. The general opinion of travellers and visitors is favourable to Chile. I think there is much ground for optimism, but my own forecast is tempered by sober reflections as to the blood, the history, and the present political conditions of the country. The nation is still largely illiterate, illegitimate, and disfranchised. Education advances slowly, for lack of any real enthusiasm or conviction about it. Marriage is still unpopular because the Church refuses to accept the civil



A business street



The Hall of Congress

marriage and the State rejects the Church ceremony. The political control still rests where it has been from time immemorial, in the hands of the landowners, who now form the Senatorial class. There are signs of a break in the oligarchical rule and the outlook is dubious. Chile may yet see bloodshed before she arrives at genuine representative government.

Buenos Aires, *May 14, 1920.*

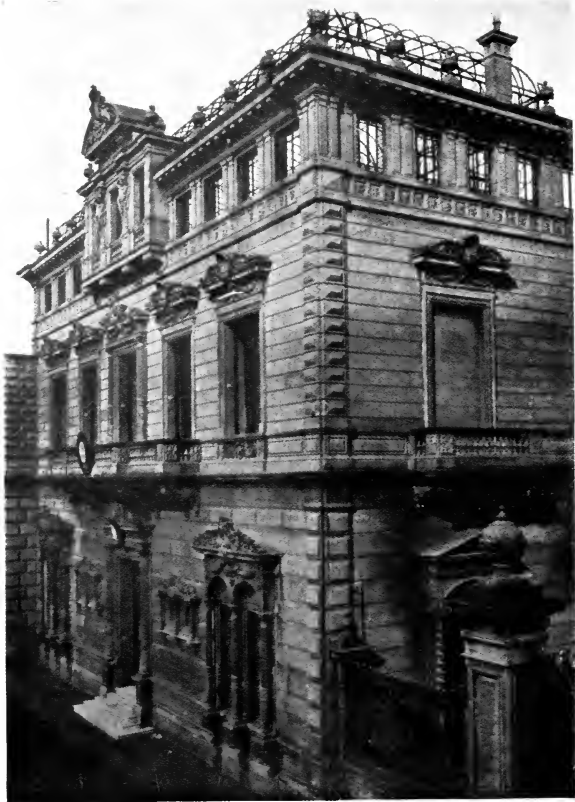
THIS morning, in company with Dr. Leavitt, I paid a visit to the Library of Congress. It proved to be a larger task than I anticipated. As is the custom here, the House does not open until the afternoon, but we found a side entrance and went in. There were many halls and corridors, all of which seemed empty, and we wandered a long distance along the echoing tiled floors before we found any one to guide us. With the best intentions he sent us astray and we wandered further, along other interminable corridors, past luxurious waiting-rooms and decorated

ante-chambers, until at last we found the librarian at work in his shirt sleeves, among a mass of U.S. Government publications with which our country is now inundating foreign libraries. He was very polite, offered to place a room at my disposal, and showed every disposition to aid me in my task.

On our return we crossed the broad and handsome Plaza de Mayo and turned in for a glimpse of the Cathedral, almost the only building of the Colonial Period that remains intact. It is a low, solid, dark grey building of the Greek type, faintly reminiscent of the Madeleine, but more squat and heavy. Inside we found it still heavier, with huge buttress pillars which seem to fill up the space, and low-toned walls which scarcely reveal their design in the dim light. As one grew accustomed to the half-gloom, one saw that the decoration was in good, though conventional taste, that the mural paintings on the ceiling were well executed, and that pulpit and altar were dignified. The lack of light was particularly disappointing



“The Cathedral is . . . faintly reminiscent of the Madeleine”



The University

in the Chapel of San Martin, where there is an imposing sarcophagus and monument set in a circular, domed chapel lighted from the top, but so ill lighted that one can scarcely make out the outline of the monument and cannot read the inscription.

BUENOS AIRES, *May 14, 1920.*

AMONG the impressions of a personal nature nothing has surprised me more than the deprecatory mood of Argentina. When we were in Mendoza I made repeated inquiries for the names of the leading men, the men of national importance, and invariably received the same reply, "No hay" ("There aren't any"). Here I am having a similar experience. Twice to-day I have been assured with all seriousness by men of excellent ability that Argentina contains not a single great man, not one of the first order.

When I have spoken of writing five hundred biographies all with one accord have said, "You can't find them." Well, I have heard that sort of thing before.

BUENOS AIRES, *May 15, 1920.*

I FIND it difficult to single out of the rush of impressions and the rapid succession of persons, the things and faces that are most worth recording. For example, I have spent a crowded afternoon. At two o'clock a young man came to see me whom I engaged as secretary; at three I went to the Library of Congress, where I met various officials and had very amiable conversations with the Secretaries of the Senate and the House of Representatives. With them it was arranged that a room in the Library should be assigned to me for my work.

At five o'clock I went to the University to meet Dr. Debenedetti, the archæologist, whom I found in a murky, subterranean corner, approached through dim alleys among casts of Egyptian gods and slabs from various tombs. There he was working on some recent discoveries in Argentine archæology, but laid his task aside to help me form the list of Argentine professors for the book. Others came in and we had a cheerful interchange of banter.

I left the archæologist to seek my new secretary in the History Section, and there fell in with one of the most interesting groups I have met anywhere since my old teaching days at Harvard. There were seven in the group, of whom five, I think, were University teachers; but the central figure was Molinari, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who is credited with having much to do with the present Government. They were chatting about their work in Argentine history, talking of maps, of books, of recent articles; and apparently the talk had some of the character of a report of progress of each to the others. They told me that they had no organization, but met informally every afternoon to chat, report, discuss recent and plan future publications, and were good enough to invite me to join them whenever I was able to do so. Here was the first rising politician I had met in South America who found his diversion in academic society and gave his spare time to historical research. Molinari is an interesting person; he illustrates the

unpredictable quality of Argentine politics and the ferment of ideas which has made the recent political history of the country so baffling to observers.

Buenos Aires, *May 22, 1920.*

ONE hears much here about the President. He is more talked about than any President we have met so far in South America. His enemies attack him furiously and his partisans give him fanatical support. On the one side one hears that he is a mere gaucho, ignorant, crafty, unscrupulous, secretive, unsuited to polite society, and averse to presenting himself in public. One hears that he was never married until he became President, although he had grown-up children, and that after his election he went to a Registry Office and had the ceremony performed to legitimize his position. One hears that he was pro-German, because he had married an Austrian who took extreme courses to aid the German cause. One hears that he has been openly charged

with dishonesty, selling cattle and substituting inferior animals, and forced at the pistol's point to give back the money. His enemies say he is a politician who has subverted the Constitution to his own ends, displacing by doubtful means the governors of all the states but one, to put his own agents in their places, and making himself a dictator, repeating the programme of Cabrera in Guatemala and Carranza in Mexico. On the other hand one hears from his friends that he is a simple patriot, severely frugal, devoted chiefly to reducing public expenditure, donating his salary to charity although he is comparatively poor, and making enemies only because he places the public good before private interest. He is often referred to as mysterious and inscrutable; certain it is that he is of a very retiring disposition, for he lives in a poor dwelling in an apartment over a row of shops in an unfashionable street. He has an intense aversion to being photographed, a trait variously interpreted as modesty, fear, or conscious guilt, and naturally his prejudice

against the camera has stimulated the press photographers to redoubled efforts, and snap-shots of him appear in every magazine. *Caras y Caretas* published a whole page of them the other day. I am enclosing this page.

Buenos Aires, *May 23, 1920.*

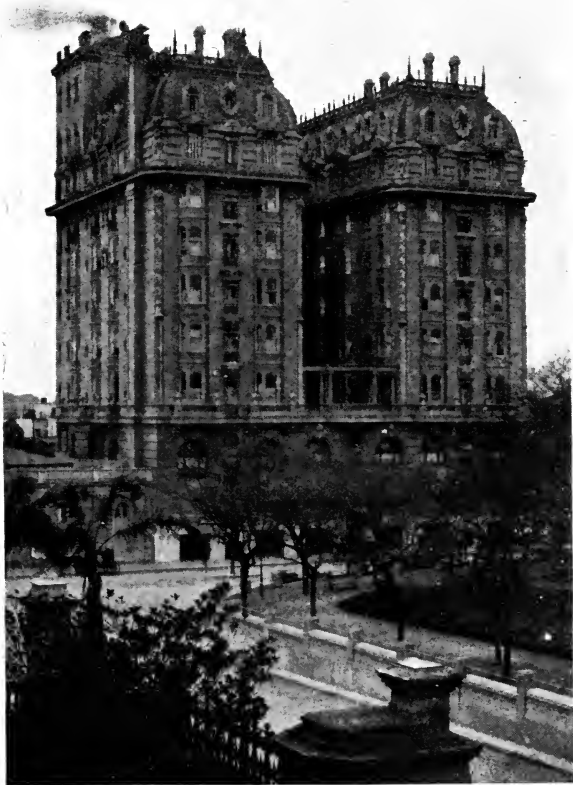
ONE begins here to get general ideas about the future of South America. Clearly Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile form a separate group. In these States, set in the temperate zone, there is no racial problem such as clamours for attention in the republics to the north. There the question remains unsettled whether the basic population, usually Indian, will survive or be replaced. Here the population is so predominantly white that its replacement as a whole need not be considered. If Peru, Bolivia, and their neighbours are to replace their population they have a long and terrible problem before them, yet it is not clear hitherto whether the Indian can survive and compete.



EL HOMBRE
que no quería
retratarse...



“ The President has an intense aversion to being photographed ”



One of the big modern hotels

The general ethnological opinion is against him. Therefore in these countries there remains this greatest of all doubts—whether their peoples are permanent.

In Argentina, as in Uruguay and Chile, there is the secondary problem of forming a nation with the capacity and habit of self-government. How long a road this is few can tell, but plainly there is a great distance still to travel.

Buenos Aires, *May 23, 1920.*

Buenos Aires is a city of enormous extent, covering miles on miles of street and avenue on which one may ride in taxicab, carriage, or street-car along what seem to be interminable rows of concrete and brick. There are many palaces, ponderous and imposing blocks of grey stone, with great gates of glass and iron, and neat little parterres within of geraniums and shrubs.

The immediate aspect of the city is so European and modern as to lull one's observation to sleep with the sense of

familiarity. But gradually as one sees more of the by-ways, and the vast extent of ordinary streets that house the mass of the people, one recognizes that the chief part of the city which has not been reconstructed on European or North American models is made of the same elements with which the other towns from Mexico to Chile have made one familiar. The typical house is in fact the old Moorish-Roman affair, a front of dead wall broken for door and windows and extending beyond to form enclosing walls for patio and gardens. Within it is Moorish-Roman still, a patio, or series of patios, and opening from it a chain of rooms that draw light and air from the central well. It is an arrangement good for defence, secure against attack or invasion and equally safe against the escape of its inmates.

As soon as one leaves the newer or reconstructed parts of the city he finds himself in the presence of houses like this, rows on rows, miles of them, reproducing with slight differences the physiognomy of

the side streets of Santiago, Lima, Havana, Puebla, and Mexico.

BUENOS AIRES, *May 26, 1920.*

I HAVE been to see the Municipal Pawnshop, which is a great institution called the Banco de la Municipalidad, and reminded me of the famous Monte de Piedad of Mexico. Being a piece of governmental machinery it is more rigid and less human than the Mexican institution, but seems to be very much frequented, especially by the poor. To-day, being the day after a great holiday, the place was crowded, and the two waiting-rooms, one on each side of the entrance hall, contained a varied assortment of anxious loan-seekers. There were young men in tailor-made clothes and walking-sticks, eager-eyed Germans who looked like inventors, young women with fur coats, which doubtless had served their purpose on the avenues yesterday, a worried-looking man with an Underwood typewriter, and a swollen-

faced woman who had apparently celebrated not wisely but too well.

Each was given a little metal tag with a number and when his turn came was directed to one of a long row of cubby-holes like telephone booths. He entered the swinging doors and found a chair before a narrow counter. There he laid the article or articles he came to pawn, the clerk carried the plunder away to appraise it, and, returning, announced what they considered it worth. On this appraised value the pawn-shop will lend about twenty-five per cent. at interest ranging from one and a half per cent. a month on articles of gold to four per cent. on clothing.

There was a cold, official air about the place, but I was told that its dealings were just and that poor people were more fairly treated there than in the ordinary private pawn-shop. If one were to judge by the crowd, it had the public confidence, and to-night much of the finery that yesterday appeared on the Avenida de Mayo is reposing on the shelves of the Banco de la Municipalidad.

Buenos Aires, *May 28, 1920.*

THERE is a sensible lack of solidarity here, which I think amounts to a lack of patriotism and is probably accounted for by the decidedly cosmopolitan character of the population. Buenos Aires is the sort of community that Roosevelt described as a "polyglot boarding-house." All languages are heard here and all peoples seem to be received more or less on an equality. In a given group you may hear Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English spoken, and one's associates in ordinary conversation turn with apparent ease from one to the other. The result is a lack of concentrated feeling for language, country, or flag, and instead a loose tolerance which often slides off into slack commercialism. It is perhaps not surprising that foreigners coming here very largely retain their old bonds of citizenship. One is constantly meeting and hearing of men who have spent a lifetime here without becoming citizens. Sr. Paul Groussac the librarian of the National Library, is still French after forty years, though he is the

leading mind among the literary men of Argentina. Dr. Fleming, also after forty years, remains Scotch and is probably more Scotch than when he came, for one of the results of the slack spirit of the country is to deepen the contrast with the severer mode of thought and make men more conscious of the austere and strenuous ideals to which they were bred. Perhaps it is not surprising, then, to encounter a spirit of aloofness more marked than I have noted elsewhere. "Come ye out and be ye separate," seems to be the motto of some excellent people here. They feel that Argentina represents an inferior, a mongrel civilization, and they prefer to hold aloof from it. "I am among them, but not of them," remarked N—— to me when we talked of it; and the view of an old resident here after more than forty years' association with the place, is that one may earn a living here in some kinds of business, such as shipping, railroads, banking, etc., but cannot enter the law or medicine or many kinds of industry without grave risk to his integrity.

BUENOS AIRES, *May 31, 1920.*

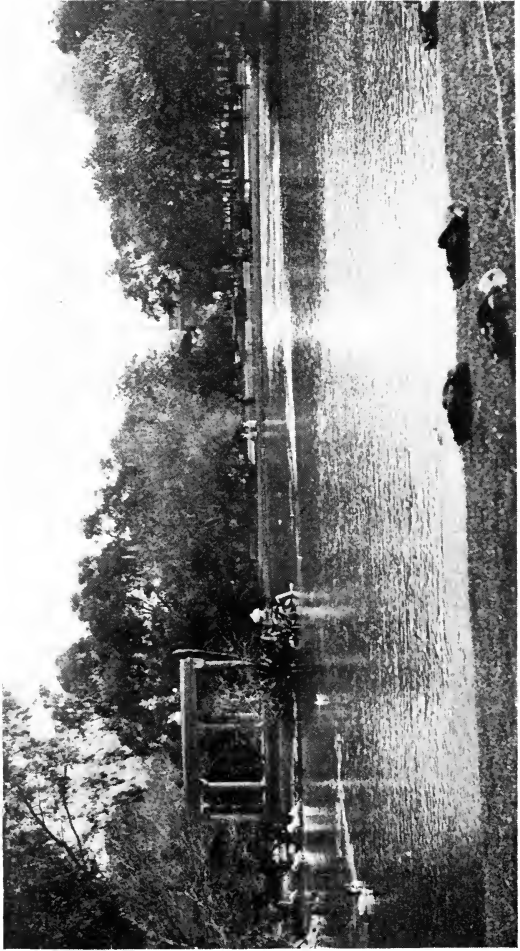
IN Chile we were always getting an impression of churlishness, of hostility, of the spirit of opposition and causeless resentment. "Truculent" was the word that kept recurring to the mind. Here the prevailing impression is one of slackness. The Argentine doesn't care. If things only go along fairly well, without interfering unduly with his comfort and his profits, he is indifferent. Public and private affairs alike are allowed to slide along in the easiest way, and abuses that are really serious are met with a smile or a shrug.

That, I think, is the explanation in large part of the present political situation, which is much deplored by the thoughtful, and of the state of the schools and colleges, which is described in lurid terms. The funds of teachers' salaries have been diverted in many places to political uses, and in one province it is said that the school parade on Independence Day (May 25) was omitted, because, the teachers' salaries being four months in arrears, they

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| 424 | CASUAL LETTERS |
| | <p>had neither clothes nor shoes fit for public observation. In many schools and especially in the Colegios and Universities, where many of the students are actual or prospective voters, the entire control has passed into the hands of the students, who decide what subjects, and when and by whom they shall be taught, holding strikes and driving out the teachers at will.</p> <p>A similar state of affairs is said to exist here in the University of Buenos Aires, where the governing body was suspended by an autocratic and doubtfully legal decree of the President, two years or more ago, the faculty reorganized with little or no authority, and the power left in the hands of the students. Since then, I am told, the students attend classes when and if they are inclined, expel such professors as displease them, and generally conduct themselves like a lot of unruly children, demanding and receiving their diplomas and degrees solely on the ground of this very casual attendance, and with practically no regard to the results of examinations or other tests of proficiency.</p> |
| VII | HISPANIC NOTES |



The Coliseo, on the Plaza Libertad



Lake in the Zoological Gardens

In Santiago we were told with pride that during thirty years of co-education in the Pedagogical Department of the University, not a breath of scandal had arisen. Here, it is plainly said, no such boast could be made.

BUENOS AIRES, *June 3, 1920.*

THIS is Corpus Christi, and, as my secretary remarked yesterday, although the Argentine generally, and the Porteño, as the inhabitant of Buenos Aires is called, particularly, is an utter Atheist, believing neither in God, the Church, nor the Sacraments, he allows no mortal to exceed him in his observance of the Festivals of the Church. Nevertheless we got special permission to enter the Library of Congress, where we worked as usual this morning, and this afternoon went to see the celebration, for on this day the Host is borne in solemn procession from the Cathedral round a given course and back, making a great show and demonstration of the zeal of the faithful.

Last week we saw the celebration of the National Holiday, Independence Day, and we were interested in the chance to compare a great religious with a great secular festival. Last week we remarked on the good-natured, moderate, not to say lukewarm, tone of the people. The streets were crowded and never had we seen a greater display of bunting and banners, nor a more lavish illumination. The Plaza de Mayo at night reminded me of the Court of Honour at the World's Fair. From the top of the statue in the middle of the Plaza stretched festoons of lights, like the ribbons of a gigantic maypole; and when to this diamond centre was added the multitudinous illumination of Government buildings, clubs, and tall business houses, where cornice and door and window were all picked out in lines of blazing white, it made the centre of the city bright as noonday. Nevertheless, the effect was of a costly and pleasing entertainment presented to a public which was at best tolerant and appreciative, never really enthusiastic.

Something of the same we felt to-day. The public attended in considerable numbers to see the famous sight of the Host borne in solemn procession by the assembled clergy in their sacerdotal robes of ceremony, and there were in the crowds many women who seemed moved by religious fervour; we saw some falling on their knees as the procession passed; the men almost invariably took off their hats, and when one, standing in the front line, almost touching the tabernacle as it passed, neglected this act of respect, a member of the procession reached out and pulled it off his head.

In general it was a mild, curious, well-disposed crowd, much smaller than that of a week ago, eager to see the sights, but without a sign of fanaticism and scarcely an evidence of fervour.

The sight itself was interesting in several respects. We stood in the Plaza, facing the Cathedral door, and watched the long procession emerge, which it did in a comfortable, easy-going—shall I say, Argentine?—way, with many a halt and

check, and no sign of firm and competent direction. We were astonished at the number of priests and clergy higher and lower; as a rule an unprepossessing throng, low-browed, heavy-jowled, gross fellows, they came in what seemed an endless stream until one wondered that the Cathedral could hold them all, and one was reminded that the assembly contained clergy from all parts of the city. The array of ecclesiastical equipment, robes and crosses and standards and censers, was also stupendous, and evidently also represented the united resources of the churches of the city.

When at last, after a long, trickling stream of clergy and officials had emerged, there was a sight of the Tabernacle swaying and bobbing its doubtful way down the steps, the band stationed before the doors broke into triumphant tones with brass and drums all going, the last hats came off, and one saw a group of the higher clergy in white and gold, bareheaded and venerable, walking beside the canopy beneath which paced the dignitaries, one

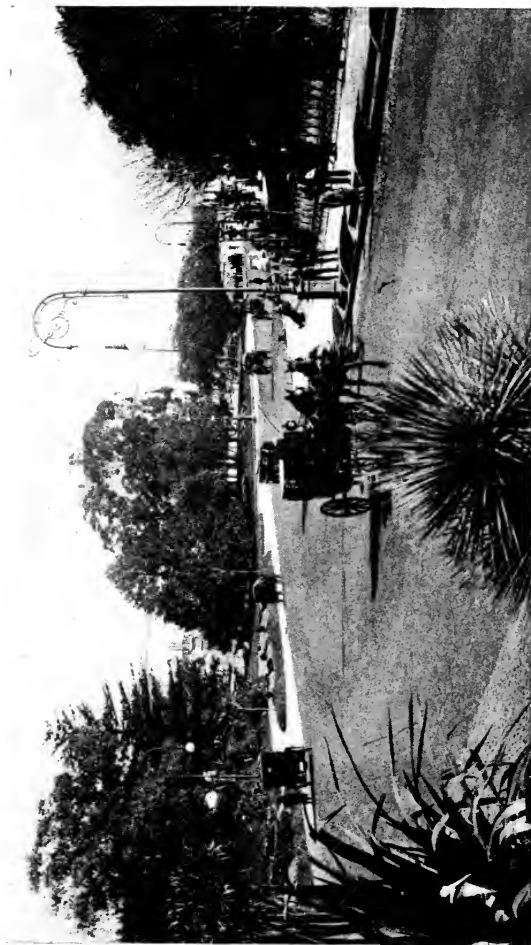
of whom bore aloft the symbol, a blazing ornament of gold and jewels arranged in a cross about the shrine, like a great locket. It passed slowly on its way, the music of the band subsided, the bareheaded choristers and monks and priests lifted an ancient chant and the crowd gradually melted away.

BUENOS AIRES, *June 6, 1920.*

WE have passed an interesting Sunday abroad. This morning we visited the English "Cathedral," a solid stone structure behind an iron grating, somewhat stolid in aspect, with a stolid, self-satisfied congregation within, listening to a clergyman who conducted the service in a faithful, laborious manner. It was a numerous, well-dressed, and doubtless an important churchful of good people, but one longed for a flash, a sparkle, or even a twinkle of interest.

