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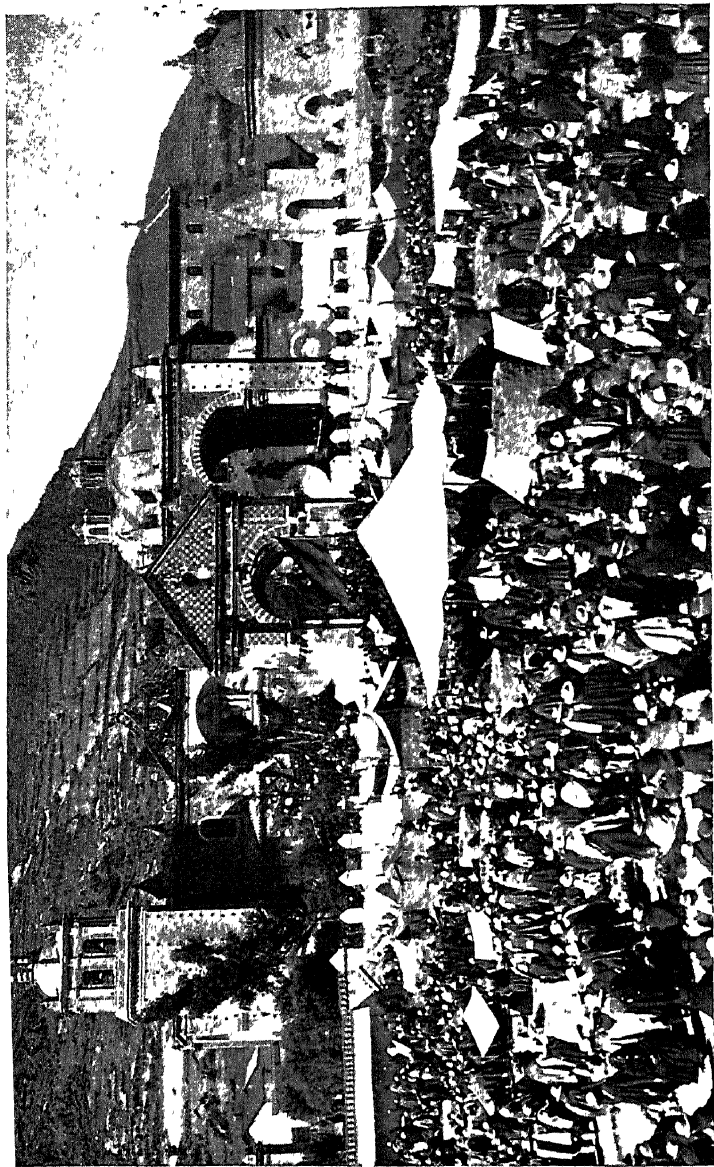
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HEIRS OF THE INCAS

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FIESTA DAY BEFORE THE MOSQUE-LIKE CHURCH AT COPACABANA, PERU, OVERLOOKING LAKE TITICACA

HEIRS OF THE INCAS

BY
CARROLL K. MICHENER



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TO MY WIFE
SALLY SPENSLEY MICHENER

• "ONE OF A CERTAIN TWO OF US," WHO DARED
TO HONEYMOON IN THE ANDES •

•

PREFACE

This is neither the first nor the last word on South America. It is not intended primarily as a book of facts, although a good many undoubtedly have crept in. Its purpose, if it has any conscious reason at all for existence, has been to embody an assorted collection of impressions, observations and prejudices. And if any part of the pleasure of putting them into phrase can reflect itself as far as the reader's eye, the writer will be sufficiently flattered and content.

Some of the material incorporated under the general title of "Heirs of the Incas" has appeared in *Travel*, the *Dearborn Independent*, the *New York Times* and the *International Interpreter*, and the author is indebted to these publications for permission to reprint.

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HEIRS OF THE INCAS

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a common error among people of foreign countries to think of the United States in terms of New York. To a degree, South America suffers from a similar misconception. The world has heard overmuch of Buenos Aires.

That New York is no cross section of the United States does not admit of much argument, yet it comes nearer such denomination than does Buenos Aires in typifying South America. The Argentine metropolis, in truth, is an international city, departing widely in its life and physical aspects from the rest of the continent.

There is a crude but forceful metaphor, invented by some visiting critic to express the contrast offered by Argentina's chief city even with its own comparatively advanced hinterland. Buenos Aires, this observer has it, is the silk hat crowning a nude man.

A metropolis, of course, is more or less of a

national pace-maker. Or perhaps it might be said that it embodies the national ideal. In this sense, Buenos Aires is an interesting exhibit, forecasting the trend of South American life and progress. Nevertheless, to find the essential South America of the present, it is necessary to go far afield from such a cosmopolitan center, with its aping of things European, and its huge, not wholly assimilated population of Italian, French, German, English and North American inhabitants.

The tide of discovery and conquest flowed first and strongest along the steep and barren slopes of the Andean coast. Having reaped there a fabulous harvest of spoil, Spain widened her domain to those less promising southern provinces that were destined to yield a far richer treasure. The center of interest changed, but it was only the crest of Spanish dominion that moved on. The integral, historical body of it remained.

Lima, for three centuries, was Spain's capital in South America. In it centers the pride and splendor of the days of conquest. It lies near the heart of the old Inca empire, and close about it cluster the melancholy souvenirs of Inca civilization. It has lost its political and even its intellectual prestige, and is full of a stubborn, backward-looking conceit; commercially it is eclipsed by newer cities in the richer south. Nevertheless, it is the preserver of a multitude of traditions, more or less typifying the

INTRODUCTORY

manners and customs, the habit of mind and hand, of the fundamental South American. In its streets and *plazas*, rather than in the Calle Florida of Buenos Aires or the Rua da Ouvidor of Rio, is to be found the approximation of South American life.

In this sense, Lima is to be taken as representative of all that region comprised in the Inca empire at the time of its greatest expansion. For nearly two thousand miles, north and south, ran the narrow borders of this celebrated domain, with its capital couched high upon the continent's backbone. Within its boundaries was most of the region that is now segregated into the republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile.

This is the cradle of the South American people—a new race, if the term may be used without undue offense to the ethnologist. Here was begun the fusion of Spaniard and Indian, consanguinary and sociological, that makes the South American people of today more than figuratively the heirs of the Incas.

II.

ANOTHER CONQUEST OF PERU.

PIZARRO and his men took pioneer toll of Peru's treasure and romance. They were the first tourists, and their predatory tread wore thin the Inca trails. They stripped the bloom of adventure from that remarkable domain.

A journey into the high Andes in those turbulent times—four centuries ago—was by no means a pleasure trip; and it is something of the same tale today, despite the rosy language of steamship folders. Notwithstanding Pizarro's early breaking of the way, the land is one of comparatively rude and un-beaten paths. Much history was written there after the Spanish Conquest, but it was of such a character as to repel rather than to invite the leisurely footsteps of holiday-makers from abroad. And not until the opening of the Panama Canal did the tide of tourist and commercial travel set strongly along South America's West Coast. Such traffic has been less voluminous than the more enthusiastic of the Pan-American folk were glib in predicting, but there is at least enough of it to promise this Egypt of the western hemisphere an increasing *turista* harvest.

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Before the full crop of such business can be reaped, however, it will be necessary to soften some of the asperities that now contribute so largely to the adventurous and somewhat pathfinding nature of West Coast travel. Recollection of the hotels, the cobblestones, the aromas, and some of the means of transport—such details of existence as most magnify themselves to the unaccustomed—is sufficient to convince at least one of a certain two of us that any wayfarer through the old land of the Incas, even at this present day, well merits the title of Conquistador.

Sea captains and seasoned commercial travelers, as might be expected, are blasé concerning this West Coast. There is nothing to be seen, they say, between Panama and Valparaiso. When land is visible at all from a steamer's deck it is only an undulating smudge of bare foothills, with rarely a glimpse of the white-garbed Andean giants behind. And as for the ports, they are described as dingy, iron-roofed abiding places of desiccation and ennui, hardly worth the inconvenience of going ashore to see.

This is an external and unimaginative estimate. Sea captains and commercial travelers are not likely to paint such a scene with the color of fancy. But it was easy for us to agree with them, at least, that the avarice of Francisco Pizarro and his mates must have been great, indeed, and the tales of Inca gold fabulous, to have led them inland beyond Peru's genuinely inhospitable front door.

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It is not recorded, of course, that Pizarro gave much attention to the beauties of land or sea, during his turbulent struggle for Inca treasure. At any rate there was little choice in the matter of a pleasing site for his capital. The coast everywhere was the same monotony of gravelly wastes and brown, twisted hills, rarely refreshed by the green of vegetation. The mountain plateaus were frigid and remote.

Inauspicious in its setting, great, nevertheless, must have been the splendors of Lima, Pizarro's "City of the Kings." Prescott, the historian, whose "Conquest of Peru" gave renown at once both to himself and the Incas, had it so, though his portrayal, from the distant observation post of his Boston library, has deserved some discounting. Many of these splendors remain, but they are poorly heralded by squalid Callao, the seaport, with its unkempt Chinese shops in garbage-littered streets.

Dust assailed us fetidly from its lurking places among Callao's cobblestones, defying the feeble efforts of the city's street sprinklers—Standard Oil tins strapped to the backs of burros. Dairies peripatetic—cows and goats driven to a customer's door and there milked—gave the place some of the primitive quality of a Chinese village. Street merchants added to this similitude with their germ-sugared cakes and their sheaves of lottery tickets. On guard, with a lugubrious significance, was a police force of vultures, perched upon house-tops, church towers

and garden walls, nodding over their self-appointed business as the city's scavengers.

An electric street car line leads from the unpleasant human odors of Callao and the pervasive bird odors of the neighboring islands, through a flat, ascending valley. Dust-smirched trees and vegetation do their best to relieve the surface desiccation, and give evidence of the soil's fertility when subjected to irrigation. Lack of rainfall along the whole of the Peruvian Coast is legendary and formed a subject for dining-saloon conversation all the way down from Panama. Next to the Southern Cross, Panama hats, the mountain sickness, and the prevention of and remedy for flea-bite, it is one of the most pungent of the little subjects that have power to charm the tourist breast.

Lima's mud-and-bamboo Cathedral is venerable with its four hundred years, and the University dozes proudly under its consciousness of being the oldest seat of learning in America. Still, the city is peculiarly lacking in such majesty and circumstance as would befit an ancient repository of pomp and power. Houses are low, streets straight and narrow, and the shops unpretentious. The central *plaza*, flanked by the Cathedral and the old Spanish palace of colonial days, exhales something of an air of departed glory, but such a conjunction of established Iberian institutions—a square, a church and a public building—

can be claimed alike by almost every hamlet in the Spanish world. There are rewards, however, for the patient inquisitor: glimpses of old colonial mansions wearing the air of cloaked viceroys, cloistered walls exuding the monastic chill of the Middle Ages, and long vistas of Moorish balconies still retaining the impression of romantic charms.

One thing we missed, as will most others who have read overmuch of "cloaked shapes, the twanging of guitars, a rush of feet, and rapiers clashing"; we saw no *novio*, garbed like a Spanish troubadour in tight black velvet and red sash, singing his love songs before a grated window half revealing the dusky beauties of a shy *Limeña*. Such romantics appear to be almost as near extinction as South America's fawn-like vicuña, first cousin of the llama.

Neither were we startled by the sudden sound of revolutionary muskets, nor by the news of an assassinated president. These excitements, too, are becoming rare, as the advancing social order gradually changes politics from a professional sport to a popular pastime with rules better understood and better observed.

Old as the city is in both years and events, Lima has little historical atmosphere. There is a startling possibility, of course, that this is because of an almost total absence of that individual, at once malefactor and benefactor—the tourist guide. The city, at any

rate, does not exploit its past. In a sense, it is still of the past, proud yet negligent of its renown.

No municipal signposts seduced us into the legendary footsteps of Almagro, Alvarado and the Pizarro brothers. Neither were we inspired by the ballyhoo of a sight-seeing bus to engage in pious pilgrimage to the spot where Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, after ransoming himself with a pyramid of gold stripped from the nation's altars, was executed—for Spanish expediency—upon the convenient charge of conspiring to effect his own liberty.

A certain species of guide we encountered in the Cathedral, a shifty, mumbling creature—member of the International Order of Shrine Parasites—who showed us the mummy of Francisco Pizarro, conveniently exposed within a glass case. He had not the enterprise, however, to lead us to the white marble slab, upon a pavement in one of the government buildings, marking the spot where this master freebooter, the "swineherd of Estremadura," was cut down by the swords of his jealous countrymen, making the sign of the cross with his own blood as he relinquished the ghost.

The old trails to the high Andean plateau, which was the Inca stronghold, were overland from Lima. Today the easiest route is by rail from Mollendo, an uninspiring, drooping huddle of gray houses clinging to a brown foothill along a shelterless coast.

One of us spent anxious and almost backsliding moments over the report that steamer passengers at Mollendo were frequently hoisted out of the ship by means of block and tackle. The sea was mild, however, and no such heroics were required. It was only a matter of convenience, rather than one of necessity, that led to our being lifted ashore "in a basket" when we arrived at the landing. A careless donkey engine and an irritable derrick whisked us aloft in a rude chair and set us breathless amid heaps of baggage, merchandise and Peruvians.

When the dull delights of Mollendo had been exhausted we struggled into the daily train for the interior, together with flat-hatted priests, *mestizo* persons of mixed ancestry who were dignified for the moment by shoes and shirts, and perspiring *hidalgos* on their modern knight-errantry of politics and business.

A dust storm sped us over the flats that lead between sea and hills into an ascending valley. Then a thinly-green, checkered bowl of fertility uncovered itself in the midst of the desert, remaining visible as a refreshment to the eye until the train had curved and counter-curved over the first foothills. Frequent stops to revive the engine, and to traffic in Peruvian and aboriginal passengers, gave us an opportunity of inspecting the small villages along the way, each an oasis of greenery in the midst of general

prove available, we should have it in due time. Pre-emption, therefore, seemed to us a more effective means of reservation.

Others had been similarly inspired, but we were not too late for a cubicle that two might enter, with a due regard for economy of space. Locking our baggage within, we went forth to view the tribulations of our fellow passengers, some of whom were still ghastly with *soroche*. Puno, chief port of Titicaca, was dripping under a cold drizzle from its thatched eaves, completing their misery.

What had threatened to become a passenger list of several hundred had by this time dwindled mysteriously. We concluded that the gentry to whom we had done such football violence by our process of embarkation must have been largely interspersed with servants, porters, and friends of the departing. However, an inspection of the steerage quarters at either end of the narrow steamer disclosed a dusky swarm of humans, burrowing like insects into comfortable nooks among boxes, bales, bundles and miscellaneous livestock.

When the purser's clamorous business was done, the saloon was cleared for a late dinner. All degrees of Peruvian society, from pockmarked aboriginal to haughty and predominantly Spanish *gente decente*, were *vis a vis* over the soup, amid odors of perspiration, insect powder and food of other days. The *chupe* was thick, however, with hot vegetables, heavy

shores in the receding distance. There came a procession, also, of crescent-shaped dunes of a grayish sand silvered in the sunlight, each combed by the wind into the perfect image of every other. They were like atolls in a yellow sea.

He whom we called the Loquacious One, always present on any voyage over land or ocean, awoke from a cat-nap and pointed out El Misti, a volcano not quite extinct, though there has been no eruption for centuries; Pichu Pichu, whose slopes are too steep for snow; and the white giants, Ampato and Coropuna.

The scant vegetation of the seaward slopes here, disappeared under the fiery sun. Habitations of men were not visible again until the train had reached the edge of the desert and had begun a brave climb into the mountain wall that had looked so forbidding from the opposite side. Abandoned villages were more frequent than those showing signs of habitation. Stone walls remained, but the thatch roofs, so said the Loquacious One, had gone to cover new villages, near farm land that had long lain fallow. There was more than crop rotation here, apparently. The agricultural principle seemed to involve the rotation of entire farms.

Well up in the hills, where steeper ascents brought an uncomfortable crackling to the ears, a district not unlike southwestern United States came into view. There was a splendid vista over a wide canyon,

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etched sharp by erosion, and brilliant with many colors. At the bottom of the gorge ran a foaming stream, the caressing influence of which was evident in a wide strip of vegetation on either side. Water, green fields, trees, and the comfortable-looking habitations of men were in odd contrast with the orchid-pink precipices overhanging them by a thousand sheer feet. In wider sections of the valley the fields were laid out in regular, walled rectangles, and clusters of graceful Lombardy poplars gave the whole a classic air. Fields of corn, rice and cotton were distinguishable, and the green fabric of vegetation was ornamented here and there with bursts of wild roses.

We debouched at nightfall into Arequipa's modern railway station and made our way over smooth tiles to a waiting taxi. The metropolitan entry bewildered us, after the day's reversion to an uncompleted planet, but we were soon brought back to a point still far enough from modernity by dark, narrow, jouncing streets—tire factories should conduct their tests here—and by the medieval inn where we found hospice.

There was a rarified sunshine through billows of chill mist in the morning. Bells from the near Cathedral and from more distant churches had begun their Oriental tolling long before dawn. One sonorous note was reminiscent particularly of Japan—of

a shrine in Nikko. We heard cocks crowing, the insistent bells of taxis, and the warning whistles of traffic policemen, still busy with their night-long serenade. But there was no great vocal stridence from human throats, common to most cities of European tradition. The mood of Arequipa was subdued, as in a sedate village at home. Even the sharp cries of the donkey drivers were modulated and low, insistent yet patient: a peculiar combination of whistle and hiss. Slow-footed Indians shuffled past, barefoot under their burdens, cheeks puffed with the narcotic *coca* leaf that sustains their sinews and lulls their racial conscience. Donkeys laden with fagots, noses close to the offending cobbles, were chaperoned by taciturn Indian drivers, whose eyes, like those of the beasts, were fastened morosely on the course of their feet.

The green-tiled *plaza* was wet with cold dew, and the semi-tropical shrubbery seemed to wince in the chill breeze from Arequipa's encompassing mountains. The early morning light brought out palely the thin pinks and blues that lend a delicate distinction to Peruvian architecture. A uniform height of two stories gave dignity to the business buildings facing three sides of the square, and the Cathedral gracefully occupied the fourth. An unbroken balustrade topped the cornice line of the houses, and the square in general had all the elements of Napoleonic design, rather than of the helter-skelter growth that

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characterizes most cities of the western hemisphere. A wooden dog, listening for his master's voice, was the only business emblazonment marring this symmetry.

Half-caste children went prattling past the shivering palmettos on their irresolute quest of the school-room. Peruvian servant women in black *mantos* began to brave the morning airs. A black-gowned priest, in a wide-brimmed bowler hat, shuffled Cathedral-ward, fingering his huge rosary. A poncho-ed Indian swabbed stone paving blocks with a twig broom, and after him a small boy sprinkled the street with water, as it was done in Callao, from Standard Oil tins carried on a burro's back. A Ford taxi and a boy on a bicycle strove to lend an air of modernity to a scene that kept slipping backward in time through such retrograde exhibits as a small donkey, smothered under a mountain of alfalfa, with a female aboriginal atop. Then toy street cars in orange paint awoke to the day's work and gave the winning modern touch.

The sun smiled through the mists upon a group of *cholas* who came laughing into the square. Without these pretty half-caste girls the human aspect of life in the Andes might be drab, indeed. They were a brilliant symphony in flamingo-red skirts and shawls, shiny black shoes with pink rosettes at the instep, and orange-colored straw hats.

There was no necessity, we found at breakfast, to trouble ourselves with an apostrophe to Arequipa. A reporter in the morning newspaper had done that for us, in an impassioned introduction to his review of a local book:

“City of Misti, the volcano! Region of hospitality *par excellence!* Spot of enchantment catering to all needs of the human heart. High up in the hills, far from the arid beaches of the eroded littoral, with the gigantic Cordilleras for its shoulders and the cones of Misti and Ubina set like jewels in its forehead—such is our Arequipa. Nature, here in this topography, is at her kindest. When snow, like an icy mantle, threatens to engulf the city, the two volcanoes, its guardian minarets, have but to caress it with their cyclopean fires until the sun can throw over it the strands of its flaming hair.

“To Inca-land, Nature has been most prodigal, indeed, since remotest times; and Arequipa she has crowned with the richest of her adornments. Sagacious warriors and poets has she given to this city of the hills. From the indigenous forebears of our race she raised the redoubtable Indian chiefs. In the Colonial period she distilled into our veins the aristocratic blood of the nobles of Isabel and Ferdinand. Under the régime of Independence, her great gift was the conspiracy for liberty. And from Arequipa’s bosom, into the lap of the republic, have surged the most consummate of the national patriots. Melgar, Luna, Pizarro, Goyenche, Canseco, and others, who have enriched the national history, are exponents of the varied grandeur of this people and this metropolis. And it was here that was born El Doctor ———!”

One must arise in the frigid blackness before dawn to take the twice-a-week train that runs to Cuzco and

Titicaca, lying in the lofty cradle of Inca civilization. The volcanic cone of Misti hung over us, white and cold (we had no desire for its "cyclopean caress") for many hours after we began our long climb through the fertile valley of the Chile River, ascending by degrees past every climatic "latitude" from temperate to arctic. Eastward the silvery Cordilleras rose more sharply into view as the morning air cleared. Behind, and already far below, lay Arequipa in its green setting, circumscribed by a stony desert.

The talk was of *soroche*, the mountain sickness; for, alas, we had with us again the Loquacious One. We were comforted with tales of suffering and death: of the American lady who perished at an altitude of only thirteen thousand feet; of the heart of the young Italian, which had ceased to function after he had foolishly partaken of food at Crucero Alto, fourteen thousand six hundred and eighty-eight feet above sea level—highest point on the line. A party of American tourists, it was rumored, only today had turned back to the seacoast, fearing to face this chance of extinction among the tall Andes. One of us, indeed, grew thoughtful.

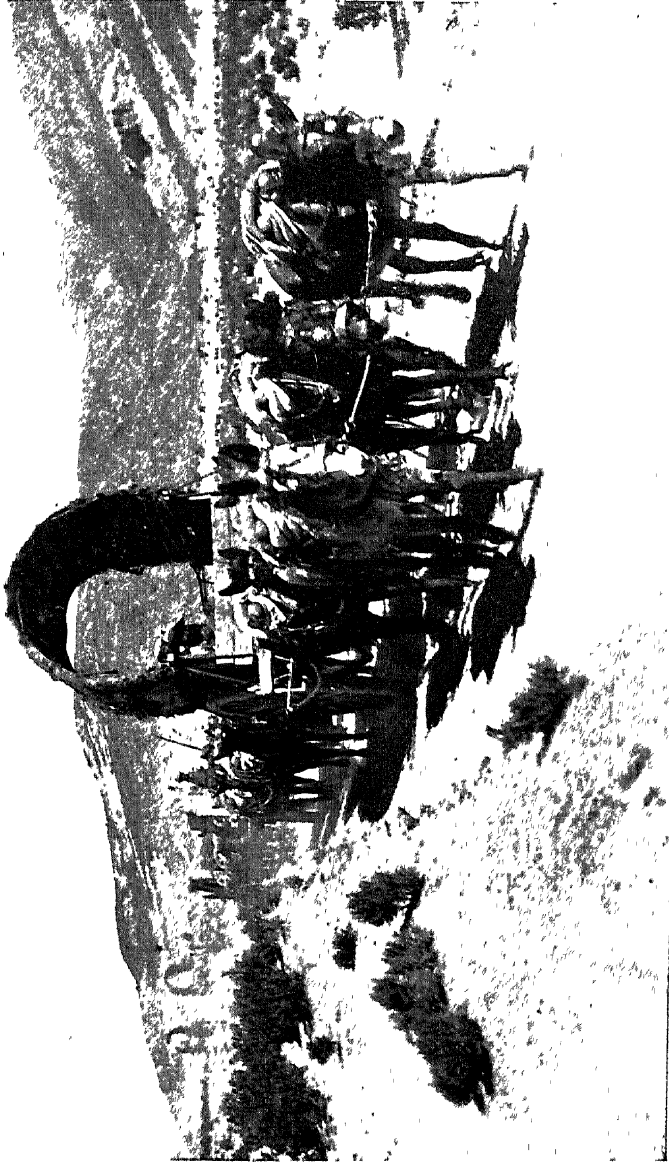
We had with us an Italian Voltaire, so-called from the curious quirk of his nose. He had been twenty years a trader in Cuzco. When he had listened long enough to the talk of *soroche* he emitted the equivalent of "Bah!" first in Italian, then in French, and

finally in Spanish. Thereupon he called for the combined porter, cook and dining car superintendent, and placed his order for a sumptuous *almuerza*.

We followed suit, timidly at first, then more confidently, through a pleasant succession of cold chicken, sliced tomatoes, consomme, poached eggs, beefsteaks, fried potatoes, bananas, sweet green grapes of the land, and coffee. This recklessness endeared us to "Voltaire," and, in perfect understanding, we three awaited death. When Crucero Alto was passed "Voltaire" had nodded himself asleep, and the two of us who remained awake sat in comfort throughout the long afternoon, or, tendered our services to those of our hungry fellow passengers whose heads were splitting, hearts thumping, and internal arrangements revolting against the sickness of the high mountains that is said to be so much worse than the *mal de mer*.

It was a day of exalting scenery. At ten thousand feet we rounded the flank of a black geological giant and entered upon a region typical of the Peruvian highlands. Villages grew ever more infrequent along the way, and abandoned settlements became numerous. Burro trails, suggestive of the old military highroads of Conquistador and Inca, kept company with the railway, some of them well built upon a convenient grade, most of them mere stony arroyos.

Clouds swept alternately above and below us, then



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THE LLAMA HAS SHIFTED MOST OF HIS TRADITIONAL BURDENS TO MORE CAPABLE SHOULDERS

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settled like milk into huge saucers made by mountain valleys. The railway became a roller-coaster, engine and rear coach frequently moving in opposing directions.

Coarse grass grew in tufts over this region, and there was a purple blossom, proclaimed by the Texans among us as first cousin to the blue-bonnet. A piney shrub about eighteen inches high soon supplanted even the hardy grasses, and every station displayed piles of this puny growth, dried, as was the case with another resembling a mammoth toadstool, ready for use as fuel. There was an entire absence of trees at this altitude, and we were to see no more of them until we reached the fertile shores of Titicaca.