We enjoyed a good English dinner in our English hotel, excellent food, well prepared and well served; took our Sunday

rest and set forth to call on the Ambassador, who lives far out on the show Avenue, the Avenida Alvear. We found the house, a comparatively unpretentious, nicely proportioned building of grey stone or concrete, in which the U.S. Ambassador occupies apparently one floor, where he and Mrs. Stimson have contrived to give a modified reproduction of a Boston apartment, which is very delightful. Nowhere on the continent have we found a more pleasing atmosphere of easy, unstudied charm. The arrangement of chairs and rugs and cushions, apparently so casual and merely accidental, was very restful, and the manner of the Ambassador and his wife easy and genial, was comforting, like a dip into the old familiar atmosphere of Cambridge. The conversation was lively and, glancing here and there, touched on Walter Page and Lowell, the inadequate salaries of Diplomatic servants, etc. Others dropped in, among them Captain Boyd, the Naval Attaché, and his wife, and Mr. Wiley, the Ambassador's secretary. Captain Boyd talked politics with an apology,



Avenida Alvear, the "show avenue" of Buenos Aires



A Church where we sought repose

for the Navy has no interest in politics ! He told of General Wood's game leg, which he said was the result of a strange accident : General Wood was sitting at a table under an electric light bulb, and rising suddenly, struck the top of his head against the sharp point of the bulb, which evidently reached a nerve, for he fell as if he had been shot. He was soon on his feet, and was apparently none the worse, except that he has never had complete control of his left leg, which he drags a little. We had tea, which was served in a wholly informal manner, the chat became general, and we scattered home.

On the way back we had other glimpses of life in Buenos Aires ; the wide Avenue was filled from side to side with a noisy stream of pleasure-seekers returning in every conceivable kind of vehicle, horse and motor, from the races. Such a variety of automobiles could, I fancy, scarcely be mustered elsewhere in the world. As a contrast, stepping into a great church during Benediction, we found the nave crowded, every seat filled, and throngs standing.

At the far end of the church, which was more brightly lighted than any church we have seen in South America, in a very blaze of illumination, stood the great altar: a construction in white and gold, like the façade of a palace. It rose in terraces which were surmounted by an arch, within which was set the Host in a rich, flamboyant setting of golden rays. On either side of the altar in the choir sat a group of white-robed priests, and half-way down the nave the preacher leaned from the pulpit and held the silent, close attention of the congregation.

It was an eloquent sermon, with exposition, homily, and appeal. There was too much emphasis on the painful and pathetic to suit a western mind; he must have referred fifty times at least to the *lagrimas santas* of Christ, and dwelt largely upon His sufferings, yet the power and the grace of the oratory were undeniable. He rang the changes on sin, its consequences, suffering, absolution, and communion; he exhorted his audience, in tones of lofty eloquence, with every art of moving

cadence, breaking voice, and appealing gesture, to leave their sins at the altar and reconcile themselves with God, so that we came away into the dusk of Sabbath evening with the sense of having attended a genuine and devout religious service.

BUENOS AIRES, *June 8, 1920.*

PEOPLE seem to suffer a great deal from the cold here, as they do in all so-called warm countries. It does not get cold enough to make heating systems imperative, and most of the houses have no heat at all; in consequence the people shiver through the winter. When I make my early start in the morning, while most of the respectable world is asleep, I go out into a shivering world. To be sure, it is not very cold, some degrees above freezing-point; but the boys on their way to school run along with faces pinched and fingers blue, the market women have purple hands, and the ill-clad clerks, who are sweeping out the stores, look half-frozen. Everywhere one hears coughing, hawking

and spitting, for they say that eighty per cent. of the population have colds, and no small percentage have tuberculosis. It is a devilish winter climate, with the air saturated with moisture from the river, and the sun hidden much of the time by clouds and mist almost thick enough to be fog.

Yet people endure it, take it for granted, in fact, and argue against artificial heat as likely to soften and weaken the system. They have never known any other way than to "grin and bear it"; so they sit and shiver in their overcoats as my secretaries and I do in the Library of Congress, or stand kicking their feet and beating their hands to keep warm, waiting philosophically for the sun to come out, which, fortunately, it does most days, and then they draw up on the sunny side of the street and bask contentedly while it lasts.

BUENOS AIRES, *June 12, 1920.*

ONE cannot help speculating on the underlying causes for the separation of the British and Americans from their Latin-

American hosts and neighbours, which is perhaps more apparent here than elsewhere. I have almost become convinced that the aloofness, the consciousness of incompatibility, is more apparent precisely because the numbers are greater and the social structure is more fully organized here than anywhere else in South America. There has been a greater amount of intelligence at work here for a longer period of time than elsewhere, and I am gradually coming to feel that the finer and keener minds are those that recognize with the greater finality the essential difference between the races. Superficial persons, diplomats, officials, and those who spend only a brief period here, are those most likely to minimize the differences, for reasons readily apparent. They come with a strong predisposition to find points of contact and grounds for friendship; they are always basing their judgments on special cases, on their friends and their friends' friends, on the families they have known in New York or Paris, and such-like individual and special instances.

But those who live here with eyes open twenty, thirty, or forty years, are seldom very eager or optimistic about intimacies between the races. These recognize or feel that there is a deep gulf fixed between the two; they feel that the differences are so profound, so interwoven in the warp and woof, in the very fibre and blood and nerve of the two stocks, that it is better not to think too much of any kind of amalgamation, but rather to let each race go its own way to the fulfilment of its proper destiny. The closest and most protracted association tends, I am convinced, to make only the clearer the inherent unassimilability of the stocks. One race is Northern, Saxon, loving liberty and independence and believing absolutely in the freedom of the will and the efficacy of action: the other is a Southern, more or less Oriental, race, with a heritage of dubiety, a profound scepticism both as to the freedom of the will and as to the efficacy of action. It is satisfied often to make the proper gesture, to hold the proper pose, to say the proper words. To it the posture is all, it has no

ultimate sense of responsibility for the deed and the outcome.

The man of Northern blood feels it incumbent upon him to *get the thing done*, to achieve, to bring it to pass. No such burden weighs upon the soul of the Spanish or Spanish-American: there always lies at the bottom of his soul an inherent doubt whether any act is worth while. He is never convinced that it is finally well and good to *do* or strive: perhaps all effort is vain, perhaps it is all fated and settled beforehand in the inscrutable designs of Fate. *Kismet* is still for him the last word. From which there springs a difference that may well divide the two peoples for all time.

BUENOS AIRES, *June 15, 1920.*

THIS afternoon I had the pleasure of attending a University lecture by Professor Rojas, one of the most popular teachers here, on Argentine Literature. It came, as a great part of the classes do here, at half-past six in the evening, and was

sparsely attended by a class, most of whom were young women.

Dr. Rojas appeared nearly a quarter of an hour late, laid his books on the desk, and after a long histrionic pause began to speak. He struck an easy, flowing rhetorical style, reminiscent of the "popular" professor of literature in other parts, and ran lightly over great stretches of time and territory. He dealt with the Colonial Period, dwelling on the causes for the lack of a national literature which he found in the repression produced by the union or confusion of Church and State working through the Holy Office, which effectually nipped any budding inclinations to poetry or philosophy. He adduced some interesting examples from the old Court Records, which he declared give the best reflection of the life of the times.

He then propounded the general proposition that Argentina has no literature because she has no national consciousness. She can have no great poet, philosopher, or romancer until she has a settled national life.

He illustrated the characteristics of such literary production as there was, its echo of the classics and its fondness for the Picaresque, all in a style hardly short of a well-played part, which was heightened by the extreme pallor of his face, contrasting with his long, raven-black hair, the abundant and picturesque gestures which unfolded as if they were an unbroken series, the clearness of his enunciation, and the excellent management of his voice.

Buenos Aires, *June 22, 1920.*

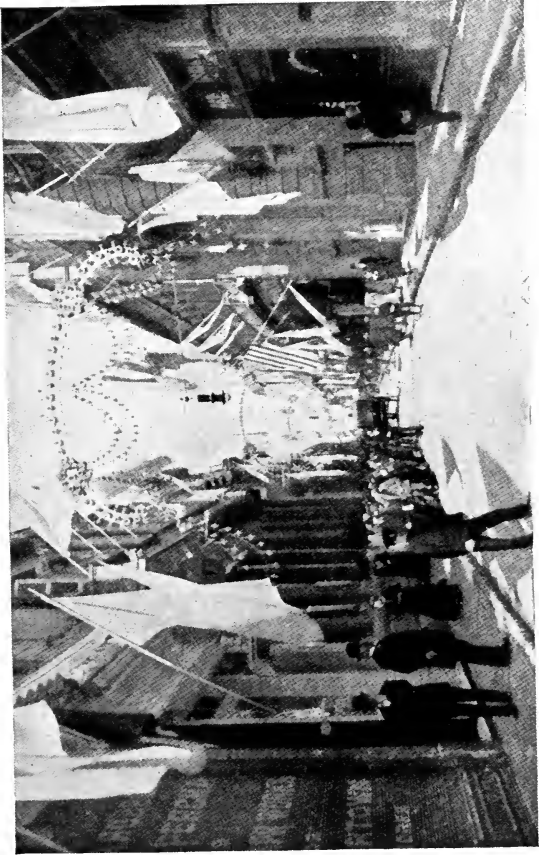
We have seen Buenos Aires in many aspects, and find the city at its best on parade. On festivals and solemn occasions, "high days and holidays," the city not only exhibits that profound instinct and love for communal pomp and public appearance which runs in the Latin blood, and lies near the heart of every civilization derived from Rome, but it seems to have a special gift and aptitude for gala occasions and festivities. The long lines of electric lights that rim the windows, balconies, and

cornices are part of the construction not only of public buildings, but of many private establishments as well. So are the standards for banners and the iron arms for holding emblems and bunting. Thus the city is always ready for fete, and can put on its holiday attire almost at a moment's notice.

It seems equally ready in spirit. Holidays never come amiss to the Bonaerense. He seems to have an inexhaustible, child-like delight in shows. Not that he exhibits any great enthusiasm, but he never seems to tire of them. We have now seen the streets jammed three times within a month by silent, eager throngs, who have stood in close-packed thousands by the hour in and around the Plaza de Mayo to see the procession of the Veinticinco de Mayo, of Corpus Christi, and of Belgrano's Anniversary. Perhaps a similar outpouring of people could be achieved in New York three times a month, but it is hardly likely. I think it requires an inherited interest in that sort of civic and formal pageant, for, as a matter of fact, the processions seem to me



Driving round the Zoological Gardens



Calle Florida in holiday dress

very dull and not very well done. The illuminations, on the other hand, are gorgeous and one not merely understands but sympathizes with the ready impulse to leave the chill, damp, fireless, cheerless interiors of the ordinary dwellings for the brilliance and warmth of the streets, for the electric lights are so numerous that in Florida one can actually feel the warmth as he passes such spots as the Gath and Chaves corner and the Jockey Club.

Last night we rode in an open carriage up Florida, which is the Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires, to Rivadavia and along to the Cathedral, where we had an excellent view of the Plaza, a dark lake of people bathed in the glow of a hundred thousand electric lamps. Every step of our way was along a lane thickly crowded with men, women, and children, making decorous holiday. They were jammed and crowded together, so that we were often stopped and unable to proceed for periods of five minutes or more, but there were no loud voices and hardly a sign of anything more than vivacious interest and the wish to

get to the Plaza. Once there they stood looking at the lights. It was said there was a procession, but I vow few of them could testify of it. They stood and gazed, straggled along the Avenida, gazed and pushed, and stood, and gazed, and pushed, and went home, properly tired and sleepy and, let us hope, content with their evening's enjoyment.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA,
June 26, 1920.

It is interesting to note how, with increasing familiarity, the racial characteristics of Latin-America come out here in Argentina, and the differences, special qualities, and local variations tend to diminish and disappear, just as in a landscape the great typical underlying structure gradually makes itself felt in spite of overgrowths and local variations of vegetation.

One's friends begin to repeat the familiar refrain of procrastination, ready promise, and slow performance, amiable acquiescence in word with no corresponding action, infinite and innumerable postponements and deferments that make the heart sick.

Argentines and their friends make the same sort of claims of superiority over their neighbours that the Chileans make when they compare themselves with the

Peruvians, but I find actual performance leaves little to choose except in the possession of superior machinery and equipment. I was greatly exasperated in Lima, at a delay of nearly a month in getting my printing started, and hearing so many brave words about Chilean superiority looked confidently for great improvements; but, in fact, it took almost to a day the same time to get under way. Now everybody knows the legend of Argentine superiority: the printing here is "equal to the best done in Europe," etc. Well, the facts are that it is five weeks since I placed a complete model, the same that I have used everywhere, in the hands of the best printer by common consent in Buenos Aires, and to-day, after infinite requests, delays, errors, new starts, and explanations, I have received the page which I can approve and begin work on.

Buenos Aires, *June 29, 1920.*

YESTERDAY I saw the first distinguished house that I have had the pleasure of

visiting on this side of the mountains. It was the house of Dr. Larreta, one time Minister of Argentina in Madrid and later in Paris, a gentleman not unknown, I believe, to you. His house, which is situated in Belgrano, the most favoured of the suburbs of Buenos Aires, is a thoroughly Hispanic dwelling, a place in which are found elements Roman, Visigothic, Moorish, and Modern Spanish. The great double doors open directly upon the street, and admit one into a narrow, dimly-lighted ante-chamber of stone, not unlike the porter's gate-rooms of some old castles, and furnished with a touch of mediævalism. A halberd stands in the corner, an ancient oil painting of saint or soldier hangs on the wall, a solid, oaken table occupies the centre of the narrow space. Across the stone floor a heavy, dark-coloured door leads to the main hall, and here one feels the immediate sense of space and dignity. This, which is the main room of the house, is like a Roman atrium, or the hall of a castle. It is dimly lighted, and in the half-gloom one has a sense of spaciousness.

The light falls from above, where, in the centre of the hall, the ceiling rises from great stone columns to a clerestory surrounded by windows, and beyond this up-raised central portion the hall continues a space and ends in a huge fireplace, where smouldering logs give out a red glow. Between the supporting columns on either side of the fire runs an iron rail that supports a tapestry, and against it leans a long divan, heaped with cushions, making a rich resting-place in the fire-lit space. Over the wide mantelpiece is a magnificent retablo, with gilt columns encrusted with rococo figures, framing a bas-relief of the Christ after the descent from the Cross, supported in the arms of the Virgin.

The stone walls stretch in a square, and are set with doors that lead to the other rooms, with great pictures and with ancient carved chests. To the right a door opens into the chapel, where, above the altar, rises a famous retablo of the seventeenth century, reminiscent of Italian Renaissance with touches of Flemish—a thing of gold and colour in a series of panels in three

rows, and framing a dozen separate pictures of saints and angels in the delicate style of the early Venetian Art. A portrait of Santa Theresa hangs on one wall, and at the rear in a gilt reliquary is a sandal of the saint.

Across the hall opposite a door leads into the dining-room, where above the carved oak rises a portrait of the Emperor Carlos III, facing a really charming portrait of his queen, and over the doors are contemporary paintings of Lepanto and other battles of the time. Beyond there is a library full of lovely carved chests and illuminated manuscripts and piles of the vellum-bound books of the Colonial Period.

Thence we passed into the gardens, formal, with wide paths and marble seats, overhung by orange trees laden with golden fruit, and narrower paths that run by evergreens and lead to a tennis court.

As we returned we stopped to look into a narrow room, where, under well-adjusted electric lights, we saw an heroic size portrait of the master of the house by Zuloaga, a scene representing Señor Larreta

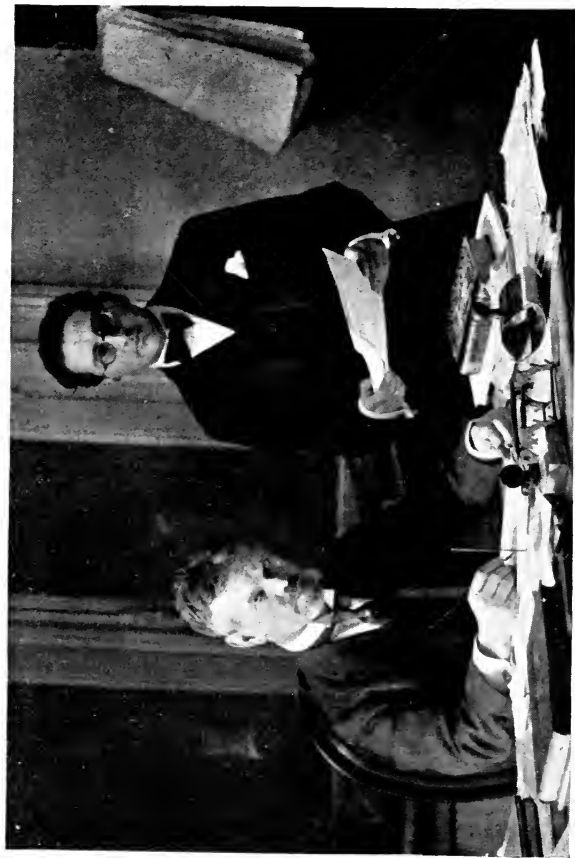
reclining upon an eminence and looking down upon a city.

Buenos Aires, *July 13, 1920.*

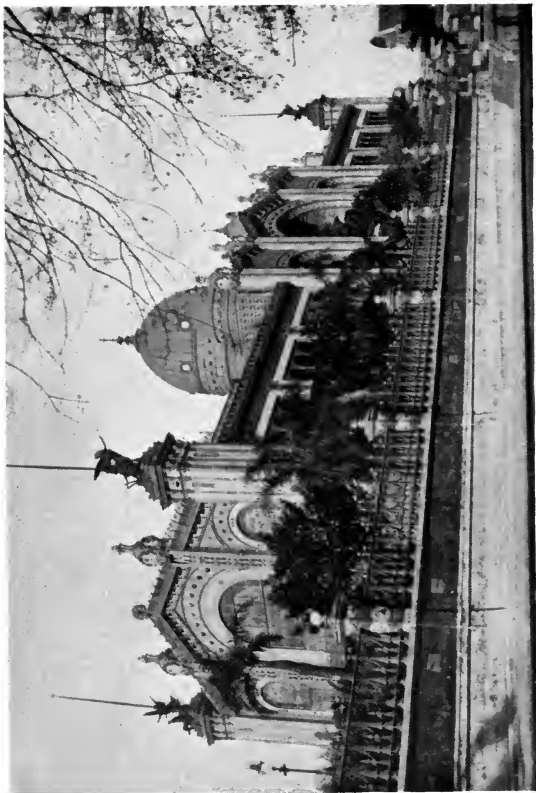
THIS has been, in some respects, an unusual day, so I give you a chronicle of it.

When I woke up at the seven o'clock call and looked out, I saw a red sun just on the horizon shining with a lurid glow through a sky full of whirling snow, which chilled my enthusiasm, so that it was nearly an hour later before I got dressed, descended to the cold dining-room, still almost deserted, got my cup of coffee, and went out into the weather. The snow had turned to sleet, which a nasty wind drove into one's face and ankles.

There was not much life in the streets: most of the shops were still closed, and the few persons who were out scuttled along to get to sheltered spots or aboard the street cars, which seemed crowded to a degree of density that would make a New Yorker feel quite at home.



The author and his secretary, Sr. Binayán, in their room at the National Library



The Art Museum

Along sloppy streets, I got to the National Library, whither, to work the better, we moved some time ago from the Halls of Congress, and found two of my assistants already at work in the draughty little salon assigned to us, which our tiny electric stove usually makes tolerable. This morning it was chilly and dank as a tomb, but I took off my outer coat and settled down to my daily stint of five Argentine biographies. A printer's boy arrived with proofs, another came to ask for new copy, the third assistant came shivering in with unnecessary excuses for tardiness, the typewriter clicked, the pens scratched, from time to time one or another got up to warm his hands at the little stove, and the morning wore away.

I had a passport errand at the Embassy, and we went out together at a few minutes past twelve, leaving a fair lot of work done, and ran into a drive of cold rain that would have done justice to Boston in March. We struggled along, looking for a taxi, only to find that naturally enough they were all ocupado, and were getting

thoroughly wet and uncomfortable by the time we reached the Avenida de Mayo, and finally caught a Jehu without a fare.

At the Embassy they were polite, as they always are, and in a few minutes I had got back to the hotel and lunch. By two o'clock I was off again for the Library, intending to get my passport photographs taken by the way, a task that proved rather more difficult than I anticipated, because one of the chief sources of electric light had broken down and photographers wanted to put off work till to-morrow. I found a man in time, made the usual bargain, got the process over and hurried along to the afternoon's work at the Library. I attacked my next biography in the chill place, worked over a pile of proofs with the usual desultory discussion with my assistants over names, dates, and titles of books. Before five we set out to the Palace to seek the proofs, promised, this time, "without fail," of the President's biography, and to pick up on the way yesterday's work copied for the printer, and to-day's mail.

We found most of the shops and offices in darkness, for the break in the electric light cables had apparently grown, and when we arrived at the Palace, groped our way through ante-rooms completely dark to the offices of the Assistant-Secretary of State, which were in a thick murk made visible by faint red points of light in the electric bulbs. He came in, saw us or guessed our presence, and left the various groups that hung about the corners and in the embrasures of the windows to come over and explain to us that he was in the act of reading the proof to the President, and had barely reached the second page when "paff" went the electric lights, but "To-morrow, without a shadow of doubt, I—"; and we steered our doubtful way out again through the dark passage into the rain.

The hotel, too, was all in darkness except for candles and two or three lamps, about which little groups clustered drinking tea. We found our group, had our tea, and set off again by streets dark and sloppy to the University to deliver a promised gift of

books to a Professor. It was a journey such as one seldom makes in a modern city, except perhaps in London during a fog. All lights were out save on the automobiles, street-cars had disappeared, and people passed as if they were dark objects which emerged like more solid blocks of darkness, and disappeared into the gloom again.

In the University, which the doorkeeper allowed us to enter under protest, declaring there was nobody there, we found a few candles burning in the corridors, and in the offices above discovered the Vice-Rector and his assistants working by the light of two candles apiece. Nevertheless I had a pleasant chat with the Vice-Rector, Dr. Gonnet, who seems to be an unusually competent, courteous, and well-informed man of affairs. The University itself always reminds me of the City College of New York, when it was in its old building on Twenty-third Street. The atmosphere, half commercial, half social, and anything but scholarly, with just a hint of that South European, Oriental flavour which those

who knew the old City. College will recall, suggests an easy discipline and a large measure of politics. It would be interesting to compare it with San Marcos at Lima, full of leisure, almost somnolent, heavy with tradition, where students pace along the cloistered patios to the accompaniment of tinkling fountains; to the new, raw University of Havana, incomparable in the beauty of its surroundings, but weak and all but flabby on the intellectual side; to the thin, sparse life of the University of La Paz, a starved High School, aspiring to University things; to the semi-Teuton University of Santiago, orderly, energetic, harsh, ambitious, intensely self-conscious and jealous of prestige, where every student regards himself as a possible head or leader or authority in one or other walk of life. But time is lacking for all that. Enough that we have here an easy-going, unstrenuous, inquisitive, eager, intellectual life, rather superficial and possessing more taste than energy.