Our fellow travelers of the third-class appeared to fare well at the hands of the swarming food vendors by whom they were assailed at every station. To these voyagers—unkempt soldiers in sky-blue uniforms, *chola* servant girls, blanketed Indians, and Peruvians whose percentage of Spanish blood was too small to keep them in the ruling social order—the hucksters offered *choclos* (corn on the cob with huge kernels in calico colors), cheese cakes, meat pastries, *chupe* (which is a soup of delicate mysteries), ribs of pig and goat, dwarf peaches no larger than plums, bananas and citron. There were baskets of bread rolls that looked particularly appetizing until one had seen them manipulated by the gritty

hands of unclean customers, or had considered the unsanitary equation of the vendors themselves.

The inhabited villages were gloomy under the cloudy drizzle and the occasional hailstorms that followed our slow progress aloft. They were animated principally by preening army officers, running the gauntlet of the first-class windows for the purpose of airing military manliness before feminine eyes. The streets were forlorn alleys between thatched stone cells, only the unfailing church or a store rising above their one-storied monotony.

Dreary vastness offended the eye, after its first experience of interest. It was more pleasant, toward the end of the long day, to turn the vision within the coach, even upon the misery of our stricken fellows. Then the first sight of llamas, tended by solitary, melancholy Indians, brought back a boyhood circus-thrill, and frequent flocks of this strange animal, half sheep and half camel, never failed thereafter to carry the eye eagerly forth again upon the depressing landscape.

From the sharp, thin air of Crucero Alto, which made the lungs a bellows with the slightest exertion, the train carried us rapidly downward for two thousand feet or more past lakes set in green hills, a pleasant contrast with the aridity of the western slopes. Flamingoes dotted with carmine the reedy margins of glassy, shallow ponds.

A gently falling land, flat and desolate, engulfed

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us. Southward lay Titicaca, from whose glacier-fed bosom sprang the legendary Incas, Children of the Sun; northward were two hundred miles of blood-seared plateau, seemingly too tranquil today even for memories of the time when conquerors swept in and out of Cuzco, the city whose glories are gone with the civilization it sheltered.

III.

ALOFT ON AN ANDEAN SEA.

AN ethnological whirlpool drew us toward the purser's tactical position in a corner of the Yapura's diminutive dining saloon. Surveying through this mass a path that was irrespective of caste and shoe-leather, we tossed down before the purser a passport not entirely credentialed for the sovereign state of Bolivia, and waited apprehensively while he affixed his *rubrica* of approval.

The Yapura, we knew, from gossip gleaned on the train between Arequipa and Puno, had grown old on this inland sea. It was built in Scotland about the time of the American Civil War, brought over the mountains from Mollendo on muleback—the railway then being unlaidd—and only after this tortuous maneuver was it able to achieve its entity as Lake Titicaca's first steamboat.

Since it was evident from a mere sidelong glance at the craft's limited bulk that there could be few cabins of the first class, we made anxious inquiry of the purser concerning the probability of a stateroom. In Castilian that had an unmistakable high-Andean accent this gentleman assured us that, should one

prove available, we should have it in due time. Pre-emption, therefore, seemed to us a more effective means of reservation.

Others had been similarly inspired, but we were not too late for a cubicle that two might enter, with a due regard for economy of space. Locking our baggage within, we went forth to view the tribulations of our fellow passengers, some of whom were still ghastly with *soroche*. Puno, chief port of Titicaca, was dripping under a cold drizzle from its thatched eaves, completing their misery.

What had threatened to become a passenger list of several hundred had by this time dwindled mysteriously. We concluded that the gentry to whom we had done such football violence by our process of embarkation must have been largely interspersed with servants, porters, and friends of the departing. However, an inspection of the steerage quarters at either end of the narrow steamer disclosed a dusky swarm of humans, burrowing like insects into comfortable nooks among boxes, bales, bundles and miscellaneous livestock.

When the purser's clamorous business was done, the saloon was cleared for a late dinner. All degrees of Peruvian society, from pockmarked aboriginal to haughty and predominantly Spanish *gente decente*, were *vis a vis* over the soup, amid odors of perspiration, insect powder and food of other days. The *chupe* was thick, however, with hot vegetables, heavy

with meat, and succulent with the piping juices of both. It did much to erase memories of the day's fatigues. As for the long succession of dishes that followed it, we passed them back to the kitchen untouched, to the visible chagrin of barefoot Pedro, our steward, and the astonishment of our fellows.

There was, after this, no diversion better or worse than the night-long clangor and smell of the gasoline engines. When we opened the porthole we were drenched by the wash of rainwater from an unscuppered deck above us, and when we closed it we approached suffocation. It was too early for us to have acquired, in the course of these travels, the Latin-American's aversion for fresh air.

The night was one of those that never really pass. One day merely approached its end, prolonged its parting, and resurrected itself into another. But hunger and the shrill morning airs, to say nothing of the psychic encouragement any new day inspires, led us once more—this time less critical—into the dining saloon. There we consumed quantities of a doubtful liquid extracted from burnt coffee-bean, and persuaded Pedro into toasting the tough, glutinous bread. Further solicitation brought us hard dwarf peaches and an anonymous fruit compote that contributed to our reviving morale.

We stumbled up a precipitous gangway to the narrow deck, and beheld around us an astonishing expanse of waters, reflecting the identical colors of the

sea. Happily Titicaca was untroubled by spirits of the wind. Tiny wavelets lapped at the sides of the leisurely Yapura, whose disputatious engines tugged noisily against the propeller. Deep blue sea reflected the deep blue sky, and from off its surface came a breeze that carried the moist chill of melting snow.

A Sabbath calm settled about us, no doubt influenced by the black-bearded *padre* whose lips silently formed Latin syllables from his prayer book. We surveyed others of our fellow voyagers, and were magnetically drawn, by a flow of English words, into the aura of the American engineer, bent upon La Paz with a program of sewers. He charted the scenery with facts. He was an almanac of data. To make sure that we were the victims of no grade-school negligence he examined into our knowledge of the fundamental geographical fact that we were upon the "highest navigable body of fresh water in the world, as large as Lake Erie and twelve thousand five hundred feet above sea level." He inspired us with the thought that for generations there had been an encyclopedic controversy over the question of whether the waters were or were not slightly brackish. As for ourselves, we were unable then or afterward to contribute anything valuable to this consideration, although we drank daily from that portion of the lake which was hauled aboard over the taffrail in Pedro's tin bucket. We had suffered too

much from inoculation against typhoid, paratyphoid and all the typhus relatives to forego this opportunity of making use of our supposed immunity!

The atmosphere became increasingly *dolce far niente* as the day warmed. Sunlight, streaming through the thin air of this altitude, smote contrastingly hot where we had shivered an hour before. Vast ramparts of cloud began lifting from the far edges of a mountain-lipped bowl, revealing snowy surfaces and umbrageous, gashed peaks. These masses of vapor billowed into astonishing forms, seeming always to hang close to the mighty hills, like dirigible giants returning to their hangars. Above the hills were bluish-gray ridges, passing into the soft lilac of the distant Cordilleras, that waste region of mountain snows "where no man goes or hath gone, since the making of this world."

Pomata, a village of adobe huts dimly seen at day-break, had taken most of our passengers, and we were reduced at *almuerza*, which is the Spanish mid-day "breakfast," to the wife and daughter of the American engineer, that gentleman himself, an Italo-Bolivian merchant and his English bride, the *padre*, two Peruvian proprietors of land journeying to Copacabana, and a black-shawled woman proceeding, with a startled apprehension in her coppery, pocked cheeks, to visit a well married daughter in La Paz.

We spurned fewer dishes. The engineer's wife,

profiting by many years of experience with wayfarers' food in South America, divulged a simple expedient for getting over the hurdle of exotic flavors. From Pedro she had extracted a bottle of a certain powerful, well known meat sauce, and with its pungent juices she liberally neutralized the gustatory peculiarities of everything from soup to pudding.

In mid-afternoon the Yapura trailed its indolent wake into a wide, semi-circular bay, as far as the shallow waters would allow, dropping anchor among dense aquatic weeds. We went ashore astride the first boat loads of cargo, landing precariously upon a mud jetty, by means of a plank insecurely balanced by the inconsequent crew. There was much contraband to deliver, destined for the adjacent Bolivian border, and we had half a day for the touring of Yunguyo, mud-walled, squalid and melancholy under the shadow of its medieval church.

Before midnight we were at Copacabana, which lies upon ground sacred to the Incas. The steamer, with much confused ululation from the crew, attached itself to a rocky wharf, and there was a hurry of disembarkation into the town that has been for many centuries one of the great pilgrimage centers of the world. Copacabana, indeed, so the *padre* informed us, was a holy city in Inca days, containing an "idol of vast renown among the Gentiles." Likewise it was a place of purification for pilgrims

journeying to the fount of Sun worship on the neighboring island of Titicaca.

We were too long over our spiced Cuzco chocolate in the morning to catch more than a passing glimpse of Titicaca, Island of the Sun, and Koati, Island of the Moon, the former celebrated in tradition as the very cradle of the Inca race. They were shaved and barren from a distance, and the regularity of the *andenes*, or irrigating terraces, ridging them from lake level to summit, gave them an appearance of artificiality.

There is plentiful legend concerning the origin of the Incas. Most of it is based upon the tradition that there were two Andean creations, the Incas rising from the second. We were reliably informed by the Irish steamer captain that the entire brood of the first were changed into a swarm of crickets by a demon at enmity with man's primeval maker. This version differs from others only in the minor circumstance that, according to such dissenting stories, the race was transformed into a multitude of stones. These, ever since, have been justly kicked and cursed by the second brood of humans. In any case, it is generally agreed that, worldly affairs having attained an intolerable state, the great Sun god sent down his children, the Incas, to repopulate and rule the world. They landed, like Noah on Ararat, making sacred the point of arrival, which was the Island of Titi-

caca. These Incas pioneers—we are indebted not to the Irish captain but to Prescott for this—were a single pair, brother and sister, husband and wife. They proceeded to the present site of Cuzco, where they took up their residence, presumably living happily ever after.

However it was that the Incas came, it is without question that they conquered an empire more than two thousand miles long, quarreled over it, and witnessed it crumble—centuries later—before a mere handful of Spanish adventurers. We were here, upon Titicaca, on one of the great natural highways over which the tides of exploration and conquest had poured since prehistoric times; first in the tribal wars that brought consolidation under the Incas, then in the Spanish invasion, and finally in the wars of independence that summoned forth to immortality the great Simón Bolívar and San Martín, those Washingtons of South America.

The diminutive second officer, a dapper Peruvian with two enormous gold teeth, was not too sure of Inca mythology, but he agreed with the historians that the Island of the Moon took its name from the Indian word for queen, and that the Moon was therefore the wife of the Sun. This, of course, was as it should be. We listened for the remainder of the forenoon to fabulous tales of gold-plated temples that once crowned these islands; of human sacrifices that splattered the altars with blood; of virgins of the

Sun and brides of the Inca, the walls of whose harems are visible even today among crumbling ruins; of aqueducts and irrigation terraces that watered and made fruitful an American Eden; of the paternalism of the Incas that made it impossible for man to be either poor or rich—possibly the origin of the Indian's present socialistic inertia; of the immense granaries that must have rivaled those of Joseph in Egypt, and which only served to nourish the conqueror when he came.

The tranquillity of a land in which nothing seems ever to have happened mantled the sleepy towns of San Pedro and San Pablo, lying at opposite sides of the long Strait of Tiquina. Beyond, lofty slopes introduced a new variety of landscape that was to prevail for the remainder of the cruise. The headlands were bolder, and there was greater evidence of habitation and the fruits of husbandry. Terraces reached aloft to the very summits of the hills, as in China, and each was a chalice of young greenery. The yellows, reds, blue-greens and oranges of this unfamiliar vegetation were futurist both to our vision and to our imagination. Arroyos watered only in time of rain made more brilliant patches of fertility, and here there were thatched huts, white-walled in the distance, that looked no less pleasant than if they were an artist's fancy.

We might have tested a novel means of disembark-

ing, contrasting well with the derrick at Mollendo's wharf-side, had one of us consented to go ashore at a trading post palisaded by a dense thicket of reeds and aquatic vegetation. Rowboats could not reach the muddy landing, and stubby aborigines waded forth, hoisted passengers upon hips well accustomed to burdens, and carried them pick-a-back to firm ground.

It was here, also, that we saw Moses' "ark of bulrushes," preserved unto posterity in the Peruvian *balsa*, a seagoing contrivance built of reeds. Bunches of a long, tough water plant were plaited and tied together, forming a frail but seaworthy craft somewhat resembling a thick dugout. These vessels are common to the entire Inca region, though they are far less numerous than formerly, when there were fewer materials for boat building in this generally treeless land. The *balsa* has neither prow nor stern, though the ends are raised, and is steered by paddles. It is capable of carrying sail, and is practically unsinkable. If wrecked in a storm, each bundle of reeds becomes a life-buoy, upon which the mariner may drift safely ashore—provided only that he does not perish from the cold of such glacial waters as those of Titicaca.

There was a singular lack of animate life everywhere in the landscape.

"*Por Dios!* What would you have?" the gold-

toothed second officer remonstrated. "We do not make haste foolishly, like you *yanquis*."

No one, indeed, hurries in the high Andes, as in the Parisian streets of Buenos Aires. Here there is the traditional spirit of *mañana*. Even the animals seemed to partake of this sentiment. Wherever an ox was seen, it was indolent over its cud; the dogs were languid, though this may have been from an inequitable ration; fish, if there were any in Titicaca's frigid depths, refrained from the exertion of breaking the surface of the water for air; there was no song of birds on land, and rarely a flutter of wings; water birds, principally the familiar hell-diver, fled reluctantly before the steamer, like erratic tugboats. Sounds were few and the echoes tenuous.

In the middle of the afternoon we were anchored off a miserable village, half inundated and half dissolved by the high waters of the lake, which here find outlet. A reedy stream divides the town into separate municipalities, one in Peru and the other in Bolivia. These *villas*, the Desaguaderos, evidenced the keenest rivalry in point of filth and general debility. Yet at the very moment of our visit they were threatening to achieve immortality by being the scene of an Indian massacre.

"Señores," explained the *jefe*, "two days ago, at four o'clock in the morning, an immense band of *los indios*, armed with rifles, shotguns, sticks and knives,

attacked the neighboring village of Jesús de Machaca. They assassinated the mayor, the priest, and others, including women and children, putting the houses to fire and sack. *Que barbaridad! Que atavismo!* We have not slept since, expecting the like fortune. At dawn tomorrow we may not be among those who are able to greet the sun. Soldiers are coming from Puno, but it is possible that they will be too late."

This was lugubrious, indeed! We tried to put ourselves into a Leather Stocking mood and to sense the thrill of Custer days, but there was too little in the somnolent atmosphere of the deserted brown hills about the Desaguaderos to inspire creepy heroics. Undismayed, and still slightly supercilious, we went into the telegraph office, where a primitive Morse instrument ticked sleepily and then stopped, even as we wrote out our customary "*reservarme un cuarto para matrimonio*" to the principal hotel in La Paz.

"*No funciona,*" announced the attendant, with an air of fatality. "They have just now cut the wires. *Si, señorito mio,* we shall all be massacred tonight."

The *corregidor* of Desaguadero, Bolivia, asked us to step across the creek into Desaguadero, Peru, and view another exhibit testifying to the mortal peril in which the villages reposed. There the Peruvian police force, consisting of an officer and two men, all unmistakably Indian to within a negligible degree, drove toward us a whining, scarred brother

who was pronounced to be a spy. He had been picked up the night before on the hills outside the village, bearing the blood marks of a suspicious wound, said to connect him in some occult fashion with the marauders of Jesús de Machaca. At the *corregidor's* command he spread out his armament, a leather thong, a stick, a dozen frozen potatoes and a handful of coarse meal.

Since he had already enjoyed Peruvian hospitality, it was agreed between the amicable officials that he should forthwith be deported into Bolivia, and this was accordingly done. Repentance, however, overtook the neighboring Desaguadero, after reflection upon the perils of harboring such a creature, and it was determined to pass him on to Guaqui; and no doubt Guaqui relayed him to La Paz or points still more remotely southward. In any case, we saw him again that evening, unmanacled and unguarded, among the steerage passengers, thoroughly enjoying this phase of his adventures, and probably not greatly troubling about the security of his head.

We were anchored off the Desaguaderos for most of the night, but if one or the other of us had even the private hope of witnessing a massacre, he was destined for disappointment. To all appearances the villagers slept, and there were no beacon fires smudging the hills in evidence of an encompassing horde. The only sign of an enemy, through the busy field glasses plied aboard ship during the afternoon, had

been a cowherd, enthusiastically considered an Indian sentinel until he ambled down villageward at dusk behind his mild beasts.

Before midnight the promised military aid from Puno arrived, but as rain had begun to fall, it was assumed that all warlike operations would be called off on both sides. The army, therefore, remained snugly aboard ship until dawn.

When we awoke, the Desaguaderos were forever behind us over an expanse of chill mist and water, and before us lay Guaqui, Bolivia, the port of debarkation.

IV.

SOUTH AMERICA'S POOR LO.

THE morning newspapers from La Paz informed us, in solemn types, of a "grave menace—the atavistic cruelty of the Indian," stalking at that moment among the populace of the *altiplano*. It appeared that South America's Poor Lo desired "to overwhelm in torrents of blood the predominance of the civilized race."

This gave us a belated sense of the magnitude of our perils at Desaguadero. From the newspapers we learned, indeed, that the rebellious Indians, using rifles, shotguns, sticks and knives, just as the *jefe* had said, had killed the mayor of Jesús de Machaca, the priest, and others not definitely enumerated. This, then, was one of the South American red man's last feeble reprisals, so thoroughly earned by the cruelty of the Iberian freebooters four centuries ago.

The editor of *La Verdad*, heir to the unparalleled age of atrocities that hide under the golden title of the Spanish Conquest, loosed bitter invective against Lo's "outburst of atavism." He was equally severe, however, with the "predominant race." Frankly, he was willing to state, the cause of the uprising lay

in the feudal system of land tenure and peonage existing in varying degrees from the northern boundary of Mexico to the Straits of Magellan. It was confessed in his rhetorical paragraphs, at least by inference, that the descendant of the Incas was little better off today than in the chaotic times of slavery and spoliation following the overthrow of the Incas.

The *encomienda*, of course, vanished generations ago. The Andean Indian is no longer bound to the soil by law. Theoretically he owes the landowner nothing and is free to go about as he will. But actually, for a number of reasons, he is as much of a slave in some of the interior regions as he ever was. He tills the soil but he rarely owns it. The landed proprietors are chiefly of Spanish descent, many of their holdings dating back to the general division of spoils in Pizarro's day. They permit the Indian to live upon their estates, in return for which he is obliged to cultivate the land, retaining for himself only a meager share in the product of his husbandry. This vanishes speedily, as a rule, into the landowner's store, to supply the Indian's absorbing demand for liquor and *coca*. For these and his necessities he is usually in debt to the proprietor, his only means of payment being labor. A certain amount of personal service he owes in any case, although the law does not uniformly smile upon this relic of feudalism drifting down from the period of the Conquest.

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The conditions under which the Indian pursues his melancholy existence vary, according to geographical position, but, generally speaking, there is a graduated improvement in his lot the farther south he is from the Isthmus of Panama. In Colombia the farm laborer is still in the grip of a social system that belongs to the Middle Ages; in Argentina, except for the handicap imposed by large estates owned by absentee landlords, he is abreast of modern times. Between these extremes there is very little of the free agricultural labor that is known to the United States. Political and social reformers have done a good deal, at least in theory, but in fact there has been no great mitigation of the practical slavery to which the native was subjected by the conqueror.

The South American apologist insists that the Indians have proved themselves incapable of helping themselves, and that laws for their protection and improvement beat against a thick wall of indolence. This inefficiency he attributes to the patriarchal system of the Incas, under which the inhabitants were vassals of the state, owning nothing and owing everything to the royal house. He is likely to maintain that the Spanish *encomienda* varied little from this Inca exploitation, and that it became odious only through the abuses to which it was subject in the hands of the rapacious colonists.

It was not clear to us just which one of the Andean Indian's grievances against the "dominant race" was

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uppermost in his present revolt; and as for the massacre of Jesús de Machaca, it did some violence to our previously conceived notion of the South American indigene's subservience, stupidity and general lack of initiative. Except for infrequent minor stirrings of this kind, the bondage of the Indian of Bolivia and Peru has been endured without resistance since the great rebellion of Inca Tupac Amaru in 1780. That uprising was half-hearted, but resulted in such bloodshed and cruelty of suppression as to make it, probably, the last case of general resistance.

Save for particularly savage tribes in southern Chile and Argentina, the South American redskin does not appear to have been so great a fighter as his brethren of the northern continent. Fewer wars of extermination were necessary. When Columbus sailed westward the North American Indian was still in the hunting stage and could not be enslaved. But the Inca tribes had reached a comparatively high degree of civilization. They were in the agricultural stage of human progress, and ripe for conquest. It was necessary for them to stand or fall where they were, for, unlike the less cultured tribes to the south, they were unable to revert to a guerilla existence in the untamed mountains and plains. Their lives were too deeply rooted in cities and the soil of their farms. And highly organized as was the Inca state, the battle prowess of their armies

seems to have been ornamentally over-rated by the grandiloquent Spanish chroniclers, eager to celebrate the exploits of their countrymen's arms.

The racial conquest of South America was accomplished less by war, therefore, than was the case in the northern continent; it was conquest by a process of absorption rather than of ejection and extermination. The present heirs of the conquerors—the essential South Americans—are neither Spanish nor Indian, but a blood mixture of both.

The North American Indian was doomed, it might be said, when the first white woman came ashore with the Pilgrim Fathers. This is not to assert, of course, that she “arose from her knees to fall upon the aborigines” with any more sanguinary intention and effect than did her mate. The red man would have been submerged by the persistent white colonization from Europe even if she had stayed at home, but it is possible that he might have had a better chance to endure as a racial factor.

To speculate upon what would have occurred had the colonial dames kept to their distaffs on the other side of the Atlantic until such time as America had been made safe and snug for them, is idle, of course, but there is a morsel for reflection in the case of South America, where that is exactly what happened. The southern continent today has a tremendous population of unalloyed Indians, customarily estimated at

ten millions, but its prevailing cast of countenance exhibits a generous blending of native tints.

True, there were in the north Atlantic settlements an occasional John Smith and an infrequent Pocahontas, but the early infusion of aboriginal blood thinned to an imperceptible trickle against the tide of white men. This vanishing streakage was never palpably reënforced. The Indians of North America were fewer and more widely scattered than those with whom the *conquistadores* came into dispute in South America, and this is an important agent in the divergent result. But the Spaniard, no doubt from long contact with the Moor, drew no such color line as the men of upper Europe.

Aside from a few picturesque exceptions, wives of the Spanish conquerors did not accompany them on the great American adventure, and it was long before they followed in any considerable number. No great wave of agricultural peasantry came from old Spain to the new lands unlocked for exploitation by Pizarro and Cortes, for the lust of the Conquistadors was for gold rather than for acres of Indian corn. After the first years of slaughter, therefore, the native population was tolerated. Quite otherwise than in the case of the North American settler, the Spaniard saw no advantage in pushing the Indian away from the soil. The adaptable Don, after putting the men to work, took the women to wife.

The result of this policy, for the Indian, was, para-

doxically, both extermination and perpetuation. While he was vanishing in thousands under the lash and the white man's liquors, his blood was being made imperishable by absorption into the conquerors' veins. Under the system of tribute and forced labor he was worked to death in the fields and mines, or succumbed to tuberculosis in the coast regions, the airs of which were fatal to his high-altitude lungs. Nevertheless he persists in the race mixture that constitutes the South American of today.

The Indian woman, who is at least the equal if not the superior of the male, is in this and still another respect one of the mothers of what seems to be approaching a new and homogeneous racial type. Into her care, or into the hands of her *chola* daughter, the children of indolent and aristocratic white women are confided, with the result that some of her inherent aboriginal ideas are passed on into the blood and brain of the dominant caste. In both a literal and a figurative sense, she is South America's ethnological wet nurse.

No doubt there was a vastly greater population of natives under the Incas than there is today. This follows not alone from the facts of massacre, disease and devitalizing slavery, but is attested by the ruins of human habitations scattered over wide regions that are now practically deserted.



AYMARÁ INDIAN OF BOLIVIA. ONE OF TODAY'S DECADENT HEIRS OF THE

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Estimates of the population of South America at the time of its discovery are, of course, conjectural. The Incas are said to have ruled over eleven millions in Peru, where less than a quarter of that number are living today. Only one-eighth of Peru's present inhabitants are pure white, however, so that it may be seen how little lacking to the Indian is progeny.

Three million *bravos*, or untamed Indians, are said to inhabit the hinterlands of the continent. And their seven million domesticated brethren, together with fifteen million *mestizos*, are the prevailing human ingredient of the entire Andean region. Only in Uruguay, which has no Indians at all, and in Argentina, where white settlers within recent years have come to predominate, does the aboriginal tint seem faint and thin.

It is high up in the Peruvian and Bolivian sierras, which were the cradle of the Incas, that the indigenous aspects of South America appear most pronounced. The chief distinction of La Paz is its pictorial character as the Indian metropolis of the Americas. The three general classes of South American society are here sharply emphasized by close contact, although, as is the case elsewhere, they shade far over into one another. The whites, distinguished by their minority, are the *gente decente*—a class somewhat liberally recruited, however, by an early admixture of native blood. They maintain the old

Spanish traditions but have few of the virile characteristics handed down to them, together with their rich patrimony, by the sword-handed conquerors. They are not precisely effeminate, as they are so often called; but, like the "decent gentry" throughout the continent, they eschew energetic employments. Their chosen tasks are the leisurely and often clientless professions, commercial pursuits that draw solely upon the corporeal efforts of others, or positions in the topheavy personnel of government.

The *cholo* class, second in the scale, is hard to define. It runs well into the other two, depending somewhat upon individual cases and upon the proportional mixture of blood. Probably the La Paz half-castes outnumber pure-blooded Indians, although most of them fall by weight of manner and color into the aboriginal classification. In general they have more enterprise than either the white *Paceño* or the Indian; at least they are hard-working, compared with the others, although their energy does not appear to lift them far up in the industrial scale.

The Indian is a sullen yet surprisingly docile creature. He does the bidding, usually without much question, of either white man or *cholo*. Requiring a porter for our luggage, the proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel had only to descend into the street and seize upon the native nearest at hand. Without protest, and asking for no word of explana-

tion, the victim dropped his own bundle, adjusted his pack-horse hips to our pile of handbags, and followed us where we wished. The fee we offered was accepted with indifference.

We were assured, nevertheless, that the Aymará tribesman who chiefly populates Bolivia is a creature of sullen independence compared with his spiritless cousins, the Quichuas, in Ecuador and Peru. He sits boldly upon the *plaza* benches, asserting himself to more than one of the five senses. His original dialect, rather than the Castilian *idioma nacional* taught in the public schools, is the language principally heard in the streets. It is difficult to see what his function is as a resident of La Paz, for he is essentially an agriculturalist, and makes few of the fabrics, implements and trinkets that are offered for sale in the native markets. Probably a large portion of the rainbow-colored ponchos that decorate the streets and *plazas* upon any given day belong in hovels far down the valley or out upon the desolate *puna*.

The Aymarás are not over-sophisticated, nor, for that matter, are any of the numerous South American tribes. They do not care for intellectual diversions, much preferring the fairs and church festivals that give them frequent opportunity for indulgence in *chicha*, the native corn whiskey, or in imported alcohol of various distillation. Some of the monotony of their sullen lives is dissipated by the *coca*

leaf, a quid of which may be seen in an indigenous cheek at most any time.

A combination of reds, greens and yellows predominates in the English-made poncho that is indispensable to the Indian's conception of raiment. This square blanket, with a slit in the center through which the wearer thrusts his head, is an overcoat by day and a bed covering by night. Beneath it are usually trousers, the legs of which are curiously split in the back. Closer to the chocolate colored skin is a pajama, the originally white extremities being sometimes tucked into shoes, but more often allowed to flap at the ankles above a leather sandal. The Aymará hat is of tattered felt, and beneath it is a knitted wool cap with a fool's peak and flaps to cover the ears. Like the poncho, it is brilliant in hue and without an attempt at chromatic harmony.

The Indian woman's color scheme is even more clashing than her mate's. She wears a collection of crudely-made skirts, the number varying according to temperature, and over everything else a shawl of warring tints. Her coarse-maned head is covered either by a masculine fragment of felt or nothing at all. With even a minimum of skirts she is a lumpish creature; the baby or the burden in her *aguayo*, a cloth roll slung across her shoulders, adds to her generally amorphous appearance. Comeliness, indeed, abides nowhere in her make-up, nor does it

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lie in her high-boned cheeks, flattish nose, and irresolute eye. She is usually unkempt, and her brilliant garments suffer, as do her bare ankles, from an implication of dirt. The innermost garments are said to cling to her until their enfeebled tatters drop away, the next outward ones automatically taking their place. This probably maligns many an Indian matron, but it is at least true that a large portion of the aboriginal public habitually goes abroad in mere shreds and tags of raiment regrettably dyed in filth.

With the half-caste women it is quite different. The *chola* is a refreshing exclamation point in an otherwise drab grouping of human figures. She manages by some magic to appear spotlessly clean, although her tasks take her feet tripping over the dirtiest of cobbles. She makes a near approach even to the North American conception of beauty, her Spanish blood erasing some of the dull copper from her cheeks and giving her figure an almost Andalusian grace of carriage. She wears a brilliant, fine-textured shawl, and her skirt, the hem of which she suspends judicially yet generously between knee and ankle, is not the shapeless, coarse-fibered sack into which the Indian woman thrusts all semblance of feminine form. Her shoes are astonishing creations laced far up her neatly stockinged calves, with a rosette at the instep. The material is often a cream or champagne colored kid. An ornamental pin dramatically clasps her shawl in place, and there is

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an Oriental suggestion in the pendants that hang from her ears. If she is of high caste she wears a wide-brimmed bowler of glazed white straw, and if lower in the *chola* scale a smaller affair of felt. Perched, in either case, at a slight and seemingly unconscious angle, this neat *sombrero* completes a costume that does much to relieve the obsessing harshness of the Bolivian Andes.

In spite of the dramatic events in his history of misfortunes, Lo the poor Indian of South America is scarcely a heroic figure. The monuments that commemorate the civilization of the Incas command infinitely greater respect than the tribal descendants of those rulers. Probably the most virulent and romantic of their traditions is perpetuated in the fine marble statue of an Argentine warrior in one of the *plazas* of Buenos Aires. And even this is an idealized, exotic conception, a counterpart of Alonso de Ercilla's epic poem, the "Araucana," which celebrates the struggle between Spaniard and Indian in Chile.

The average South American tribesman is a stockily built creature, short and muscular. His head is large, his neck thick and long, and his eyes small. The nose is flattened in Mongolian fashion, and the lips are full. He has the wide cheek bones and low forehead of most aborigines in this hemisphere. His chest is well developed, a natural result of the

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high altitudes to which most of the race are habituated. Usually his face, like that of the Mongolian, whom he resembles in so many other things, is beardless, and his hair coarse and black.

Altogether, the Andean Indian is much the same unromantic individual as is the red man who idles about the reservations of the United States. He is exceedingly poor, his amusements are few, his aspirations small, and his manner of life wretched, especially on the bleak plateaus. He has little to eat, his staple food being corn and a stunted potato, which he freezes and grinds into a coarse flour. Probably the best that can be said of him is that, unlike so many of the poor of the Orient, he does not perceptibly starve.

Without *coca*, the destructive solace carried somewhere in the many folds of his costume, or in a little bag called a *chuspa*, the Indian's life would be barren, indeed. This is his hasheesh. The effect of it is mildly anesthetic, deadening the pangs of hunger and brightening some of the darker corners of a gray life. It is said to render Poor Lo capable of going without food for long periods, and to give him the muscular and moral encouragement without which it would be impossible for him to undertake a day's work.

The plant from which the *coca* leaf is taken grows in the hot regions east of the Andes, and has formed one of the principal articles of commerce in the

mountain countries since pre-Inca times. To the Incas it was sacred. The priests chewed it during religious ceremonies, and it was burned like incense at the shrines. Handfuls were tossed about during sacrificial rites in the temples, and it was placed in the mouths of the dead to insure their status in the next world.

The process of taking *coca* is a simple one. No other preparation is commonly made than the rolling of half a dozen leaves into a ball, mixed with a dressing of lime. The cud, nestling between gum and cheek, there works its slow magic, insulating Poor Lo from the inequalities and monotonies of life.

Chicha is equally indispensable, and the North American Indian, it would appear from this, was by no means peculiar among red men in his liking for firewater. Drunkenness is prevalent; according to the old Spanish chroniclers it always was. Modern liquors, however, have aggravated the case, and rum from the sugar plantations has been largely substituted for the milder corn brew. There are laws to protect the Indian against temptation, and in Peru the consumption or sale of alcoholic beverages on Saturdays and Sundays is prohibited, these being the days upon which Poor Lo is especially exposed to his own moral frailties. But, as in certain other countries of the world, prohibition does not wholly prohibit.

When he is sober, the Indian's homicidal tenden-

cies are not marked. He appears to be too poorly equipped with either affection or the capacity to hate. The admixture of Spanish blood, however, has supplied these qualities in the *mestizo*, who frequently exhibits fierce jealousies and cholers of a man-killing degree.

Upon the roadside just outside the Peruvian village of Yunguyo we inspected a neat stone slab set there like a monument. It bore the name of Hermina Arce, and an inscription in Spanish to the effect that, on this spot, the lady in question had been murdered by her husband, Guillermo Lazaro Zarala, on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1915. Village legend was to the effect that this public testimony was an act of jealous murder commemorating a "crime of passion" of the sort readily condoned in South America, where a man is held to be hardly responsible for misdeeds when a woman is concerned.

The little train that carried us from Titicaca to La Paz gave us frequent glimpses of the asperities of Indian farm life. No furniture was visible in the dirt-floored adobe hovels that seemed to shelter animals and humans indiscriminately. The fields were indolently tilled, and there was everywhere a lackadaisical atmosphere, sensible even in the meek-eyed llamas too stupid to leap over their low mud-walled corrals.

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Occasional dust-clouds hung over the melancholy plain, evidence that the spring plowing was getting itself done by some extraordinary communal effort. Indian farmers and their women were at work in groups, probably for mutual encouragement, their straying oxen and wooden implements contemporaneous not with Henry Ford but with the Pharaohs.

V.

MAIN STREET IN THE ANDES.

BENEATH a eucalyptus tree in Yunguyo we made the acquaintance of the *alcalde*, Manuel Mamañi, leaning proudly upon his silver-ringed staff of authority. With him sat Mateo Chipañi, the *ilacata*, shiny-faced and abashed, but willing to be honored by the taking of a photograph. *Coca* bulged the cheeks of these political dignitaries. There was an air of intense melancholy about them, yet they wore ponchos and mufflers brilliant with all the natural colors, and were unquestionably the brightest feature in a drab landscape.

About them waned the inconsequential afternoon of a Peruvian village. Hucksters squatted at the margins of the muddy public square, conducting their sparse business in trifles—a handful of shelled corn, a dozen bullet-like frozen potatoes, or a bundle of reed baskets. An occasional beggar, as decayed, blind and calamitous as any in the mendicant Orient, crawled whining for alms over puddles of filth compounded by the last rain. Above all this triviality and futility there was the tenuous blue sky of Titi-caca, edged by clean mountains and clouds; and the

eucalyptus, exiled from its far home in Australia to this almost treeless land, stirred its leaves into a dry murmur of pleasanter places.

The *alcalde's* responses to our inquiries concerning the political affairs of his village were as laconic as might have been expected of Mist in the Face, Wrinkled Meat, or some such aboriginal notable of the northern continent. It was not through him, therefore, that we learned of his public functions, which are the maintenance of order, the decision of petty disputes, and military leadership should there be need of it. As for the *ilacata*, who seems to divide with the *alcalde* the duties of the *cacique* or chief of ancient times, his tasks lie in the division of land each year upon a somewhat socialistic communal plan, and the collection of crops from common ground.

Having paid our respects to these solemn autocrats, we went on to inspect their subjects, indifferently populating the square. It was difficult to avoid thinking of these dyed and coppery creatures as vassals in some feudal system rather than as citizens in a modern republic.

We paused to photograph a group of women carding, spinning and knitting alpaca wool, but pride and shyness at first made them hide their faces or move angrily away. Only when money was a visible consideration, or when a group of them were found to be more than usually *simpático*, would they per-

mit this boldness. Their spinning wheels were of the most primitive design, a small wooden disk pierced by an eighteen-inch stick, motion being maintained by a constant twisting between thumb and forefinger. Like the North American squaw, these women seemed less ornamental and more useful than the easeful male. They were always busy and usually burdened, either with a bundle in the pouch-like shawl slung across their backs, or with a black-eyed infant.

A church, facing on the square, was as inevitable to Yunguyo as to any other new-world outpost inheriting the tradition of Catholic Spain. An Indian urchin, escorting us, grinned wide-mouthed at our interest in the tawdry and disintegrating images that are carried in religious processions. Nevertheless he knelt, taking his cue from a visiting *padre*, rising when the priest rose and exhibiting the expression of simple virtue common to those who do conventional things without troubling why.

The church was dismal with age and disrepair, and yet it was by no means out of keeping with the village it served. As usual among the small towns of interior Peru and Bolivia, it was larger than any other structure. It might well have been a civic center, for the village seemed to have been built around it. And yet its interior did not recommend it for any such gregarious purpose. It was dank and ill-lighted, suggestive of a mortuary rather than of

a meeting place. It extended no rose-windowed welcome, but repelled, rather, by its austerity. Reed mats partly concealed the nakedness of the clay floor, which was unfurnished with pews, in the South American rural fashion. A worshiper must bring his own chair, or send it in charge of a servant; even so it is not to sit in, but to kneel upon—a curious, low-seated, high-backed affair, so made as to defeat any other purpose. The dust of generations lay in corners, and there was an air about the place like that of old temples in China, whose incense has kept the gods asleep these hundreds of years.

A clatter of children's voices, reciting lessons in dissonant unison, enticed us into the *patio* of the adjacent school building. Further intrusion brought us abruptly into the presence of a gracious *chola* and her flock of girl pupils. All eleven of them, various-sized, stood promptly and remained demurely at attention until our departure. A map of the Americas hung on the wall, and Yunguyo was marked out larger even than San Francisco. The smaller girls in this public *escuela* appeared to be concerned principally with the exercise of arranging kernels of corn into letters of the alphabet, and the larger ones affectionately wrote interminable "mamas" into their copybooks. It was evident that, like their teacher, the girls were of combined native and Spanish ancestry. There was no definitely white coun-

tenance among them, nor was there the unbleached copper of the unalloyed Indian. Aside from an Italian shopkeeper, and very likely a Spanish priest, there was no visible white population in Yunguyo; and as for the Indians, they do not take over-kindly as has already been said, to matters of education.

The public *escuela* for boys, had we discovered it, no doubt would have exhibited a larger enrolment. Women in South America have not yet insisted upon co-education, or upon equality with men in educational privileges. Theoretically the gospel of universal instruction flourishes, but in practise it falls far short of the mark. Statistics proclaim that half the population of Peru and Bolivia are not only illiterate, but cannot speak the Spanish language, that mellifluent tongue pronounced by Charles V to be *el idioma de los dióses*—the speech of the gods. The Indian cares little for this divine idiom, but clings tenaciously to the old dialects of Quichua and Aymar^a. He is satisfied, as a rule, when he has learned to scribble his name, so that he may qualify for whatever material advantage there happens to be in exercising his franchise as a voter. In Colombia, according to that government's statistics, one person in twenty-two attends a public school; in Ecuador the ratio is one in sixteen, and in Bolivia it is one in forty-five. Peru has approximately a million children of school age, less than one-fifth of whom are in public school. Chile exhibits a better record, three out of

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seven children being enrolled, and Argentina's ratio of public school pupils to population is one in ten, one-half that of the United States.

The Latin-American is boastful of his ancient universities. There is the Universidad de San Marcos, at Lima, for example, older than any similar institution in the United States. It was founded, with Salamanca as a model, nearly a century before John Harvard contributed his handful of books in a parallel cause. Today, however, it has not much to recommend it except venerable antiquity. There are excellent modern secondary schools and universities, particularly in Argentina, Chile and Uruguay, but they are designed for the genteel minority rather than for the mass. The public elementary school in most of the South American republics does not lead up to the *liceo*, or high school. Private instruction is necessary to prepare for the higher public institutions, and this automatically gives the system an aristocratic cast. The *gente decente*, except for an occasional democratic and usually academic reformer, is not greatly interested in education for all. Why, it would be argued, put notions into the peon's head, disturbing the dull contentment with which he now performs his allotted tasks? This resistance from above abets an inertia from beneath, for the humble are not yet able to see clearly how learning will put more money into their pockets or lift them

any higher in the social scale against the firm intrenchments of aristocracy.

Scarcely beyond range of the chorused voices of the girls' school gleamed the new whitewash of the Italian's store. Its interior was not unlike those of similar rural establishments elsewhere in the world. The stock was a curious mixture of general merchandise, collected from widely dispersed sources. There were canned vegetables from China and the United States, tinned biscuits from Glasgow, calicoes and colored handkerchiefs and festoons of garlic from Italy, sweetened chocolate from California and bitter, cinnamon-flavored chocolate from Cuzco. Bales of *coca* leaves from Brazil, bottles filled in various wine cellars of Europe, and cigars rolled in Havana evidenced quantitatively the importance of their position in Yunguyan society.

Yunguyo lies upon the neck of a peninsula, nestling among small but well cultivated fields that slope gently toward Titicaca's reedy shores. Outside the central square there are only a few muddy, aboriginal paths leading past half a hundred adobe houses and mud-walled enclosures. In these narrow alleys we rubbed shoulders with crowding burros, and there was at our heels a swarm of ragged urchins, who seemed never to have met with the accident of immersion in water. Pigs, less cultured even than their fellows of the north continent, made insolent

dispute with us over the right of way. Oxen resembling the sacred cattle of India chewed their cuds at us from over the walls of clay bounding diminutive fields, and Indians in rainbow-colored ponchos passed with a "buen' dia'" or interrupted their work in the fields to gaze at us. A small Indian girl played solemnly in a fence corner, with three bristly black pigs and a yellow dog. Before the door of a noisome adobe hut two Indian women lay prone among a yardful of irritable hens.

From a distance the fields, blooming with ripening barley and with the brilliant reds and yellows of unfamiliar vegetation, were pleasant to the eye, but nearer approach shattered all illusion of cleanliness and comfort in the lime-washed farm houses. Filth littered the enclosures, and a glimpse through the doorway of one of the windowless, unfurnished dwellings clouded the notion that they possessed any element of the picturesque.

It is not difficult to imagine the cheerless life of the village Indian from this inspection of his habitation. He is an integral part of the treeless uplands where dreary expanses of bare earth and cold blue sky inspire in him neither amiability nor aspiration. No wonder he is sullen, passive, submissive to his exploiting masters, the priests, the public functionaries, and the owners of land. He is undemonstrative, even in love; indeed, his language is as cold in terms of

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endearment as the winds that blow down hailstones upon him from the white peak of Sorata.

Aside from the numerous church festivals, when there is a large consumption of *chicha*, nothing ever happens in Yunguyo. There is no alarum of locomotives, no clatter of wheeled traffic. The leather-sandaled Indians, the donkeys, the oxen, stray dogs, chickens, pigs and an occasional plaintive-eyed llama, give the *plaza* more of the appearance of a barnyard than of a village square. The church and the modern store buildings are anachronistic because of the human background. Except for them, Yunguyo is like a cinematographic cut-back of several centuries. And though it has none of the gilded atmosphere breathed by Prescott over the land of the Incas, its Indian inhabitants, in common with most others in the *altiplano*, no doubt live much as their ancestors did under Huascar and Atahualpa.

VI.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

THE church, in South America, made an early compromise with the native religions. Indian theology, therefore, is a curious compound. A considerable remainder of the old heathen superstition is clothed by Christian formula.

According to legend, the Incas were Children of the Sun. They and their subjects, in consequence, worshiped the great luminary of day as the parent of mankind. The altars of innumerable temples to this deity smoked with burnt offerings. Before the coming of the Incas, however, there had been other gods, chiefly Pachacamac, creator and ruler of the universe, variously known as the All-Powerful, the Strong Comer, the Avenger, the Ruler of Men, and He Who Sustains Life.

The Incas were so politic as not to disturb this more ancient worship, but permitted it, along with numerous others, to thrive beside their own. When the Spanish churchmen arrived, upon the heels of the *conquistadores*, they were confronted with an imposing hegemony of heathen divinities. There were not only Pachacamac and the Sun, but a swarm

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of lesser deities, among them Viracocha, the sea-foam god; Khunu, god of the waters; the Moon, sister-wife of the Sun; Chasca, a new-world Venus; Thunder and Lightning, the Sun's dread ministers; the Rainbow, an emanation of deity; and numerous objects of nature, the winds, the earth, great mountains and rivers.

It was a scandal among these early clerics to discover certain striking resemblances between Christian doctrine and the popular beliefs arising from Peru's curious theological complex. There was a conviction, for example, that life did not end with the grave, and that there would be a resurrection of the body. Places were understood to be provided in the hereafter for both good and bad, the latter consigned to a segregated purgatory in the center of the earth. The good were to be rewarded with tranquility and ease, while the wicked should work out their sins through ages of toil. Associated with these ideas was the belief in an evil spirit with a striking resemblance to the devil. In the distribution of bread and wine at the high festivals of the Incas, the Spanish priests were shocked to find a close parallel with Christian communion. Finally, in certain other rites, there could be observed even the simulation of confession and penance.

Consigning all these coincidences to the general category of His Satanic Majesty's machinations, the *padres* nevertheless were sufficiently astute to build

upon them. Although their proselyting was principally a matter of the sword, they seized upon native superstitions, so far as they were not wholly incompatible, to give their engrafted religion immediate vigor.

As soon as Francisco Pizarro's bloody work of conquest was well under way, Father Valverde, who accompanied him, began the equally thorough business of tumbling down heathen deities, replacing them with effigies of the Virgin and Child. A monastery arose upon the ruins of the great House of the Sun in Cuzco, its walls being built of the ancient temple stones, and its altar standing upon the spot where shone the bright image of the Peruvian god. Friars of St. Dominic took up their meditations in what were once the temple cloisters. Other ancient edifices were supplanted by churches and monasteries, and the House of the Virgins of the Sun was replaced by a Roman Catholic nunnery.

Beyond this opportunist adoption of the old holy places, the priests accepted or indulged many of the native religious ceremonies, a tolerance that was later to be reflected in the comparative lack of severity with which the Inquisition was prosecuted in Spanish America. They did not disturb the ancient heathen dances, for example, but incorporated them into the church festivals, expunging as far as they could the more offensive features. These rites,

even under modern repression, remain sufficiently repulsive.

So thorough-going was this compromise of the early missionaries with native theology that Juan Ulloa, an orthodox Spaniard, reporting to his king nearly two centuries later, declared that the faith of the Peruvian Indians at that period did not resemble the Christian religion any more than it did their own before the coming of Pizarro. "For if we examine the subject with care," affirms the pious Don Juan, "it will be found that, notwithstanding the nominal conversion of these tribes, the progress they have made in knowledge is so inconsiderable that it will be difficult to discover any difference between the condition in which they now live and that in which they were found at the time of the Conquest."

The observations of Juan Ulloa are reasonably applicable to the case today. Generally speaking the Indian of the high Andes retains his primeval nature worship. To him the Christian religion is a kind of magic, more powerful in some respects than his own. When he builds a house, the medicine man invokes for him the favor of *Dios*, the Christian god, but propitiates the *achachilas*, his pagan gods of the mountain, and buries in the soil a traditional tribute to the deity of Earth. When corn is planted, it must be done in the right time of the moon and with the ceremonies prescribed for propitiating all the supernatural entities presiding over the destinies of the

crop. The Indian does not forget, when he quaffs his *chicha*, his *pisco*—a native wine—or even the harsh waters of a mountain brook, to dash a drop to the ground for Pacha-Mama, his pagan goddess of the earth, and as he solaces himself with *coca* he takes care to kick a stray leaf of it beneath a clod, so that Pacha-Mama may likewise enjoy narcotic surcease. For him, there are spirits everywhere. They lurk in the rocks, the waters, the valleys and the woodlands.

When a child falls, he eats a lump of dirt, if he is mindful of parental teaching, to keep the earth-spirit from eating him.

Spanish chroniclers have much to say of the great shrine at Copacabana, which contained gold and silver figures of the Sun and Moon, and a local god with head like an egg and a limbless body wreathed with snakes. The errant Spanish priesthood, therefore, seized upon Copacabana with avidity, and established a Christian shrine as heir to the religious renown that haloed this spot. A church of more than usual pretensions arose upon the pagan ruins. But the extraordinary character of the place appeared to demand a particularly striking manifestation of orthodox faith in order to maintain its theatrical sanctity. This need was fortuitously supplied by the emergence of an indigenous virgin.

The image of Our Lady of Copacabana was carved in 1583 by an alleged descendant of the Incas, Fran-

cisco Tito Yupanqui. He was a rude artist, and his first effort would scarcely have admitted him to a salon. Nevertheless his Peruvian chronicler exhausts himself with praise of Yupanqui's piety and persistence. The sculptor prayed to his patron saint for assistance in properly delineating the beauty of her features, and toiled for many months, even while he labored in the silver mines of Potosí, to make her presentable. Then he undertook a long and arduous journey to the archbishopric at Buenos Aires, over mountains and *pampas*, to acquire for his work the necessary odor of sanctity.

Not yet, however, were his trials over. It was with difficulty that he reached the archbishop, to present his sketch of the new virgin, for he was without the *propina* demanded by the prelate's avaricious secretary as preliminary to an interview. But persistence gave him an audience at last, though it occasioned him bitter grief. The archbishop only laughed at his work, dismissing it with the remark that it was too ludicrous to command even the respect, to say nothing of the veneration, of the lowly Indian.

Yupanqui returned sadly to his labors of revision and to a renewal of his prayers. He moved his image to La Paz, a better milieu for his art than the mining town of Potosí, and there enlisted the efforts of a Spanish painter. Together they molded and gilded Our Lady until she was as splendid as a new Chinese Buddha. In this condition she was viewed, upon

occasion, by an esthetic friar, who perceived emanations of heavenly light from her brow; and there followed a series of miracles that were attributed to none other than divine authority.

An archbishop's letters-patent was now hardly necessary. Our Lady was already established in holy orders, so far as the popular mind was concerned, and there was a spirited competition among various congregations in the Titicaca region over who should furnish a home for her and repay Yupanqui "the divine obligation" entailed through his expenditure of time and gold leaf in the creation and adornment of her material person. The dignitaries of Copacabana were winners in the friendly battle.

With great ceremony the effigy, carried upon the backs of a group of sweating Indian slaves, was transported to its permanent home, where it has never ceased, as the pious writer of the chronicle has it, "to hear the clamor of the unfortunate, the plaint of the orphan, the solicitation of the widow, the prayer of the invalid, the sigh of the infirm, the despairing accent of the abandoned poor, the outcry of the victim of mundane passion, and the supplication of the repentant sinner."

In the literature of this saint there is an emotional passage describing the arrival of Our Lady, deserving well of translation: "So divinely beautiful was the image, when at last it was unveiled before the multitude, that it was acclaimed instantly by thousands

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of voices, in accents of suffocating joy: 'Thou art and ever will be the pride of our city!' The *Cura*, overcome, began intoning the Ave Maria, with sobs filling his throat; and when it was seen that there was no *cantor* capable of utterance under the moment's stress of emotion, the people burst into tears, chanting the Ave Maria, the Salve, the Bendito, or whatever came to mind. It was all a sublime confusion of singing, hysterical weeping and happy discord—one of those solemn moments when people are lifted completely out of themselves, a moment so sacred that there should be no thought of it but with respect, a moment so poignant as to be incapable of description. In the midst of this ecstasy, of this triumphal procession, once more María shone with beauty and radiance, uplifting and captivating the hearts of the poor Indians, who, repenting their sins, begged for condonement, prostrating themselves and mingling their tears with the dust in sign of repentance; who flung handfuls of piteous upland wild-flowers into the Virgin's path. It was sublime, grandiose; pen pauses, having neither the knowledge nor the cunning to continue upon the description of a scene such as the hands of angels alone could paint, with the crayons and colors of heaven itself."

We had, as a fellow passenger on the Titicaca steamer that took us to Copacabana, a Pennsylvanian of unmistakable Dutch ancestry, who had been for

many years in the Peruvian and Bolivian priesthood. From this exile we heard much cynicism touching the faith in South America, but he had no apparent doubt as to the virtues emanating from the Virgin of Copacabana. Thousands of miracles might be cited, he said, in praise of Nuestra Señora, but he was content with permitting us to cull only these from one of his Spanish tracts:

A notorious pestilence of measles in Copacabana was halted by carrying Nuestra Señora forth in procession through the streets.