BUENOS AIRES, *July 13, 1920.*

I AM interested in the local sense of superiority to the rest of the world. It is a sentiment one finds everywhere, and I suppose there is no race or tribe or nationality on the globe that does not think itself the best and all others inferior. "What," I ask myself, "is the basis for the Argentine's sense of superiority?" It seems to lie simply and purely in nationality—in being born Argentine, as if the greatness, the promise, and the prosperity of the country were reflected in each of its sons, and no other evidence of importance or glory were required than to have been born on its soil. There are, of course, other reasons, which, however, seem to be merely supplementary or incidental. For example, superiority to the United States rests upon greater purity of race—Argentina has no negroes; on superior suffrage laws—Argentina has a law providing for a suffrage Free, Universal, Secret, and Obligatory; on greater freedom from prejudice—nobody asks what your religion is, as they are likely to do in New York,

and finally, on greater scholarly and creative capacity—Argentine writers, in spite of lack of libraries and other facilities, produce numerous and excellent books and discover many and great errors in American books!

One need not examine too closely the reasons: it is enough to recognize their existence and the sentiment or conviction which they serve to buttress. That sentiment would exist anyway, and lacking these reasons would find others.

Buenos Aires, July 14, 1920.

It would be difficult to believe the power of procrastination here if one did not experience it. Five or six weeks ago, after a formal request, and two or three informal approaches to the President for the data with which to prepare his biography that should occupy the first pages of *Argentines of To-day*, we thought it best to prepare the "life," and send it for his approval or revision. We did so, and got a reply through a confidential channel that

he would go over it and send it back. After three weeks of waiting, and numerous promises, it seemed best to put the biography in English and send the President a proof. This we did, and received for reply that he would send us a few corrections "the day after to-morrow." Since then we have gone to the Palace once every day and on some days twice. Yesterday at one we were asked to return at four and it would certainly be ready. The breakdown of the electric light was ample excuse, but to-day, at one-thirty, we should *absolutely* have the proof. To-day at two—unfortunately the President had been interrupted, but *assuredly* to-morrow—mañana, blessed, cursed word!—to-morrow at two-thirty—inevitably!

Who knows? All the world smiles, telling us that it is the usual thing for the President's desk to be cluttered up with business months overdue, and likely to become ancient history.

I am reminded of similar experiences in Havana, Lima, La Paz and Santiago, and recognize the family likeness, exaggerated.

Buenos Aires, *July 17, 1920.*

IF one were to draw an indictment against Buenos Aires he would base it on hygiene: the flies, the spitting, and the drains would supply the three chief counts. For half a century the flies of the city have been a notorious scourge, and, though they are less scandalous than they once were, they are still a pest and a nuisance which nobody seems to do much to abate. Hotels, restaurants, butcher's shops, and grocery stores are infested with them, and I am told that when the famous Dr. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., was the guest of the surgeons here, and was asked his opinion of the hospitals of which Buenos Aires is proud, he said the appliances were very fine, but "there were too many flies."

Spitting in public places is a general, disgusting, and dangerous habit that persists in spite of ordinances and innumerable public warnings and monitions. The street-cars are filled with signs prohibiting spitting, but they are frequently so filthy that one has to look for a clean place on which to

put his feet. This morning we were about to step into a taxi when we found the floor so dirty that we withdrew and sent it away.

The drainage of the city is a serious topic: it is said that at least a third of the city, some even say two-thirds, is without sewers, and still uses the ancient cesspool; and this, at least, is sure, that when the foundations were being laid for the new building now being constructed across the street from us, no fewer than seven cesspools were found in that very limited space.

BUENOS AIRES, *July 18, 1920.*

THIS afternoon I have been to a meeting of the History and Numismatics Club held in the Mitre Museum. There were about fifteen persons present, including four or five University Professors and several writers, among whom was Pastor Obligado, the author of ten volumes of Argentine *Traditions*, modelled upon the famous Peruvian *Traditions*, of Ricardo Palma. He was very courteous, and promised to

send me the tenth volume of his narrative which is just being printed.

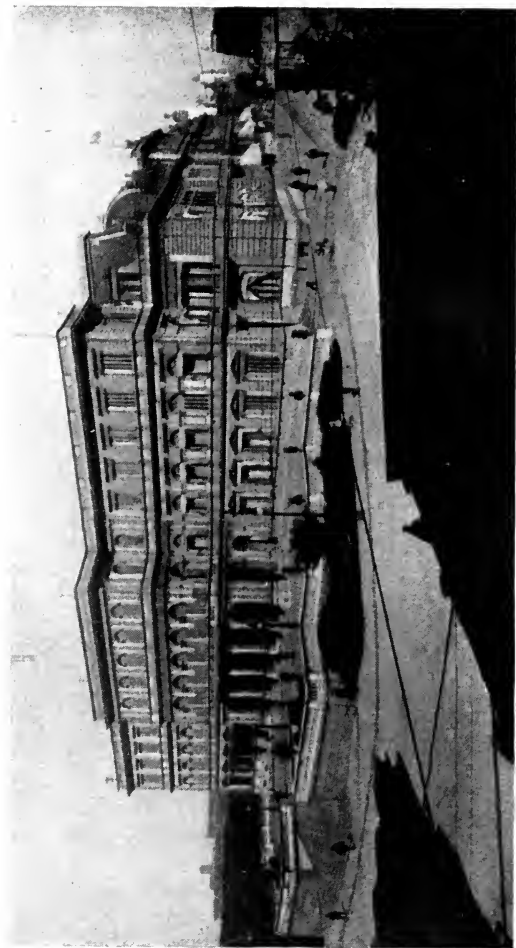
The meeting was quite informal; the President, Dr. Leguizamón, sat at the head of a long table, around which the members gathered, and after the usual secretary's report opened the proceedings with a brief paper to prove that the official records were in error both as to the date of birth and the correct form of the name of General Carlos Maria Alvear, one of the founders of the Argentine Republic. He then called upon a young German-Argentine, who read a paper on one of the folk stories of Argentina, the story of the shrewish woman who was changed by a spell, first into a man and then into a demon. He traced the story back to the Middle Ages, and found its counterparts in Italy, France, Spain, and Eastern Europe. The President told of a version he had heard as a boy, and the members rose and gradually went home.

It was all very quiet, rather trivial, but dignified and well conducted, essentially Teutonic, and somewhat dull.

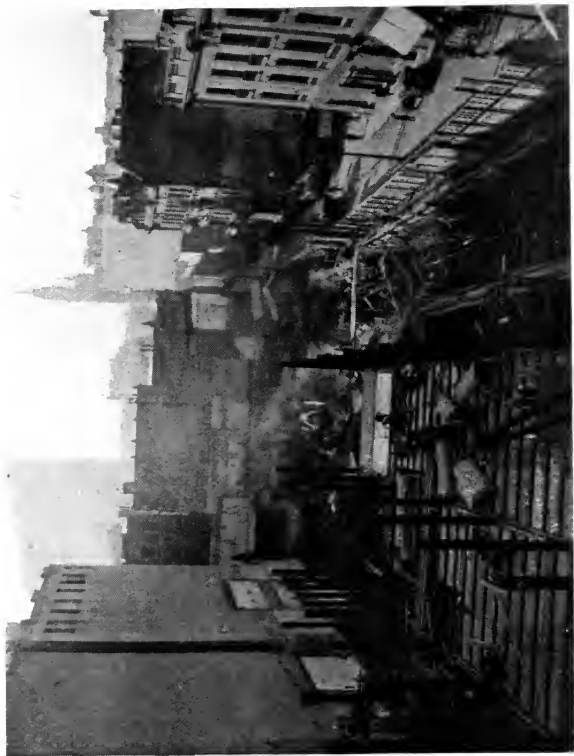
BUENOS AIRES, *July 22, 1920.*

A WEEK ago to-night I enclosed some jottings on the President's procrastination, with a fervent hope that the next day I should have his biography in my hands. Incredible as it seems, the delays and postponements repeated themselves, for all the world like a story from the Far East.

The next day the President sent word that special pressure of business had prevented him. On Saturday, at the suggestion of our courteous intermediary, the sub-secretary for Foreign Affairs, we brought a new proof on large paper, on which I wrote in ink, "Se espera imprimir en el lunes." On Saturday evening we received word that the President had not been able to give attention to the matter, but, with absolute certainty, would read it on Sunday immediately after breakfast; thus, on Monday, with expectation freshly agog, we went to the rendezvous, only to be met with new and all but tearful excuses that next day all would be made good. Hope burned low, but on Tuesday again we made



Casa Rosada, the Government Palace



View from our window, a big store a-building

our visits to the Palace, now grown wearisomely familiar, the first too soon, the second equally ill-timed, for a meeting of diplomats had intervened to prevent the President carrying out his purpose. "Mañana será otro día." ("To-morrow will be another day," *i. e.* a different one!) Again with heavy feet and doubtful mind we trod the tiled paths to the sub-secretary's ante-room, bringing this time a new copy (the third) of the proof, to stimulate the President's interest. Ah, unfortunate day! The great man had been attacked with a headache and had not read a line all day; he sent word, however, that if we could postpone printing until morning we should have the proof with whatever comment, revision, or correction he had to make.

The printer had by now become nearly frantic, and heard with ill-concealed scorn the new proposals for delay, but it was one day only—certainly the last! To-day at four we retraced the familiar course to the Red House, as the Government House is called, and gazed again at the familiar desks and chairs and chandeliers while the usual

half-hour passed. At last the friendly Secretary appeared, with downcast face. The President had escaped him, dodged him, it would appear, and one or two persons of importance, very old friends, with whom also he had appointments. Well, he was an extraordinary man—unaccountable; and as for us, why, we were quite free to go on and publish. The biography was correct, harmless, no objection could be made to it, and nobody could suggest more delays, etc., etc., etc. Thus ends the chapter.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY,
August 1, 1920.

OUR impressions of Montevideo are not very numerous nor very striking, for we have made the visit under grey skies and in chill inclement weather. This city, which is ambitious to be the Athens of South America and is often called the Boston of the Continent, has to-day the aspect of Portland, Maine, on a chilly day in April or October. The journey from Buenos Aires is like that from New York to Boston except that it is entirely in sheltered waters. The boats are inferior to the Sound steamers, but comfortable, and when we looked out this morning on the docks of Montevideo, solid grey-stone bulwarks, we might have been facing the wharves of any New England port. There was no passport inquiry and the Customs examination was a courteous formality.

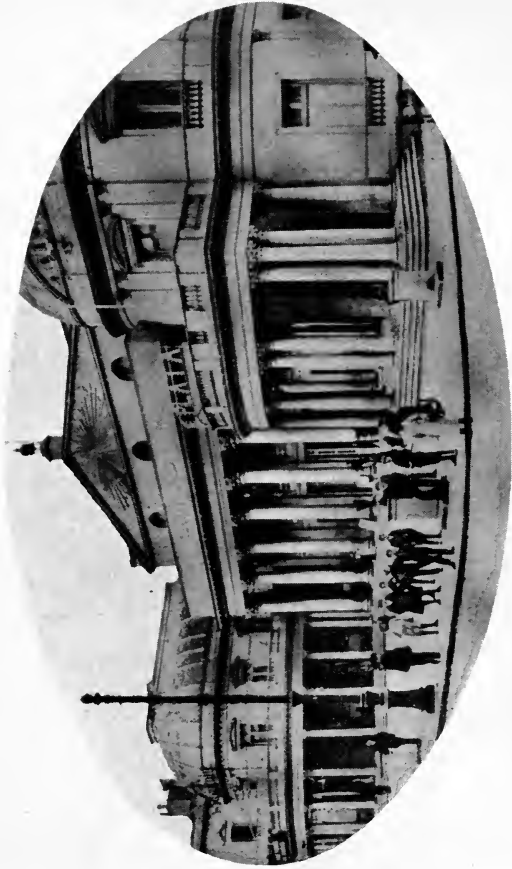
The automobile took us through narrow streets lined with solid buildings, many of them in grey stone, and we came to a hotel—the Oriental—which was a compromise between a South-American and an English hostelry: the central patio was covered with glass and at the left was a thoroughly British hotel writing-room, with the inevitable commercial indexes and ancient magazines on the table and two huge, leather-covered chairs drawn up before a diminutive fire-place.

We went out, for the town was still asleep, and entered a great church on the corner, where, under the bare, forbidding arches of the nave, a little group were mumbling the words of the service, looking very cold and remote and sounding quite forlorn.

In the afternoon we made a journey out to the edge of the town to visit Señor Arturo Scarone, whom we found living with his family in the National Institution for Deaf Mutes, of which the Señora is the Principal. It was an interesting and quite encouraging experience; for the



The water front



On the principal street

children all looked well and strong and gave plenty of evidence of enthusiasm in learning the use of ears and tongue.

There we had tea and were waited on by some of the children of the home, who were already learning to speak some words of Spanish and could make themselves fairly well understood. As we were leaving, the boys, who were playing in the yard, gathered about us, and Señora Scarone called up one after another to make him show his attainments in hearing and in speaking. It was interesting to see the successive stages from that of almost complete dumbness to that of comparative freedom of utterance. We found the demonstration not merely interesting but in every respect encouraging and inspiring.

Another visit that we made on the same afternoon carried us across the city past a great number of streets which seemed as if they had been made on a pattern, past endless rows of one-storey concrete buildings and at last to a quiet street on which the grass was growing among the cobble

stones, to a quiet house where through half-open gates we saw the usual little patio with shrubs and flowers. The trim neatness of the place deepened the impression we had been forming of Montevideo, that it is strictly well ordered. Its streets are all at right angles, its houses are all built under rigorous requirements of law, its pavements are as a rule well kept, there are rows upon rows of houses that seem all to have been made on an identical plan. In fact, it seems to be a stereotyped city in which, so far as we can gather, there is little acute poverty, but there is a very large proportion of the population living on narrow means by rule and formula.

We are having a rainy Sunday in a strange town which knows little of heat and nothing of comfort: no wonder the great majority of deaths are traced to tuberculosis and kindred ills! We went to the Cathedral at noon, and found it surprisingly well filled and many of the congregation men. It is a spacious building, lofty, simple, and dignified. The walls

and the buttress-like columns are covered with white marble decorated with gilt lines and a Greek Cross design; seen from the long nave, the high altar under the shadow of its gilded half-dome gleams restfully in the dim vague distance like a precious stone in an old gold setting; the priest, moving about in the service under the soft light of three candles and in the white and gold of his office, fitted perfectly into the scene, and completed a picture of dim antique religious mysticism.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA,
August 7, 1920.

WE have now been in Buenos Aires two months. The novelty has worn off: we have ceased to remark on the two-wheeled carts like those of English towns or the great three-horse wains that bring in the produce from the estancias, or the high, stilt-like heels of the women's shoes or the list slippers of the working-men. These and a score of other details have grown customary. On the other hand the social and inner life of the city still engages and provokes our interest. It is a cosmopolitan, pleasure-loving, lustful, mercenary town. On a Sunday afternoon there is a stream of automobiles, carriages, traps, and gigs returning from the races that can hardly be rivalled except by the crowd returning from a great football game or the Derby in England. The last peso is

cheerfully spent on an auto to the races, or back; and that is a true index to the first characteristic of the Bonaerense. Ostentation is his foible. If one goes a bit deeper he comes upon self-indulgence and an Oriental view of women, qualities which are closely linked.

Intellectually Buenos Aires is superficial: its books are thin and showy, its art is imitation and highly coloured, its scholarship is slight and insincere. Perhaps these are all signs of youth and will all disappear with greater maturity and wider experience: I am not enough of an ethnologist to tell. It seems to me to depend on whether the racial elements found here are really immature or not.

Buenos Aires, *August 8, 1920.*

THIS morning we went to two Cathedrals, the Anglican and the Catholic, and felt the contrast strongly. The first was a comfortable English church not unlike St. Paul's in Boston, quite free from any atmosphere of elevation, sanctity, or

dignity, historic or other—a large, well-kept parish church with indifferent music and such preaching as might be heard from the curate of the average Anglican church in the average Anglican community in any provincial town. The service closed in time to permit us to reach the Cathedral in the Plaza de Mayo during the sermon. We found the nave half-filled and solid masses of men bulging out into the aisles between the columns nearest the pulpit.

From the Anglican pulpit we heard the usual homily on, “Here they were first called Christians,” ancient platitudes, mixed with colloquial commonplace about how easy it is to call names, how much easier to label the bottle than take the medicine and the like. From the high gilt swallow’s-nest pulpit of the Roman church we heard other things. A thin dark man with a high voice was proclaiming his doctrine with an almost fierce intensity, and as we drew near stopped to mop his face and neck. He began again, with an apology for the length of his sermon, but his audience, leaning forward to catch his

words, showed no sign of weariness. He was preaching on "our daily bread," and dramatized the struggle of to-day, putting the world into rival choirs, of the rich and the poor, who clamoured for possession of the world's goods, both reiterating their rights: "It is *our* bread; it belongs to us," and both forgetting the other half of the prayer, "Our Father . . . give us . . ." In tense and strident tones he repeated in a dozen turns of phrase the only solution: God alone must give, and what anybody got without the Divine approval would do him no good.

Then, at the top of his exhortation he stopped, turned, opened the little door of the pulpit and descended, leaving his audience still leaning expectantly forward.

BUENOS AIRES, *August 9, 1920.*

THE character of President Hipólito Yrigoyen presents a study unusually interesting. He is more written and talked about than any other public man in South America, and arouses the most violent

loyalties and antipathies: hated and vilified by his opponents, among his supporters he is regarded as a demi-god and believed to be above all criticism. Impartial observers consider him a shrewd political boss of the old Tammany Hall type, absorbed in the organization and hardly able to see beyond the immediate project for making sure of a district. The most serious charge brought against him by men of this type is that he is gradually lowering the efficiency of the Government, which was at one time fairly high in some departments, by filling every vacancy which occurs with a political henchman. So absorbed is he in this, that it is said a vacancy with a salary of \$600 cannot be filled without his consent. Meantime he has given a great appearance of business method and efficiency by introducing into the public offices a bell which rings at the hour of opening, usually twelve o'clock, noon, when every one is required to be present and sign a book provided, and again at the hour of closing, usually five or six o'clock, when again all

must sign. But, so far as the President's appointees are concerned, it is understood that no obligation rests on them to be present in the interval: they may sign and leave, returning to sign again at the end of the day. This, by the way, is one of the various means which facilitate the custom of holding a number of jobs, or positions at the same time.

To larger questions and matters of public policy the President gives little attention, it being his method to leave everything of this sort until to-morrow, and to escape going on record in any way if it can be avoided. Thus, in the famous Von Luxburg case, of the German Ambassador who made himself notorious during the war and whose expulsion was decreed by Congress, the President took no action and the case remains unsettled until to-day. My own experience is a case in point on a trivial scale. He has an aversion to keeping appointments, takes no action that can be put off, commits himself to nothing that can be evaded. And, of course, large numbers of questions

settle themselves. Some do not: the Mortgage and Loan Bank lost its directors a year ago, their successors, who should be appointed by the President, are not yet named and the bank is crippled; the Annual Budget for 1919 has not yet appeared and the Budget for 1920 is still being discussed. Meantime important business is held up, and Government officials must either stop their work or go ahead with the risk of having the necessary authorization for their expenditures, which are of course illegal, refused.

It is pleasant to be able to add at least one word on the other side, and my friend Yrurtia the sculptor has given me a pleasant offset to the somewhat harsh judgment which I have so frequently heard about President Yrigoyen. Señor Yrurtia tells me that he has spent many pleasant hours discussing his own work as a sculptor and larger public questions with the President. It appears that both are of Basque origin, which doubtless accounts in part at least for their intimacy, and he maintains that behind his rather

forbidding usual manner the President conceals a great wealth of sentiment and imagination. Yrurtia, at any rate, credits him with far-reaching dreams and projects for the good of the people, and maintains also, quite contrary to the general judgment, that Yrigoyen is, in fact, a very facile and communicative talker. He says that if those who charge the President with being secretive, silent, and morose were to hear him expounding his views on the future of the race, on the possibilities of Argentina, and on the developments of which the common people might be capable if brought under the semi-socialistic form of Government which he believes in, they would recant.

*En route to ASUNCIÓN,
August 10, 1920.*

WE set out for Paraguay, my excellent secretary, Señor Binayán, and I, at about two o'clock, with scant time to catch the train, which we took reluctantly because the steamers up the river have for many a month been stopped by the strike. I have left all impedimenta behind : by which you will understand that Mrs. Parker and the boys are not with us.

On our way to the Station we had already passed through miles of the flat streets of Buenos Aires, the latter half of them beyond the range of sewers, where foul water lay in the gutters on either side and gave promise of disease when summer comes.

We went on, past what seemed an interminable further stretch of streets lined with the regulation one-storey houses

of concrete which belong to Latin-America, until they began to be invaded by little pasture fields fenced with barb-wire and finally were lost in the estancias, on which the city rests and which run for 600 miles north, south, and west—a flat, unvarying succession of barb-wire enclosures for pasture.

We ran on over the plain until suddenly there came in sight a great church tower, big enough for a cathedral, then another church tower and then the houses of the town of Capilla, which rises out of the pasture lands just as the Moorish, white-walled casas grandes of the haciendas rise from the brown, grey, and green backgrounds of Mexican landscapes.

Toward night we came to a great river which we were to cross. It looked like the Missouri at Missouri Valley, but proved to be vastly greater, for it was in reality not the river but the delta, a desert of water and shoal, islands and mud-banks, over which, in an intricate course, we steered for four hours to the opposite shore. Twice we thought we saw towns,



A street in Concordia



Paraná River on which Concordia lies

but learned they were only "frigorificos," huge beef-packing plants.

This morning we woke in the midst of a sea of pasture, level and treeless as far as the eye could reach. Gradually, since, the landscape has changed; we have passed rolling stretches like the prairies of Nebraska and lately a lot of trees planted as if by accident in the plain.

In the middle of the morning we came to Concordia, an old, solid town on the Paraná river, and walked part way up town to see its streets, like all the others of inland towns, single-storey, of concrete and brick, with eucalyptus trees in the open spaces and orange trees overlooking the patio walls. Time did not permit going as far as the Plaza or the river which here is very wide and serviceable for traffic, and soon we were off again, passing two or three orange groves near the city before we resumed the march across the endless plain.