A libertine lawyer of Sucre, who had violated one of the most commonly shattered precepts in the decalogue, was instantly diverted from his evil ways by a single glimpse of a rude painting of Nuestra Señora, done on wood; he became a monk.

Twenty-two *padres* from Cadiz, bound for La Paz, three times saved their ship from destruction by invoking the protection of Nuestra Señora, a painting of whom was fortuitously carried in the cabin of the pious captain.

A scoffing Belgian Protestant fell down at the feet of the Virgin, and arose with a sanctified Roman Catholic heart.

And, in fact, to go from the particular to the general, "sick of all kinds had been saved from death by a single invocation; entombed miners had been kept alive and released by prayer to the Virgin; and incorrigible thieves had repented at mere sight of the sacred image."

Not alone from among the Indians of the dreary and benighted *paramos* of the Andes did Nuestra Señora's pilgrims come; Mexico, and even Europe, sent their share of the pious and the diseased.

There is a Spanish proverb to the effect that "he

will never worship well the image on the altar who knew it when it was a trunk of wood in the garden." Nuestra Señora's local origin does not seem, however, to have been any such handicap to her as this adage implies. That she is of the soil is attested not alone by her well advertised career, but by the Indian contour and color of her cheeks. She stands in a glass-faced alcove upon a glittering altar, just as in the innumerable little lockets and charms that figure so largely in the souvenir-currency of the Andes. The figure is no more than three feet high, and habited in many gowns of fine silk. She is rich with gold and jewels, and wears a gem-set gilded crown considerably too large for her delicate head. At her feet is a huge, jeweled crescent of gold, with stars transfixed to the points.

The church that houses Our Lady is roofed like a Moorish mosque, with green and yellow tiles. In the courtyard, upon occasions of festival, great crowds of poncho-clad Indians combine their devotions and their pleasures, the Christian services being followed by primitive dances that commemorate, in ways the white man is rarely able to gather from the secretive aboriginal, old rites of heathendom and the realm of fetish. There is shouting, singing, the rumbling of drums and the uproar of firearms. *Chicha* flows, and throughout the darkness of night an orgy proceeds to its revolting climax, not seldom garnished, if local

account is correct, with the crimson nosegays of homicide.

The *padre* sighed with us over these things. "I do not apologize for the Church," said he. "No man need do that, least of all one of my calling. But there are things I would change. To the Indian we priests are representatives of God on earth, to whom he must show absolute submission and obedience. We hold the key to his hereafter. But possibly we do not keep this custody well. If we were to leave tomorrow I fear the Indian would return completely to his old worship of fetishes; these churches of ours would become temples of the Sun."

The church in South America is no longer militant. It has not the fiery zeal of the early Dominicans and Jesuits. There were good men and bad among these missionaries, and the influence of both is to be observed today. The great churchman, Las Casas, and many another prelate, did their best to protect the Indian from the rapacity of the gold-hungering Spanish adventurers, but parish priests here and there undid much of their work, and there are still whispers of clerical exploitation in interior districts of the Andean republics. More than enough priests are unshaven and unshorn, yet rich in worldly goods acquired through inquisitorial contributions from Poor Lo.

There is state support for the Roman Catholic

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Church in most of South America, but beyond the metropolitan centers its visible structure evidences no great condition of prosperity. Nearly every hamlet, particularly in the old domain of the Incas, has its church, built long ago by and for the indigenous population. These edifices usually are the most commanding architectural features. They look well from a distance, many of them towered and tiled, with a medieval air. Closer inspection, however, is disillusioning. Not only are they very old, as a rule, and in negligent repair, but they are often badly made, of crumbling adobe, not too frequently adorned with a coating of whitewash. The interiors are dismal, the floors commonly of clay, sometimes concealed under reed matting. There is much cobweb, scaling paint and frayed tinsel upon the disintegrating images. Confessional boxes show an unfortunate tendency toward decrepitude; mirrors and windows go unwashed. Walls are stained with the roof leakings of decades and with the soiling touch of multitudes of hands. If there are pictures, they are more than likely to be badly painted, and the art of the image-makers is not always so good, by any means, as that of the pious Yupanqui. Not infrequently the doll-like saints, simpering in the midst of their tawdry finery, languish in glass cases that cry out for repairs.

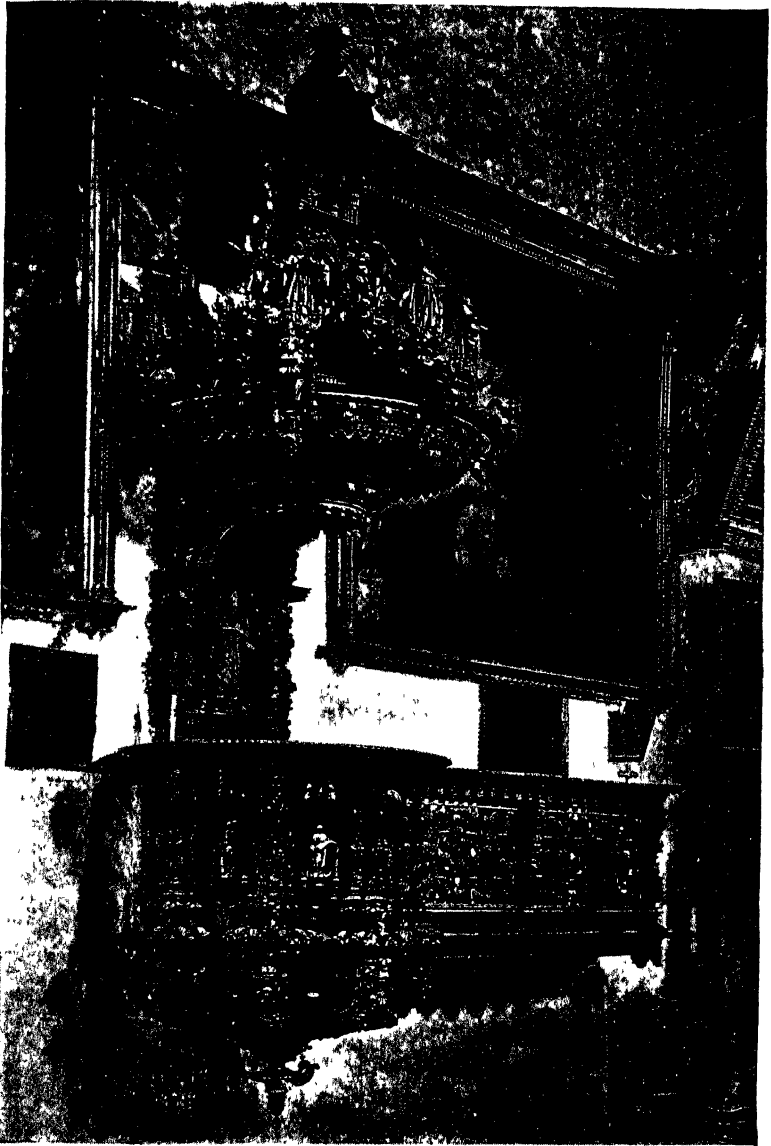
The cathedrals, of course, have the charm of opulence and historical longevity. Chief among these

is the one at Lima, founded by Pizarro in 1540. Earthquakes have frequently tumbled the walls, and those that are now standing are only of comparative antiquity. It is a spacious structure, with a rich façade, handsomely carved choir stalls, and a number of chapel shrines in the best Spanish manner.

Cuzco's Cathedral might well have been expected to occupy the site of the old Temple of the Sun, but the church and convent of St. Dominic stand upon that historic spot. The Cathedral is one of two other remarkable ecclesiastical edifices fronting upon the main *plaza*. It has no great claim to beauty, but its two towers are at least stately, and there is spaciousness and solemnity in the interior. Many of the churches have silver altars, but the most conspicuous bit of clerical art in Cuzco is the wood-carved pulpit of the old church of San Blas—the extraordinary work of an Indian craftsman.

There are more than enough priests and churches in Arequipa, and more than enough clangorous bells. Of the churches, the most interesting is the Jesuit *Compañía*, with a striking north façade of reddish-gray sandstone. The Cathedral, which occupies an entire side of the principal square, is a handsome, twin-towered structure, built upon the ruins of an older edifice after the earthquake of 1868.

The Cathedral of La Paz has been slowly rising for nearly a century. Its gaunt walls look down upon the *plaza* of Murillo like a hoary ruin. The



WOOD-CARVED PULPIT, CUZCO, PERU, THE WORK OF AN INDIAN CRAFTSMAN

city has no lack of completed churches, however, most of them dating architecturally, if not actually, to the seventeenth century.

Santiago, according to tradition, possesses a cathedral more sumptuous than was intended by the fountain of Spanish authority in Seville. Owing to the tardiness of communications in colonial days, construction of the edifice was well under way before it was discovered that the plans had been designed for another city!

If the men of the *gente decente* in South America are not atheists, as it is so often glibly asserted by foreign observers, it goes without gainsaying that they are seldom seen at mass. Not infrequently they are heard to abuse the church, but at least they tolerate it and support it as an ancient and worthy institution. It is something to occupy their women, whose lives, without it, would be still further circumscribed by window bars and Moorish walls. Except for the ponchoed Indian, and a lesser proportion of the *mestizo* peon, the mass and the confessional are feminine affairs.

Religious forms, of course, enter closely into the everyday life. First experience of this intimacy almost suggests irreverence, as in the case, for example, of the "Butcher Shop of the Holy Spirit," or the "Furniture Shop of the Savior." There is a bottled product well known throughout the Andes under the

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name of "Jesus water," and there is a "Wine of the Last Supper." The intent of these naïve assumptions of sanctity probably is to be judged, however, only as a survival of some part of that old-time ecclesiastical militancy which resulted in so liberally sprinkling the names of saints and churchmen over the map of the new world.

VII.

A CAPITAL IN THE CLOUDS.

LA PAZ was like a mirage, at first glimpse, for the city flashed full into vision at a wholly unexpected place and moment. The old trails of the *conquistadores* and the iron roadway of today converged upon a sand-blown plateau that had drawn them slowly upward from the reedy marshes of Titicaca. They approached nearer and nearer to what seemed a blind wall of mountain, topped by snow peaks that were marshaled under the majestic command of Illimani. There was no hint of a city, except perhaps in the apparitional golf course that suddenly displayed its graveled "greens" and sand-duned bunkers. Yet there was a suspicious eccentricity in the behavior of the llama caravans that shuffled on toward the mountains: of a sudden they dropped from sight, around the flank of a white pillar set into the desert. Presently this mystery was explained, as the train followed suit and began a descent of fifteen hundred feet into a gigantic hole in the ground. At the bottom, dazzlingly clear in this thin atmosphere, lay the red-roofed capital of Bolivia.

The bleak *pampa* instantly vanished. Nomadic

winds chasing over its cold and uninviting wastes were tempered by a reflected warmth and color from the white walls and green foliage of a huge sunken garden. The mind was sharply roused from its desert oppressions and glowed with anticipation for the almost tropical refreshment promised in those vertigoed depths toward which the train made its zig-zag descent.

Across the three-mile chasm were steep, tumbled foothills, the base of that rampart against which the *pampa* had seemed to end. Illimani, which rises twenty-four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, was sharply etched against the sky, and assumed a more dramatic stature. Its glaciated, volcanic summit sailed across an ocean of clouds.

Straggling brown trails, on the nearer slope of the gorge, peopled with llamas, burros and burden-bearing Indians, kept pace with the electric railroad. They descended leisurely past small farms, tilted at a sharp angle, curiously shaped in conformity with the gullied slopes. Lower down were walled enclosures, and within them whitewashed, medieval villas nestling against the foliage of willows and blue-green eucalyptus trees.

From above, La Paz seemed asleep upon a level floor, but the train, as it approached, made no escape from the confusion of rock-tumbled slopes and gullies. Its attempt to pierce the heart of the city was abandoned upon a stony hillside still a long way

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above the tree-tops of the central *plaza*. From this point taxis manufactured in Detroit took up the cause and jounced us over a roller-coaster procession of ruinous, cobbled pavements.

The banks of the foaming stream that dashed intermittently into view were lined with washer-women, with white-walled breweries, and with corn mills, emphatic of what seemed to be the city's chief industries. Dazzling sunlight erased all suggestions of the uncleanness that lurks in the corners of any city, and the sharp, attenuated air bore no hint of odors that probably hovered, notwithstanding, behind the adobe house-fronts facing the narrower and more sinuous streets.

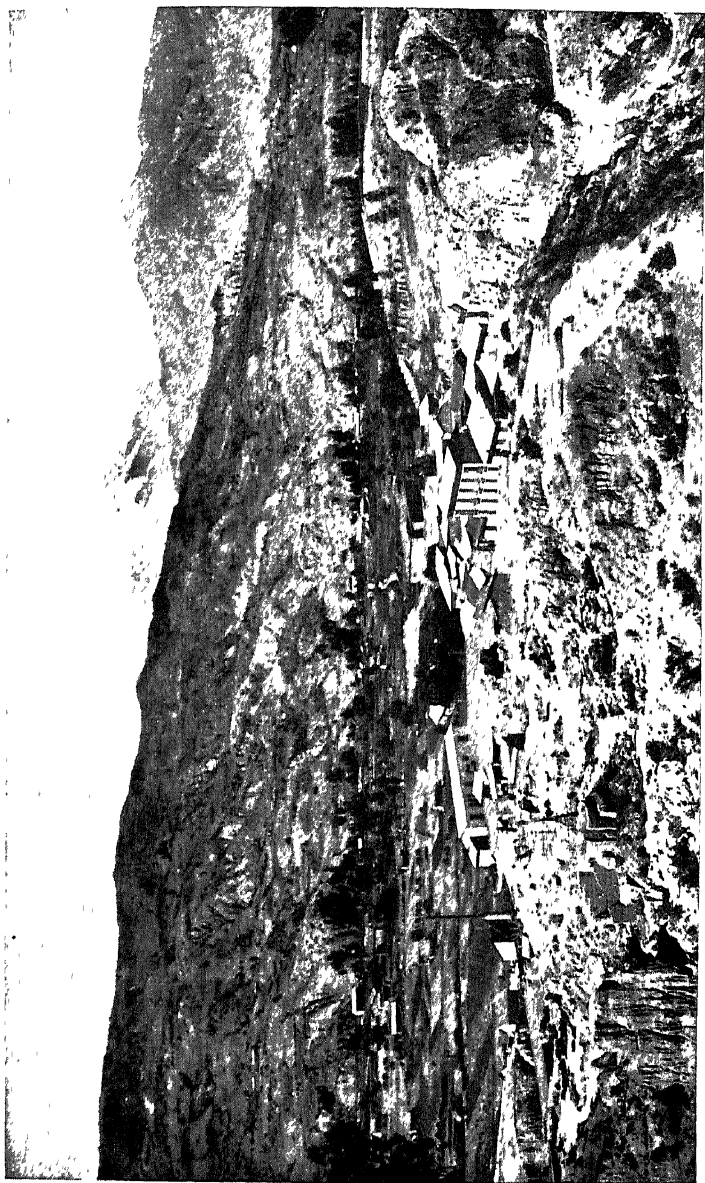
Storming, two-cylindered, up a populous thoroughfare, we gained at last one of those verdant public squares from which pulsate the activities of all metropolitan centers inheriting the familiar institutions of old Spain. We were dashed up to the door of the Grand Hotel Paris with an *éclat* that scattered burros, muleteers, and sweepers languid over their twig brooms.

The thought of a lofty city is likely to conjure up Lhāsa, cold and glittering against the Thibetan plateau. Quito, the city of the Equator, may as readily spring to mind, for it belongs to those brief, vivid pages of the old geographies that pictured the llama, the rubber tree, the coffee bean and the Inca temple

of the Sun. But La Paz, although it merits a greater distinction so far as altitude is concerned, is perhaps less celebrated. This Bolivian metropolis, nestling in its mountain chasm, nevertheless boasts of being the highest capital in the world. It stands twelve thousand one hundred and twenty feet above sea level, three hundred feet higher than Lhasa, two thousand feet higher than Quito. The three million Bolivians for whom it is the urban and political center breathe an atmosphere rarified by an elevation of considerably more than two miles.

Those who are faithful to geography will, of course, question the statement that La Paz is a capital city. Their memories will carry them back accurately to a star-dot on the map opposite the name of Sucre. The seeming inaccuracy is to be explained by the fact that, although the constitution of the Bolivian republic designates Sucre as the official capital, it permits congress to select its own place of meeting. Legislative favor has rested for many years upon La Paz, probably because the railroads have brought that city closer to its own and the outer world. Only a mule trail serves Sucre, which has nevertheless managed to retain the supreme court of the archbishopric, together with an ineradicable faith in one day reclaiming congress from the rival that it now studiously dubs as merely "the present seat of government."

It is a bit puzzling, at first, to understand how La



ILLIMANI'S GLACIERED CREST TOWERING ABOVE THE GORGE IN WHICH LA PAZ LIES.

Paz came to build itself at the bottom of a great hole in the ground. This utterly violates the medieval Spanish idea of erecting citadels upon lofty crags for defense against a lawless world. It is at variance even with the old Inca practise that led to the hewing, practically from living rock, of that wonder city of an ancient civilization, Machu Picchu, so recently rediscovered to mankind by Yale's scientific adventurers and unearthed from its jungle-grown site upon a mountain pinnacle.

The eccentricity of La Paz provokes the fancy of a gargantuan jest of nature. It is as if the city had sunk to its present level through some elemental cataclysm. There are native legends, indeed, to the effect that the chasm in which the capital lies resulted from a volcanic disturbance, but the geologist has spoiled all that. His theory is that this ten-mile gorge in the *Cordillera Real* was scooped out by a streamlet once forming the outlet of Lake Titicaca.

There was an Indian village on the present site of La Paz before the Spaniards came. In the diminishing waters of Rio Chuquiapo, gold had long been dazzling the eyes of the aboriginals, and it was this same lure that led the *conquistadores* to replace the village of Chuquiapo with a Spanish town baptized under the euphonious and catholic name of *Pueblo Nuevo de Nuestra Señora de la Paz*. The founding of the city was in commemoration of a reconciliation between Pizarro and his lieutenant, Almagro—an

accord that was doomed to end in the latter's attempt to assassinate the Spanish leader, and eventually in the violent deaths of both.

From this beginning, the sophistic "New City of Our Lady of the Peace" had a flattering growth. At the close of the war of independence from the Spanish yoke in 1825 it was rechristened La Paz de Ayacucho, in honor of the last decisive battle of that struggle. It would have been better, possibly, if the ancient name of Chuquiapu had been revived, for the city has never been Spanish in anything but architectural and administrative forms. In spite of its urbanity and its spice of European manners and customs, imported by the sprinkling of foreign residents and old Spanish families, it supports the largest Indian population of any city in the Andes.

Perhaps it was this that led the Peruvian author, whose acquaintance we made in Lima, to name La Paz as one of the few distinctive cities of the world. He could not, it is true, put North American cities in that list—they were all, he thought, lacking in a certain metropolitan *esprit*, or *stadt-geist*, or *grandeza de alma*: something of this sort that he could not clearly define in English—but he felt no hesitation in naming La Paz, Cuzco, Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Papeete and Bangkok!

However all this may be, La Paz at least merits unquestioned distinction as an Indian capital. Census figures rate thirty per cent of the population as

indigenous, and more than twenty-five per cent as whites. The latter, however, include "descendants, more or less pure, of Spaniards, Europeans or North Americans." Anyone with the slightest trace of white blood, it would appear from a scrutiny of the street crowds, must have been put in this class by the census takers, whereas, by the casual observer, only one in ten would be called definitely white.

Outside the cities, Bolivia is almost entirely Indian. Her six hundred thousand square miles of forests, mountains and deserts are the home of an aboriginal population scarcely leavened by white blood even in the mestizo mixture.

Except for the few theaters, the tea rooms, the cafés, and the weekly promenade and concert in the public square, La Paz offers little for those who would be conventionally amused. The handful of foreign residents is made up principally of the diplomatic corps and of English, American and German adventurers in business. They have their clubs, their tennis and their golf, and to some extent, at least, the Bolivians have followed suit both in these diversions and in dancing. But, for the traveler, interest centers naturally in human contrasts afforded by the kaleidoscopic populace.

Any street, any trail leading through the city's gullied approaches, gave us the stage for this moving show, though the climactic scene was in the *plaza*

mayor or the public markets. The *mercado* is always a well-established and entertaining institution in municipalities of the Spanish type. A central market for foodstuffs, sometimes palatially housed, serves economically in place of the system of retail distribution that is maintained at great cost in the United States. Delivery trucks are seldom seen, and there is a notable and almost entire absence of small stores for the handling of meat, vegetables and fruit.

We found the public markets of La Paz in a straggling labyrinth of covered passages at the foot of a steep street. They had the general appearance of an Oriental bazar. We were able to intrude, here, into a highly tinted picture of primitive Andean life. A wrinkled Indian woman, apparently near the end of a century but probably much younger than her general decay indicated, held out for sale a rough-whittled distaff, similar to the one upon which, at intervals, she spun badly carded alpaca wool. A crone beside her vied for attention with red foolscaps that came down over the ears. Ingratiating but independent *cholas* exhibited an infinitude of religious trinkets and charms. Here and there, in profusion under the thatched sheds, a thousand whatnots were for sale, trifling things designed to meet the capacity of a slender purse. In the food stalls there was an odorous assemblage of fruits and vegetables belonging to several latitudes; from the hillsides above La Paz came garden stuffs accustomed to temperate

suns, and from the languid *yungas* of the eastern Cordilleras, only a few miles down the gorge, were fruits of the tropics.

In the narrow streets radiating from the market district there were whole blocks be-flagged with ponchos and with shawls of clashing hues. Seductive trinket shops offered anything from a necklace of garlic to a jews-harp, from a fragment of Inca pottery to a mandolin with sounding-board fashioned from the shell of an armadillo.

If there were no delivery trucks, there was nevertheless no need to add to the palpitations of one's heart on these lofty streets by carrying home purchases. A barefoot Indian lad was always at hand ready to assume burdens up to his own weight and twice his size, willing to follow faithfully to any distance in the hope of an unstipulated fee.

Within the pink-tiled *plaza*, kept verdant, at great difficulty, with foliage exotic to this altitude, there was a pageantry that scarcely ceased with the changing hours. Desert Indians, wrinkled and burnt, rested there under dusty ponchos. At their feet chattered white children, unconscious of any racial incongruity. Unshaven Dominican priests, brown-robed, flat-hatted, strolled beneath the palmettos. News-boys concentrated here with their singsong cries, no less loud but immeasurably more tolerable than the stridency of their North American fellows, because

of a melodious intonation strikingly suggestive of incantations from a priestly cloister.

Before the government buildings posed swaggart sentinels, rousing themselves to stiff dignity whenever silk-tiled officialdom made entrance. Ragamuffin Indian women and children strayed by on their slovenly errand of carrying small sacks of gravel for street repairs, herded gently by an overseer who allowed as much for their respectively senile and infantile vagaries as the llama driver must for his beast's sensitive and shrinking soul. Donkey drivers hissed their charges past the domineering taxis. A beggar whimpered his "*por el amor de Dios*" to every likely pedestrian, and there was a group of such *pordioseros*—the "for-God's-sake-ers"—among the bootblacks at the very entrance to the ruinous walls of the Cathedral begun a hundred years ago and not likely to be finished in a hundred more.

Walking over the precipitous pavements of La Paz was a mixed pleasure, to which the cobblestones and the narrowness of one's lungs in this rare atmosphere added nothing. Motoring was scarcely more agreeable, because of the same cobbles and the stone-littered gullies that passed for suburban roads. Still, to ride out through the Alameda, bordered with Italian villas and with brilliant flower gardens that almost obscured an occasional splendid house, was well worth the jouncing.

Obrajes, too, a little village not far down the

gorged valley, repaid the discomfort of getting there. It was a few hundred feet nearer, in altitude, to the tropical *yungas* lying beyond the eastern Cordilleras in the direction of the Amazon. The gray and barren *puna* seemed more remote by virtue of Obrajes' many-flowered gardens, and the moist suspirations of pepper trees and willows. Vegetation crept farther up the arroyo-ed, butte-like precipices that enclosed the valley with fantastic walls of pink and white clay. The steep road twisted with the brawling Chuquiapo, upon the rocky banks of which lay gleaming white patches of *Paceñian* washing. Burros, llamas, and barefoot Indians ambled up or down over the stony causeway, leisurely under their scant burdens. Street merchants sat encamped, with their vegetables and trifles, before the village church.

In general, we found La Paz Spanish in its architecture. Mansion as well as hovel was constructed either of stone or of adobe, with a roof of red terra cotta tile. A housetop view of the city was delightful because of this almost unbroken sea of red. Walls were of less vivid color, but their tints were variegated with shades of pink, red, blue and lavender, soiled white predominating. There were few barred windows, and we missed a twanging of guitars by moonlight before embrasures framing the outline of some half revealed, half retreating figure.

Attractive as these houses are from without, they

do not measure up to North American standards of comfort within. Stoves are practically unknown, and chimneys correspondingly rare. Cooking apparatus usually is banished to a place more or less under the open sky.

The absence of artificial heat would be less a matter of note were this a tropical climate, as its nearness to the Equator inclines one to suppose. There are, however, unhappy extremes that run from the intense heat of summer suns in midday to the draughty nights of winter when the thermometer touches a point below freezing. Even a summer's eve, or a morning drenched with the half-condensed vapor of the clouds that so frequently creep into the city's streets, can be dismally chill. The Indian may well be pardoned his ear flaps, upon this score, and his wife her bulking petticoats.

Thin-soled and footsore as one may become upon near acquaintance with La Paz, glacier-cold as may be one's morning bath, these and other discomforts of this city among the clouds soon vanish in retrospect. They have their immediate compensations, too, in the brilliant warmth and color of noon and in the rose and purple velvet sunsets reflected against the white summits of the Cordilleras.

And just as magic dwells in the names of Cameluc and Cathay, in Bagdad and Kashgar, so it does in La Paz. The city is wide in contrasts—exclama-

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tory, not because of striking beauty, but because of its dramatic setting in the midst of bleak deserts and mountain snows. Red-tiled and green-gardened under a blazing sun that alternates with chill showers, strung upon the banks of a torrential streamlet that goes foaming past its doors, and framed by glaciated pinnacles towering into its abbreviated bowl of sky, it is pleasant to eyes that have been too much offended by an otherwise unpropitiatory land.

VIII.

BEACHCOMBING IN ANTOFAGASTA.

OF course we were not actually "on the beach" at Antofagasta. Nevertheless, the effect was somewhat the same. We loitered long there, and in the end almost as languidly pessimistic as the beachcomber of both fact and fiction, looking for "something to turn up"; we waited, not for a job, or for a change of luck, but for a dilatory steamer, hesitating somewhere up the coast. And while the days of deferred expectancy drifted past we devoted ourselves, as is the beachcomber's wont, to the variety of lotus-eating that seemed indigent to the place.

This process, at first, did not promise much. Shut in from the taunting sea by an extent of dreary wharves, cut off from landward escape by crowding foothills buttressing the desolation of Chile's nitrate fields, and set down in the midst of very drab and unstimulating city streets, we felt genuinely marooned. Yet this captivity at an unbilled stopping point in the end yielded us a more intimate knowledge of our Latin-American neighbors and a wider acquaintance with colloquial Spanish than many weeks on the metropolitan promenades of Santiago and Buenos Aires.

BEACHCOMBING IN ANTOFAGASTA

A Scotchman, named George Smith, is more or less responsible for Antofagasta, but of this gentleman we found no monument before which to lay either protest or respects. To him is credited the discovery of the nitrate fields, giving Chile one of its chief sources of national revenue and presenting his countrymen with one of their great foreign enterprises.

Some of our Chilean acquaintances were inclined not to take the Smith legend seriously, but it was earnestly vouched for in the very considerable British community. It appeared, if we were to accept these accounts, that Mr. Smith cultivated a garden of fruits and flowers in a place called Pica, which is near the present port of Iquique. He banked his plants with soil containing a mysterious white substance common to the neighboring deserts, and beheld them grow almost with the rapidity of Jack's beanstalk. The tale ran its course to the bourses of England, and it was not long before the great inland plains of Chile and Bolivia were swarming with Indian laborers, blasting and hacking out whole square miles of the *pampa* subsoil. Chileans hint that even the Inca farmers, long before Pizarro arrived, understood the miraculous properties of this desert substance, known locally as *caliche*; but no matter which legend finally prevails, it is beyond dispute that Chile's fertilizer industry of today is largely indebted to the pioneering energy of Mr.

Smith's fellow countrymen, if not directly due to his Pica roses.

Prior to George Smith there was very little excuse for Antofagasta. It was then merely a seaport for the very negligible foreign trade of Bolivia, and for some of the interior copper mines. Now it is, next to Iquiqui, the greatest nitrate port in the world, bristling with wharves, general offices and international banks. Once upon a time it was within Bolivian territory, but that unfortunate three-cornered quarrel between Bolivia, Peru and Chile toward the end of the last century left all the rich nitrate provinces in Chile's hands.

This change of masters appears to have made no great difference to Antofagasta, and no particular alteration in its appearance or manner of life. We were not impressed by anything suggestive of a conquered population, although it had been whispered to us on the other side of the Peruvian boundary that the captured provinces were only waiting, like all Peru—which was loser of the renowned Tarapaca and Tacna-Arica tracts—for a day of restoration and revenge.

"Until that day," murmured our informant, devoutly—"El día del Vengador."

The British skipper who sailed us southward from Panama spoke in an aggrieved tone of this "heredi-

tary enmity." He had both Peruvians and Chileans among his passengers.

"I can't get them to mix," he complained. "They won't have anything to do with one another. They are frigidly polite when circumstances force them together—all people of Spanish persuasion are that—but to a third person they abuse one another frightfully. You'd think their confounded governments were at any moment on the point of declaring war. And then they really persecute one another, officially and privately. I could tell you a good many tales about that. A Peruvian scarcely dares land in a Chilean port, and vice versa, of course."

This unfraternal attitude was apparent to us, too, particularly when we got farther on into Chile. It seemed a bit too theatrical—not quite to be taken seriously, in view of the pending, and seemingly earnest, diplomatic efforts to settle the old Tacna-Arica dispute; still, we were assured by our fellow countrymen, long resident there, that these fratricidal gestures were not without their significance.

At all events, there was no outward sign of revolutionary opinion in Antofagasta. We heard no public or private yearning for restoration to the arms and fortunes of Bolivia. Indeed, we could not have said whether or not Antofagasta still sheltered an original Bolivian population; just as all towns in the Andes are practically devoid of distinguishing national characteristics—beyond the Iberian inheritances

common to the Spanish world—so it is impossible for any but an *hijo del país*, a son of the country, to differentiate accurately between persons whose nativity is Peruvian, Bolivian, Chilean or Argentine.

In at least one respect, it is true, Antofagasta is different from the mountain cities of Bolivia and Peru, by way of which we made our circuitous approach. When the extremely narrow-gauge train that had hurried us through the night, past the dismal nitrate and borax fields and down the last of the bleak foothills of the western Cordilleras, drew up at daybreak before a neat, cement-laid station, we were snatched away in a taxicab that did not jounce over such cobblestones as those of La Paz—sharp enough to rasp even the inured hoofs of the Bolivian llamas—but rolled smoothly and without rattle over an asphalt pavement.

Of this symbol of bonded indebtedness and modernity we had been forewarned by our train companion, the young Yankee drummer, who had spent most of the previous day lecturing elderly Chileans upon the superiority of North American business methods.

“Say,” said he, irrelevantly, in response to our inquiry concerning the Antofagasta hotels, “that’s *some town*. They’ve got real paving down there!”

It was as well, perhaps, that he evaded the subject of hotels, for our temporary ignorance of them

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enabled us to enjoy Antofagasta so much the more on that brief taxi ride over ecstatic asphalt.

At the recommendation of Sancho, our "gentleman chambermaid," the Sunday afternoon of our arrival was spent at the Antofagasta Sporting Club. Deprived of bull-fighting, the Chilean's gaming temperament finds its most dramatic gratification in horse racing. He by no means neglects the lotteries and all greater and smaller institutions of chance, but his sporting disposition is roused to its most poignant pitch in the grandstands and before the betting stalls of a *club hípico*.

Getting to the race course developed one of our many linguistic adventures. Translating a North American idiom into grammatically flawless classroom Spanish, we made an elaborate diplomatic arrangement with a taxi driver for round-trip transportation.

"Si, Señor," he assured us, confident of his understanding. "Go and come back. *Claro.*"

Carrying out the terms of the covenant as he thus comprehended them, this *hombre* had driven us there and part of the way back before we realized what was happening. Not having recognized as such the ramshackle board fence that afterward proved to be the race course enclosure, we felt somewhat in the position of the lad who sat all day on the

Wishing Gate and then came home because he could not find it.

We were by no means surprised at the liberal seasoning of English surnames in the directory of club officers, some of them no doubt as completely naturalized as the patriot O'Higgins. The Englishman here, as elsewhere in his numerous outposts over the world, was true to his sporting type. Conspicuous upon the race cards was the Anglo-Saxon christening of some of the horses. Rover-White, Afterglow, Daring, Tommy and Rick tripped the tongues of Chileans who encouraged them from the stands or called out before the racing stalls for tickets bearing their numbers. They competed with such favorite local nominatives as El Inca, Mariposa, Mercader, Vengador, Copayapu and Quien de Pilla.

Betting was upon the pari-mutuel plan, and for uncommonly small stakes. This enabled a garlicky crowd of many castes to struggle for tickets at the betting wickets. The unaccountable human hysteria that seizes upon a group of people leaving a theater or boarding a street car, and impels each one of them to attempt the impossible feat of getting out or in simultaneously with all the rest, inspired the winners here to trample one another in a mad rush for the pay-window. South America inherits a good deal of the Spaniard's highly polished manner, but it is a veneer that wears thin upon slight occasion.

The Englishman's fondness for turf could scarcely

be gratified among the gravel wastes over which the course was laid. The only green thing visible from the grandstands, aside from the cap of an occasional jockey, was a house-garden half a mile away, outside a smelting plant smoking against the flanks of the foothills.

These bleak, landward ramparts of Antofagasta are a desolation against which it is almost futile for the city to struggle. They have been enlivened a little by the Yankee-fied industry of a dozen business houses that have etched near their summits, in white-bouldered inlays, square-typed advertisements that are legible from far out at sea. But they are nevertheless inhospitable and forbidding to the eye, like the whole of the desiccated coastline fronting northern Chile and Peru.

Within the city, which lies upon a site that originally must have been refreshed by not so much as a spear of growing grass, Spanish tradition has been carried out in the establishment of public squares, and here there is concentrated a bold effort to maintain oases of semi-tropical foliage.

In the main *plaza*, about which center the banks and other pomposities of the city's business life, we submerged ourselves in the Sunday evening *paseo*, an institution of old Spain that survives in some form even in the most modern of Castilian communities. In the Peruvian village of Yunguyo the promenade

was of brilliant-hued Indians, fiesta-clad, shuffling their bare feet or leather sandals over the cobblestones of the public square; in Havana the idea was variegated by frequent carnival throngs motoring in unwearying procession up and down the Prado and the Malecon; in Buenos Aires there was the afternoon parade, *á pie*, through the narrow Florida, from which all wheeled traffic must be excluded to make way for the array of walking-sticks and Paris hats; in Seville the procession was a slow trot of carriage horses along the Guadalquivir, a persistent souvenir of the leisurely days when gasoline was not; and in Madrid, the bedizened whirl of limousines up and down the brilliant avenue of the Recoletos and past the boulevard seats of the Alameda. Here in Antofagasta the *paseo* still clung to its proper place, the principal *plaza*, and the *gente decente*, arrayed and uniformed in its utmost, went arm in arm over a broad sidewalk, mingling perfumes with the breath of exotic blossoms overhanging the park benches, and exchanging significant greetings and glances at recurrent encounters in the treadmill peregrination.

A chocolate-soldier quality seasoned this grand-march, for there was a liberal spicing of the military; swagger-sticked, mirror-booted army officers in uniforms of distinctly Prussian influence; crinkly-white duck, splashed with a touch of red and gold, borrowed from the tailors of the British navy. The eyes

of these *caballeros* were even more smolderingly and frankly alert to feminine charms than those of the civilian Don Juans.

In spite of fastidious elaboration in the costumes of both sexes, there was an unexpected somberness in general effect, due to the prevailing tint of black. We had always considered this hue fundamental to Spanish beauty—black hair, jet eyes, and black *mantilla*—yet it was almost a shock to see the idea carried even so far as the men's straw hats. There were no *mantillas*—outside the ballroom and the church we rarely saw these elsewhere than in Andalusia—but full half of the women seemed to be in complete mourning. Black, too, appeared to be the prevailing masculine color, in consonance with those astonishing hats of funereal straw.

No barn-red and parrot-green Indian ponchos, at least, draped their inharmonies over the public square or rubbed dustily against the elegance of the promenade. We saw no aborigines in Antofagasta, a salient contrast with the great Indian capital of La Paz, but there was an unmistakable tinge of the indigenous facial mold and color in a large part of the population. The creole, or *mestizo*, so it is estimated, comprises sixty per cent of Chile's five million inhabitants. There are some fifty thousand Indians, who establish a ratio practically the reverse of Bolivia's.

Faces made familiar by the repetitious encounters

of the *paseo* were visible, after a late dinner, at the principal theater. We listened there, for a time, to the loquacious and inactive dialogue of a troupe of Spanish comedians, most of whose lines were lisped in antiphonal response to the prompter's audible reading; then we went out to appease our limited understanding of *la lengua español* with the more facile Castilian sub-titles of an American-made moving picture. We were almost able, through contagion from our fellow spectators, to join in their applause of a pie thrower and the heroine of a jungle melodrama dating well back into the pioneer days of the photoplay industry. With them we stamped and cat-called when the film broke, and together we hissed the villain.

There was no glitter of fresco and electricity in front of the picture palaces; and from their dingy, bill-postered doors the spectators vanished speedily into dark streets. Sounds of night revelry were rare, and there was no white way into which nocturnal frivolity might be distilled. The café, in South America, is a saloon, generally frequented by men only. Women dine seldom in public, and usually they are seen only in restaurants that become *de rigueur*, through some unexplained cause, from being attached to a hotel.

No doubt there is a younger generation that will change all that. We saw some members of it, we supposed, in the tea rooms, those infectious institu-



ANTOFAGASTA, IN SOME MOODS, IS LIKE A TOWN OF WESTERN UNITED STATES

BEACHCOMBING IN ANTOFAGASTA

tions inevitable to communities where people of British origin live, and in an ice cream parlor, where a small group of advanced young Chileans passed Sunday midnight in consuming sodas and dancing United States jazz. It somewhat shocked our notion of Spanish propriety to observe even a young woman of probable *mestizo* vintage unprotected by the chaperoning eye of a *dueña*.

We succumbed, near the end of our Antofagastan clinic, to the caravel-like motor busses that do their best to keep street cars off the city's pavements. A familiar Detroit vehicle, which had begun to display fantastic variations of ornamentation and design as far back in our travels as Havana, here went far beyond mere Cuban extravagance of paint and upholstery, and bloomed into shapes like those of a psychic garden. There was no apparent uniformity of dimension or motif, and the builders seemed to have given complete liberty to their imaginations. Some, indeed, were suggestive of the high-sterned sailing-ships of the Spanish buccaneers; others were composed of timbers ribbed and rounded, like mandolins; some were brilliant with paint but more were without any chromatic adornment at all; one or two provoked the picturesque notion of upright-piano boxes animated by the possession of wheels.

Carousing over the city in these rollicking vehicles, fitting our knees carefully between seats

HEIRS OF THE INCAS

better calculated for Japanese stature than for even the moderate proportions of the Chilean, we came at last, by means of such exploration, to the cemetery. There we spent part of an afternoon among the women and children busy with their crocheting and play. Iron gateways of the family vaults stood open before them, and fresh flowers lay within these almost cheerful retreats; the dead here seemed unterrifying and familiar. Beyond the city of marble vaults and the wall crypts that displayed tier upon tier of wreathed, epitaphed coffin-niches, sometimes adorned with a photograph of the occupant, there was a forest of whitewashed wooden crosses marking the last residences of the poor.

IX.

INNS OF INCA LAND.

THE presidential suite was not waiting for us in the hotel at Antofagasta. In effect, we had telegraphed for it from La Paz, but, to express a candid suspicion, we were never quite sure, in all our travels over both new and old Spain, that telegraphic reservations wholly accomplished their intentions. It seemed to us, although this may be the vilest of calumnies, that a request for hotel accommodations, even when wired in perfect Castilian idiom, recollected from college textbooks, always required the confirmation of our arrival before becoming in any sense operative.

However this may be, we spent the first day of our Antofagastan idyl in a second-story dungeon, aired and illuminated only by a narrow light-well. There were windows, but they opened frankly upon the hotel lobby rather than upon the cleaner external airs sweeping down from the foothills. This was urged upon us as an advantage by our Catalonian host, whose Latin upbringing taught him the dangers of exposing one's lungs to the deadly airs of night.

We had electric lights, it is true, as in all the other

Andean hotels into which we adventured. This is one of the sharp extremes in South America's scale of living. But here, as elsewhere, the plumbing was not equal to its pretensions. Only when we reached the more advanced latitudes of Valparaiso and Buenos Aires did the pipes and taps begin "functioning"—to borrow the pretentious word familiar to the South American phrasing of the case—in accordance with the makers' intent.

Possibly we are over-sensitive on the subject of hotels. Any traveler is likely to be. We had set out upon our journey, however, with a determination to be sporting about it. We hoped we did not expect too much of the more or less provincial corners of the old Inca empire—Mollendo, for example, and Arequipa and La Paz. After our adventures there, and upon the half-century-old steamboat that carried us, on Lake Titicaca, back to manners and customs that must have approximated closely to those of the Spanish conquest, we supposed our standards of inn-keeping accommodation were reduced to such a point as to delude us, had there been occasion for it, into sensations of comfort in a llama corral.

Possibly our sporting intentions would have kept us from recording these complaints if it had not been for Antofagasta's asphaltum. The smooth pavings over which we were buoyed in the depot taxi upset us with expectations. We knew what the cobblestones of La Paz and Arequipa led to; ergo, what a

palace of an inn there must be on such a street as this!

As a final word of apology, before entering further upon the subject of Andean inns, we wish it to be understood that we are quite familiar with differences in national standards of comfort that make so many North Americans miserable abroad. We have had occasion, also, to deplore the existence of a certain type of conducted tourist who finds things on foreign strands are "not like they are in the good old U. S. A."

And as for that, knowing something of the atrocities of "Commercial Houses" in small towns of the United States, the coolie-scented inns of China, the medieval *posadas* of Spain, and the bathless taverns of rural England, it must be confessed that we would not willingly lodge ourselves in any of these if we had the alternative of Antofagasta's "grand" hotel.

There was a singular persistence of that word "grand" in the hotel names of South America. It came to the attention at least as frequently as the old time "Astor House" of the United States and China. The first of these "grand" hospices to carve itself in our memories was that of Mollendo. It clung precariously to a dusty, cobbled hillside, and boasted a hanging garden of palmettos and tubbed flowers. Its dining room was a fly-specked piazza, and its rooms abuted frankly upon public porches. Somehow it recalled O'Brien's South Sea caravansery of the lady

Tiare. The lobby, with its knife-hacked furniture, its lounging commercial travelers, its maps on the walls, and its combined office and cigar counter, brought it more nearly, however, into less romantic kinship with the "commercial houses" of North Dakota.

Arequipa's principal hotel, the Castro—no doubt christened in honor of the wise Spanish lawyer who inherited Peru's turbulent affairs from the hands of the murdered Pizarro—appeared to enjoy a wide lateral dispersion. So far as we were aware we never made the acquaintance of the main section, but dined in one annex and slept in another. Our sole personal contact with the institution was through a *mestizo* who advertised his name to be Luís. To Luís we confessed our middle names and nationalities, and delivered over the written replies demanded in the customary Peruvian hotel-inquisition. The extent of this caballero's functions we did not have time to investigate fully, but he acted, during our stay, in capacities ranging from manager of the hotel to chambermaid and personal adviser.

"If the *señores* should require anything, it is necessary only to clap the hands outside the door, and shout my name," pronounced the omnipotent Luís; and, within reasonable bounds, we found this to be true. He was affable in accepting and understanding imperfect Spanish, as are most Latin-Americans;

a raucous intonation of his name did, indeed, bring him hastening at all hours of day or night, from his post in the bathroom, which, from general disuse, had been converted into servants' quarters; and at meal times he was unobtrusively present to escort us across the *plaza* to that particular annex in which the hotel maintained its restaurant. There he served our food and acted as diplomatic representative to the cook.

Annexo A of *El Hotel Castro* was approached through a dark stairway leading to a sand-surfaced roof from one of the four sides of the main square, not a stone's toss from the twin-towered Cathedral. Completing the exterior impression of a two-storied building, there was a row of cell-like rooms along the side facing the square. In one of these we rested from our travels.

Two brass beds of various lineage, with amorous pink and yellow counterpanes, adorned the interior. The washstand supported a triumphant collection of German crockery, done in vicious pinks and magentas. The furniture, judging from the tattered antiquity of its upholstery, dated easily to Louis Quinze. Newspaper panes in a door communicating with the adjoining room made audible a variety of interesting human noises, and the high ceiling echoed our own sighs and chattering of teeth as we waited for warmth under covers not thick enough for thin blood elevated to this altitude.

At La Paz, the Grand Hotel Paris was full when we swept down upon it from the high Andean plateau. We had our choice of the hospitality of a *plaza* or of some native *tambo* resembling in all probable respects the bathless caravanseries that flourished during the life and times of Marco Polo.

A glimpse of the musty furniture in one of these refuges, a chicken-yard echo from the kitchen courtyard, and a powerful souvenir of garlic from over a transom, dampened expectations in that direction. Thereafter, for a time, we explored boarding houses and "private" rooms. Flower-scented *patios* enlivened by green parakeets tempted us, but pink cupidors in the parlors equally and oppositely repelled. The fruit of this research was a saddened knowledge that we were expected to furnish our own mattresses, so we returned with humility to the garlicky and cacophonous Hotel Central.

It was difficult to find the place without a guide. A half-obliterated sign, it is true, set forth meek pretensions of its identity, but there was no other and more unmistakable evidence. The inn was a second-story labyrinth facing an exiguous street that had scarcely room for curbstones, although the municipality had boldly attempted a pavement and sidewalks as well, the latter varying in width from almost the vanishing point to the ample dimensions required for a full-skirted Indian.

Exhaling the odors of a dank warehouse, the door-

way invited wary steps into an unscrubbed *patio*. A watchman loafed there by day, burning innumerable cigarettes, and rolled himself so tightly at night in the single blanket adorning his mattress that a fearful alarm was necessary to wake him, once the early curfew had closed the hotel's doors against our return. From the *patio* a ruinous stone stairway led to the main corridor, where a row of numbered hooks, to which the guests intrusted their ponderous room-keys, acted very generally in the capacity of clerk and bellboy. The rooms, in keeping with traditional Spanish architecture, were lofty and spacious, but this was the best that could be said of them. They were tenanted by outworn families of furniture, whose sole pretension to keeping abreast of the times was a comparatively new and comprehensive set of pink crockery.

Masculine "chambermaids" served us, confirming our previous South American experiences in this interesting respect. It was evident that feminine competition in wage earning pursuits had made no approach to the degree of intensity common to the northern continent.

Unhappiness crowned our inspection of the plumbing. Much of it, as is the habit of other household arrangements in these West Coast republics, did not "function." Under the stimulus of our insistence and our subsidies, the bathtub, it is true, was transformed from a condition of "*no funciona*" to one of

at least restricted utility; warm water was brought up from the kitchen in pitchers, with which to make tepid the frigid mountain freshet that was all the "hot" waterpipes would yield.

But it is not well for the traveler to go outside the chief metropolitan centers of South America with expectations of many of the familiar, pampering comforts that soften the shocks of life in the United States. And there are compensations, indeed, for those who take the sporting chance. La Paz repaid us well for the indignities of the Grand Hotel Central, and we were able to cast a shadow over that odorous caravansery before the end of our stay by transporting the gods of our traveling household to the Grand Hotel Paris, suddenly depopulated by the departure of the twice-a-week train for Antofagasta. This institution, if not all that might be expected from its name, was a comparatively ingratiating haven from the rigors of Andean travel. In West Coast fashion, the lobby was abbreviated to a first-floor entrance leading directly by means of a mirror-flanked stairway, to the three floors above. There was no elevator, and to attain the top story entailed tremendous lung expansion in this high altitude.

From the windows, however, there was always the reward of a stimulating Alpine view of mountain and gorge, with red-tiled roofs and dazzling white walls in the foreground. Before the street door, just

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inside which the hotel clerk sat in his small cage, marshaling haughty, diminutive pages who waited to undertake reluctant errands, passed the main current of a many-colored way of life.

X.

THE MODERN SANCHO PANZA.

DROPPING his brooms and mop pails, Sancho, as we instantly knighted him, came to the rescue at the very moment when our Spanish syntax had bogged most disastrously in the effort to obtain lodging from the Antofagastan hotel proprietor. There were no suitable rooms to be had, it was true, but Sancho advised *paciencia* and made promises. He had done a year or two of bell-hopping in New York, and it pleased him that he should be able to recollect at least a twentieth of the English words we endeavored to exhume from his memory. He squired us faithfully, thereafter, in the course of his business as chambermaid, bell-hop and porter, and in his voluntary rôle of interpreter, confidential agent and private counselor.

Sancho was Chilean by birth. More than that, he was *mestizo*, which is the ruling caste among South American servants, at least of the West Coast. Their reputation is not irreproachable. They are dirty, lazy and inefficient. Speaking in general, however, we found them in one respect good. They did not assume airs of lofty superiority, but were con-

tent with a footing of respectful equality. This seemed to us in brusque and refreshing contrast with the behavior of servants in certain better known places in the world.

It was Sancho who led unto us his friend Panza, doubtless on commission. Panza discovered himself to be the typical South American baggage man, a brother of the boatman, the taxi driver, the waiter, the ship steward and the gentleman chambermaid—members, all, of the great South American squirehood that ministers to those who quixotically wander where so much personal assistance is needed.

In half a minute Panza knew what he considered the essential facts of our existence; he understood whence we came, when and whither we were going, and how great was our encumbrance of baggage. From that uninvited moment we were his wards as definitely as if he had been a safe-conductor appointed to us by the government. It was destined that he, and none other, was to put us aboard our delinquent vessel, at a price wholly dependent upon his own inclination. It even appeared, at moments, that he was about to change our destination, and the method of getting there, for he could find all sorts of objections to the steamer we had chosen, and every delightful advantage in our going southward upon a decaying little native tub that bobbed like a cork in the long Pacific swells and was scented with vile sea-going odors.

His competitors frequently assailed us, but as often as we were approached by others he returned to reassert his claims. In fact, so strong was his reputation, or so implausibly honorable were his fellows in the boat-and-baggage profession, that we had only to mention the municipal number displayed upon his cap and in a corner of his business card to make their claims fall into deferent and disappointed silence.

Such gentry as Panza are pestiferous, sometimes expensive, but nevertheless a convenient institution; they seem to be practically universal in the Spanish-speaking countries. It was Panza who roused us when the day came for our departure; it was he who hired the taxi, directed its movements to the proper wharf, bundled us into a rowboat, handed us aboard ship, stowed our luggage within the cabins, and finally stood, cap in hand, wishing us "*buena ventura*"; not, of course, without a final argument over fees, resulting in the exchange of considerably more than the stipulated sum.

The *fletero*, which is Spanish-American for boatman, is a piratical fellow at best. With the arrival of a vessel on the wharfless West Coast he is visible first in the midst of a swarm of competing small-boats. A predatory atmosphere hovers over the flotilla, an impression that gains justification when, at a dipping of the quarantine flag, there is a concerted dash, amid war whoops and splashing oars, from the deadline

where the boats have been held in leash by waterfront police. A boarding party is up the gangway to the decks in a shattering rush, seeking prey among the disembarking passengers.

It is well to bargain with the boatman, in spite of his breathless haste to be gone over the side with one's luggage. If bargaining is irksome to him it is correspondingly profitable for the voyager. Municipal regulations govern boat fares in some of the ports, but the traveler is not likely to become familiar with them until it is too late. It is better, therefore, to clear up any possible misunderstanding before the moment for payment arrives.

There is a genuine thrill to be extracted from an experience with the *fletero's* narrow, gay-blue craft, apparently designed to meet spirited competition. It skims easily, but none too securely, over the long swells, and bobs like a cork beneath elusive gangways and treacherous wharves.

Those who do not yearn for this exhilaration may go ashore in an equally piratical but less adventurous launch; although there are ports, such as that of Valparaiso, where the launch does not thrive. Strange things happen to its engines, in the dark of the moon; its bottom is mysteriously stove in, or its rudder drops off. These are subtle circumstances that may or may not confirm the legend of a powerful guild of boatmen, possessing an ancient concession from the government, under which the manner of one's goings and

comings between ship and shore are immutably regulated.