It is monotonous, but never uninteresting to me, for it recalls many days of contentment passed on the prairies of

Nebraska, which it resembles very closely. The most surprising thing to the casual observer is the absence of living things: except for the cattle, which are not very numerous, and the sheep which are less so, we have seen no living thing but a few birds.

*En route to ASUNCIÓN,
August 11, 1920.*

WE arrived early at the frontier city of Posadas, had our baggage examined on the platform, presumably by Paraguayan officials, although we were still in Argentina. It would not have made any difference, I think, who did it, for it was purely perfunctory. Then we went out to encounter the horde of "cabbies," like the Neapolitan "cochero" of old times, with horses as ill-kept and carriages as rickety as I remember them in Naples in 1903. We picked one of the crew whose horses seemed less like scarecrows than the others, and who promised to go like lightning, and set out to see the Plaza, described as "muy lejos" ("far away"). It proved to be about



The Plaza Concordia



Statue of San Martin

half a mile, and the route led us past a collection of huts and shacks such as one finds on the outskirts of towns here, some of old boxes and galvanized iron, some of adobe, and some of boards and thatch. Then we came to buildings of adobe and concrete, with sidewalks of tile, and, turning a corner, found ourselves in the Plaza. The central square was filled with grass and shrubs; there were tiled paths and in the middle rose the inevitable monument to Independence. On one side was the large, one-storey, white Government building, for Posadas is the capital of the "Misiones" territory; on the other was the Cathedral, an ugly, unfinished brick structure with two truncated towers topped with scaffold-steeple which apparently had been there a long time.

We came back to find that we might have spent an hour in the town, for time is of little value here, but, after many preliminaries, we set out across the river. The operation was well conducted; the train was carried by wire cables upon a powerful ferry, and with plenty of power

we put out into the stream, which at this point resembles the Lower Mississippi, a wide, placid river with low, scrub-covered shores, more like a lagoon than a river, over which we steamed for half an hour, under a lovely sky and in air as balmy as a May morning.

Our first impressions of Paraguay, at the station of Encarnación, are pleasant. The landscape is varied, with river, undulating shore, and many trees; the general effect is like that of Mexico in the Orizaba district and the people are not unlike the Mexicans; they seem to be darker of skin and rather more alert and responsive than the groups we have seen at the stations along the way.

Afternoon.

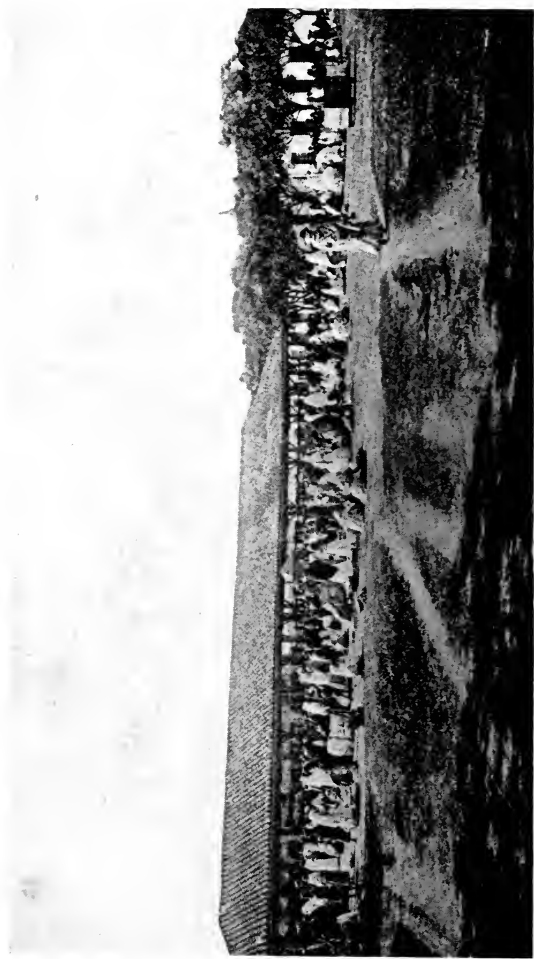
As we go on the aspect of the country changes, growing more tropical: there are women sitting by the streams washing their clothes, and at the stations the two-piece, drill suit and bare feet familiar in Cuba, Mexico and Peru re-appear; the children run about almost naked. The

houses are of wattle covered with mud, some of them very diminutive. I have seen them eight feet by six or seven, showing that life is lived out of doors. The cattle are thin and have long wide horns like the inferior Mexican stock.

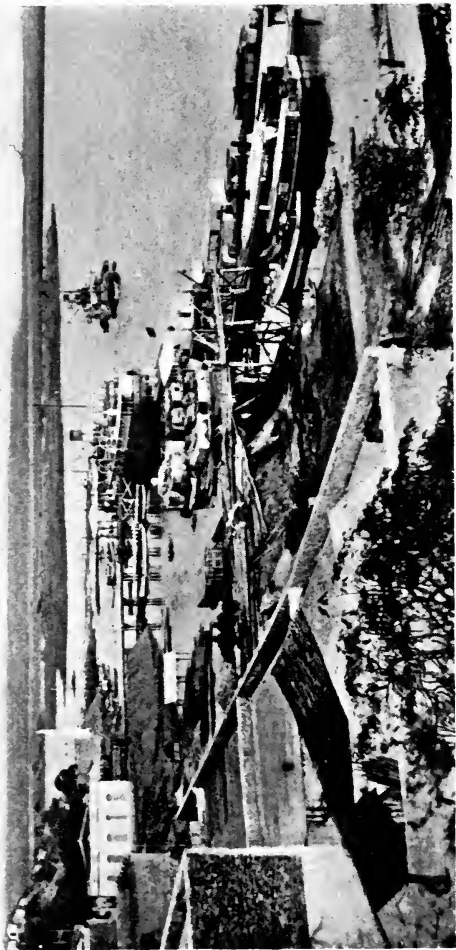
We have left the treeless plain: at nearly all the stations there are heaps of logs, many of them large, two feet by two, and twenty to thirty feet long, squared by the axe. Plainly enough some one works here, in spite of the tradition of Paraguayan sloth. The clearings show the same thing; some of them look very well, like grassy glades among the thick woods, and I have seen one in the making with the whole space covered as it seemed with chips from the axe, and the house and fence rawly new.

The sun set again like a great globe of fire over the wide plain where the cattle browsed in a still air, making a picture of peace. And now we saw at a distance prairie fires creeping over the dead grass like a line of skirmishers with very little blaze, but apparently irresistible.

Night was settling down when we stopped at a little Paraguayan town, and almost immediately were greeted with a blare of martial music. The local band of fifteen or more, dressed in white, were drawn up directly opposite our seats and gave us a fine serenade, probably intended for unseen dignitaries on the train, in what one of the party unkindly said was the worst music he had ever heard. At all the stations there were crowds, for the "International" train is evidently a portent not to be missed, and we began to see the poncho again, worn in the Bolivian fashion. I do not know anything human more swagger than a tall, swarthy fellow stalking along in the dusk with the folds of a great blanket wrapped about him. We saw several of these comic opera villains moving across the stage of the local stations evidently conscious of the impression they might make, but notwithstanding these and many gross sensual men, I am inclined at first glance to think the Paraguayan one of the most likeable Hispanic Americans I have seen.



Villarica, a country market



The Harbour

ASUNCIÓN, PARAGUAY,
August 12, 1920.

WE arrived about four o'clock this morning, seven hours late, and, at nine o'clock, after we had got settled in our hotel and had our breakfast, the telegram we had sent from Buenos Aires nearly three days ago was brought in, suggesting the possibility that it had been conveyed on the same train.

In spite of all that we have heard of its backwardness, ignorance, and sloth, our first impressions of Asunción are not unfavourable: the air is delicious, the streets are clean, the houses are neat, the people look like a more amiable race of Mexicans, the effect is of a mingling of Orizaba and Matanzas, with improvements on both.

The hotel is called "The Park," and has claims to the title, for there is a garden

space in front with palms and shrubs and a fair plot of ground behind; all the rooms seem to have outside windows, and, with clean, white walls running up to the tile and timber roof, seem cool and airy. We had coffee at a tiny table on the palm-shaded veranda, and set off early on our first excursion to the National Library, where we had two surprises: the first was at being informed that it was the National Library chiefly in name, for nearly all the books of importance were the property of Señor Juansilvano Godoi, and the second was at the extent and value of the collection when, on the arrival of Señor Godoi's son, we were permitted to see it.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 14, 1920.*

THE town is in holiday dress, flags are up and the public buildings illuminated for the Inauguration of President Gondra to-morrow, but one feels as if it is being taken calmly. Changes of Government are no new thing for Paraguay, where a



Patio of an hotel



Scene in the revolution of 1904, from an old picture

few years ago the people were likely to wake up any morning to find a revolution had occurred over-night. In fact, Paraguay could fairly claim the record among South American republics for the number and frequency of her revolutions. My friend Señor Paz-Soldán has compiled a partial list of Peruvian revolutions, but nobody has ventured on the task for Paraguay. I should think it hopeless, for they once had three within twenty-four hours.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 15, 1920.*

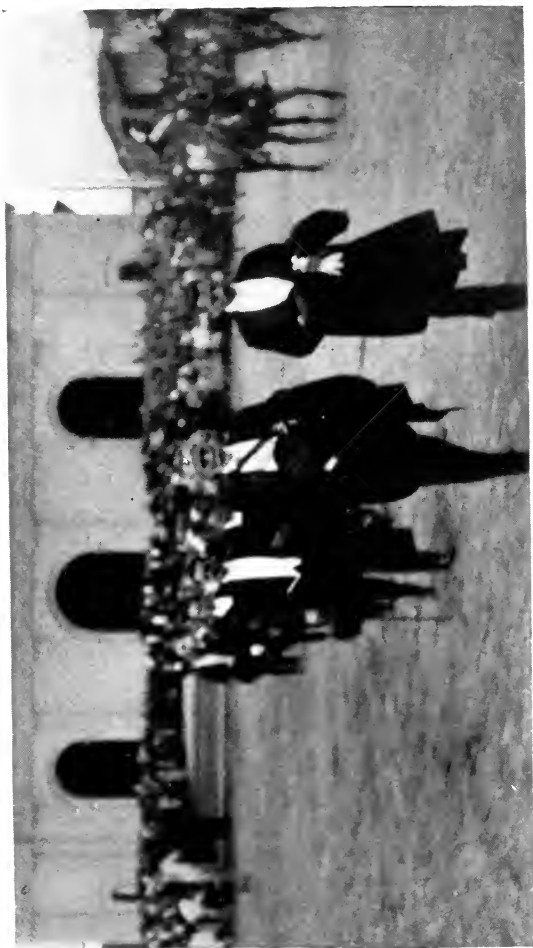
THIS morning as I lay half-awake in my white-walled chamber with the sun coming through a circular window and listened to the song of a hen in the patio, I was transported to the little room in the farmhouse in Cheshire, England, where I have been awakened many a morning in my childhood by the same cheerful, business-like monologue. The domestic fowl seems to have the least variable of all bird songs, and binds the remotest parts of the world together.

We had our morning tea and set off to see the inaugural procession. In the wide space between the Cathedral and the barracks we found the main body of the Paraguayan army, about 1500 men, drawn up in two bodies facing the avenue that leads to the Hall of Congress, and others lining the way to the Cathedral.

Soon the bands broke into music, the infantry presented arms, the Cathedral bells rang, hats began to come off and the new President, Don Manuel Gondra, appeared bareheaded at the head of the procession of diplomats and officials, resplendent in gold lace and colours. They passed into the church and in a surprisingly short time reappeared, passing, this time, within a few feet of us. The President, a tall, well-built man of middle age, seemed likely to fulfil a good part of the high hopes that are entertained of him, of which the papers are full. He has the look of disillusion and a shade of the world-weariness common to South Americans who have passed their youth, but he walks well, advancing among the plaudits of the



“ President Gondra appeared bareheaded at the head of the procession ”



Leaving the Church after the Inauguration

crowd and the salutes of the military with an even step and an air of unaffected simplicity, bowing slightly to right and left. After him came the envoy of the Holy See, a fat, rather gross person, in purple and lace and a great gold chain, the diplomats, high officials, lesser clergy and others, in alternating groups of shining uniforms and sombre black dress suits. It made a long procession, not very well arranged and not exactly impressive, but full of evidence as to the friendly disposition of other nations.

Meantime we had a chance to observe the military: there were somewhere between 1500 and 2000 in line, including the naval force of forty-six boys, four officers, and two instructors with three small field-guns. The infantry were well clothed and had rifles with bayonets, but most of them were very young and some seemed mere infants of not more than eleven or twelve years old. The artillery and machine-gun sections were negligible, but the cavalry, what there was of it, was creditable.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 15, 1920.*

It is a fine, calm Sunday evening, and I have walked up to one of the high spots of the city where there is a little esplanade which gives a wide view over the fringe of the town and the river bottom, miles and miles of low plain and lagoon stretching to the horizon. Behind me is the checker board of the city, a long series of ill-paved streets, for, like all South American towns, Asunción covers a great space of ground, more than most in fact, because it was laid out before the great war in an ambitious mood and has more streets than it can care for, like a boy that is obliged to wear his father's clothes.

The general effect of Asunción is sober and slightly sad. The generation that is passing off the stage saw terrible things and the new generation has grown up under the shadow of the tragic memories with which the very houses are steeped. The inheritance of defeat has bred a mood of impotence and killed enterprise. When the telephone system was interrupted by a



Calle 14 de Mayo



The Market

fire some time ago they let it remain so, and to-day one passes rows of telephone poles with wires all in place but not a wire in use. The city is without sewers; but when a foreign company proposes to install a system, the spirit of pessimism and distrust sees in the project only a chance to exact fees and graft, and kills the plan.

The University occupies, together with the Colegio Nacional (the High School), nearly a whole block, but it is practically unoccupied. The other day when we entered we found in the main hall among dust and dirt a lot of street urchins playing pitch-penny. It is only open in the morning, and very few students appear; in fact the total enrolment is only about seventy. The National Archives, which contain a great number of valuable papers, manuscripts running back to 1567, and many books which great libraries would cherish, is in the condition of a deserted house. When we called we found the three custodians engaged in what my secretary says is the principal occupation of Paraguay—talking politics. They

explained that they were not well versed in the archives and could give us little information because they were so new, *having only been there two years*. But they showed us a manuscript volume of the sixteenth century in wretched condition, partly eaten by insects and gradually falling to pieces. Later they opened a closet and disclosed a heap of old books in parchment bindings, among which Señor Binayán said there were valuable things which had been almost totally destroyed. The books on the shelves were in drunken rows and the place was disgracefully dirty, with the dust of months and the cigar stubs of perhaps an equal period on the floor. There were only three employés and they had only been there two years !

The municipal market is an extensive affair, covering a solid block, and in the mornings is crowded with buyers and sellers. The country folk come in with their produce, anything from a handful of vegetables or a bit of lace to a donkey-train of stuff, and sit beside their wares while the purchasers pass by. It is a

quiet crowd, but primitive in its ways, pushing and crowding and dodging past one another like a lot of animals or ill-bred children, and dirty with the dirt of the season, so that one cannot avoid an involuntary shrinking from the all too friendly contact.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 16, 1920.*

By the kindness of Señor Godoi, who devoted most of the morning to helping us, we were permitted to use the National Library although it was a holiday, and so made progress. About twelve o'clock he took us to the Spanish Club, a big, wide, casual sort of meeting and loafing place on the principal street. It has a good building and, in a sort of free-for-all, easy-going, open-door air, reflects the mood of the younger and more active Paraguayans. There is an absence of ceremony, but one finds the leading magazines in French, Spanish, and Italian and a considerable movement of life.

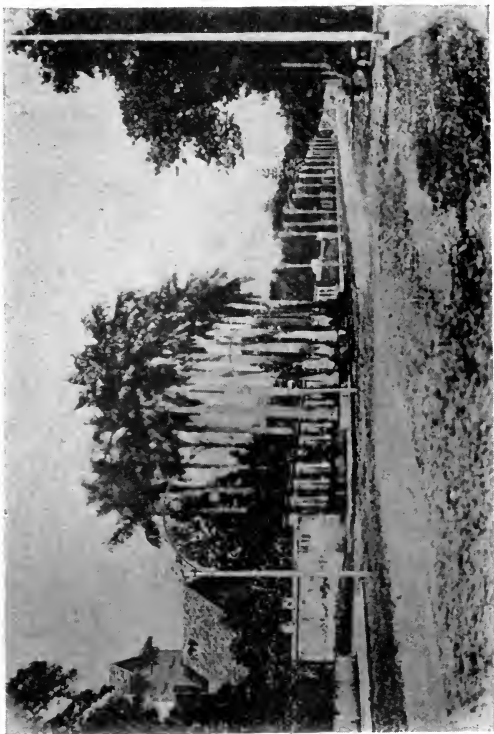
In the afternoon we went to the Military

Review, organized to celebrate the Inauguration. It was held in a great Quinta, or country place, a mile or more out of the city, and we went on foot in company with a great crowd that plodded along, the shod and the barefoot together, in the dust and the sun, gathering more recruits as it went, until it poured like a river into the mass already assembled. At the place we found two or three little grand stands with a capacity of a hundred or more, and beyond this no preparations for the crowd which, to the number of 20,000, surrounded the field, mostly on foot, some in automobiles and carts and some in the trees, where they stirred uncomfortably, shaking down leaves and twigs.

The crowd was more interesting than the show, which consisted in the marching and counter-marching of 2000 men, not very well trained and many of them very immature. As usual south of the Rio Grande there was a marked superfluity of officers on horseback who were vastly pleased with themselves and missed no



"We went to the review"—Portrait of the O.C. troops



Avenida Columbia

chance to show off. The waste of gold lace in Latin-American republics is a vulgarity. There was plenty of display and some extravagance in the exhibition; how much it cost I don't know, but I couldn't get out of my mind the account given me just as we were setting off, of the misery at San Antonio, an hour and a half down the river, where several thousand miserable people, at one time employed in the packing plant there, are literally starving, living under the trees without shelter or clothes, kept alive by charity and such food, even roots or herbs, as they can find.

One did not need to go so far afield: there was plenty of evidence of misery at our elbows. The crowd was an ill-fed, undersized, unwashed, neglected company, many of whom showed signs of disease; for everybody talks of Anquilostomiasis (hook-worm)—with which they say 80 per cent. of the people are infected. In the street-cars are posted large signs—the traces of the work of the Rockefeller Foundation, beginning: "Ignorance is the cause

of the misery in which our people live," and imploring those who can read to instruct the others how to avoid contagion, but since the very great majority neither read nor speak Spanish, the outlook is not bright. I send you a copy of the instructive poster to which I refer.

Por causa de la ignorancia nuestro pueblo sufre
 y vive en la miseria

Vd. que sabe leer, explique a sus conocidos las terribles consecuencias de la ANQUILOSTOMIASIS. Recomiéndeles estas medidas preventivas:

No beber agua de pozos sin brocales;

No comer legumbres crudas;

No andar descalzos;

Bañarse diariamente y lavarse con frecuencia las manos;

Usar escusados higiénicos, si es posible de material.

Recomiende a los enfermos que se curen. En la Zona Sanitaria (Cerro Corá 530) o en las Zonas de Casacupé y Villarrica, la cura y los medicamentos son GRATUITOS.

COMITÉ EJECUTIVO DE SANIDAD

See La Salud, Av. 100

[The following is a translation of this significant appeal: "By reason of their ignorance our people suffer and live in misery. *You who know how to read,*

explain to your acquaintances the terrible consequences of HOOK-WORM. Recommend to them these preventive measures: Do not drink water from wells without curbs; Do not eat raw vegetables; Do not go barefoot; Bathe daily and wash your hands frequently; Use hygienic latrines, if possible those closed in. Recommend to the sick that they get treated. In the dispensary at 530 Cerro Corá or in those of Caacupé and Villarrica treatment and medicine are FREE.”]

ASUNCIÓN, *August 18, 1920.*

THIS is another lovely morning, and again we are having tea on the tiled veranda under the shade of the palms, while the casual, leisurely life of the hotel and the town goes on its quiet way about us. It is quiet because nearly all the people are barefoot and Indian, silent of movement and of tongue. I have seen a train of three electric cars start from before the gates of the hotel with surprise, noting that all the cars were crowded and

that I had not heard a sound during the operation.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 19, 1920.*

I SUPPOSE this climate is no more curious than others, but it is surprising. Last night it was so cold that after dinner we gathered in the room of the one couple, the banker and his wife, who have an electric heater, and this morning people are wearing overcoats and furs, yet the sun is so hot that I had to move my foot out of the direct rays while I sat on the veranda taking my morning cup of tea.

We are much impressed with the general poverty of the country, its basic poverty in men, in animals, in intelligence, as well as in capital. This, of course, is notable: many men here have large holdings of lands, but there is very little real money to be found and a usual rate of interest is twenty-four per cent., the old two per cent. a month rate of the west. A banker complains that he cannot get his friends to invest in banking



Country market near Asunción



Paraguayan Indians

or milling, because bank stock only pays eleven or twelve per cent., and they can get twenty-four per cent. on real estate loans without risk. In fact, there is no enterprise on the part of the Paraguayan. Little as there is elsewhere in Latin-America, here there is less. Foreigners may take chances if they like, the natives, except for the lottery, never risk a dollar. Both history and race contribute to the result. One cannot avoid seeing the terrible effects of the war, which left Paraguay a country of women, children, and cripples; as little can he escape the racial factor, the Indian looks at him from every pair of eyes in the street. And it was a very inferior Indian, timid, pusillanimous, without art, history, science, architecture, agriculture, or even handicraft, except for weapons. Their descendants remain a spiritless, wretched race.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 19, 1920.*

WE paid a visit this morning to a distinguished man of letters, one of the

“intellectuals” of Asunción, to whom we had a letter of introduction, and whom we had heard described as “the Anatole France of Paraguay.”

We found him sitting beside the open door, which opens directly upon one of the principal streets, chatting with a young priest, and he soon began to show a lively interest in our task, warning us with quite unnecessary emphasis that we should find it impossible to secure the necessary data, because of the deep racial antipathy to any form of publicity. Things like this could be done in other countries, but in Paraguay, among people of Indian stock, never!

He went on to urge us to write a general account of the country and make the biographical part incidental, or at least eke out the scanty material by an extensive introduction, which he generously offered to write, on the special claims of Paraguay to the consideration of the world, particularly as a place of residence. He offered to demonstrate—*by statistics*—that Paraguay is five times more healthy

than England, France, or the United States, that it has not more than ten per cent. of the idiocy and crime of these countries, mistakenly supposed to be superior.