Upon landing the *fletero's* task is by no means ended. He is present and an active agent in the pleasant ceremony of customs examination. He summons a taxi, clings to the running board thereof, or otherwise transports both himself and the luggage to the wayfarer's hotel door. Not even there is his work done, for it is his convention to make delivery and accept payment only at the ultimate destination of one's room.

This is, in truth, an inclusive and valuable service. The *fletero* has combined the functions of several factors—a ship steward, a wharf porter, a baggage man, a doorman, a bell-hop and a hotel porter. Avaricious as he may prove to be, he is probably a neat economy.

One phase of this personal long-distance service is troublesome at first practise to those who have been brought up on the baggage check. It is often a severe strain upon one's native caution to give over into the possession of the bandit who stands outside the door each and every trunk, bag and valuable that remains a material buffer against destitution in a strange land. Yet it seems to be done. And, miraculously, an anxious hour or so later, in the compartment of the train, or in the stateroom of the ship, there is Panza, baggage accounted for, unbroken and probably unpilfered, waiting for his stipulated fee—plus a con-



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PERUVIAN STREETS SWARM WITH POOR LO AND HIS COUSINS ON MARKET DAYS.

siderable sum more for the reason that "the way was long, the day was hot, and the baggage was heavy."

The porter who came aboard our train far out from Arequipa gave us an excellent example of what the inclusive service plan can do for a harassed traveler in an unaccustomed country. He assumed responsibility for our luggage, arranged for our taxi, rode with us to the hotel that was honored with his approval, advanced from his own purse the chauffeur's fee, and recommended us to the keeping of his friend Luís, a member of the Order of Gentlemanly Chambermaid. After an interval of some days, during which we saw no more of him, he reappeared on the morning of our expected departure, encouraging us to emerge into the frigid blackness before dawn in order to catch the twice-a-week train into altitudes loftier still. He waited, mildly urgent, while we swallowed our early chocolate and guayava, seized upon our luggage as if it were an old and familiar chattel, bundled us into a taxi, and directed his perspiring assistants in the task of installing us in the best seats of the train. His fee, when the inevitable debate was over, probably would have been as ridiculously low in no other country in the world save China. It covered his services and the expenditures made on our behalf from the time we met until our Castilian parting.

To revert to Luís, he was many persons in one.

Upon occasion, he represented the proprietor. Again, he brought our morning coffee, and later we surprised him at the business of making beds and sweeping floors. Under his umbrella and guidance we went shopping. At dinner, he stood at our elbows, setting down our food with a careful solicitude, and in certain matters interceding with the cook. In the end it was to him that we paid our score.

Luís, up to the moment of this unexpected experience, was one of the few hotel servants who had ever been able to inspire in us a sentiment of genuine obligation. It is true that the bath-tub did not function, because of the *débris* collected there under Luís' eye; and there were questionable accumulations in certain corners of the room we inhabited. But what are these things among *amigos* and *caballeros*?

On the ancient vessel that piloted us leisurely across Lake Titicaca, our personal intercessor against daily human wants was an under-sized youth, bare-foot, pock-marked and shock-haired. In Pedro, this blue-overalled functionary, we made the acquaintance of a steward in things general and particular. His unwashed thumb was to be frequently in our soup thereafter, but his willing, pattering feet were *muy simpático* in softening the shocks of a land that knows no proper definition of the word comfort. His was the hand that granted our pleas for *agua caliente*—and without hot water the chill morning

airs would have kept us close abed. It was Pedro who scampered, with open, eager lips, to materialize the desires expressed by our imperfect Spanish, and who finally, in friendly farewell, tugged us and our luggage aboard the diminutive train for La Paz. Valiant Pedro, who smiled even in face of what was accidentally an insufficient reward—how simply and absolutely at variance he was with his rapacious brethren of the itching palm in the world's metropolitan centers!

Wandering among the steep shopping streets of La Paz we came upon Sancho Panza in another guise. Coincident with our first purchase, he emerged from the aboriginal background, asserted his calling with a mere gesture, and entirely as a matter of course took the burden upon himself. He was at our heels thereafter, throughout an entire morning, accepting an accumulating miscellany of encumbrances. In the end he arrived with us before the hotel entrance, submerged under what looked like the stock in trade of a street peddler. This effect was due not wholly to the number of parcels, but to the native shop keeper's aversion to waste of wrapping paper.

Likewise opportune was the human baggage truck, of whom mention has been made in another chapter. This creature produced from somewhere in his poncho a carrying-rope. With it he slung together

the assortment of half a dozen bags and suitcases, bent his back to a horizontal, and staggered away with the weight squarely atop his hips.

This method of burden-bearing we discovered to be an Andean characteristic. The Indian seems to have been uninfluenced by the Spanish-Moorish custom of balancing on the head anything from a bird-cage to a bedstead, and he does not take readily to the comparatively awkward and inefficient use of arms and hands. He is said to be far more likely to carry an empty wheelbarrow on his back than to trundle it in its intended fashion.

The Andean house servant comes from the arc of society bounded at one extremity by the lowliest of Indians and at the other by some more or less indeterminate point in the scale of *mestizos*. Except for the better degrees of *cholos*, who are comparatively clean, these servants are by common report far estranged from the sanitary ideal. This, however, does not seem to trouble the *gente decente*, whose willingness to trust themselves and their children to the intimate ministrations of the decidedly unwashed is one of the most incongruous aspects of Latin-American life. Possibly it is an ancient inheritance, and of this there is a curious bit of negative historical evidence. The Spanish chroniclers appear to have been unconscious of the filth and primitive discomforts of native life. They recorded none, directly at

THE MODERN SANCHO PANZA

least, with the result that Prescott's great composite picture of the Conquest, drawn from these sources, glitters with gold and aboriginal magnificence, in euphemistic unconsciousness or evasion of unhappy details that must have been visible as well in the sixteenth century as today.

Conspicuously absent from our experience, through the high Andes, was the woman servitor. She may have been in the kitchen, but at any rate she was beyond range of the public eye. Once, indeed, we caught sight of her, at the bottom of a deep, narrow courtyard, slaughtering chickens for the convenience of the hotel cook. In Antofagasta, which is nearer to the current of modern tendencies, she began to emerge into such occupations as tobacco selling, ticket vending and serving ice cream in the ultra-modern confectionery store, which permitted jazz dancing in the afternoons and evenings, Sundays included. And farther South, in Chile's more metropolitan communities, she appeared in her customary and universal public rôles, ousting Sancho from some of his prerogatives in the squiring of errant knights and their ladies.

XI.

TABLE D'HÔTE TRAVELS.

THE venerable maxim concerning an army marching ventrally seems to apply as well to the modern tourist as it did to Caesar's legions. What can the Louvre matter to an American, at least of the see-Europe-in-three-weeks type, whose breakfast has been restricted to the French coffee-and-roll?

Foreign travel is often, indeed, as difficult as an army campaign. It is an unremitting battle with railway schedules, hotel busses, porters, waiters, lodgings and food. Frequently these Bunyan trials of a modern pilgrim bulk so large that they form the most vivid and lasting of the impressions that are carried home. And this is particularly true with regard to food.

We know of a gentleman whose recent Japanese tour was practically ruined by the fact that when he could get ham and eggs at all they were not like those to which he was accustomed in Missouri; and of an English lady, traveling in southern Europe, who was unable to get her tea when and as it ought to be served. It is doubtful if she was more than re-

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motely aware, on this account, of the superb scenery through which she was passing.

What, indeed, is the chief topic of conversation aboard a ship? Is it weather, the day's run, or the minimum gratuity that can be distributed at the end of the voyage without being talked about by the steward's wife? Can the answer be anything more likely than food?

There is often, it must be confessed, sufficient provocation for this obsession. Sometimes the food is bad, although it is to be suspected that the loudest complaints come from those who are accustomed to worse provender at home. But good or bad it becomes a matter of tremendous import—a consideration from which there is no escape.

De tu casa a la ajena
Sale con la barriga llena

runs the Spanish proverb, admonishing against going with an empty stomach from one's own to a stranger's home. This need not be taken, however, as an aspersion upon Spanish cooking. It is by no means imprudent to trust one's gustatory comfort either to the Spanish or to the Spanish-American table d'hôte, so long as one has the *dinero* with which to pay. Along well-worn trails the food is mildly international in character, and in odd corners it is old Spain and new in a savory conjunction. Generally it is good.

The coffee, it is true, gave us unmistakable nostal-

gia. Close as the South American continent is to the coffee bean, geographically, it is figuratively far from the North American standard of a breakfast beverage. The inhabitants, of course, should know better than we how to prepare this native product; and perhaps they do, though we have remained stubborn to the end in our error of taste.

The Brazilian who has traveled in the United States is wont to inquire of his North American friends: "What do you do with all the good coffee we send you?" This is opprobrious and puzzling until the Yankee has tasted hospitality south of the Rio Grande or Key West. There he will conclude that what is at first served to him as coffee is a consequence of some criminal inattentiveness on the part of the waiter, or a misfire in his own Spanish idiom. Subsequent experience, however, brings more of the same—a black, treacly, medicinal congeries made from coffee beans that seem to have been not only roasted but burned to cinders. The familiar breakfast-table aroma does not rise from it, and when boiled milk has been added in about equal proportions, according to the custom of the country, the greenish blend that results is innocent of the least familiarity. Nevertheless both the possibility and the probability of learning to like this beverage are attested by North Americans long inured to it.

We did our best to fall into the Latin habit of "morning coffee," a pale shadow of breakfast, con-

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sisting of the item from which it assumes its name plus a crust of glutinous and untoasted bread. But it must be confessed that we had backslidings. Financial influence sometimes resulted in the substitution of hot chocolate for coffee, and added unorthodox fruit and preserves. This evasion of the *costumbre del país* was in violation of our travelers' code, which admonished us to fare as fared the Romans. Therefore we did it with an inner commingling of gratification and self-reproach.

With *almuerza* and *comida*, which, although practically indistinguishable, are respectively breakfast and dinner, all was well. The first is served at noon, morning coffee having been taken at any moment up to that hour. It begins inevitably with cold meats, labeled *fiambres* or *frios* upon the bill-of-fare. These are a lavish outlay, frequently exhibited upon a buffet, in which case it is the pleasant business of the restaurant patron to make a prolonged and judicious inspection before sitting down to the remainder of his task of ordering from the menu.

These cold dishes can be made into an entire meal, for they are nourishing and the portions liberal. In this respect they are like the Parisian *hors d'ouevres*, which are a decided economy if one is ordering *a la carte* and is shameless enough to stop at the early station they occupy upon the bill-of-fare; price being the same, regardless of quantity consumed.

Choice, we found, might be made from all the

familiar cold joints and cuts. There were meats jellied, meats pickled, meats variously "willied"; whole tribes of them gathered together, with neighboring conventions of cold vegetables. There were multitudes of eggs, nesting in gelatines, thick creams and variations of mayonnaise, caviar and anchovies. The list of cold breast of fowl omitted nothing, and there was the inevitable roast beef—one of the few Anglicisms permitted in the phrasing of Spanish-American menus. There is a Spanish equivalent of this, of course, but, either through affectation or as a life-line tossed to the English traveler, the Andean chef prefers to spell the item "roats-beef," "roast-beaf," or occasionally in entire accordance with Webster.

But the climactic splendor of Castilian cookery is soup. The most essentially national of the numberless *sopas* that are to be gleaned from the café list are properly stews, as in the case of Spain's *olla podrida*, that giant's-broth of all sorts and conditions of things. In the Andes the characteristic brews are the Peruvian *chupe* and the Chilean *cazuela*. These are everywhere and obvious on the West Coast—edible to the North American traveler when all else fails. The ingredients vary. There is *chupe de pescado*, *chupe de ave*, *chupe de buey*, so denominated because the central constituent of each serving is respectively a huge piece of fish, a breast of chicken, or a mighty slab of beef. Subsidiary garnishments are the

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curdled whites of eggs, and sundry vegetables consisting of unquartered boiled potatoes.

Although the greater part of a fish may have been served in the soup, there was still to be encountered a genuine fish course. The various *pescados*, many of them peculiar to the waters of this region, are a delight, and it is necessary, in this connection, to voice a rhapsody to the *camerone*—a succulent, spiny creature that is neither shrimp nor lobster, but something between.

Under the caption of "*Entradas*," chicken appeared for us everywhere and always. It was astounding to consider the sanguinary destiny of this bird throughout the southern continent. Scarcely less prevalent than this item of *pollo* were the *chuletas de ternera*. We rarely saw cattle in all our Andean travels, and never a calf, so it was not easy to quiet our wonder as to whether the *ternera* was alpaca, vicuña or mountain goat, rather than the veal chop it professed to be. Except for this mental confusion, however, we were well content with the real pleasure these seldom changing entrées were competent to afford.

We looked in vain for braised llama brains. In the pursuit of this delicacy, so we had read in the amazing pages of Mr. Prescott, the gargantuan Spanish conquerors did their worst toward extinguishing South America's most picturesque animal.

Upon the heels of the *ternera* there was always a

separate course of vegetables, among which the chick-pea, more euphoniously the *garbanzo*, that staff of the poor man's life in Spain, held first position, with rice and potatoes in close proximity. The latter were sufficiently small to make the Chilean chef's "new potatoes in cream" far more plausible the year round than those of his North American contemporaries.

Although the potato's ancestral home is South America, where it lived long in quiet retirement before the Spanish conquest impressed it from an Indian garden near Quito into laborious service for the entire world, it rarely attains here the blue-ribbon dimensions of its more vigorous cousins in Killarney and Wisconsin. Indeed, the tuber of the highland Indian, frozen and squeezed, for preservation, into what he calls *chuñu*, is a mere bullet in size.

Not content with its first appearance among the *fiambres* and soups, beef emerges again under the roasts, with its inevitable cluster of potato satellites. Sometimes the chef allows himself the poetic license of putting "biftek"—as likely to be spelled "beaf-steek" as otherwise—under the head of the *asados*, which are the roasts, but usually it is reserved for its proper place in a subsequent course of *parrillas*—from the grill.

The beefsteak, we discovered with some patriotic chagrin, is by no means distinctively North American. *Carne con cuero*, the Argentine cowboy's piece

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of greatest resistance—a slab of fresh-killed steer frescoed with hide and hair—was relished on the *pampas* before the North American colonists had graduated from venison and wild turkey. The *parrilla* section of the bill-of-fare, therefore, is as much of a fixture today as the Englishman's roast, and under it there is forthcoming a "minute steak" for which the South American claims far greater mellowness and sweetness than he finds in the frozen product that goes forth from the *frigoríficos* to Europe. We relished this item in the menu, even after our visit to the public markets, where we saw the raw material "mellowing" in the sun and "sweetening" under the attentions of an umbrage of flies.

There is no proper conception, outside the United States of North America, of the salad. To the Englishman it is lettuce and tomatoes, made edible by the addition of oil and vinegar; and to the Spaniard it is little more.

On the subject of eggs, however, a better report is to be written. The Latin-American chef will scarcely yield, in this respect, to the Frenchman, and the importance of the art is attested by a special course, served in many a table d'hôte *almuerza* or *comida*, under the heading of "*Huevos*," which signifies, in the American doughboy parlance of the late war, the French "oof." There are all the known varieties, with an undoubted emphasis upon the more or less indigenous *panqueque*. This name gives itself

away, without the aid of a dictionary, as a pancake, rich, yellow and tasty.

All of the courses here mentioned are not to be had, it goes without explaining, in every table d'hôte repast of the South American West Coast. The fare is sumptuous, however, and the variety of food offered great.

"*Buen' apétito,*" the pleasantry that came frequently to our ears, was requisite, indeed, for these gastronomic adventures.

There is a definite emphasis upon meat courses, and a corresponding neglect of pastries and sweets. Sometimes, however, there is an *helado*, which is at least an approximation of the advanced North American idea of ice cream, and the final category of "*Postres*" brings forth the dessert proper of some trifling pastry or fruit.

In some parts of the French and Spanish world, there is a bad habit of making extra charge for coffee, without which a Latin meal could scarcely be brought to any successful issue. Equally ill-advised is the custom of certain hotel proprietors on the West Coast of South America who charge up fruit as one of a large number of "extras," or serve only a teasing insufficiency. In either case, patrons are constrained to bring their own fruit to the table, or to summon the itinerant vendor who lurks at the door ready to profit by the innkeeper's parsimony.

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Classical music, interspersed with only an occasional burst of North American jazz or Argentine tango, waited upon good digestion in the somewhat gloomy *comedores*. These dining rooms, conducted usually in connection with a hotel, had not the gilded pretensions of corresponding institutions on the East Coast, although there was a brave attempt at this in La Paz. The proprietor of the Grand Hotel Paris had covered the walls of his restaurant with a somber collection of oil paintings. There was undeniable charm, however, in the pavilion restaurant set down amid the luxurious vegetation of the Zoological Gardens at Lima, a quality that was harmoniously reflected in the food.

Dinner hour appeared to be everywhere most elastic. The evening's food might be taken at six or delayed until ten, native preference seeming to lean most strongly toward the later limit. Doubtless this is due to the fact that there is little but ennui to fill the long Andean evenings. The *paseo* begins at six, and not until after the complete fall of darkness does the promenading end. When there is no *paseo* there is always the *vermouth*, which is an early evening performance of the theaters, continuing from six to about eight-thirty—so named because this is the period when there is the strongest flow of cordial liquors in the solemnly convivial cafés. Dinner, in either case, most conveniently follows these evening diversions.

Properly speaking, there is no café life in the old West Coast cities. It is developing slowly even in such cosmopolitan centers as Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, against the Spaniard's rooted aversion to appearing in public with the women of his household at anything other than a theater or a *plaza* promenade. The place that is called a café is, indeed, a bar.

The South American is by no means averse to sweets, and confectionery stores are abundant. From Havana to Buenos Aires one is constantly exposed to the temptations of a seductive variety of pastries and candied fruits, which appear to enjoy about the same relative popularity as the North American chocolate and ice cream. The pastries, however, are more attractive in appearance than in reality, until the proper enthusiasm for them has been acquired, for they are basically composed of a soggy yellow cake dough, heavily iced and indigestibly decorated.

The institution of afternoon tea is coming in rapidly, particularly wherever there is the impact of the Englishman upon local manners and customs. Far more notable, however, are the prodigious quantities of coffee and vermouth consumed in the cafés, these *refrescos* seeming to be inseparable from the conduct of affairs of business.

From the fare of the *gente decente* it is a long cry to the table d'hôte of the Andean Indian. He is

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essentially an agriculturalist, but both his produce and his wants are meager. Corn and potatoes are his staples. He eats the former as *mote*—merely the boiled kernels of the unmatured ear—or in some variety of the *choclo tandas*. This is the traditional Quichua bread, first cousin of the Mexican *tamale*, the recipe for which is said to have remained unchanged since the days of the Incas.

Itinerant hucksters are one of the arresting characteristics of street life in the West Coast cities. Railway stations swarm with vendors of the sparse fruits of this arid region. Unkempt Indian women come aboard with small baskets of grapes, strawberries, citron and peaches, the latter well named *huesillos*—little bones—owing to the fact that they are a thin circumference of almost tasteless pith enclosing abnormally large pits.

Over the cakes and whatnots of the street merchants swarms the ubiquitous fly, and this leads once more to a consideration that cannot be wholly alien to affairs of the table d'hôte. "Swat" campaigns have not reached to the southern continent. Screens are practically unknown there. The open-air refrigerator of the Yapura, our Titicaca steamer, would have been as remarkable as it was rare had it not been for the qualifying circumstance that the screens were too badly out of repair to fulfil their intentions concerning marauding insects. We were able to peer through gaping holes at interesting ex-

hibits of flesh, open to all the airs of heaven, chilled only by the damps of evening, and quick with a moving blanket of flies.

“In Argentina,” commented a Peruvian who assisted us in this autopsy, not in apology but merely in explanation of the general unpopularity of refrigeration in South America, “they practise the barbarity of keeping meat by freezing it in the *frigoríficos*. But that is only to satisfy the curious taste of the Englishman. Here we find the meat sweeter when its essence is not frozen away, as in the *chuñus*, those hard potatoes of the Indians; when it is mellowed by the sunshine and gentle winds of the wide sierra.”

In valediction to a subject that, from its inherent nature, is gustatory and provocative, it must be said that the South American, save for the frugal aborigine, fares well at table. The author of “El Supremo,” that amazing novel of Paraguay in a historical setting more than a century old, comments with a naïve insistence upon the appetite of the aristocracy of Asuncion. Meals were gargantuan and consumption incredible, particularly of meat. This is a propensity that seems to have been general, and not to have been lost with the flow of years. Great appetites are recorded in Argentina, where the *gaucho*—cowboy of the *pampas*—is wont, even at the present high price of meat, to consume it in quantities of unheard of pounds and calories.

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Between indigestion and its attendant ills, however, stands *maté*, the South American tea. It is reputed to be a corrective for an excessive diet of meat, and as a preserver of the race it deserves a place of honor even among those shields and bucklers of liberty, Martín, O'Higgins and Simón Bolívar.

XII.

STREET SOUNDS IN SPANISH AMERICA.

NONE but a dead city is without its characteristic voice. Each has its distinctive symphony of sound, changing with the hours from the roar of mid-day to the sleepy echoes of dawn, and varying in locality from the brawl of factory wheels to the babel of busy streets.

North American cities are much alike in these manifestations. Their differences lie chiefly in volume. There is in their mighty concert too great a preponderance of the brasses—the clash of stone and steel—to permit the emergence of a softer music from the strings.

This drowning diapason of sound is less marked in the cities of South America, and in some of them it is still as alien as in the Middle Ages. Grace-notes are audible, therefore, above the heavier measures. A minor air, a phrase, a note—these frequently emerge and predominate, coloring and giving character to the whole timbre of a city's voice.

Remove the traffic din of a North American city, and there would remain for a time almost a dumbness, a hoarse surprise in the hushed and strained

remainder of street sounds. Most of these minor notes, indeed, are gone, stilled by an overbearing competition of noise or made raucous themselves in their effort to be heard. Perhaps this accounts for the harsh, aboriginal cry of the North American newsboy.

It was in Havana that we first missed, agreeably, the scraping monotone of the familiar street-arab bawling his "Stars" and "Worlds." We heard under our windows, instead, a mellow chant, at a singing rather than a shrieking pitch, always in at least two notes, ending upon the higher. It was well worth an untimely awakening.

Not that the composite voice of Havana is dulcet and low; it is, on the contrary, vociferous and loud, the dominant note in its cacophony being the honk of its Ford taxis. Of these there is a startling multitude. They prowl through the streets with the numbers and rapacity of Shanghai's rickshaws. Their speed is terrifying; the sans-culottism of the Paris taxi-driver is as nothing compared with the recklessness and bravado of his Cuban cousin. Thoroughfares are crowded, crossings are congested, pavements are often too narrow for more than one way traffic, and yet the stream of Fords, many of them so gayly caparisoned in variations of paint, wood-carving and upholstery as to confuse their Detroit genealogy, dodges swiftly onward to a chorus of honking, racing motors and adjuratory profanity.

The *callejones*, those narrow city-canyons built in imitation of the Moorish streets of Seville, concentrate, reënforce and pour upward this drone of alarums, and the general burden of it becomes the distinguishing metropolitan voice—a composite, not unmelodious honk.

Havana, in truth, seemed to have no aversion to noise. It did its utmost with the means at hand. Lacking an elevated railroad and the perpetual hammering of rivets in some new steel skyscraper, it disconnected the mufflers of its motor cars and raised its voice. From its medley of sounds, however, an old-world, Oriental melody had not yet been erased. There remained the harmonious undertone of newsboys chanting the euphonious titles of their *periódicos*, sweetmeat sellers jingling their inciting cymbals, vendors of lottery tickets singing their numbers, the hurdy-gurdy man and his organ that wheezed operatic reminders of southern Europe, and the Spanish *trovador* of the boulevards who gathered a crowd about him in the Parque Central with his plaintive and endless Iberian ballad.

Like the Oriental, the Spanish-American seems insensible to noise. He is gregarious in his manner of life, and appears to find no need for the privacy that is so essential to the Anglo-Saxon. Therefore his police regulations are not likely to insist upon mufflers for motor cars, which go roaring about, as,

indeed, they do in Spain and Portugal, with almost a childish glee. Silence zones about hospitals are not prevalent, and it would be difficult to parallel in South America the case of a western university that uprooted a railroad running too close to its classrooms.

The Anglo-Saxon has had his bellman, it is true, but his nerves would no longer tolerate that individual's night-long advice as to conditions of the weather and the status of public safety. Outside such cosmopolitan centers as Buenos Aires, however, there is a vigorous survival in South America of the old Spanish *sereno*, with his keys, rope, pike, pistol and whistle. The hour is no longer shouted into iron-barred *patios*, together with the news of the night watches, but police whistles shrill through the small hours their assurance that the law is alert. This is no great disturbance. It is not at all commensurate in volume of sound with an elevated railroad train clattering past the bedroom window. And yet the visitor to Peru and Bolivia will be conscious of a good deal of such melancholy nocturnal piping before his nervous system becomes accustomed to it.

What purpose this arrangement serves is not easy to understand. As it was in the case of the *sereno* and the old bellman, marauders might well be advised by it where best to undertake their nefarious business. There is just a possibility, of course, that the whistle is necessary to prove that the policeman

is awake, and that an interruption in his serenade is automatic warning to the man on the next beat, and eventually to headquarters, of delinquency or trouble. In any case there is a companionship, throughout the solemn hours, in these sharp blasts, echoed from the nearest corner to the next, and thence in answering cadences until the message, whatever its significance, reaches its goal in a distant silence.

Far more disturbing is the night-booming church bell. It bestirs itself long before dawn, having been at work, sometimes, very late as well, and is busy through all the early morning hours when sleep is sweetest. The small cities of the Andes, which are thick set with the edifices of this most Catholic continent, endure alike in this respect, although it is possible that the populace, inured by generations of experience in slumbering through these alarums, is no longer troubled by them.

Most particularly may Arequipa, of all the Andean cities, lay claim to the church bell as its dominant voice. We were jarred awake by it, violently, in the misty, shuddering gloom of our first morning, its primary tongue being a resounding stroke of some huge gong in the Cathedral tower that stood not fifty feet from our hotel window. Awaking to answer it, there arose a crescendo chorus from other churches near and far, a metallic symphony that persisted well into the forenoon. These were not the clangorous,

clattered bells of a New England village, but solemn, gong-struck instruments whose deeper tones held some reminiscence of Asiatic temples. But among the lot were several cracked and panny voices, shouting their demands with rapid and irritable jangling, and these shattered all illusion of the Orient's indolent summons to devotion.

Lima, once capital of all the continent, has a sedate and quiet air. It is too aristocratic to be strident, and too far submerged in the sleepy afternoon of its gilded career to express itself in any striking overtone of sound. Its automobiles and its three-horse carts go about their business with a minimum of clatter. The street merchant is less vociferous, and the long siesta interposes a silent midday between the more animated hours. Even the Chinese vendor of vegetables, threading the streets with his peculiar dragging gait, which keeps in proper poise the burdens at either end of his carrying-pole, omits his habitual Asiatic ululation. Such ponchoed Indians as are to be seen here are likewise silent and morose, reflecting the melancholy emptiness of life in the villages from which they come. Old women, shrouded in black *mantos*, offer their lottery tickets without vocal exhortation, suggesting, unhappily, the great black birds that sit upon house roofs and field-walls, awaiting a scavenger's luck.

Callao is noisome, rather than noisy, both from proximity to the guano island that rises at its front door, and from the unlovely squalor in which a large part of the population lives. There is an Oriental confusion of sound from the dirty, rough-cobbled street—a medley compounded of everything from the shrieking of dull-hued gamins to the tinny rattle of Standard Oil containers slung over the back of a water peddler's burro. Callao is a port, however, and its dominant voice is that of the sea and the seafaring activities of its waterfront.

La Paz, like even the remotest city of the day, is afflicted with the motor car, which leads a harsh and boisterous life upon the Bolivian capital's sharp hills and cobblestones. But in the early morning, before the tourist and the handful of *gente decente*, foreign and domestic, have brought these anachronistic chariots into requisition, a far more fundamental and characteristic note can be heard. The donkey trips into view, over the rough paving stones, urged by his Indian driver's curious combination of whistle and hiss. Llama trains patter by with the light tread of sheep, and there is over all the scrape of leather sandals and of aboriginal bare feet. Except for the comparatively few pioneering automobiles and an underdeveloped trolley service, La Paz has practically no wheeled traffic. It is therefore in the minor notes that emerge from this hiatus in familiar

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metropolitan sounds that the city's voice finds utterance.

An Indian village is free from the alarms that help so largely in building up the civilized complex. There is no clatter of motor car or wagon in small town streets, or upon the burro trails that creep through the highland districts of Bolivia and Peru. The public square of an Andean village is the negation of sound, even upon an idle afternoon when it is full of taciturn heirs of the Inca. Only upon the occasion of a church festival do these solemn communities assume the character of sound; when *chicha* has sufficiently flowed and there is an unbending of aboriginal tongues into a concert of whooping, a can-can of dancing and a tom-toming of atavistic drums.

It is difficult to catch the distinguishing quality that lies in the voices of the most familiar of the greater South American cities. Yet the characteristic is there, often best expressed in a likeness to some city of the old world. The metropolitan centers of the eastern coast, in fact, are less American than European in some of the most salient respects. They are lacking in the old Spanish and indigenous proportions that adhere to the West and North. Buenos Aires is international, and its streets echo those of Paris. Montevideo is both a newer and an older Madrid. Rio de Janeiro is an artist's dream of Lisbon, although in a larger sense it is as individual and

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national as anything on the continent. And as for Santiago, it is a new and greater Granada—although its astonishing citadel park of Santa Lucía is but a pale similitude of the Alhambra.

XIII.

LLAMA TRAINS AND IRON TRAILS.

SOUTH AMERICA probably signifies more to grade school pupils of the United States today than Amazon jungles, boa-constrictors, coffee beans and the llama. Yet these were no doubt the most indelible images called up by the elementary geographies of a generation ago. And possibly it would not be too much to say that there are still many circus-educated persons by whom South America is known chiefly as the home of the llama, that curious beast half sheep and half camel.

This relationship between camel and llama is one of the many odd links between South America and the East. And these consanguinous animals give to both great sections of the world one of the most dramatic of their wide contrasts. The llama still lingers in the streets of La Paz, and so does the shaggy beast of the Mongolian deserts jostle in a dusty splendor the modern traffic of Peking. Along the railroad lines leading from the old Tartar capital over the plains of North China the camel caravans still plod with their ancient deliberation, and from the windows of passenger trains that climb into the

lofty passes and plateaus of the Andes there can be seen today, just as in times of the Incas, troops of leisurely llamas, marshaled by patient drivers over trails older than Atahuallpa.

Since the impressions of a traveler must be governed to a large extent by externals, visitors to the Andean highlands have much to see and hear of the llama and his four near relatives. Our first glimpse of him recalled, and even faintly reanimated, a childhood thrill of circus days. We interrupted his cropping with our clattering approach, and he gazed at us with the startled and timorous disdain that is his characteristic attitude toward mankind and the modern world. Others of his sort grazed near him, and at the train's closer encroachment he turned, with the instinct of a sheep, to enfold himself into the protection of the flock. His gait as he walked was graceful as that of a deer, but when he began to run he was awkward as an ostrich, twisting his neck very much in the manner of that ungainly bird.

After a little instruction we were able to distinguish the llama from his relative, the alpaca, considerably more like the sheep which they both resemble. Of the llama's other cameloid kin we were fortunate enough to see one, the vicuña, but the guanaco, from which the llama brothers all sprang, is gone the way of the plesiosaurus that not long ago hoaxed the world with a mythical "return" to his Pliocene haunts in Patagonia.

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The vicuña had come to our attention, in the guise of rugs and ponchos, when we were barely within hailing distance of the Andean region. This graceful animal never has been so numerous as the llama, and the species is now almost extinct. We were surprised, therefore, to find one in a mild state of captivity, tethered to a eucalyptus tree in the public square of Yunguyo. It was a dainty creature, delicately formed and colored like a deer. An amiable manner was no index of its real character, however, for it proved kinship at once with the whole tribe of camels in its surly effort to nip the hand that approached with caresses.

The name "llama," in Indian parlance, signifies a domesticated animal, the only important one that appears to have been known under the Incas. There were two others, a curious creature called the *allcu*, now exterminated, and the guinea pig, which, with very accurate onomatopoeia, was named in the Quichua tongue *cui*, after its squeak.

Under the Inca rulers, whom Prescott magnifies to glittering splendor, the llama was court property. The flocks were reputed to be immense. They inhabited chiefly the colder regions, and although they appeared to be as wild and ad libitum as Rocky Mountain goats, they were nevertheless at the beck and call of royal authority, through the agency of an army of Indian shepherds who governed their gen-

eral goings and comings. Large numbers of the beasts, says Prescott, were required for the court's religious festivals and sacrifices. Only the males were killed, the females being rigorously protected, and there were minute regulations for their care and breeding.

All this was ruthlessly changed at the coming of the Spaniards. Those stormy gold-seekers saw no utility in the llama beyond the choice steaks he yielded for their tables. He did not appeal to them as a burden bearer, because of his temperament. They had not the patience of the Indian *arriero* with the llama's personal peculiarities. If it is true, as so many of the chroniclers state, that the *arriero* of those days governed his charges by kneeling and coaxing them with endearing terms, this was probably another reason for the aversion of the conquerors, who were accustomed to no abasements or supplications whatever, before either man or beast, in their subjugated New World.

The llama, in any case, could not be ridden in a cavalry charge, would lie down and refuse to rise under a burden weighing more than one hundred pounds, and since he would not graze at night, must be allowed to loiter along the line of march by day before every casual bunch of harsh *ichu* grass, his greatest delicacy. Under these circumstances he was able to travel not more than ten or fifteen miles

a day, and required long periods of recreation between extended journeys.

Great as was the slaughter of llamas to appease the hunger of the hearty conquerors, extinction was averted, and today the flocks are surprisingly numerous. Like the camel proper, the llama thrives under natural asperities. Neither is in soundest health amid soft atmospheres, rich provenders and comfortable surroundings. The llama picks his living from among the cold and withered steeps and plateaus of the Cordilleras, where few other animals could subsist. His stomach is like the dure and hardy organ of the camel, and he can go for long periods without water. He has a spongy hoof, armed with a pointed talon that gives him security on icy slopes, and there is no necessity for iron shoes. His load balances in a bed of wool, requiring little attention to such irritating details as girths and pack ropes.

These advantages, nevertheless, did not weigh heavily with the Spaniard, and he clung to his horse—a beast that had never been seen by the astonished natives of Peru before the coming of the invader—until the steepness and narrowness of the mountain trails convinced him of the wisdom of sending home for the ancient and more facile donkey. This little animal, which has served man since pre-Biblical times—slow, tough, wilful, yet admirably domesti-

cated—was destined from that day onward to carry a large share of the llama's traditional burden. He is able to assume a heavier load, and his size and temperament make him more tractable, not only in the coast regions, where the llama, like the Indian, is wont to languish, but in the llama's own haunt of mountain, desert and trail.

Cobblestones of the Andean cities seemed to us to be echoing at all times the small staccato of the burro's hoofs. A cavalcade would pass, each diminutive *asno* bearing a tremendous sack of grain or flour, unsecured but clinging to the creature's back with a nice balance because of its plastic weight. A barefoot driver, swarthy with indigenous blood, would walk behind to upset the troupe's constant tendency toward wayward loitering. A small hayrick might be seen approaching through some narrow alley, propelled by four slender legs; and atop the heap a peasant woman in black *manto* or poncho, and the masculine felt hat affected by *cholas* throughout the Andes. There would be the street sprinklers, driving beasts from whose sides bulged tins of water; or the milkman, astride the haunches of a donkey already sufficiently encumbered with cans of the morning's *leche*. Firewood, products of garden and slaughter house, and even the peripatetic soda fountain passed us on all fours in our adventure through Andean streets.



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THE DONKEY, INTRODUCED BY THE CONQUISTADORES, STILL PLODS OVER DIFFICULT ANDEAN TRAILS.

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The llama is habitually *dilatorio*—he cannot be hurried. Neither will this mountain camel proceed alone. He requires the protecting auspice of his Indian familiar. If he labors for half a month, he must have the remainder for feeding and recreation. Still another idiosyncrasy that should be added to the rest, and one that casts aspersion upon his intellectuality, is his delusion that a mere touch of rope is a sure fetter, or that a wall of mud, over which he might easily step, is an inescapable prison. A caravan of llamas will stand all day, nose to nose in a circle, without discovering how simple it would be to evade a single strand of hemp encompassing their collective necks.

In spite of such stupidity, however, this aristocrat among beasts must have made a striking impression when he was introduced by the early conquerors to the court of Charles V at Toledo. And it must be said, to his credit, that he most signally distinguished his aboriginal masters from all other races of the New World. The Peruvians alone employed domestic animals, and the llama represented the means by which a rudimentary commerce, under the Incas, began to flow over the great mountain highways that bound together the empire.

Some of the railroads of the high Andes are among the engineering marvels of the modern world. In this respect they very aptly preserve the traditions of

the old Inca highways, the wonders of which Prescott and the hoary Spanish chroniclers have sung. Hernando Pizarro, brother of the great Francisco, is recorded as saying that the trail from Quito to Cuzco, down the backbone of the Cordilleras, was "equaled by nothing in Christendom." Prescott, taking up the tale, relates that "it was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry: in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appal the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome. The length of the road, of which scattered fragments only remain, is variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and stone pillars, in the manner of European mile-stones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league, all along the route. Its breadth scarcely exceeded twenty feet. It was built of heavy flags of freestone, and, in some parts at least, covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. In some places, where the ravines had been filled up with masonry, the mountain-torrents, wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, and left the superincumbent mass—such is

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the cohesion of the materials,—still spanning the valley like an arch.”

There is little evidence now of these splendors, and the trails over which the llama and the burro clamber are, as a rule, sorry successors to those built and maintained by the Incas. Today's highway marvels are the railroads, in the construction of which there has been written more than one engineering epic. The steepness and height of the Andes mountains is accentuated by the fact that they rise close to the Pacific seaboard. A railroad must begin its climb, therefore, at sea level, and in the case of the Oroya Railroad, built by Meiggs, the Philadelphian, there is a skyward thrust of fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet in the course of one hundred and seven miles. The forging of this and other steel trails of the Andes has been among the world's most herculean tasks.

In both primary purpose and topographical direction the old roads of the Incas were at variance with the modern rail systems of the Andes. The Inca empire, stretching from north to south over a distance of nearly two thousand miles and embracing a thin strip of mountain plateau and coastal plain, required the binding tape of military highways no less than empirical Rome. There was no trade beyond the hostile borders, and commerce was purely domestic and of secondary importance. Today the

function of the transportation system is to bring within reach of the seacoast the lofty interior's commercial treasure. The railroads do not yet parallel the old Inca highways spanning the sierras from north to south. Cuzco, the Inca capital, has its connection with the sea through the port of Mollendo, but there is an almost trackless expanse of untraveled country between Cuzco and Quito where once the royal armies and messengers of the Inca passed with ease.

The little steamers of Lake Titicaca connect at Puno with the Cuzco-Mollendo railroad, and with the diminutive line that runs eastward from the port of Guaqui they form an overland route to La Paz. Southward across the dreary deserts of Bolivia and northern Chile, another line connects La Paz with Antofagasta. From Uyuni, a Bolivian point on this road, a projected railway eventually will unite with the extensive transportation system of Argentina, forming a second trans-Andean route to Buenos Aires.

Chile's long coastline, until recent years, depended upon the sea for communication. More or less sporadic local lines, however, have been gradually pushing north and south from Valparaiso, with the result that there is an actual, if not practical, through overland rail route from Antofagasta to the southernmost provinces.

LLAMA TRAINS AND IRON TRAILS

There is some asperity in Andean railroad travel, but not more than might be anticipated. The builders, who were chiefly European and North American, did their work well. Equipment is from the same sources, therefore the machinery of travel is in general familiar. Modifications to suit the Latin-American temperament of both passenger and operator are to be expected, of course, and it is with these that the traveler who comes from abroad will find himself most intimately concerned.

Our first experience with South American railroads began in Mollendo, where the iron trail that leads into the Inca plateaus commenced its long ascent. Fortunately there was most of a morning to spare before train time, otherwise we might have been compelled to wait in sleepy Mollendo another twenty-four hours. This was because of a relic of the Inquisition that appears to linger in the ticket office. We were obliged to undergo a questionnaire that revealed not only our middle names, but the details of sex, age, ancestry and personal appearance. Not until the two coöperating factors behind the wicket, one checking and corroborating the curiosity of the other, had satisfied themselves with these formalities and with the affixing of our signatures to certain dotted lines, were we permitted to pay the moderate fare demanded of us and to take our places in the already crowded train.

As in Europe the accommodations are in two

classes, but we found a far sharper disparity between first and second. There is a social significance in them, too, which does not pertain as a rule in Europe, for the *gente decente* must by no means travel second class. To that barn-like, wooden-benched portion of the train are consigned only the aborigines and the lower strata of *mestizos*. Soldiers ride there, but their officers sit aloof in the comparatively comfortable first-class coaches, together with all white-collared gentry and the occasional traveler from abroad.

From the open windows of the second-class cars came powerful odors of *pisco*, of promiscuous viands acquired from the swarms of station vendors, and of primitive bodies to which the caress of water was unwonted.

The first-class cars, diminutive to conform to the narrow gauge, were of the open, wicker-seated day-coach type common to local lines in the United States. There were more than enough passengers, and mountains of luggage, for from motives of economy and of caution, as on the railways of Russia, one entrusts as little as possible to the baggage car.

On the longer section of the line from Arequipa to Puno we found a comfortable parlor car equipped with a small kitchen from which appetizing food was forthcoming at the required intervals. The Pullman has found no vogue in South America, and the compartment coach familiar to the railways of Europe is in unvarying use. The ennui of these nar-

LLAMA TRAINS AND IRON TRAILS

row cells by day, however, and the general lack of parlor cars, has led to a peculiar crowding of the diners. The wise traveler, therefore, is considered to be he whose forehandedness has put him down for the entire day at a dining car table where he may eat, drink, play cards or otherwise be merry. This is as inconvenient for others less fortunate as it is desirable for himself, but it is one of the sacred and established customs of the road.

The table d'hôte on these West Coast railways we found uniformly good, and the service surprisingly dexterous. There is but one important word of caution to offer intending travelers, and that concerns the items of knife and fork, which must be held over, on the score of economy in time and labor in the kitchen, from one of the numerous courses to another.

XIV.

MOORISH AMERICA.

THE Moor brought into Spain his harem and his house, and left them as imperishable souvenirs of his seven-century régime. They are today no less distinctive of Spanish life—the one persisting as an attitude toward women and the other as an architectural standard—than bullfights and the fragrance of garlic. They have been so woven into the national fabric as to seem Spanish themselves. Without them half the characteristic and distinguishing charm of old Spain would be gone; stripped of its Moorish inheritance, the Iberian peninsula would be but a dull fetish to imagination and romance.

And what the Arab carried with him across the straits from Africa—his Oriental concept of the sphere of woman and his blank-walled houses to shut her away jealously from a spying world—the adventuring Spaniard scattered into another hemisphere. In some of its most striking attitudes, therefore, Spanish America is Moorish America. Its Oriental quality is visible instantly to one who is familiar with outward aspects of the East, and its Afro-Asiatic philosophies of life come more definitely into vision with nearer acquaintance.

MOORISH AMERICA

A man's dwelling house, like the garments with which he protects his body, betrays his tendency of mind. The habitations of those who inherit Moorish tradition mirror an Oriental distrust, both of things exterior and within. The forbidding walls, adjoining others along the narrow canyon of a Spanish-American street; the massive, brass-studded, steel-bolted doors; the iron-grilled windows—these are at least symbolical, if no longer wholly actual, barriers against him who would enter and her who would emerge.

The Moor in Arabia made his streets narrow to outwit the blistering sun. The parching summers of southern Spain seemed to him to require the same expedient. In such a city as Seville, therefore, one may walk through principal thoroughfares no wider than those of Morocco, capable of being cut off from the sun at midday by means of short tongues of awning stretched out from one house wall to another. Even in Toledo, most northerly of the Moor's outposts, where summer brings fainter reminiscence of the desert's breath, there are the same attenuated, occluded streets.

It is less remarkable that Spain should have retained this visible impress of its Mohammedan conquerors than that the exotic mold should have been passed on to the new world. The fact is proof of the thoroughness with which Moorish ideas had found

permanence in Spanish thought. Arabian architecture had become a habit of mind.

Evidence of this lies in the persistence with which the Spanish colonists in South America have clung to the Moorish *patio*, so unsuited even to the tropic latitudes of the high Andes. There was logic in it so far as Mexico and the islands of the West Indies were concerned, although American experience in Panama with wide-verandahed frame buildings, screened and opened frankly to the four winds, is setting a new example of comfort there. The Spaniard of the Conquest, however, was from southern Spain, and it is too much to expect of him that Havana, even in modern times, should be otherwise than an architectural suggestion of Seville.

There was room in the wide New World for ample streets. The North Atlantic colonists, although there were cases of rare foresight among them, realized this none too well; and as for Spain's city builders in the Americas, they seemed to understand it not at all, although they were generous in providing for that inveterate Spanish institution, the *plaza*. Except for an occasional *alameda* or boulevard, belonging usually to modern times, the West Coast cities are exceedingly narrow of thoroughfare. They were laid with no prescience of a traffic the space requirements

of which would be greater than the "beam" of a panniered donkey.

Trolley cars and automobiles have grievously put to task this unforeseen parsimony of the colonial city builders, and the conventions of modern paving have sometimes brought humorous results. So narrow are many of the streets that, when freeway for a single vehicle of four wheels has been provided, there is often little or nothing left for sidewalks. It is not uncommon, therefore, for the walk to diminish at points until it is little more than a curbstone, or in places to disappear altogether. In many of the most populous business avenues it is impossible to proceed upon these footpaths otherwise than in Indian file.

Inca cities, if the historians are to be credited, were not much different in this and other respects. Their thoroughfares were narrow and their walls blind. The colonial builders therefore had an indigenous as well as a home-land precedent. In only one major regard did the Spaniards consciously depart from their municipal tradition, and this was in the platting of straight streets, crossing at right angles; thus Pizarro, in his laying out of Lima, and Valdivia, obeying the command of Charles V, in the planning of Santiago.

In recent years South America has modeled variously in its house building. The great show streets

of Buenos Aires are more suggestive of Paris than of Seville. They have a mingled touch of all Latin countries, and by no means an uncertain element of the Anglo-Saxon. The dwelling house, nevertheless, is generally of the Spanish-Moorish type that turns itself outside in, smiling upon an interior court rather than upon the exterior world. Plastered adobe is as much of a standard as stucco and shingles in the United States, and the *patio* is as prevalent as the North American porch.

Not until we had seen the Alhambra did we understand how strong was the classic tradition that supports this ideal of house building. There is rude strength, not beauty, in the walls and towers that rise upon the citadel-hill above Granada. They were built not alone to repel the invader, but to conceal from him the splendors within. Moorish jealousy kept the women of Boabdil's harems aloof from sight or sound of the outside world, like doves caged in arabesque balconies open only to sky and the shy secrets of imprisoned fountains and foliage. Moorish mistrust kept his treasures of tracery and mosaic invisible and unsuspected from without.

Supported by such a prototype and by the common usage of Mohammedan Spain, South American architecture has no difficulty in explaining itself. There has been less of a tendency toward modification to suit environment, as in the Spanish-Mission houses of southern California. Nuances have not

been lacking, however, and such variations seem more pronounced than most of those old Spain has permitted herself to develop. These are in general an ornamentation of the Moor's bare outer walls, or a compression of the *patio* into some such modern formality as a glass-roofed sun parlor. In the capitals—particularly in Buenos Aires—the Spanish-Moorish architecture of colonial days is looked upon, quite naturally, as a bit old-fashioned, and there is an increasing vogue for French and Italian design. The ancient motive strongly persists, however. It clings, if not in lines, at least as an atmosphere, to the borrowed architecture of Latin Europe.

When we had seen Seville we knew the paternity of Lima's balconies. The men of Pizarro's expedition were chiefly from Andalusia, and Seville continued to be, in more senses than one, the home port to which Peru's "City of the Kings" paid tribute. The balconies of Lima, however, seemed to us more prevalent than those of the paternal city, and certainly they were more ornate.

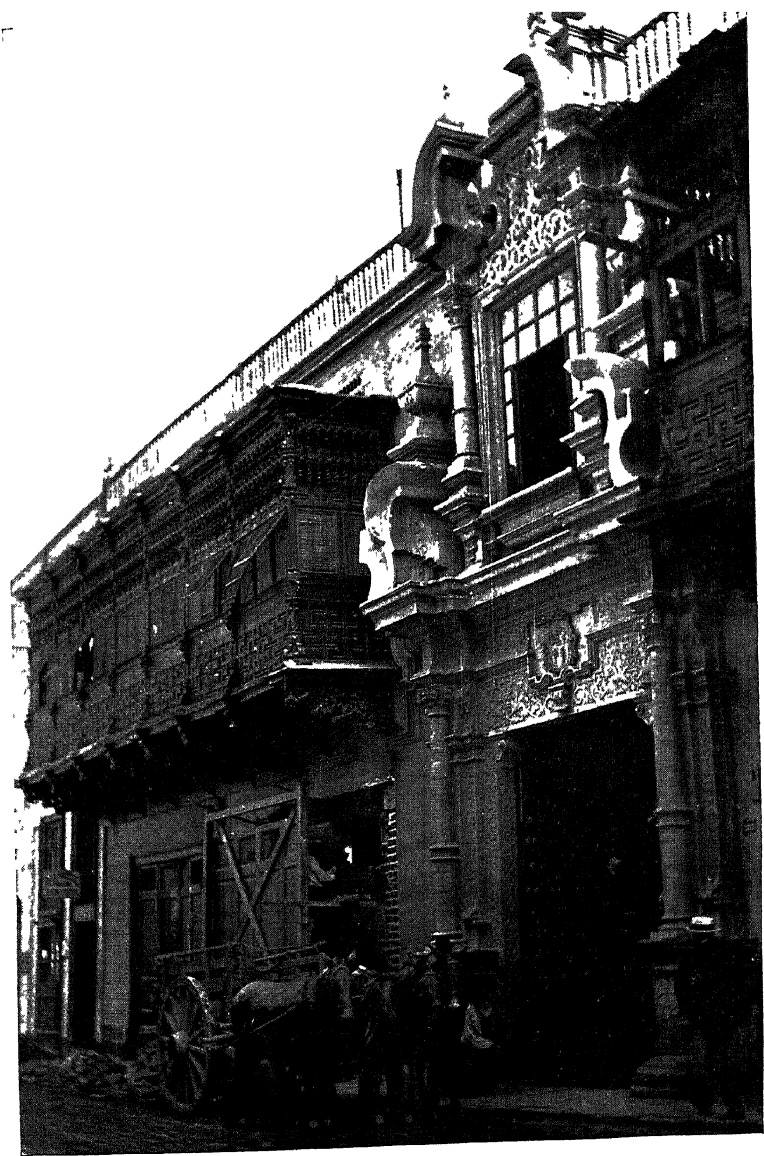
Travelers are not likely to miss a supreme example of this art, one of the show places of Lima—the old colonial residence of the Torretagles, of late the Ministry of War. Its balconies, hanging massively from the second story, are a monumental exhibit of the craft of wood carving, today unfortunately in eclipse.

The balcony, like the iron-barrèd window of the ground floor, is a compromise with the Moor's exclusiveness. It is a sheltered loophole from which the impounded women of his domicile may take vicarious part in the world of adventures passing by. Seeing, but at will unseen, the inmates of the harem may look forth upon pathways of life that are for them forbidden.

More romantic, of course, is the *mirador*. This is the first-floor window, flanking the entrance and opening upon a parlor where women of the house set themselves up, as in a play-box, to view the affairs of the world. Here there is the scene, prescribed by tradition, for courtship and betrothal. Outside the window bars sings Don Fulano, posing and proposing to the glamorous figure behind wickets of steel. Inside he may sit with her, amply chaperoned, only after he has committed himself and he has become her affianced.

The *mirador* is no other than the African moucharaby, latticed and projecting slightly into the street. Through it, when days and nights are warm, one may catch intimate glimpses of Spanish-American life, though this is peculiarly paradox to the general exclusiveness of the Iberian home.

In some of the older streets of West Coast cities, of Lima especially, many a fine old Spanish house has descended to commercial usages. The *mirador* has become shop entrance, or a shop window, and it is



AN OLD BALCONY IN LIMA, REFLECTING THE SPLENDOR OF COLONIAL DAYS

admirably adapted for either. Charming *patios* of other days have been converted into warehouses or echoing repositories of some industrial pursuit.