Inasmuch as the statistics of all South America are notoriously uncertain and the statistics of Paraguay are lacking, this did not sound like a good offer. He continued, in the full flight of patriotic fervour, to assure us that in respect to its population Paraguay was vastly superior to all its neighbours : they had, as a rule, ten Indians to one white man, but Paraguay had twenty-five white men, of the best blood of Spain, to every Indian. He was in full career and had forgotten his advice about the difficulties imposed upon us by the Indian suspicion of the race.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 20, 1920.*

LAST night we paid a second visit to our man of letters, who was in fine form : evidently taking us as an exceptional audience, he gave us an exhibition of his

powers as an actor and impromptu speaker. Most of the time he was on his feet, posturing, gesturing, and declaiming, at one time trying on us a part of the address he proposes to give in Buenos Aires, which is to be a landmark in his career and in which, apparently, he intends to give a rhapsody on Paraguay, her incomparable climate, her atmosphere more favourable than any other in the world to lofty thought and heroic action, illustrating this by the great war of 1865-1870, in which the peerless commander, Marshal López, with only 30,000 men, held half a continent at bay for five years and fought a final battle with only three hundred survivors.

At moments I thought I was listening to a Cuban, so fervid and tropical was his rhetoric, but he referred to himself as largely Indian, the natural son of a noted Paraguayan, and grew solemn over the danger from the Japanese and the "yellow peril" in general.

It was an interesting experience; not for the florid rhodomontade, which one

may hear in the cafés at any time, but for the fact, of which I had to keep reminding myself, that this was one of the leading men of Paraguay, a former Vice-President of the Republic, one time Minister of Finance and former Rector of the University.

It was a commentary and an illustration of the remoteness, rusticity, and intellectual poverty of the country. Both the country and its capital appeal powerfully to one's sympathies. They are still under the shadow of the war, weak, debilitated, with little energy and less enterprise: all the public service corporations, steamship lines, railways, and tramways, nearly all the banks and principal businesses are foreign, and meantime the total consumption of the entire country does not equal an American city of 50,000 people. Asunción is, in fact, a big village, with the rustic ways and primitive manners of a colonial town. At eleven o'clock the banks and most of the business places lock their doors, the shopkeepers pull down their shutters, and at twelve o'clock

the streets are as empty as those of a city of the dead. About two the town wakes again, but at seven in the evening the process is repeated, and by eight o'clock, except for a few bright spots, such as the cinema shows, a hotel, or a club, it is again transformed into a deserted place. I know few more depressing things than a walk along the streets of Asunción in the evening, one's footsteps resounding on the pavements and echoing against the rows of blank buildings, from which no gleam of light or any sign of life emerges.

The money of Paraguay is subject to great fluctuations, for it is entirely paper, without any reserve or conversion fund behind it. Its value is uncertain: the peso, often called dollar, has varied during the past three years from three and a quarter cents, its present value, to one and a half cents, which it was worth about two years ago. There is great speculation in money, recalling that in Chile, but less orderly and competent. We are still amused at prices: a street-car fare is a dollar and a half (four and a

quarter cents), a cigar is five dollars, a shine is a dollar, and a hat 197 dollars!

ASUNCIÓN, *August 21, 1920.*

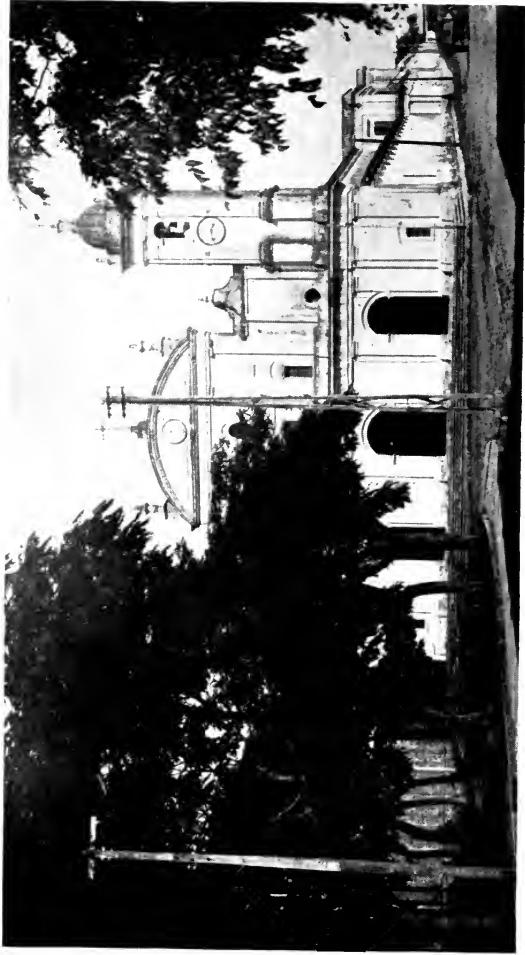
THE great church of Asunción is the Encarnación, not so old, but larger and finer than the Cathedral, which is about eighty years old. The approach to the Encarnación is like that to a fortress. On either side of the enormously wide staircase are low bastions, and at the turn other masses of masonry. Within, the basilica is lofty, bare, and cool, of colour nearly white, which accentuates the absence of decoration and the poverty of the appointments which are, in fact, pitiful.

Nevertheless the church has dignity: the great columns which support the barrel vault of the nave are not far from fifty feet high and the side aisles not much lower. It is paved in red brick, much worn and soft in places, the original tile covering having disappeared, if it was ever put on, and it has a strip of carpet

running a hundred feet from the doors toward the altar.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 22, 1920.*

WE have been to the Cathedral again to attend the service in honour of Bishop Bogarín on the completion of his twenty-five years' service in the episcopate. We found a considerable group of people in the Plaza before the Cathedral, and many more standing outside the doors, but had no difficulty in entering the church, which was not crowded. The altar was illuminated with electric lights arranged in ecclesiastical patterns, and there was another display over the effigy of Mary, which almost irresistibly made one think of a wooden doll of heroic size, surrounded with artificial flowers and holding a smaller doll, Jesus. In the choir there was an array of clergy, including the bishop in scarlet robe and biretta and fifteen priests. At the western end men and boys sang, the tenor, in particular, singing remarkably well, but, apart from this, the service was



The Cathedral



Interior of the Cathedral

commonplace and would have been dull but for the audience, which was quite naïve, and I think representative of the city. There were rich and poor, ladies in silks, and many barefoot, men, boys, girls, and children in arms. The racial mixture is curious, more varied than I had supposed, running all the way from white to black: there were many that seemed pure Indian. I noticed about a dozen negro faces, and there was a greater evidence in others of negro blood than any of the records would lead one to expect.

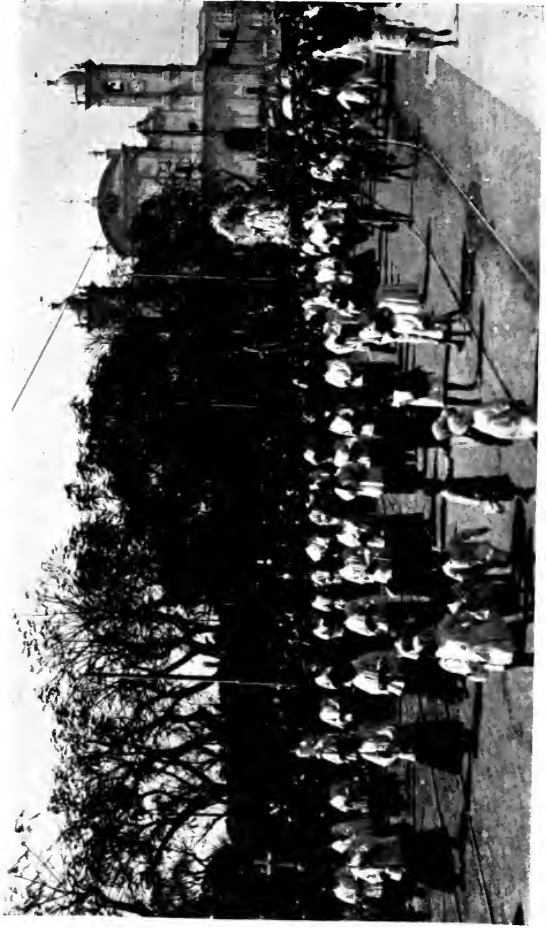
The marked preponderance of women everywhere reminds one continually of the war, and many things make one recall that for some time after its close the usual forms of marriage were generally omitted: one distinguished patriot, General Caballero, setting an example by owing to thirty-five children by a considerable number of partners.

The church is not ill to look at: though low, it is fairly well proportioned, and the tawdriness of its appointment does not quite give the shock that would occur in a

cathedral more severely or artistically decorated. It is, in fact, painted, the flat wooden ceiling in stripes of blue and white, and the rest of the nave in a conventional pattern of faded reds, but the chapels are done independently, each in a different design and a different colour scheme, which produces a confusing effect on the eye.

The service closed, one or two of the clergy bustled about among the audience arranging the procession, eight men lifted the great platform on which the effigy of the Virgin rested, and the affair got in motion. First came a censer bearer, then about thirty seminarists, then twenty clergy with the bishop and the Virgin. They passed slowly down the aisle, and at the door found a great crowd waiting, with a long line of girls in white and two companies of infantry with two bands, and down the street they went in great pomp.

In the afternoon I went out to the Zoological Gardens, which is hardly more



The Image of Our Lady carried in procession from the Cathedral



Another view of the procession

than a project. It lies some miles out of town, a short trip by train, a longer one by street-car and mule-car, but neither by one route nor the other much visited by the public. One can't blame them, for the entire menagerie consists of one African lion and a few Paraguayan animals, the most notable of which is a tapir, described to me by the enthusiastic youth who took me about as "a kind of elephant."

There is a museum, too, a poor thing and cause of lamentations on the part of the director, a Dane named Jorgensen, who is evidently very ill-paid and utterly without funds for his work. He says the income is all used in keeping the roads and paths in order.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 24, 1920.*

YESTERDAY afternoon at three we called on President Gondra in his house, a wide, faded yellow building, with a colonnade of columns before it on a quiet street in an unfashionable part of the town. A white-

clad man-servant announced us, and two or three minutes later the President opened a door in the corridor and beckoned us into what proved to be the library, a room about forty feet long, with bookshelves running nearly all round it and containing what is said to be the second library of the country. My first impression, we had no chance to examine it, is that it consists too largely of Government publications and reports to be interesting.

The President received us very gravely, as if conscious of his official dignity, and deepened the impression I got when I first saw him of a man more or less burned out. He was dry, wary, and taciturn, said the formal things, and listened like one who was not going to make any mistakes. After a few remarks about his visit, I addressed him in English, which he is said to speak very well, but he answered in Spanish, and generally conducted himself like a man whose position weighs on him.

In the evening my friend, Señor Pérez, came and took me to see the School of Commerce, where over six hundred young

people who are employed in shops and elsewhere take courses in arithmetic, accounting, English, etc., at night. We found one class which had overflowed into the corridor and another which filled the class-room. The teachers told us that the attendance was increasing and the students worked well in the classes.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 26, 1920.*

THE climate of Asunción is hot, damp, and enervating, as is inevitable, for the city lies in a low river valley in the middle of the great central plain of South America. Its situation has much in common with the Lower Mississippi Valley, but is flatter. This position, in a kind of channel in the continental plain, along which the winds sweep unobstructed from Patagonia to the Amazon, is the chief factor in the climate, which has only two seasons, winter and summer, and by some is denied the first. An Englishman remarks, after twenty years of it, that there are only two *estaciones* (seasons) here, summer

and the estación ferrocarril (the railway station), and my friend Pérez, a Paraguayan, says there is only one season, but there are two winds, the north and the south; when the north wind blows it is hot, and when the south wind blows it is cold, no matter what the time of year is.

Everybody admits the climate is enervating, and old residents say it entirely unfits men for work under more strenuous skies, so that after a few years here people become rather timid about venturing into the more competitive life. There is a good deal of tuberculosis here, in addition to the almost universal hookworm, and debility seems usual.

Asunción reminds me of Lima. It is perhaps better situated on account of the river, but has the same general atmosphere of inertia and lack of moral energy.

Both cities have had the same experience of defeat: both have been sacked and held by enemy troops, with all the attendant circumstances of degradation and despair; their goods have been taken, their women spoiled, their homes defiled,

and their churches desecrated. The negro troops of Brazil were here for six years and have left undeniable marks upon the complexion of the people. Like Lima, Asunción has a dispirited air; it has lost its best blood and nearly all its courage. There is no audacity here, no life, no stir.

Naturally enough the history of Asunción begins with the war: if it had an intellectual life, which some doubt, it was snuffed out in the struggle, and what one sees now is very weak and puerile.

Asunción recalls Lima in the number of burros in the streets, singly, as pack animals and in wagons, most of them wretched creatures and ill-used. Had I the power of the Calif, I should be tempted to practise a capricious justice and have a dozen of these brutal carters beaten through the streets every morning with their own whips.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 27, 1920.*

I AM scribbling this in the Palace, waiting for the interview with the President,

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|-----|---|
| 514 | CASUAL LETTERS |
| | <p>which I am assured by no less a dignitary than the Secretary of State is hopeless to expect, but which nevertheless I still trust to get.</p> <p>Waiting in the Palace is becoming a familiar occupation to me, but does not grow more agreeable; rather it tends to check the incipient respect which I am always hoping to possess for the given functionary. There are several explanations for these delays. Apparently there is no official of Hispanic stock who can emerge from the Oriental desire to show his power by putting some one else to loss, inconvenience, or discomfort. About the only way an official here can satisfy his sense of importance as regards us is to keep us waiting. Secondly, there is the difficulty of bringing any conference or conversation between Latin-Americans to a conclusion: it is held as a mark of consideration to prolong the matter indefinitely.</p> <p>There is a great deal of "resting" done here. In fact, at times one is inclined to the opinion that the two chief occupations</p> |
| VII | HISPANIC NOTES |

of the male part of the population are resting and talking, no opportunity for either seems to be neglected.

Of the backwardness of Paraguay there are many signs. Yesterday the newspapers printed the announcement that the salaries for July were now to be paid; but to-day's paper states that when President Gondra came into office he found no money in the treasury, recalling the experience of General Mitre in Argentina in 1870, who found in the treasury at Buenos Aires one piece of money, and that counterfeit! When we went to the Office of Statistics to secure the current statistical summary we found that the statistical reports for 1917 were not printed yet: we got the summary for 1916, but no others were obtainable; they had all been sent out and, as our friend remarked, mostly wasted.

ASUNCIÓN, *August 27, 1920.*

It is ten o'clock at the end of a long day, our last day in Asunción, and we are

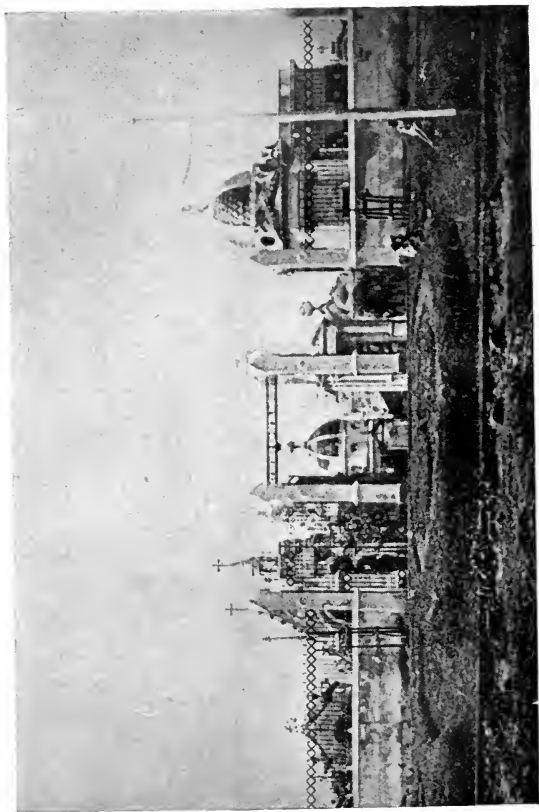
putting our things together to set off for the train.

I have a little feeling of regret at leaving : it has been an interesting stay, and there is a mildly pathetic appeal about this capital and the country which I cannot deny. This afternoon, as I took my last walk along its streets, which seem a little too large for the people, and this evening, as I returned by moonlight from my last talk with the President and passed the walled gardens and the wide doors that opened vistas into patios, and heard the chatter of girls, I felt some of the tropical, somnolent charm of the place. It is listless and at times exasperating in its lack of spirit, energy, enterprise, and vitality; it is weak with the weakness of an inferior and conquered people, but it has a kind of fragrance and an antique, unmodern attractiveness.

After all I did get an interview, in fact, two! with President Gondra, and found him more accessible and communicative each time. In the morning I found him at the Government House, or



An old Church



The Recoleta

Palace, where the Minister for Foreign Affairs, not without difficulty, arranged an interview, after the President had announced that he could not see anybody. He came forward to meet me in the audience room and shook hands with entire simplicity. He seems to have no "side," but both in dress and manner is unaffected and simple, with a little the manner of a schoolmaster. We talked of people whom he had met in New York, of the possibility of developing petroleum in Paraguay, of the eternal boundary question with Bolivia, and of the work I had been doing. I do not envy him. His task is difficult and thankless; he cannot help recalling his earlier Presidency, which lasted but fifty-two days, and already doubt is whispered as to the length of his present term. There are few whom he can trust, for the lust of office is terribly strong, because it offers almost the only outlet for energy and ambition, and the sense of political honour is practically non-existent. They tell shocking stories of treachery, such as of U——, who visited

the house of President Gondra during his earlier term, with the ostensible purpose of wooing the President's sister, and, thus gaining the confidence of the household, betrayed the President to his enemies, who made a so-called Revolution and put him out of power. Similar is the story of X——, who, when he was Vice-President, conspired with the "outs," and made a Revolution with the idea of making himself President, but was very properly disappointed, and has been a political adventurer ever since.

*En route for BUENOS AIRES,
August 28, 1920.*

WE have in the dining-car, which is also the social hall, a collection of the hardest-looking characters I have seen together. It is to be hoped their looks belie them, for, if not, nobody's life would be safe should opportunity for robbery offer.

We have been running along for miles beside a beautiful wooded ridge two or three hundred feet high, in which the

varied greens are lighted up by what look like great almond trees in full bloom, tall sprays of pink that make lovely spots of colour in the mass of foliage. For the rest, it is level plain, dotted with palms: fine cattle country.

IN ARGENTINA *en route to* BUENOS AIRES,
August 29, 1920.

ALTHOUGH it is a familiar observation, I am always surprised afresh at the immediacy and sharpness of the effect in crossing a frontier. Last night we crossed from Paraguay into Argentina and felt the change in a moment. A new dining-car was put on, manned by Argentines, and with several Argentine cattlemen sitting drinking and smoking in it. They were of a larger and more modern world. The group in the Paraguayan car were uncouth, piratical, and villainous in their appearance and plainly rustic in all their ways. When a pretty girl entered they fixed their eyes on her as if she had been a visitant from another world, and gazed with such eager and hungry looks that

she went away. She came into the car last night without causing attention.

It is Sunday afternoon, and we are still passing over the wide Argentine plain that we have traversed since last night. For the most part it is level to flatness: this morning about four o'clock I looked out and saw across the even, treeless plain the far horizon banded with a wide rim of rose pink that varied into pale yellow and purple: to the west it was black and flat, as I have often seen the prairie of Iowa and Nebraska.

Off to our left and moving fast in this direction is a prairie fire; above and a little ahead is a wide banner of cloud under which the van of flame two feet high runs bravely like the cavalry of an attack. Last night, a little later than this, we ran alongside a similar fire, which at one time scorched our paint and in a clump of tall grass flashed up against the windows in our very faces.

The sun is setting, and there are birds like the yellow-breasted meadow-lark of the prairies sitting on the fence posts, as their

Nebraska cousins do, to sing their evening song, all very peaceful and calm and prosperous looking.

The vast plain darkens and the world of cattle, grass, and barbed wire slips by us into the night.

En route to BUENOS AIRES,

August 30, 1920.

WE crossed the Paraná River this morning, spending five hours and a half in the process, which consists in voyaging around the angles of the confluence a distance of probably thirty miles. It is like the Missouri, but with less current, a sullen, sluggish stream, in places nearly half a mile wide, wandering through vast fields of mud. For the most part the shores are uninteresting, but in the tender light of early morning there are fine glimpses: willows bending over the still water, with a heron standing on the bank, lines of poplars, a great white house on a slight eminence, with clumps of tall eucalyptus on either side; these relieve the monotony. A trained painter, with

patience, would find plenty of opportunities here, but no Argentine seems to have done it so far, and in practice he finds it difficult, owing to the mere vastness of the scene. These two hundred miles of river produce the same paralysis of selection as the thousand miles of Cordillera: the result, as I have seen it in the exhibitions, is a series of sections chopped out of the line.

Buenos Aires, *September 1, 1920.*

ANOTHER light on Paraguay was thrown by two of our fellow-travellers to Asunción whom I have just met on their return here. These young Anglo-Argentines of Scotch descent were going to look for a great tract of land which they owned up in the north of Paraguay, but which they had never seen. The journey proved a dull one: they first went by river steamer to Concepción, then by narrow-gauge railway, largely in the forest, and, finally by mule four days into the open. The journey proved uneventful and, except

for the heat, not especially difficult. They saw two jaguars, and got a shot at one, some snakes and deer and many insects, but for the most part they travelled along over rolling prairie, cut by great, sluggish rivers, and found their little empire of about a hundred and eighty square miles of river and plain looking very peaceful and picturesque. It is still too remote for practical development, however, and so they came back to let it wait another decade or two.

Another fellow-traveller on the return journey from Asunción was the representative of a moving picture company who had been taking pictures from the air and the ground for an educational film on Paraguay. He found it dull. He had scoured town and country for exciting materials, but found none; in fact, was so put to it to find anything with the least "action" in it, that he had to "fake" an armadillo hunt and an Indian camp. He showed me a great sheaf of bows and arrows, some of them admirably made, but the best were from Brazil;

Paraguay yielded little that was dramatic and nothing really dangerous—even its Indians he found stupidly inoffensive and tame.

Buenos Aires, Sept. 23, 1920.

CURIOUSLY enough it was in Asunción, of all places! that I discovered books out of the common. Of course Binayán and I had scoured the bookshops, old and new, and poor things they were, without a single "find," but at last, in an old house, among the effects of a man of letters who had recently died, we came upon several things not quite commonplace—*Torque-mada* in three volumes, *Herrera* and the *Recopilaciones*. We tried to buy them, but should have given it up in despair—for such a matter would easily fill up a month or two of leisure—if we had not been able to leave the matter in the hands of a brother bibliophile who kindly pursued the tedious course of bargaining, and at last they are here.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY,
September 24, 1920.

I WAS awakened by the rolling of the ship this morning, and saw out of the window a rough grey sea covered with white caps. Here in the harbour the wind is strong, but the sun has come up and the grey aspect of the scene is already disappearing. Nevertheless it is a sombre city, for it is built of concrete, and there is not a single patch of the cheerful pinks, blues, saffrons, and salmon colours that give a touch of gaiety to nearly all Latin towns.

The streets are clean and have a strong, solid aspect; the people are energetic and seem more composed than those of Buenos Aires. There is less stir and excitement and a sense of greater stability than I have felt there, or for that matter in any other South American city. There are no

Indians here, and scarcely a negro: it is like a north Italian city.

One of the notable things is the abundance of bookshops and the surprising variety of books to be found in them: here are French, English, Italian, and German books in good stock, and I have found in one place a fairly good selection of the Tauchnitz editions, printed, of course, before the war.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 25, 1920.*

WE have been to the University, an ample building that occupies an entire block on the Avenida 18 de Julio. It has the usual air of cleanliness and order, but much less vitality than I hoped to find.

One cannot avoid the reflection here, as everywhere else in Hispanic America, that higher education is a mere ornament on which money is spent when other things permit. The students, however, make a favourable impression, seeming to me rather more robust, straightforward,

and boyish, less like premature lawyers, politicians, and men-about-town than those I have been seeing in Buenos Aires.

The National Library is, very appropriately and conveniently, within the University and is admirably clean and orderly. They tell me that it is also well used by students, which I should like to believe, for students at Latin-American Universities appear, generally speaking, to be students in name only. In fact, libraries are not much nor intelligently used: the reading habit is confined to a few, and the young men content themselves with reading a little in the books or articles of the prophet of the day, such as Lugones or Ingenieros, of whom they profess themselves disciples. The result is a very little reading and a vast amount of talk.

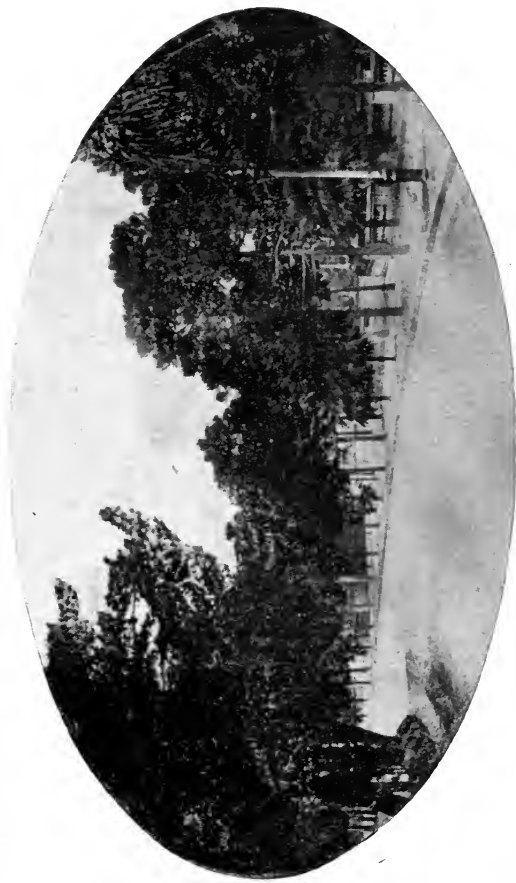
MONTEVIDEO, *September 26, 1920.*

IN the National Library here, in the Institute of Asunción in Paraguay, as well as in Santiago and Lima, I have discovered the Carnegie model libraries,

about 2000 volumes of American books. The selection seems to me well made, and, where there is room and disposition to display them, they make a fine show. But they are not read. In two of these libraries the catalogue which accompanies the books had been mislaid, never having been used, and it was clear in all parts that, were one of these books called for, it could hardly be found, because of the different way of arranging names in English and Spanish. It may be assumed, with fair security, that not a single book in any of these model libraries has ever been read, and one may very fairly doubt the wisdom of burdening these ill-equipped and under-manned establishments with collections which are bound to become white elephants on their hands.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 27, 1920.*

THIS morning I went again to the Cathedral, walking along streets that might have been those of a provincial New England town, filled as they were with



The Prado, Montevideo



Juan Ferrnandez Martn

orderly, well-dressed people. My former impression of the Cathedral was confirmed : it is a building full of dignity, and I have not seen anywhere pulpits and altar of finer proportions, more delicate detail, or more exquisite old-gold colouring.

In the afternoon the Cuban Minister, Señor José M. Solano, called and took me to his house to show me his collection of paintings. He had assured me that it would surprise me, that it had no equal in South America, and the show fulfilled his predictions. He has more than fifty canvases, most of them Spanish, ranging from Murillo to Sorolla, though they include a few remarkable English and Italian paintings.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 28, 1920.*

YESTERDAY morning Señor Scarone came and took us to see Dr. Zorrilla de San Martín, the most famous Uruguayan author of the day. We found the man of letters properly enough at the top of a house, to which we climbed up stone

stairways. He was working over the galley-proofs of a book which is to appear soon with the title *La Profecía de Ezequiel*, a study of the recent war. On the walls were paintings and engravings, a great oil painting illustrating his epic poem *Tabaré*, which has been very popular and is being presented in a moving picture show, a smaller painting showing his summer cottage, and engravings of the heroes of his books. Dr. Zorrilla is a little man, with a thick mop of grey hair over small features lighted by a pair of keen, bright eyes. He sat there during our visit, while we chatted of the United States, his books, the Catholic Church, and the literature of Uruguay, and took his maté (Paraguayan tea), sucking it up through the bombilla and refilling the maté cup with the zeal of an old-fashioned tea-drinker. In response to our looks of inquiry, he gave us a dissertation on the merits of maté, assuring us that it had been a veritable preservative of the health of the people of this region, who for a long period lived almost wholly on meat,

and found the only vegetable antidote in the maté. He admitted, to be sure, that it was much abused, that many people in Uruguay, Paraguay, and neighbouring countries took maté at all hours and for all manner of causes.

I found it a little amusing to see the chief literary light of the country sitting sucking at the maté pipe and giving us this somewhat laboured defence of the habit.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 29, 1920.*

THIS morning we climbed the steps again to the apartments of Dr. Zorrilla and found him as before, working over his proofs and taking his maté. He talked of his books and of his enthusiasm for uniting the Anglo-Spanish peoples, on which he has developed a theory and a new word. He would consider them all one race, to be called Romanic. Basing his proposition on the premise of a basic unity of language and of blood, rather naïvely supported by etymological arguments

of which the good doctor is not quite a master, he finds that in English the customary and familiar words for objects of affection and interest are Saxon, but the secondary terms are often Latin, which suffices. Finding a synonym of Latin origin in religion, the affections, and affairs, he thinks the ground strong enough to support the theory of Latin race for the English-speaking peoples, and thus he arrives at the Romanic World of the future!

Nevertheless and notwithstanding his weak etymology and weaker ethnology, Dr. Zorrilla is a man of letters, the foremost now extant in Uruguay, and an agreeable man. He has travelled much, held high diplomatic posts, is the friend of bishops and archbishops, and a figure in his country.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 29, 1920.*

YESTERDAY afternoon we made our call on the President. We arrived at the Palace about half-past four, passed through the armed guards in their fine



Dr. Baltasar Brum, President of Uruguay



J. A. Sauer

Secretary for Foreign Affairs

red and blue uniform of colonial pattern, and mounted the marble steps to the waiting-room. Almost immediately a military attaché came and conducted us to the Salon of Ambassadors, where we had time to admire a huge canvas representing Artigas, the national hero, on horseback, upon a cliff, gazing pensively out to sea. After a few minutes a door opened near us, the military man advanced, and we were ushered into a small, handsomely furnished room, like a prosperous banker's office, where the President was standing to greet us.

I had heard so much of Dr. Brum, the youngest President in any American Republic; he had been so much celebrated as a rising statesman and the exponent of advanced international ideas; his visit to Washington at the special invitation of President Wilson to confer on Latin-American policies was still so fresh in mind, that I had formed large expectations of the meeting.

Looking back on the interview, which I found very disappointing, I can recall

that he never looked us in the eye and that he was so lifeless, taciturn, and unresponsive as to make me uncomfortable. My secretary, whose knowledge of customs hereabouts is wider than mine, accounts for the President's heaviness by conviviality the night before. I cannot say. At any rate we talked, or rather I did, for Dr. Brum answered in monosyllables, of the Society, its books, its plans, and our mission in Uruguay. In reply to questions he said that he had visited the Museum in New York, and that he knew of the Society and its work, yet asked a little later how much the subjects of the biographies had to pay to be included. He read the brief biography in English, which I handed him, and returned it with a few changes, but neither in this nor any other matter did he volunteer a word of comment: he accepted the books we presented, the Catalogue of Fernando Columbus's Library, and the volumes on the Cubans, Peruvians, Bolivians, and Chileans in silence, and listened, in equal silence and with lack-lustre eye, when I proposed to

forward his nomination as an Honorary Associate of the Society. All was in an almost sulky silence, which I should have thought suspicious if it had not seemed morose.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 29, 1920.*

MONTEVIDEO is a utilitarian city, in politics, education, literature, and art. Its politics are nicely balanced to give the voters, who are well organized, "all the traffic will bear," offices are multiplied to make the largest number of jobs possible, salaries are small, duties light, responsibility well divided. Schools and University have fine buildings and magnificent programmes, but the teaching is inferior and about 45 per cent. of the population is illiterate.

MONTEVIDEO, *September 30, 1920.*

OUR second visit to the Palace yesterday afternoon was enjoyable. We found Señor Buero, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs,

brisk, energetic, and well-informed: he had visited the United States several times, and seems to have brought back livelier impressions than did the President. Dr. Buero is very young, younger even than the President, who is his brother-in-law, so that he is believed to have assumed his post before reaching the age prescribed by law. It is told of him that during the first fifteen months of his incumbency of his present post he was continuously absent on missions to other countries, an excellent method of preparation, but one not open to the Secretary of State of most Governments. In the youth and energy of the Secretary we got our first contact with force in the Government; to use the slang of New York, he was the first "live wire" which we had touched. In the despatches on his desk, in the number of persons waiting to see him, and in the bearing of his assistants, there were signs that in his office business is transacted.

I have made a call at the American Legation here, have met the Minister,

and have had several brief conversations with the First Secretary. Both are nice men, but they have confirmed my general unfavourable impression of American diplomatists in South America. The Minister has been here some years, but does not speak Spanish, and, incidentally, had never heard of the Hispanic Society.

He showed great ignorance about the country and its people, but that is usual; what surprised me was that he and the Secretary expressed a keen desire to get information about the prominent men of Uruguay, complaining that they could not secure it from official or other sources, yet neither of them had ever heard of Scarone's *Uruguayos Contemporaneos*, a well-known book published two years ago, that contains brief biographies of 1000 Uruguayans. But, to be sure, it is in Spanish.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA,

October 5, 1920.

Two things have occurred here within a few days which would be very enlightening if one could interpret them. The first was a fire which consumed enormous warehouses stored with food supplies and especially sugar to the value of several million dollars. The fire occurred at the climax of a flagrant speculation in sugar in which a number of Deputies and other members of the Government were believed to be involved. A public inquiry was on foot, and the fire broke out at four o'clock on the morning of the day when the Deputies involved were to be called upon for explanations. The conflagration was fierce and rapid, but not rapid enough to prevent the discovery that it started simultaneously at, at least, six points. It came out within a few hours that twelve of the fourteen

watchmen in the burned buildings had been granted leave of absence for the night. It is now stated by insurance experts that the stock of sugar in the building was not more than 4000 sacks instead of the 26000 on which insurance is being claimed.

The second episode is the fiasco of a duel between Dr. Honorio Pueyrredón, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Dr. Villanueva, President of the Senate. The causes are obscure. It appears that Villanueva in his place in the Senate aspersed the veracity of the Minister, who then sent his resignation to the President and a challenge to the Senator. In a moment there was great excitement; the journalists wrote columns of tributes to the valour, determination, sacred honour, and lofty characters of the two desperate men. The man in the street scoffed, and the betting was ten to one that no weapon more deadly than words would be used. Meantime the seconds laboured over the details. The weapons proved, in fact, the obstacle: the Minister wanted sabres, the Senator demanded

pistols. Arbitration was proposed; an eminent Dr. K—— was named, who very acutely opined that since the objectionable criticism was directed against a public officer in his official capacity, it did not affect his private honour. In all exactness, no cause for a duel existed!

BUENOS AIRES, *October 11, 1920.*

THERE is a wide-spread impression that South America is a country full of opportunity, teeming with attractions for settlement, residence, colonization, investment, and trade for the Anglo-Saxon. Is that impression correct?

I have now seen that part of South America which is most suitable for settlement or colonization by white men, namely, that south of Lima on the west coast and of Asunción on the east. North of this line there is very little room for white men on account of the heat. That part of the continent therefore we may dismiss. The country to the south I have seen, as a traveller can see it, and have

taken pains to inquire about it. My opinion in a word is that it is not a country for Americans or English to settle in. In fact, I should count every one of these stocks who emigrates to South America as lost to his civilization.

The main reason is that it is a land of Indo-Hispanic race and civilization, on which Anglo-Saxons in small numbers can make little or no impression. That they should come in numbers sufficient to take the civilization over and change it is inconceivable; their coming, therefore, means their absorption and practical disappearance. The existing race and civilization, Indian in tenacity and resistance, is Hispanic in ideas and ideals, which means that it thinks of government as a privilege to exploit the governed, including the foreigner within the gates, and of business as a form of pawnbroking. It will do no real development of the country or its resources, but will wait, as it has always done, for the foreigner's energy and capital to do it and then seize as much of the returns as possible.



A street



Scenes on an estancia near Buenos Aires

The foreigner finds himself, like the dyer's hand, subdued to what he works in. If he puts down roots, he grows and produces for them and theirs, not for himself and his. Here is Argentina, for example, a country half as big as the United States, but whereas in the United States there are 6,000,000 farmers, here there are 85,000. The vast territory is in the hands of one per cent. of the population; it is in huge estates, many of them undeveloped and prevented from development by the poverty, ignorance, and greed of the owners. The foreigner who comes in must be a capitalist or a servant; in any case it will go hard if he be not exploited. For the man of moderate means Western Arkansas offers better opportunities than I have seen or heard of in any part of South America.

If we dismiss settlement and colonization, what of the opportunities for investment and trade? For trade there are opportunities everywhere; for investment in many places, but always with great caution and discrimination. For it must

be remembered that sudden changes of Government, attended by more or less violence and loss of life, to which every Spanish-American Republic without exception is always subject, are dangerous to capital. On the whole it seems to me that the best opportunities are to be found in the more backward countries—in Peru, Bolivia, and Paraguay—where the need for capital is acute, and where he who provides capital will be regarded with the more favour. But in any case, the returns need to be much higher than in countries more suitable for residence, and of greater political stability.

BUENOS AIRES, *October 12, 1920.*

Two things are always difficult to speak of with justice: one is the religion and the other is the manners of another nation, but to-day—*El día de la Raza*—it is perhaps appropriate to make the venture. Of the religion here and in other parts of South America, I think it would not be unfair to say that it has ceased to have

any intellectual appeal whatsoever; it persists and has a tenacious hold upon the sentiment of the people, but it is the hold of tradition and of custom; I have never yet heard a South American speak seriously of religion. The Church and the Sacraments possess for many a sentimental interest associated with infancy, with their mothers, with memories of Confirmation, etc., but this interest is as near empty as possible of other than sentimental validity. When men speak of the Church it is with indulgent or contemptuous tolerance. The idea of religion as an active, constant factor in daily life, as a conscious discipline, an effort and aspiration toward communion and relationship with God, and the attainment of character on which such a relation might rest, is, I believe, an idea utterly foreign to these climates. Religion has two aspects here: one is white magic, the notion that the priest has the open sesame and can summon occult powers to his aid; the other is consolation. Useless as religion may be for the man in health

and vigour, and for the woman who prospers in her love, it is probably well for the burned-out or the broken-hearted. The general idea is that of Kipling's line, "Which I 'ope it won't 'appen to me." "Religion," says the Argentine, "is a poor consolation; if all goes well I shall never need it, but for the women, poor things, it may be all right."

Manners are still more difficult, because they are inevitable; everybody has them and they are continually in evidence. The general idea is that here, as in all Latin countries, the manners are of a superior quality. I am not sure that this is the case. I think there are better manners in Mexico than in Arkansas, and I have been impressed by touches of gallantry and grace in peons in all these countries, just as I have by unexpected courtliness in the street gamins in Rome: but to return to Argentina, I doubt whether manners in general are better than they are in New York or Boston, and I am sure I would rather trust myself to the mercies of a mob in any town from Maine to Texas

than to an ordinary street crowd in Buenos Aires. Moreover, I would rather trust a young woman in the worst streets of any American city than in the best of this South American metropolis.

There are fine strains in the manners of South Americans; there are echoes of *Hidalguia* and its knightly origin; there are evident aspirations toward the "*Gran*" *Seigneur* that many of them would like to be, but the *Gran Seigneur* always left something to be desired; he kept his distinction and generosity and gentility for others of his class, it was not for his inferiors. And here to-day one notices constantly the anxious desire to learn just how important, rich, powerful, influential the other is, so as to be sure to proportion to each exactly his deserts. They are centuries behind Hamlet: "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity!" and far behind the Western ideal of courtesy based on self-reverence and the protection of the weak.

Lest this should seem mere hearsay and echo of baseless prejudice, let me specify: it is so general a custom to spit in public places, street-cars, and offices, that one often has to choose the place to set his foot; it is quite usual for men to block the side-walks and force passers-by, especially women, to take to the street; it is a habit of men to stare at women, so that, as my secretary, a Chilean, remarked as we sat in a restaurant the other day, you can tell when a woman enters because conversation is checked, while every man turns his eyes toward the door; the eyes are rather dreadful, and the looks they turn on women are an insult and a profanation. Yesterday afternoon, as my secretary and I were walking along Peru, one of the principal streets, we saw, about twenty feet ahead of us, a nicely-dressed girl walking sedately along, followed as usual by the eyes of all the men in the vicinity. There was a clear space in the sidewalk, and in this open place two young men came toward her, stopped in front of her, spoke to her

and barred her way. She made no reply and tried to pass, but they opposed her and obliged her to step into the street to get away. It is general testimony that a woman cannot appear on the street without receiving this sort of chivalrous attention. Another example from the same day: later in the afternoon my wife and I went to the University to hear the closing lecture of the series given by Professor Umphrey of Washington University. The audience was regrettably small, consisting of young men and women students, officers and teachers of the University, and a few visitors. I will not say that the lecture was of the first order, nor that it was well presented. The material was superficial and the Spanish was of the beginner's class, a dozen rehearsals before a competent critic would have saved it; but from the first minute there arose the sound of whispering, which continued and grew until the speaker could hardly continue; two young men behind us became so animated that we moved away so as to be able to hear; meantime the Dean

of the Faculty, sitting in a special seat in full sight of speaker and audience, yawned so conspicuously as to attract general attention, to the amusement of the students and the discomfiture of the speaker.

So much for public manners, which are vulgar. Of private manners, especially among the upper classes, one may expect better things. But let us see. My friend M—— presented letters and made the acquaintance of a person well connected here, was invited to the house and had pleasant conversations. After a few visits, the Argentine invited him to the theatre and would not take No for an answer. The time was set and at the hour M—— appeared at the house only to be told that his friend was not at home. In response to a message of excuse and apology he went again, and again was told that the distinguished Argentine was not at home, but this time he had a glimpse of him through the window.

Among my privileges has been that of presenting rare and valuable books to

distinguished people here. Some time ago I presented to the head of a great newspaper here, copies of the *Peruvians of To-day* and *Chileans of To-day* in special, fine bindings. On my next visit to the office I found the bindings cast aside, empty, the leaves torn out for convenience in office use, and was asked for a second copy! Still later I carried in my hand a handsome volume of *Mozarabic Initials* with a dedication to the great man who, among other public services, founded the paper. Imagine my surprise to hear his successor ask me with a cunning look whether the printed dedication page had been put into this single copy which was presented to him! What is more, I am not at all sure that he does not now believe that he made a shrewd guess.

More recently I paid a formal visit to Dr. J. A. G——, University professor, scholar, and author, to propose his nomination as a Corresponding Member of the Hispanic Society, and, incidentally, to present him a copy of *The Cid* and of a special edition of the *Virgin Madre*

de Dios, etc., of 1612. He was overwhelmed with honour and inarticulate in his thanks. Three days later he conveyed to my secretary the request for more books—but of a more interesting nature!

Buenos Aires, *October 13, 1920.*

YESTERDAY was Columbus Day, or as it is called here, "The Day of the Race." There were the usual holiday performances; the flags and bunting which we have seen so often were produced again, the familiar electric signs and transparencies were exhibited, the shops put the flags and emblems back into their windows, and everybody wore his best clothes and appeared on Florida or the Avenida.

There was the usual parade, though a very inferior one, in the afternoon. It was a kind of "free-for-all" affair in which apparently all were welcome and none were subjected to much discipline. In consequence it began nobly with a squadron of mounted police and a mounted police band, and then almost immediately

deteriorated into a respectable mob with scattering banners and occasional bands and floats.

After dinner in the evening we walked along the show avenue, the Avenida de Mayo, and down Calle Florida, both of which were a blaze of light. The Avenida was closed to vehicles and turned into a great promenade, on which the crowds paced decorously along, as is the manner of Latin-American crowds, up one side and down the other, gazing, with what always strikes us as undue pre-occupation, at every woman who passed. We strolled along under the many-coloured lights, noting the endless succession of faces, most of them olive-hued, with some that spoke of negro and more of Indian blood, and remarked to one another on how rare it was to see a "trustable" face, or one with marked vigour of character. For the most part they reflect a certain instability, probably traceable to the racial admixture, and a kind of juvenility which is not quite youthful—as of grown-up children. The men's

faces are full of appetite, the women's are mostly empty, a mile or two of them suggests national problems !

BUENOS AIRES, *October 17, 1920.*

I HAVE alluded to an under-current of anti-foreign feeling here, which sometimes expresses itself in denunciation of foreign capitalists and sometimes in elbowing the Yankee off the sidewalk. This afternoon an incident occurred, trivial in itself and over in half an hour, which gave me a sharper illustration of the popular temper. It reminded me comically of what happened in Mexico in April 1914 at the time of the so-called "Vera Cruz episode," when American troops occupied the port, when there was a good deal of ferment, and a Mexican mob rushed the train I was travelling in, smashed the windows, and gave us a bad quarter of an hour. This afternoon's experience was only an impromptu street affair, of a decidedly opera-bouffe flavour, but nevertheless significant of the temper of the populace.

The thing was, of course, wholly unforeseen and accidental. The fault was all mine; I was to blame for allowing myself to get into a hurry and to forget that I was in Latin-America. It happened in this way: I was rushing for an appointment, and, finding no automobile convenient, took an electric car, which, after running four or five blocks, stopped in a jam. Along with several other passengers I got out, found an automobile beside the car, and without looking to see whether the coast was clear, stepped in. Noticing in half a minute that its course was blocked too, I got out without observing that the chauffeur had set his taximeter for the fare. I swung along the street and had gone nearly a block when I felt an arm on my sleeve. It was the chauffeur, pulling at me to go back. I didn't want to go back. He pursued me, and I, absorbed with the desire to get to my appointment, brushed him off and hurried along. Thinking he had gone back to his machine, I got into another electric car and went on; but he had persisted, had got hold of a

policeman, and now appeared at the window of the moving car. Then I did what I should have done before, offered him what he wanted. He hesitated a moment and then began to enter the car, which was gathering speed. The policeman tried to jump on, slipped, and cut his trousers against the car steps. Then the fun began. The policeman was angry over his mis-step and his torn trousers, the chauffeur was worried, and there was a crowd in a minute. I got out and offered the chauffeur payment, meantime explaining as I had done half a dozen times that, having received no service, I did not owe him anything. He took the money and was ready to leave, but the policeman, in a spluttering rage, refused to let him, and announced that all must go to the Commissary. We were now in the middle of a little mob that filled the street and grew by seconds. All were sure a crime had been committed: I found myself being pointed at, and the policeman's torn trousers were shockingly visible. They became the centre of attraction and he had to account for them. He

charged me with the deed, whatever it was, and the mob rose to the occasion. Here was a foreigner, a North-American, and the smouldering hatred for all North-Americans leaped up. The policeman had his book out to make his case for the police station, and in a moment the orators were explaining with angry gestures at me that I had attacked the policeman, thrown him down, torn his uniform: "See there how it is destroyed!"

One huge, pot-valiant Argentine advanced through the crowd with his arm lifted to avenge the injury to an Argentine official, and there was plenty of rage and hate—all in a moment. Then they began to swear and put their names in the book. One having declared that he had seen me hit the policeman and knock him down, a dozen more clamored for the privilege of being witnesses—all in spite of the fact that he was about twice my size and that I was still carrying my overcoat over my arm without sign or mark of any conflict. The mob pressed closer, gesticulating widely, shouted uncomplimentary

things and proclaimed their superiority to all Gringos. I didn't like the looks of things; for half a minute they were certainly uncomfortable, but at their worst I couldn't help seeing the comic-opera aspect of the thing. It would have staged so nicely! Here were two hundred men stirred up to a picturesque state of rage, all in a minute or two and without a single fact to go on!

However, the policeman filled his book with the witnesses to the crime and the whole mob set forth, in a close-jammed mass, for the police station.

At the station there was at least quiet. There was a great deal of writing in books and some rhetorical language, but I waited until the preliminaries were over, gave the chauffeur a peso, with which he departed content, and then asked them to send in my card to the Comisario. Ten minutes passed and I was politely requested to sign a statement that there had been a claim for taxi fare and that it had been paid. I had meantime seen enough of an Argentine police-station not to want to see

more, and went away, amused, rather humiliated, somewhat relieved, very late for my appointment, but much enlightened about Argentine manners.

BUENOS AIRES, *October 22, 1920.*

I HAVE had in my room at the National Library another illustration of the familiar truth that the head inspires the body.

I have been sitting here day after day, working beside a wide-open door that gives on the patio where within tall Pompeian columns there is the neatest of tiny gardens with three or four palms, some shrubs, and rose-bushes now in bud. The birds twitter and little gusts of wind passing over the roofs toss the palm branches till the rustling almost drowns the voices of the birds.

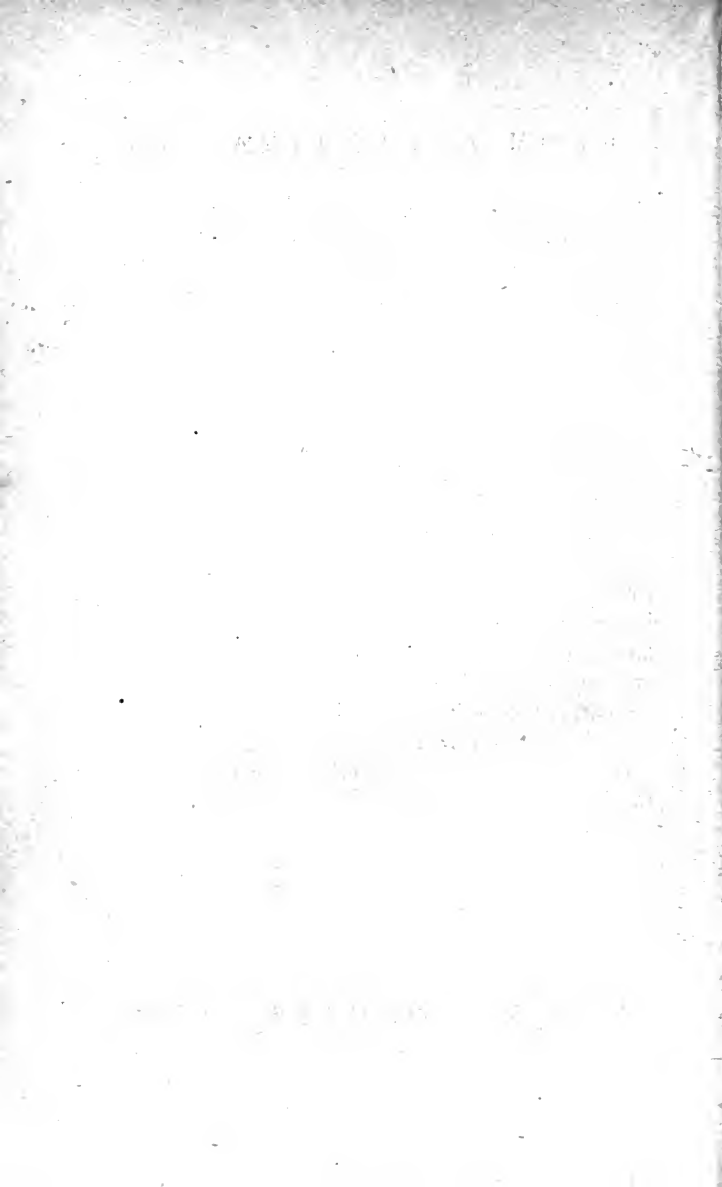
It would be difficult to find a spot in New York or any other American city more suitable or inviting to study or write in. The library proper, to be sure, is closed until noon, and when open leaves much to be desired for contents, but it

is the best-administered institution, public or private, that I have seen in Argentina. It is the only building, public or private, that I have been in where the locks on all the doors are in order, where floors are swept, desks and chairs dusted, and cleanliness is actually practised. Little by little I have come to realize that this atmosphere of order, and the quiet which is so rare, descends from the study of the chief, that clear and laborious intelligence, undoubtedly the first intellectual force in Argentina, Paul Groussac, the Librarian, of whom I have already written to you.

BUENOS AIRES, *October 23, 1920.*

HERE, as in all Latin cities, newspapers play a very large part in everyday life. When I first came I was constantly being reminded of Havana where a newspaper was being cried every hour of the day—and of the night too, for that matter. The two leading papers, the *Prensa* and the *Nación*, are commonly referred to as the

greatest papers in South America, and one is allowed to infer, the greatest papers in the world. Each of them occupies a great building, employs a numerous staff and issues a huge blanket morning paper not unlike the old-time editions of the New York *World* or *Herald*. There are half a dozen afternoon papers whose rapidly succeeding editions recall those of the New York Journal and in all one perceives a high degree of cleverness with probably greater superficiality and certainly no greater regard for accuracy than marks the average American evening paper. It is not quite clear how much influence they have. Both the great morning papers are opposed to President Yrigoyen and his party, both criticise him in his person and his politics with the utmost freedom, and both have a large circulation; yet the President was elected by a great majority.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA,
October 24, 1920.

I HAD often heard of the difficulty of getting packages or letters which were sent here from the United States by registered post, and my friends had advised me to leave any such package in the post office rather than suffer the annoyances incidental to recovering it.

All these warnings came home to me when I began my efforts to secure a package of which I was informed three days ago. The notification was blind, containing no indication of the source or the sender, but stated that the package had arrived on October 6. The notice was dated October 18; it had not been sent with undue haste! Promptly the next morning I went to see the package: after the usual delays I arrived before the window and presented the notice, at which

the lordly official glanced and swept it back. "Go get the stamps," he said. "What stamps?" I inquired. "Two pesos," he answered with the same insolent manner. "Where shall I get them?" I asked. "Round the corner," he snapped, and I went. It was some distance, but I paid the two pesos for the stamp, which was affixed by a clerk and returned. Again I offered the notice to the haughty individual, but it appeared that the stamp was not well affixed and had become loose, so he refused to accept it. That was all I could endure that day and I withdrew.

Two days later I went again, taking my secretary this time. I got a clerk to affix the stamp, and for the third time offered the paper to the functionary at the window. This embodiment of the dignity of Argentina glanced at the document and threw it down, "Get more stamps," he blustered. "How many?" I asked. "Sixty-nine centavos." That made a total of two pesos and sixty-nine centavos.

We turned away to find where the

stamps were sold; but we were far too headlong and informal for this institution of a great Republic. The stamp-seller waved us away. Before we could buy stamps there we must bring him the seal of the *Jefe*, the chief of the division. Him then we set out to seek, and after many inquiries, answered as a rule with scant courtesy, we found him at the remote end of another part of the building, sitting among his associates who were smoking and chatting. As we drew near a functionary approached us and admonished us to remove our hats, which we did, although there were hats enough being worn within a few yards. Evidently we were coming into the presence of Greatness. We reached his desk and offered the document. With a gesture, and without stirring from his comfortable position of ease, he indicated a place on the desk and we put it down. Then with a gesture more imperious and an air that a grand vizier or Moroccan chief might have envied, he signed to the slave, a lesser functionary, to stamp the paper,

which done he waved to us again, with infinite condescension, permission to take the paper and withdraw. We went with ill-suppressed mirth.

Now we were allowed on our return to buy the stamps; we had them affixed and returned for the fourth time to the haughty functionary. This time, after demanding passports and other evidence of identity, he deigned to accept the document, and I took the opportunity to ask him whether there was an established policy to impede and prevent this kind of communication and interchange with the United States, as otherwise I could not understand the proceeding. No, he said, there was no such policy: whatever trouble there is was made by the United States when it forced Argentina to accept the postal convention.

So ignorant and grossly innocent was I that I supposed we should now receive the package. I was undeceived. Packages were not handled by this lofty person, but were delivered in another department. We were passed on to still another section,

and after we had waited for a time were permitted to inquire. More delay ensued and several repetitions of the information required before the package appeared, but before we were allowed to see it there were records to be made in huge ledgers—all done with the leisure and dignity appropriate to an affair of State. Next we were directed to another section, that of examination. Here, after more delay, a functionary approached, pointed to the package, and directed a workman to open it, which he did with slashes of a long knife. There were then revealed—*o ridiculus mus*—twelve copies of an unimportant booklet!

Evidently a package of books presented an unusual problem: it was passed from hand to hand, referred and re-referred, discussed and considered, while we were directed first here and then there to await the decision. At last our patience was exhausted; it was after one o'clock and we gave it up. Had I known from the first the contents of the package I should never have tried to get it,

knowing that the game was not worth the candle.

Nevertheless, for the sake of bringing the matter to a conclusion, and making the record complete, two days later I sent an assistant for the package, which he was able to secure after only a brief delay.

BUENOS AIRES, *October 26, 1920.*

WE had almost missed seeing the Opera House, for during the season the pressure of work was too great to allow so considerable an interruption, but a belated series of symphony concerts, directed by Richard Strauss, gave us the opportunity. It is a notable playhouse, whether the boast of the Argentinians that this is the finest in the world be true or not. I think it is as large as the Metropolitan in New York, and it is well appointed. Round the great central hall, shaped like an elongated horseshoe, rise a series of galleries, five in all, corresponding to the five tiers of boxes that flank the stage, and all is done in old rose and gold, a dignified and pleasing arrange-

ment of colour. Under the full glare of lights, when the boxes and the galleries are emblazoned with the magnificent costumes of the Argentine dames and damsels, it is a gorgeous scene.

The orchestra was good, and of course Strauss conducted well. The audience were noisily enthusiastic over *Till Eulenspiegel* and a dance from *Salomé*, but as you know I don't care much for Strauss.

To the audience one cannot deny a meed of praise for taste in its dress, and no little appreciation of music; but after observing them over the period of the concert we found them rather unsympathetic, rather Semitic and Oriental. One saw scarcely a face that inspired interest or the higher curiosity.

BUENOS AIRES, *October 29, 1920.*

THE differences between the Argentine and the Yankee are constantly cropping up and as constantly disappearing, so that a scrupulous person must often take himself to task over his judgments and revise them with a fresh effort to be fair.

Part of the confusion of judgment arises from the outward similarity they bear to us: wearing the same clothes, collars, hats, shoes, ties, and often surpassing us in details of style and material. If the South American wore the flowing robe and turban of the East, or the doublet and hose of seventeenth-century Spain, we should halt on the brink of forming opinions and examine our premises. But because he so often looks like a citizen of St. Louis, New Orleans, or even of New York, we are led, by the easiest of all paths, into error, the argument from analogy.

Looking like a fellow-citizen, he is credited at once with the qualities and the training which, in our experience, go with the dress. But beneath the clothes there is a different kind of man: at his best an hidalgo, with a high sense of personal dignity and a desire to bear himself as a grand seigneur: at his worst a combination of the worst qualities of the Spaniard and the Indian, cruel, treacherous, lustful, and indolent. The great difficulty is to find a basis for generalization that shall not be



The beautiful Parque de Palermo



Palermo: another view

at once unjust and unenlightening. I think the basic difference lies in the will. The Anglo-Saxon is a man of active resolution; he believes in the validity of effort and faces the world with an unshakable faith in his power to change it. The South American has moods of grim determination and moments of fierce activity, but his general attitude toward the world is expressed in *Kismet*. He has no confidence in his power to change the world, but expects to let things take their course and profit by the changes that occur. The symbol of the Anglo-Saxons is the motor, that of the South Americans is the lottery. Theirs throughout is a civilization of sentiment and passive thought—not of active volition.

BUENOS AIRES, *November 2, 1920.*

BUENOS AIRES is entirely flat, and although it lies beside a great river, no advantage has been taken of this, which serves merely for transportation; so that the adornment of the city consists in parks.

Some of these are handsome, especially that of Palermo, which reminds one of Central Park, and is very popular. Another little park, not much larger than Gramercy Park in New York, is the Plaza San Martin, which is near at hand, and has become our favourite walk. It covers about two city squares, and is rimmed round with palaces and hotels: on one side is the enormous house of the Paz family, the owners of La Prensa, on another is the palace of the Anchorenas, further along is the Art Museum, and beyond that the Plaza Hotel.

The little park itself is delightful. At its front, looking along the Avenida Alvear, is an equestrian statue of San Martin, which seen through the arching trees looks finely spirited: in the very heart of the place is a great onbu tree, which spreads its far-reaching horizontal branches to a circumference of nearly a hundred feet, and shelters innumerable birds; around and about are flower beds and shrubs and modest trees that cover marble fauns and woodland figures.



The great onbu tree in the Plaza San Martin



Statue of San Martín



Plaza San Martín: another view

November 3, 1920.

ONE seldom hears anything good of the Argentine Government: it is blamed for inefficiency, slackness, favouritism, arrogance, and downright corruption, for all of which numerous examples are given and cases cited; so that it is a grateful task to say anything favourable one can about it. One of the best things I have heard of the present and earlier administrations is their attitude toward the Meteorological Service. This was founded many years ago by an American scientist who succeeded in stamping his character upon it and giving it an organization, so that to-day many intelligent people believe that the Argentine weather service is the best in the world. Its excellence is largely due to the labours of two first-rate men of science: Professor Bigelow from Concord, Mass., a graduate of Harvard in 1873, a mathematician of no mean attainments, and Mr. H. H. Clayton, whose work in the Weather Bureau at Washington and at the Blue Hill Observatory is well known to meteorologists everywhere.

Both of these men tell me that their work here has been far less hampered by governmental restrictions, red-tape officialism, and jealousy than was the case in Washington. They say that the Government here has imposed no petty or unreasonable restrictions, but has made it possible to conduct genuine research, a thing almost impossible in Washington during recent years; and that in consequence they have accomplished many times as much as they could have attained at home.

Buenos Aires, *November 8, 1920.*

ADMITTING the differences between the Argentines and their English-speaking brethren, how are the two to get on? First, by not trying to get on too far: intimate or informal social relations are usually impossible and almost invariably undesirable. Intermarriage, for example, seems to me a mistake, the few cases in which it results well make a very inadequate compensation for the great number in which it brings misery. The Englishman or



Entrance to the Art Museum



A palace on the Plaza San Martin



Statue of Belgrano

American who marries a South American wife can often bring her into his circle and separate her from her own people; but the American or English woman who marries a South American husband, unless she is an exceptionally strong character, will be drawn into the other civilization and absorbed. The two societies live side by side, each taking an occasional member from the other, and meantime maintaining slight formal relations, but never arriving at real social interchange or thorough mutual understanding.

When I came here I was told by the heads of the American colony that the society of Buenos Aires was highly aristocratic, and I heard a good deal about old families and people of distinction. That is a mistake based on the usual ignorance of the outsider, for, of course, the American, even of the diplomatic circle, never gets far inside any Hispanic society. My informants had been entertained at dinner and luncheon in less than a dozen great houses, had met representatives of five or six families who have some claims to lineage,

and had drawn conclusions much larger than were warranted by the facts.

In reality the society of Buenos Aires is of necessity plutocratic, for it lacks the elements for a society either of blood or talents. There are a few families, like the Alvears, the Dorregos, the Escaladas, the Lezicas, the Anchorenas, and the Basualdos, which have endured for a century or more and retained their place in society, but they are not sufficient to leaven the lump.

Wealth there is here and luxury and ostentation, reflecting the real desire of Buenos Aires to be the Paris of South America and to rival New York in its motor-cars and banquets. So far as display is concerned it has succeeded: the most costly and extravagant banquets of New York have not much exceeded some of the entertainments of the Jockey Club, and an article could be written on the motor-cars of Buenos Aires, which are a constant surprise. Here are all the well-known makes of automobiles of France, Italy, Germany, England, and the United States, running in a long descending scale

from the Rolls-Royce to the Ford, of which there are literally thousands.

Buenos Aires, *November 9, 1920.*

THOUGH dimmed by familiarity the impression of Florida Street (Calle Florida) can never be dull. It is like O'Reilly in Havana, San Francisco in Mexico, Huerfanos in Santiago, or Fifth Avenue below 50th Street in New York—the favourite shopping and strolling place of the city.

Florida is interesting at whatever hour, but it reaches its climax in the late afternoon. Then, from five to seven, it is closed to wheeled traffic and becomes a promenade of the better class Bonaerenses. The crowd that flows along the street is not strikingly different from a similar crowd in New Orleans or St. Louis, except that there are fewer negroes. Gradually one notices the flimsy, spool-heeled shoes, the low-necked, short-sleeved dresses, the picture hats, which apparently represent the current idea of what should be worn on the street. It is said that rather less face powder is

worn here than on the West Coast, but that is only a mild alleviation; a dealer in talcum tells me that he would ask nothing more than a monopoly of the talcum-powder business of the city.

November 10, 1920.

I HAVE had another brief conversation with the librarian, for whose intellectual capacity I have, as you know, great admiration. I went to see him yesterday afternoon, carrying with me the two volumes of *Argentines of To-day* in special binding. He turned the leaves, glanced at some of the portraits, and, lifting up his hands in mock admiration, said, "Great men! How many are there?" and when I replied, "Four hundred and forty-eight," he once more saluted and said, "What a country to produce so many eminent sons!"

We turned aside from the book then to chat of my stay, my work, and my impressions. "What," he asked, "do you think of them?" (the Argentines). I replied that they were amiable, but seemed to lack

a sense of justice and fair play which seemed to me fundamental. "Truth," he broke in, in English, "they lack truth, and they lack the habit of study and the power to work. They are polite, affable, amiable even : they are intelligent, quick, clever, but incurably superficial and fickle. Having no basis in conviction and study and work, they shift and turn and change. And the condition is incurable, because it is in the blood : they have the cursed inheritance of the Spanish blood that has brought Spain to the wretched state it is in to-day, at the bottom of the list of civilized countries."

We talked of the other republics, of Chile and Uruguay, and of the presidents of the republics. Of the Presidents, both of Uruguay and of Argentina, he expressed no great regard. "They are no presidents," he said, and when, in reply to a question, I said I did not know President Yrigoyen, for although many appointments had been made by his direction, he had kept none of them, he remarked, "It is no loss : nobody knows him. This

Government has no part in the social or intellectual life of the country.”

As these scanty jottings will indicate, the interview was marked by great frankness and was to me unusually interesting. This little, spare, white-haired man, with his keen, penetrating eye, is a French *intellectual* astray in South America. He is a brother of all the French critics, with a drop of Voltaire's blood in his veins and the Gallic gift for investigation and expression. His small, black-clad figure made me think of Henry Adams, who was of the same intellectual descent and almost his twin in size, form, and temper.

Such a man might have been happy in France where the art of criticism is canonized and a man with a style is honoured, but here he has been alone and has grown more conscious of his isolation with the passage of time. As he repeated yesterday the phrase he used at our first meeting six months ago, referring to the Argentines, “Among them, but not of them,” I thought it came with a tone of deepened bitterness.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA,

November 11, 1920.

THERE is a good deal of disquiet felt here about the financial outlook for Argentina. The fall in the value of the peso, to what is said to be the lowest quotation in history, is, of course, disturbing, and the causes leading up to it—the stoppage of exports, curtailment of loans, fall in prices, accumulation of raw material for which there is no market—are all still in operation. It is said that there are shiploads of hides, wool, and meats piled up in warehouses which cannot be shipped for lack of a market, and, on the other hand, there are reported to be 37,000,000 dollars' worth of goods likewise accumulated in the Customs Houses, left there by the consignees because they cannot sell them in this country. On both accounts there are great loans in the banks which have

advanced funds on security of the goods and now grow uneasy as they see the value of the stocks diminishing from day to day.

Buenos Aires, *November 12, 1920.*

THE future of Argentina is difficult to forecast. Though a century has passed since the Spanish rule was broken and the Creole population asserted its right to dominate here, it would be unsafe to say that a nation has been established. The racial mixture, with the bad Spanish infusion, is unfavourable: there is a lack of public spirit and energy, the ruling ideas are those of privilege and bribery, the prevailing disposition is one of slackness and inefficiency. The consequence is that no Government has yet arisen capable of administering the country. It remains a question whether the dominant race or faction can populate, administer, govern, or develop its territory. We must, therefore, admit the possibility of a complete rearrangement here in Argentina as well as in other Latin-American countries.

The soberest opinions are frankly unfavourable to the régimes of to-day here as well as in the neighbouring republics. The business man complains because of the absence of business integrity, and the incurable itch for exploiting every source of capital, making real development onerous and slow.

It is the opinion of one of the wisest men I have met here, an opinion based on nearly forty years' acquaintance with the country, during which he has seen many of his friends try their luck in land, cattle, banking, and other kinds of business, that a fortune costs more here than in the United States. That is to say, that with the same amount of energy, intelligence, skill, and patience, a fortune can be acquired more quickly in the United States, and without the incalculable sacrifices, risks, and inconveniences due to the remoteness, isolation, and strangeness of race and language.

Among the inconveniences common to all are banking restrictions and the high rate of interest, usually twelve per cent. or

more, which frequently throttles a promising enterprise at its critical stage. An American, for example, who had bought a tract of land and was developing it needed a small sum, \$1500, to complete planting his crop, but although he had land worth many times the amount, the banks refused the loan: they had lately decided to do no more in that line! Another American landowner, after a very successful career which has made him a fairly rich man, has begun to develop a great tract of land in the west, where a railroad is projected. He proposed to further the project and came down to Buenos Aires with plans and proposals, only to meet with the usual down-dropped eye-lid, the simulated interest and the hint of expenses. The bribery necessary for any public work is said to be enormous and practically interminable, so that such plans as that of B. W., to provide for a railway across the desert, based upon careful studies showing the presence and depth of the requisite water supply, are smothered because no baksheesh is provided.

The absence of public spirit, which is universal, was illustrated afresh when the manager of the street railway company of Córdoba, having with great difficulty obtained from his directors in England the right to offer to the citizens of Córdoba 7000 shares of stock in the company, put them out and obtained not a single subscription even for one share.

The Cordovenses conceived of a street railway only as a thing to be exploited.

BUENOS AIRES, *November 13, 1920.*

I HAVE lately paid visits to two interesting men here. The first was to Señor Rogelio Yrurtia, the sculptor, who lives in the suburb of Belgrano. I started in a cold, heavy, driving rain, and we rode for what seemed miles along Santa Fé, a wide avenue of the second class, like a South American Seventh Avenue, watching the low, grey buildings, and the cabs, automobiles, and pedestrians scurrying through the rain, until we came to the open spaces where houses had gardens. There we drew up

before the traditional iron gates and were admitted. I had arrived exactly on time, to the evident surprise of my host, for I suppose such a thing is unheard of here and was quite outside his experience.

Señor Yrurtia is a small, neat figure, with a pleasant smile and the easy, quiet manners of a man of means and culture who has seen a good deal of the world. Like many South American artists, he has spent most of his life in Paris, where practically all of his work has been done. Before I left he showed me photographs of his house in Paris, and the great studio, more than sixty feet long, where he produced his imposing group called "The Song of Labour" of eleven heroic-size figures, which the Argentine Government commissioned him to make.

We chatted of Argentina, its artistic and literary possibilities, its resources and its future, and soon Señora Yrurtia joined us, the tea-tray was brought in, Mr. Haider, a portrait painter from New York arrived, and we had some interesting discussion of Argentina as a field for art. I came to

the conclusion that it affords an excellent market to the artist with a European or foreign reputation.

After tea we passed on to a little salon adjoining, where we found a number of Señor Yrurtia's studies and portrait heads in bronze. Several of them were surprising for their resemblance to the classic types, and transported me to the Baths of Caracalla in Rome; a portrait head of an Argentine man of affairs had every sign of reality, and there was a charming head of a girl, but for the most part they seemed to me derivative, not only in type and style, but even in expression; the emotions or character expressed seemed not to be taken from the model but recalled as a reminiscence of another work.

The other visit to which I referred was that to Don Enrique Peña, a well-known bibliophile, who is believed to have the best collection to be found here of early Argentine and River Plate books.

We found him living in one of the business streets, his house set in, as is so often the case here, between two shops, and he

came out into the hall to greet us, a large, grey man, looking more like a Scotch banker than a native of Argentina, for he was dressed in tweeds, wore a neatly trimmed grey beard and had the keen, twinkling eye which so often lights the faces of North Britons, and is so rare a thing here.

We sat down in his sitting-room library, a French Professor of Spanish dropped in, and we fell to on books, Argentine and other. Señor Peña showed us the rare "Misiones" books produced two centuries ago in the Jesuit Missions of Paraguay, and some unpublished records of early colonial times here, of which he is very proud.

Buenos Aires, *November 14, 1920.*

THERE are few picturesque spots in Buenos Aires, for it is a new, machine-made town, set on the level bank of the river, like a cube on a plate. Of the old buildings of the Colonial Period, which by their aspects or associations might have lent interest to the streets, very, very few



Two views of Palermo



One of the few remaining Colonial houses

survive. There is one of these rare relics now used as a grocery store, at the corner of Defensa and Moreno; there is a portion of the old Cabildo, or town-hall; the Cathedral has some associations, and of course there are a few more, but they are so few and far between as to exert no influence. The picturesque in Buenos Aires is accidental, slight, and easily overlooked. I have seen it chiefly in glimpses through open doors into patios, and these more often in the mean streets than on the avenues. Passing along Córdoba, I have looked through the gates of old houses, and caught glimpses of a palm and a vine trained along a wall that made a picture: on Bolivar, near the British Arcade, there is an old house used, I believe, as a tenement, with a patio seen through an arched entrance that would be a godsend to a painter; and at the corner of Chacabuco and Alsina stands a dilapidated house with an irregular, red-tiled roof and faded yellow walls starred with giant blue advertising signs. It has a wide door on the corner opening diagonally to the street and hung

about with great wicker cages of canaries and parrots.

There are several convents which retain a dash of the picturesque, and it was one of these, at the corner of San Martin and Viamonte, which afforded me the only touch of romance that I have seen in Buenos Aires. The wall of the convent runs high and blank, as solid and dead as a prison, pierced only by three iron-barred windows in the second storey, which face the arch of an unfinished building opposite. Here, as I came by, one rainy evening, I saw a cavalier, a handsome man in the dress of a gentleman, standing half in the shadow of the arch, with his hat in his hand, the light falling on his well-brushed hair and a red rose which he wore in his button-hole. There he stood, gazing intently at the barred window opposite, which opens into the apartments of the nuns, who are sometimes seen from the upper windows of the hotel pacing to and fro in the garden at the back. They are a small and dwindling company, for convent life does not appeal to the young women of the day in



The rose gardens at Palermo



Other views of the rose gardens

Buenos Aires, and it is said that the authorities at Rome have approved the dissolution of the Order. On this perhaps hopes may be based and it may account for the homage of my cavalier.

A spot which never fails to rest and refresh me as I pass it is the flower-market on Maipú and Rivadavia: it is a small, bare place, nothing more, in fact, than a roofless enclosure of high walls, but the wide gates open on a gay lot of flowers, and beyond the roses, violets, forget-me-nots, and poppies are wooden garden-seats that look always restful and inviting. I have never sat in them, but I have bought lovely white roses there for forty cents a dozen, and got smiles and friendly words into the bargain.

Some distance off, but also in the older part of the town, there is another garden that I should like to enter: it lies on Libertad, not far from Viamonte, and I think must be an old palace garden. The palace, if such it were, is now let out for business offices, but the great garden behind is still attractive to look at through the

gateway and the bars. It runs half a block along Libertad and is visible through a series of great openings like wide cathedral windows, fifteen feet tall and six feet broad, that are fitted with strong iron gratings, while above them at the top of the wall runs a pathway with an iron railing, along which I suppose the owners used to walk to view the garden. It must have been pleasant in the morning when the sun was mild, and in the moonlight, when the marble statues that one can catch glimpses of, shone among the shrubbery.

Buenos Aires, *November 15, 1920.*

CATTLE is the first and last word in Argentina. Cattle is the basis of her wealth, the foundation of her fortunes, the exponent of her civilization. One sees repeated here the phenomena of the cattle-ranch and cattle-rearing which have characterized at various stages the great states in the West. For one who has grown up on the edge of the cattle-country and seen the great herds of Western Nebraska,



“ Cattle is the first and last word in Argentina ”



A prize bull

Kansas, and later of Texas, there is something familiar and natural in meeting the same conditions in Argentina. Never, I think, has the raising of cattle been pursued with more enthusiasm than here; Buenos Aires is at this moment filled with cattle-men—one is tempted to say cattle-kings—and their families, who are attending the annual Cattle Show, a thing which has no equal at present on the earth. There are prize bulls by the hundred, and the papers are filled with accounts of their portentous weight, their vast size, the prizes they are winning, and the enormous prices which are being paid for them. One cannot sit down in the remotest part of the hotel without hearing the voices of the cattle-men disputing about the merits of the different entries. The boasts of rival estancias about the size of their herds and the weight of their champions surpass all that I can remember in any Western cattle town, and there is much to be said for their claims. One of my friends here has given me a typical photograph showing “a grand group of 1780 prime fat Hereford steers

bred and fed on the San Juan General Pinto F. C. Oeste (Western Railway), the property of Señor B. L. Dugan, which yielded 838 lb. each, cold dead weight"!

BUENOS AIRES, *November 20, 1920.*

I HAVE been to my first Argentine play, *The World of Snobs*, by Juan Agustin Garcia. It was a "first night"; there was the most intelligent-looking audience I have seen here, and the play was interesting and well presented.

It is a domestic comedy, ironical in spirit, rising at times to the keenly satirical, and of course it turns on the matter of sex or marriage. The hero, a young artist, finding that his fiancée is accepting gifts and attentions from a member of one of the richest families of the town, withdraws, and some time later marries his rival's sister. There are now two misfit matches: both pairs are broken. Meantime the author exhibits the life of the rich family, a nest of snobs, which consists in ostentation, luxury, parsimony, and greed. At

the end the son of the family falls into difficulties, and to save him from bankruptcy, the father, instead of providing the money himself, goes to his daughter-in-law, and begs her to give back the jewels which had been given her as engagement and wedding gifts. In the middle of the scene, in which the wretched millionaire father-in-law presents an odious figure by making love to his son's wife, the son himself arrives, having come on a similar errand. The dénouement is the reunion of the original lovers.

The play lacks stage-craft, and the parallelism in the plot is unduly mechanical, but it has ideas, and is generally praised as a picture of Buenos Aires life. The parsimony and vulgarity of the rich are said to be justly portrayed, the Church is treated with contempt, and marriage is not taken very seriously.

BUENOS AIRES, *November 21, 1920.*

As one gets nearer to the heart of things here, one hears a good deal about the lack

of justice in the courts. An employé of the Bar Association, who is acquainted with many of the judges, says it is generally understood that decisions are given by recomendación of influential persons—the President, senators, rich men; it is not apparently expected that a decision will be given on the merits of the case. The matter is put with clearness and restraint by Matienzo in the best work I have seen on the Government of Argentina: he laments the weakness of the bench, saying that strong and capable men seldom retain their positions as judges, but resign to practise law or go into business. The general dissatisfaction with the decisions is not, he remarks, due to pecuniary corruption, but to the habit of obsequiousness to persons of influence within and without the Government.

In fact the situation is so bad that wise people do not resort to the courts, which are often regarded as the allies of evil-doers.

Buenos Aires, *November 24, 1920.*

I HAVE not fallen in love with Buenos Aires. I shall leave it without a qualm or a single wistful, backward glance. It is a big town, cosmopolitan, showy, and self-satisfied; but so far it has no character, other than that of a market, and one's heart does not go out to marts of trade.

On the other hand, I do not hate it, as I have heard many say they do, but I can imagine a Jonah prophesying against it, for it is a town in which surely many thousands cannot discern between their right hands and their left, and for such there are chasms that yawn.

On the whole Buenos Aires seems to be extraordinarily content with its ignorance, its superficial culture, its machine-made art, its student-bossed colleges, its gilded palaces, and noisome slums. It is, in fact, a "cow-town," the market and place of diversion of cowmen, the most gorgeous cow-town on the globe; for all Argentina is a ranch and all the money passes this way.

The thing which really prevents one from

caring for Buenos Aires is its raw commercialism and its unconscious but penetrating vulgarity. There is, I suppose, no city in South America where it is safe for a young woman to go about unattended; but here the pursuit of unprotected women is open, unashamed, usual, and one is tempted to say, universal. As Professor Ross remarked when he was here some years ago, the difference between this and some of our cities is that there a woman could always confidently appeal to the passer-by, but here she could not. The current attitude toward women is to regard them as objects of chase. I hear it said that the women have themselves to blame, for they make the customs. That, of course, is not true of the foreigners, and I consider it a crime to send unprotected young women from the United States to work in this place.

Buenos Aires, *November 27, 1920.*

WE are having the first torrid period of the summer, and in spite of the thousand

last things which I am trying to finish off before sailing, I cannot help noticing that hot weather "brings out" Buenos Aires. She is a sub-tropical capital, and under the high temperatures she expands and smiles.

I paid a farewell visit this afternoon to Dr. Ernesto Quesada, and sat for a time very contented in the little salon where he keeps his superb collection of carved wooden figures. For a few minutes it was still. The heat pulsed from door to window; the noise of the city was hushed; the house seemed asleep; from the great library came the least murmur of voices; down in the patio below a solitary hen sang her monotonous solo, and the air of tropical places at ease flowed about us. Soon the maid appeared with tea, the Doctor came back with medals of the recent Urquiza Commemoration, and his latest pamphlet, we turned to criticism of books, and so drove away the mood of repose, but I recall those few minutes as one of the best notes of life in Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires, November 28, 1920.

ON this hot Sunday afternoon I have been spending nearly three hours in the President's ante-chamber at the Palace, reclining among black cushions, fighting flies, and waiting for His Excellency to keep an appointment. Of course he did not keep it: I had very little hope that he would, for it was the twenty-third time that I had responded to similar intimations, none of which had borne fruit. The statesman has been proposing to see me since last May, and has not succeeded in getting himself in tow yet.

At the end of the period we were received by the Assistant Secretary of State, Molinari, who appeared with a mass of papers, and declared that the President and he had been at work over cables and despatches for three hours, and His Excellency had gone home tired. But—tomorrow! O blessed word of all Latin-America!—*mañana!* at one o'clock *exactly* he would be glad to see me.

Well, I smiled and said I would try to

come, for I had long since resolved to play out this game to the ultimate moment. We joked about the momentous affairs of State which kept President and Minister at work on Sunday and Molinari remarked that they were "arranging the League of Nations." It appears that they keep in constant communication by cable with Dr. Pueyrredón, the Minister who is at Geneva, and who is evidently a mere mouthpiece, and I cannot help a little bitter amusement at the thought of world affairs being directed—or muddled—by an uncultured Argentine cattle-man and his smart young Assistant Secretary of State, neither of whom has the slightest comprehension of the issues involved. If this is what the League of Nations is going to lead to, the sooner it is forgotten the better.

BUENOS AIRES, *November 29, 1920.*

IN spite of the pessimism of the family and my secretary, Señor Binayán, who had grown discouraged with more than twenty

fruitless visits, and was prepared to wager great sums that this would be like the others, and with anything but a hopeful spirit, but firmly resolved to follow the thing up persistently to the bitter end, I went to the Palace to keep the President's latest appointment at one o'clock.

For a time it looked as dubious as ever : we were ushered into the same ante-chamber where we had spent nearly three wearisome hours yesterday, and watched the precious minutes ticking themselves away, and the hour when we must be on board—our ship sailed at three—drawing nearer ; I had taken out a card to write a farewell line to Molinari, when the door opened, and the doorman, with a new air of importance, said, " You will go up." We followed him into corridors we had not seen before, and came unexpectedly upon a small elevator in charge of one of the most competent-looking men I have seen in Argentina. He would not have been out of place in the U.S. Secret Service—tall, with tremendous shoulders, a hard-lined face relieved by twinkling eyes, he looked

like a real man. In his charge we rose to the upper floor, where we were met by Molinari, who smiled brightly, motioned us to chairs, and disappeared. We were now evidently "warm"; messengers and members of the Cabinet passed before us, for this salon was in reality a passage to the President's office, and was hung with really handsome pictures, most noticeable of all being that of the Infanta of Spain, a creditable portrait of heroic size painted to celebrate her visit here in 1910.

After five or six minutes a secretary came seeking us and led us a stage nearer. We were now in the immediate vicinity; two officials sat impatiently with their eyes on the inner door: French windows opened upon an upper veranda looking over the Plaza de Mayo, where a distinguished-looking group sipped coffee and smoked cigarettes.

We had hardly time to notice our surroundings before the inner door opened and Molinari's face, with a sunny smile, beamed on us.

"Mr. Parker," he said, and we passed

through the door. Immediately facing us, about three steps away, was the President, a solid, rather commonplace, peasant-like figure, dressed in a dark brown business suit, and giving hardly any other impression than that of somewhat stolid gravity. His face is colourless, mask-like, a mottled grey; his eyes are long and narrow, and his chin rather sharp, which reminded me that he is said to have a little Turkish blood. He shook hands quite simply, and leading the way towards his desk, invited me and Señor Binayán to sit down.

I placed in his hands the two volumes of *Argentines of To-day*, specially bound and stamped in gold with his name, a gift with which he seemed pleased. In a few formal words he expressed his warm approval. It would be *utilisimo*, etc., etc. We spoke of the Society and its work, and when I placed in his hands the *Tirant lo Blanc*, which Binayán had carried, he was visibly impressed. "This was too much," he said; "it was altogether too much"; but I referred to it lightly, as one of the works produced by

the Society for its members and a few distinguished friends. He shook hands again, and when he repeated his desire to serve me I replied that I had only one favour to ask—that he show himself friendly to our book the *Argentines*, which, of course, he said he would do.

We passed out escorted by Molinari, who seemed both pleased and relieved at having this long-deferred visit at last over, and went down the steps, passing the tall guard on sentinel duty with his colonial uniform and his modern bayonet; took a farewell look at the handsome Plaza, and got back to the hotel in bare time to catch my boat.

AT SEA, *December 3, 1920.*

Now that the strain is over and I have left behind the wear and tear of printers and Presidents, I can look back at leisure over the long course that I have followed through the six republics from Peru to Uruguay.

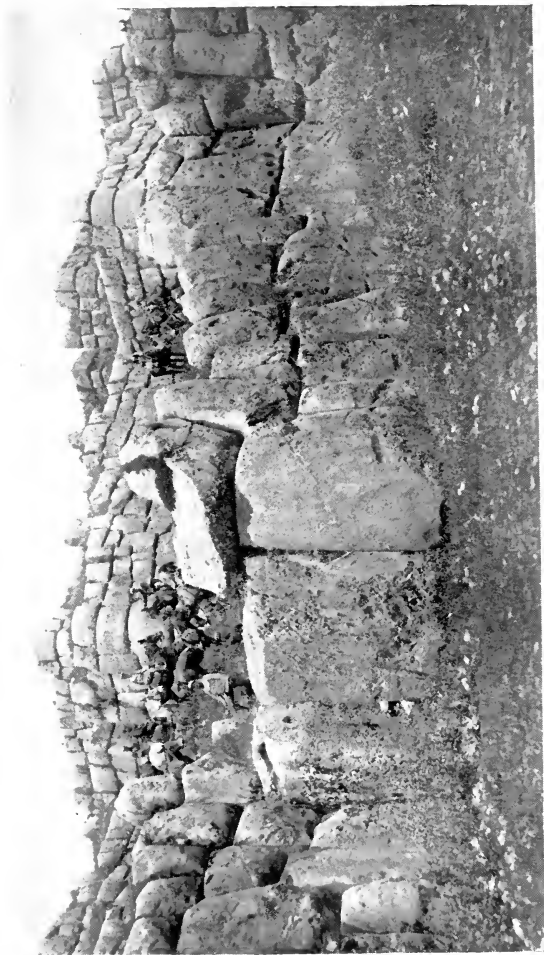
While I have no present desire to retrace my steps and nowhere on my course have

eaten of the lotus, I can well appreciate that others may have been more favoured than I, and found the fortunate isles which I have missed. Yet as my letters have borne witness, kindness and friendship have followed me all the way. Whatever differences may be found among the republics, their people have this in common, the love and practice of a formal courtesy. Though Peruvians, Chileans and Bolivians may be at daggers drawn, though Argentines may be ready to fight Chileans over Tierra del Fuego and Brazilians over Paraguay, and Uruguayans are themselves worried lest they be gobbled up by their more powerful neighbours, every one of them cherishes the rites of politeness, and worships, at least from afar, the ideal of Hidalguia.

None of them has yet achieved a republic except in name, but with the same constitution, modelled upon that of the United States, have emerged into despotism, oligarchy, autocracy, or boss rule; still they have failed quite as often from sentimentalism as from baseness. The



The Harbour—Buenos Aires



The outstanding memory : “ the cyclopean Inca fortress ”

sturdy, impersonal sense of justice, the readiness to give or receive unfavourable judgments, does not occur, and in this intensely personal approach to life in all its aspects lies the root of another weakness that undermines the character: a love of praise and a shrinking from blame. You would have been amused to hear, as I have done in every country we have visited, my secretaries explaining to the "biografiados" that this was a very extraordinary kind of book that we were making, for it excluded words of praise. The apology was needed to prevent trouble, because none of our friends could understand an account of himself, unless written by an avowed enemy, that was not couched in terms of lavish adulation.

The laborious task I came to do is done: I have finished the six books, producing, printing and publishing them all in a year and a half—a stint of work that I shall never try to repeat. In the retrospect many memories crowd to the mind; the disagreeables, the worries, the vexations and annoyances disappear, giving place

to pleasurable images and recollections of happy hours: the tea-time parties on Santa Lucia Hill in Santiago, the unforgettable visits to the cyclopean Inca fortress that towers over Cuzco, and hours in hospitable homes. There spring to the memory the book-filled study of Ricardo Palma in Lima; a vine-hung porch in Arequipa looking across to the mountains; a low stone farm-house beyond Cuzco; a cosy, domestic house on a steep street in La Paz; Señor Medina's comfortable home, with its treasures of books and medals and coins, in Santiago; and in Buenos Aires, besides the houses of friends, the den where Professor Debenedetti dispenses coffee and archæology in the basement of the University, and certain cafés, consecrated by innumerable discussions of all things in earth and sky. Under these roofs I have eaten the bread of friendship; and I remember them as a pilgrim might remember the shrines along his way.

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