The balcony is to be found, of course, in nearly all Spanish-American cities, although it is most pronounced in Lima. In La Paz and Santiago it is more like that of Spain, a small grilled-iron basket seldom large enough for more than a row of potted plants, and perhaps a woman's face peering through.

A development of this architectural theme is the arcade, which characterizes so many of the business thoroughfares of the Spanish world. Projecting to the edge of the street, the balcony, in such a case, is supported by arched masonry that partially encloses and shades the walk. Not infrequently the affairs of those who occupy the buildings overflow cumbrously into this protected space. The older *plazas* hold tenaciously to this tradition, of which Arequipa affords one of the most thorough examples.

Essential to the Moor's felicity is water. His paradise plashes with a myriad of fountains. To some degree his wealth is to be measured by the amount of water he possesses—his reservoirs and canals, and the size of the oases and gardens they water. The *patio*, therefore, is another unquestionable Moorish inheritance. And something essentially Oriental gives character to the dense and usually tropical foliage of this walled oasis visible

through iron gratings along any residence street of the Spanish world.

Usually there is a somewhat harshly tiled flooring, and the shrubs seem a bit formal and crowded, but undeniable freshness and beauty inhabit even the poorest of these conventional gardens. A fountain is something of a luxury along the dry West Coast, but there is never a visible lack of water enough for garden irrigation. The foliage is varied, ranging from creepers and common flowering plants to shrubs and small trees.

Some household pet usually inhabits the *pátio*, and rarely is this leafy retreat without the song of a bird, either captive or at large.

In accordance with Moorish convention, the principal rooms of a house open upon the *pátio* directly opposite to the entrance, with smaller rooms along the sides. Here, again, the balcony and the arcade come into play. The agreeable coolness and colors of the garden invade these rooms, which not infrequently have no exterior opening. They are high-ceilinged and restfully shaded.

This is an arrangement, however, that is eminently more suited to conditions of life and climate under which the Arab originator developed it than to much of Spanish America. Winter seasons of the Andes, and even some nights of summer, bring cold blasts and draughts into the *pátio*, some part of which must

be crossed in going from one room of the house to another. Rarely, too, is there any amelioration of these conditions in the use of artificial heat. Stoves and plumbing are alien not only to the Moor's tradition but to the race that yielded so largely to his tutoring of seven centuries. Indeed, there is no place for these modern foibles in his scheme of things. Plumbing would be as subversive as turning the house inside out and making the *patio* into a porch, and even the cook-stove is as likely to be found outside the dwelling, at some indeterminate point in the rear, as within. In the close-shut rooms of winter an occasional kerosene stove does what it can to ward off discomfort and pneumonia.

The Indian of Inca times built many of his walls of unmortared stones, so nicely fitted that even today—as no one who writes of South America can resist the trite temptation to remark—it is impossible to insert between some of them “the blade of a sharp knife.” The building material of the present, however, is an adobe of mud and straw. Wood is little used, since it must be imported, usually at a greater cost than that of materials nearer at hand. This is a rule that has its exceptions, however, in some of the cities of the west and north. Whole blocks of Antofagasta's business section are redolent of Oregon pine.

The plastered outer surface of the conventional

house of Moorish type is in at least some variant of white, although there is a pronounced tendency, as in the Spanish peninsula, toward more decorative tints. Nothing can quite equal the riotous pinks, greens, blues and yellows of Portuguese Rio de Janeiro, but most South American cities can exhibit something of a pale likeness of such chromatic glory. The walls of Havana—light yellow, orange, pink and pallid-blue—gave us the index to this system of house colorings, and we found it carried out to a greater or lesser extent southward wherever we ventured.

There is further devotion to these tints within the house, in the tiles of the *patio*, the occasional mosaics, bits of stuccoed lattice, and upon the plaster of the high-walled rooms. Not infrequently the brilliance of paint and gilding goes far toward mirroring the classic precept of the Alhambra.

The house of the Moor, generally, was of one story. The Moorish-American type does not often go above one, and rarely, along the West Coast, is it more than two. Whatever the height there is a general preservation of the Morisco flat roof, the Spanish *azotea*, often the family sitting-room in the cool of evening.

Some of the more cosmopolitan of the South American cities are drifting away from this style, but even in Buenos Aires it survives to a notable degree. One's hotel window is likely to overlook apartment houses, the flat roofs of which are gardened and ter-

raced and given over not solely to the activities of washerwomen hanging out clothes but to the family's amusements. The frequency with which disastrous earthquakes occur along the narrow western fringe of the Andes has kept the houses there modestly low—this would be reason enough without the further one of tradition. In Lima they are generally flat as well, so that the city has both these similitudes of Arabia. The same is true of Arequipa. There is many a house of Moorish design in Santiago, but La Paz has undertaken a sharp departure toward the more graceful curves and angles of red-tiled roofs.

The Saracenic significance of the flat-topped house does not persist, of course, in Moorish America. In Fez the housetops are taboo to men—sacred, indeed, to women, who may bare their heads there and lay aside the *chumur*, which is the *manto* of Spain. But the flat roofs of South America are by no means hallowed to the use of woman, though they are part of her restricted sphere.

Even though the Moorish-American house abuts directly upon narrow streets, wasting no space in lawns and driveways, its site, owing to its *patio* and its one or two stories of height, is necessarily large. This has its definite effect upon the character of South American cities, particularly on the West Coast. They are spread over large areas, and often seem to the North American eye far more populous than they are in fact. Should the Morisco type of

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architecture persist, the great cities of tomorrow will be extensive, indeed. But ponderous as is the inertia of Moslem tradition, it is yielding to the influence of the Latin-American's varied foreign preceptors, and the South American city of the future is quite as likely to be some such architectural melange as the Buenos Aires of today.

XV.

PLAZAS AND PASEOS.

SOME of our evenings in the Spanish world would have been dull if it had not been for the public promenade. Doubtless the Spanish world itself would have been ennuied without it, for the *paseo* is a confession of dulness, of a lack of social variety. Nevertheless we were surprised to find this old Iberian institution not only surviving in the cities of South America, but flourishing. There were those, to be sure, who advised us that it was going out of vogue, that in places like Buenos Aires it was upon the point of vanishing. Still, even in that international city we found the essentials of it, veneered to suit the tendencies, vehicular and otherwise, of modern times. No ogling promenade festooned the walks of a central *plaza*, but an evening automobile procession flashed out along the Avenida Alvear toward Palermo, and through the narrow street-canyon of the Florida there was a preening grand march, *á pie*, elongating into one dimension the old quadrangular *paseo*.

It was less surprising to find this distinguishing touch of old Spain in Cuba, which in some quarters

is supposed to have transferred its tutelary gods into the keeping of the "Colossus" just to the north. But although Cuba eschews the bullfight, frowns officially upon the cockfight, and plays baseball, the *paseo* holds its ancient place.

Havana, as might be expected, is akin to Buenos Aires and Madrid in its predilection for motorized pleasures. Its frequent carnival days bring out brilliant serpentines of automobile floats, bedizzened with bunting, confetti and velvety eyes, and the drives of the Prado and the Malecon are a daily provocation to long lines of motor cars carrying the élite in their late afternoon *retreta*. In the interior, however, there is still the band concert and the ambling *plaza* parade.

The resistance of Spanish tradition is nowhere greater than in some of the West Coast cities of what was Peru in the period of conquest. The old colonial towns have varied from type in many respects, but they adhere to certain fundamentals. They contain a Spanish aristocracy that has been out of touch with the maternal country since the founding of the southern republics. Manners and customs, therefore, are more than a century in arrears of even such leisurely changes as have taken place in Spain. The struggle for independence brought about an estrangement between parental and colonial stock, which, unlike the breach in Anglo-Saxon ties, has not yet wholly mended. South America does not look to

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Madrid as its spiritual home, but to Paris. Its Iberian culture came from the Spain of more than a century ago, and has been held in a state of suspension, solidified into a foundation for superstructures of French and varied international design. It does not refer to itself as Spanish-American but as Latin-American, which is intended to convey a sense of participation in the culture of France and Italy, as well as of Spain.

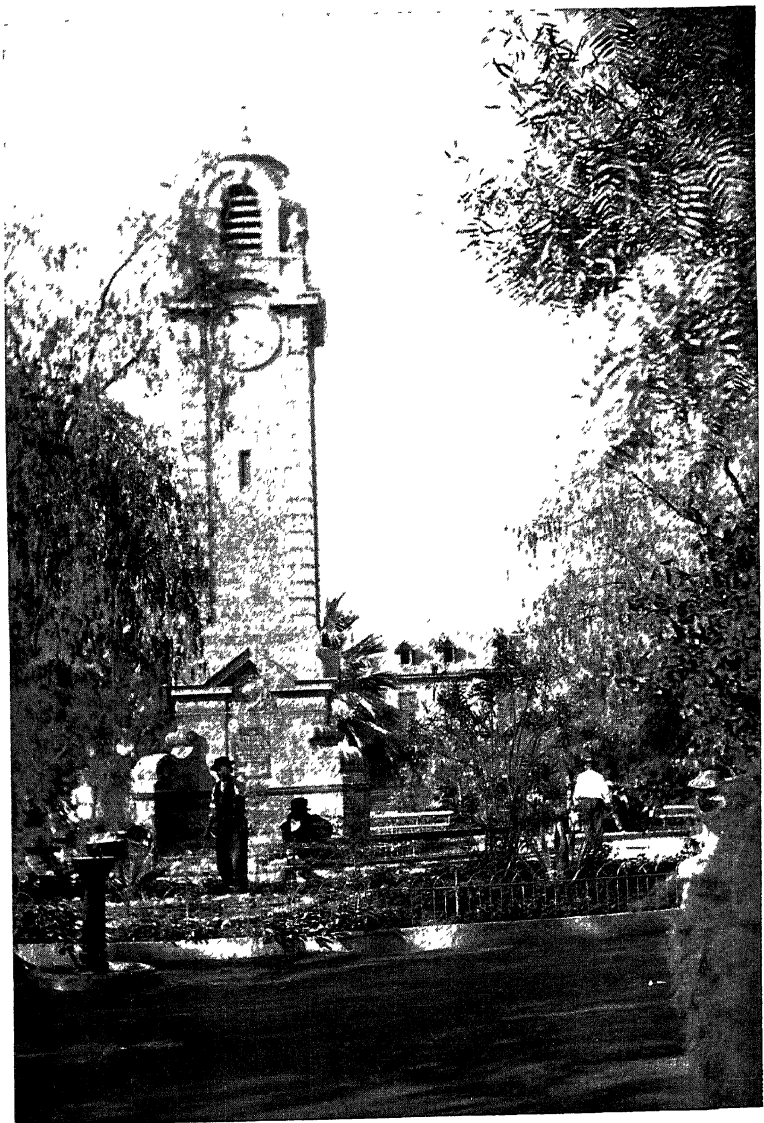
In a medium such as this we might have expected a *paseo* with some of its original flavor. La Paz gave us, indeed, what seemed to be a most authentic suggestion of the *plaza* promenade in its chivalric days. Still comparatively insulated from the swifter flow of trade and ideas up and down the West Coast since the cutting of the Isthmus, the city retains a definite air of undisturbed antiquity. The white population is small, and it is to a neighborly community, limited in numbers, that the *paseo* seems particularly germane. There is just enough of a foreign element, consisting of diplomats and the missionaries of business, to provide cosmopolitan sauce.

At five o'clock there was a quickening of the foot traffic that loitered throughout the day past the monument and statue of General Pedro Murillo, martyr to Bolivian liberties. Here, in the main square of La Paz, shuffled the poncho-clad Aymará, with bare feet, and a quid of *coca* bulging his cheek. The

chola, trim and good to look upon in the higher degrees of her half-caste scale, leavened with her brilliant pinks and greens the untidy color schemes of the Bolivian squaw.

For a time this strong primitive note of the Andean highlands prevailed. There was a sharp contrast in its setting, for the *plaza* was filled with palmettos and a varied botany exotic to the two-mile altitude. Then, as the uniform of a military band began to collect in the players' pavilion, there was a thinning of aboriginal hues and a gradual substitution of the somber European tailoring that sets apart *mestizos* from their relatives of the left hand. These persisted until the band had experimented with its opening numbers, and the quick twilight of mountain regions had begun to deepen into dusk. When the élite appeared, the complexion of faces altered to its lightest tint, and there was the gleam of rice powder under Paris hats. The *mestizo* of darker hue vanished, and Poor Lo wandered away down the narrow streets to a place where *chicha* could be drunk, or out upon the stony trails leading to his adobe hovel.

The band had a decided tendency toward classical waltzes. Stimulated by these cadences, *Paceño* society gradually formed into a definite current of movement along the tiled walks. The *plaza* sloped sharply in conformance with the precipitous site of the city, and since the *paseo* makes no pretense of



ANTOFAGASTA'S *Plaza*, SCENE OF THE *Paseo*, THAT MODERN SURVIVAL OF HIDALGO DAYS.

being calisthenic, the endless procession clung to the least fatiguing grade of the upper side.

Two circumstances demarked such a parade as this from those of older times. The *mantilla* had vanished before the confections of Parisian modistes, and modernity had altered the classic arrangement of women in one stream, men in another, passing in opposite directions, the better to promote a conversation of eyes.

And here, in a word, is the key to the whole charm and purpose of the *paseo*. It is an exercise of the eye. One who knows the "eyes of Spain" will understand this well. Those limpid, velvet-black orbs, sparkling from some dynamic fountain of light within, are likely to be most permanent among his reminiscences of Andalusia. And so it is with Lima, La Paz and Santiago, which are among the innumerable cities of the world where "the most beautiful women" are to be found.

Eyes of Chile and Peru are no less dulcet than those of Spain. They are a direct heritage from the *hidalgos* who came as conquerors and colonists. And even when there is an almond contour, a deeper jet, derived from compromise with native blood, the glitter is undimmed, the flashing challenge and invitation no less compelling.

There is good reason in the *paseo* for coinage of that Spanish verb *oiear*, which means "to eye." This

is the first business of the promenaders. Before guarded and *dueña*-ed youth is spread a whole market of the charms of sex. Don Juan may inspect at his leisure the community's treasury of women. It is a charm-show, an exhibition. Señora Guzman, forever vigilant in protecting her daughters from the rapacious male, here displays them in a manner calculated to arouse even a greater covetousness than that by which the South American is supposed by his tropical nature to be endowed. Competition, she would explain, is keen, and it requires every subtlety of silk stockings, all refinements of cosmetic, and every possible figurative suggestion to win matrimonial prizes in a social system that holds the mate-seeking emphasis so predominantly upon these points.

Insulated as she is from masculine contact, the señorita wears no shield against man's predatory eye. She is not to be insulted, but rather is she complimented, by a stare. Don Juan is no laggard in such an amenity as this. He is at his best in raking fore and aft a pretty ankle, or a pretty face under a pretty hat. He works at the art assiduously in the streets and upon the promenades. He begins upon the object of his attention at a distance, concentrates upon her charms in passing, and adds the final flattery of turning his head, as if on a well-worn pivot,

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to observe her beauties in retreat. He is an expert, indeed, in the caress of the eye.

It was long before one of us accustomed herself to this openness of regard. She had been told often enough that the Latin-American's stare was unction to the women of his own kind, yet she was never quite prepared for such a dissecting scrutiny. It did not appear to be a characteristic exclusively masculine, for women practised it as well. Particularly embarrassing, at first, were the close-range inspections to which we were subject in an elevator or a train. In the end, however, it was with a curious sense of delighted truancy from convention that we were able, occasionally, to nerve ourselves for a retaliatory and compensatory counter-view. Such moments held something of a thrill. The sensation was like that of a dream during which one braves public scrutiny in a condition perhaps best described by means of newspaper argot as "scantly clad."

Vain and beyond good taste as the *paseo* may seem to those whose social system has found no need for such an institution, it is nevertheless a custom graceful and enchanting. It serves to offset the rigid exclusiveness of a life that still retains its modeling of Moorish Spain. There is nothing comparable to it outside the Spanish world, although the Board Walk, the Champs Elysées and Hyde Park display varieties that are at least relative. It is a social

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clearing house—a community parlor. During its leisurely hour or two at the mellow end of a day there is room not only for that supreme gallantry of eyes without which the Spanish tradition would be lacking in half its romance, but for the greetings and reminiscences of the old, the meeting and communion of kindred sorts.

La Señora, as well as her daughter, spends a good deal of her time in putting on raiment for the *paseo*. However negligée she may be during the morning, however her charms may have suffered from the early maturity of Latin women, she becomes carefully molded and enameled by the time the military band has blown its first languid notes from the *plaza* grandstand. Not only is she habited in her most recent French fancies, but her daughters as well, no matter how small. Children are gowned and hatted upon such adult models that their outfits would require only a magnifying glass to seem suitable for La Señora herself. This maturity of costume, which adheres to boys as well as girls, seems to sober their play. Instead of romping and running among the parkways and benches they walk like little ladies and gentlemen, ogling and being ogled with all the sophistication of their elders.

At eight there was a gradual thinning of the procession. The élite withdrew. Imperceptibly there was an emergence, and finally a dominance once more

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of the aboriginal hue. At last, when the band was gone, Poor Lo, huddled on the benches under his dusty poncho, had the *plaza* to himself.

It was difficult to say what was the amusement to which the *gente decente* drifted when it finished with the *paseo*. The West Coast has no "white ways," and no café life. It is not the Ibero-Mohammedan custom to dine in public with one's women. The theater does not overly thrive, even in such metropolitan places as Santiago and Valparaiso. In La Paz there were only the movies and a group of very bad opera singers, engaged in the desperate old expedient of a benefit performance. In Antofagasta the only alternative to moving pictures was a hungry company of Spanish comedians. This was true, as well, of Arequipa, where we were regaled, beneath the drooping and dispirited ceiling of the Teatro Felix, with a comedy of Parisian infidelity, well propertied with exhibits of pink unmentionables. The meager audience was sunk in gloom, however; it saw no occasion for laughter, as we did, in a fat, henna-ed, bob-haired actress playing the part of an ingenue, and in the hoarse whispering of the prompter, whose bald head was visible and emphatic above the edge of his canopied lurking place at the front of the stage.

Streets were somber and empty when theater crowds had vanished. There were no gay adjournments to late suppers, and no glittering café signs inviting to cabaret and dance. In Antofagasta, it is

true, an ice cream parlor was conducted upon an advanced North American model, with jazz orchestra and a polished floor, but its appeal seemed to be little wider than the thin trickle of foreigners flowing in and out from the nitrate fields, with a few waifs and strays from the Chilean middle class.

Much is heard from the old-time traveler of "playing the carnival," that Spanish Mardi Gras of riotous merry-making. It is still to be seen, but more than the *paseo* it is "going out." This was a time for overleaping the rigidities of conventional bars. It was an occasion of license for the interplay of instinctive frivolities between sexes and social classes otherwise sternly segregated. The carnival was a riot of *bombas de perfume* bursting over the clothing of the revelers, of ticklers and noise-makers and daring flirtations. It was like New Year's Eve, in a certain country farther north, before prohibition. The Latin, however, needs neither strong drink nor an Armistice night to carry him into the realm of foolscap and bells. His spontaneity, in spite of his *dignidad*—a bearing of severity that is not easy to unbend—does not require artificial stimulus.

No less distinctive of Spanish life than the *paseo* is the stage upon which it is laid. The *plaza*, not as in the rest of the world a street crossing or an edifice, is the heart of a Spanish community. Around it cluster the houses of government, of the church,

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and of pretentious enterprise. From it lead the principal avenues, and into it pour the city's life and activities.

In old Spain the tradition is less fixed than in dominions over the seas. Madrid, for example, has departed from type, and displays itself along the vast boulevards of its Prado, its Recoletos and its Alameda. Like Buenos Aires, it has found a Napoleonic model, and its life no longer pulsates from a central square. The orthodoxy of the *plaza* had been fixed, however, into the city-building consciousness of the race, by the time Pizarro founded Lima. Into the New World it was transplanted as an institution definite and dogmatic. The result is that today, scarcely a hamlet in what was once the Spanish empire of the Americas violates this fundamental notion.

From Penn to Pizarro, the tendency of colonial city builders was toward simplicity of type. Rather than imitate the idiosyncrasies of twisting thoroughfares and tangled corners common to cities of the Old World, they evoked the ideal of straight streets and right angles, progressing from a mathematical central square into a checkerboard of indefinite extent. This severity of plotting became a policy with Charles V, and under royal command Santiago, like Lima, grew into a capital of gridironed regularity.

Not one, but many *plazas* have been the requirement of the larger cities. Pizarro endowed Lima

with several in the beginning, and others have been added, although the modern tendency, as in the case of Buenos Aires, is to combine *plaza* and parkway in a manner echoing the ideal of the Parisian boulevard.

Public spirit, so far as it is manifested in public works, has not reached a high plane in South America. Many things of the utmost vitality to general welfare go undone. Budgets for education and material advancement are apt to be uncomfortably small. But if there is one respect in which community enterprise does not lag, it is in the matter of civic adornment.

The *plaza* lends itself, of course, to ornamentation. Its very existence postulates the ideal of communal decoration, and with such a premise pride in the arrangement and construction of both public and private buildings is the sheerest logic. The town that grows up around a railroad or a grocery store, as so many have done in the United States of North America, is not born to beauty.

One side of his central *plaza* in Lima Pizarro devoted to the inevitable Cathedral, another to the palace of the colonial governors, an arrangement followed with practical unanimity throughout the Spanish portion of the continent. The rest of the square was given over to commercial enterprise. Either by requirement, or through an innate sense of the fitness of things, the store buildings follow a

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more or less uniform design. In this respect they resemble the Napoleonic structures along the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Jardin des Tuileries. There is a tendency to disrupt this ancient architectural harmony in some of the South American cities, but in Lima the tradition was given new vigor a few years ago with the erection of a business block in the precise archaic style of the ones it replaced.

One of the best examples of this idea of uniformity is to be found in the *plaza* of Arequipa, three sides of which are faced by two-storied buildings practically identical in detail, from arcaded walks to balustered railings along the top. The fourth face of the square is devoted, of course, to the Cathedral.

The North American ideal of shop signs and billboards has not wholly impenetrated the southern continent. From the fronts of the *plaza* buildings there is no Fifth Avenue parade of business blazonments, although the moving picture poster has made its impudent encroachment. In Arequipa the lineaments of a screen star of North America were placarded upon the very railings of the Cathedral entrance.

There is orthodoxy within the *plaza* as well as surrounding it. Tiled walks cut it into crossings and diagonals, and there is always the play of a fountain, a trickling of water so indispensable to the comfort and imagination of those whose ancestry gives them racial memories of the Arabian desert. An attempt

at exotic foliage is just as inevitable, and no *plaza* would be complete without its monument and statue of some revolutionary hero—or, indeed, of some contemporary politician. Here stand Bolívar, O'Higgins, San Martín and Murillo, and the days of their glory are enshrined, if not in the name of the *plaza* itself, at least in the principal radiating streets. It is as if Broadway should become, in a similar manifestation of patriotism, an avenue called the "4th of July." Curiously, the older past is neglected in these memorials. The explorers, the conquerors, the scholars, and the chiefs of state are generally uncommemorated. There is a complete catalogue of the saints, many of them, like San Francisco, San Antonio, San Juan and San José, appearing in a confusing repetition, but this part of the New World seems forgetful of such lofty mundane figures as Columbus, Cervantes, Pizarro, Valdivia, the Philips, and even of the Inca immortals.

XVI.

TOURIST LOOT AND SPANISH GOLD.

THE Spanish freebooters who first adventured upon South America's West Coast came solely in the quest for gold. And it is curious to reflect that the fabulous rumors that induced them to set forth led them to the only spot on the continent where these ambitions could be realized. They would have been unmoved by the vast fecundity of Brazil, and the rich promise of Argentina's *pampas*. Elsewhere than in Peru they would have been rewarded with the same suffering and disappointment that were the fate of Narvaéz and De Soto in the Florida of those days, and of Cortés and Coronado in the great Southwest.

As it happened, the followers of Pizarro stumbled, with preposterous luck, upon practically the entire accumulation of great wealth that was to be found on the continent. Those who survived the rigors of the hour returned to Spain in affluent triumph, or remained to dissipate their gains in further but seldom profitable spoliations. To the Spanish court went the first of the long line of treasure ships that were to add fuel to the military uproar of Europe and an imperishable glow of romance to the world's literature of history and imagination.

Recollection of this vast booty was strong in our fancy as we viewed the land that had been so thoroughly stripped of its first national surplus. The Peruvian landscape, although undoubtedly no more bare and uninviting than in Pizarro's time, nevertheless seemed an accusing memorial of that ancient denudation. Unlike other gold fields, this one had been slow to develop the subsidiary treasuries of agriculture and a varied industry.

The imagination lingers over Pizarro's unparalleled loot. To our regret not even a tourist agency, an institution for which South America can as yet utter neither boast nor apology, offered to exhibit to us the room in which Atahualpa, the captive Inca, piled the gold that was to be his ransom.

This room, Prescott says, was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line drawn around the wall to mark the top of the hoard was nine feet from the floor. "This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room of smaller dimensions twice full with silver."

In terms of its value in today's United States currency, this treasure would have melted down to more than fifteen million gold dollars, to say nothing of

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some few paltry millions of silver, a sum that would go a long way toward constituting Peru's present balance of foreign trade.

Tourists, of course, do not expect in these times to pry golden plates and cornices from Inca temples. The Spanish conquerors swept away all that was valuable and movable. Under the direction of their accompanying priests, the temples were razed and the walls dismembered in order to find sites and building materials for Christian edifices. The result is that there are few mementoes of Inca civilization that may be carried away today even upon the film of a kodak.

Where Spanish looting left off, the natives took it up. A generation or two of demoralization as slaves of the conquerors diminished their reverence for ancient customs and institutions, and they began the ghoulish business of rifling ancestral tombs. Returns from this enterprise dwindled long ago to little more than pottery of comparatively minor age and value.

For the tourist who would not be content with Egypt unless he could chip off a piece of the Sphinx for his collection of whatnots, there is nevertheless a small residue of loot in Inca land. Extracts may be made from walls the unmortared stones of which fit so closely—we must repeat this classic phrase—that “the blade of a penknife cannot be inserted between them.” And pots and fragments of pots that may or

may not be of Inca origin can be had of an occasional curio dealer, or from some errant Indian grave robber—in either case at an exorbitant price.

This curio traffic is not well developed. There is a profiting eye toward the local demand for religious trinkets, but travel from abroad is elementary. The thin trickle of tourists shows promise of broadening to a lively stream, however, and it is possible that not far into the future there will be a proper pandering to the curious wants of visitors. At least there should be a good field for the making of Inca antiques!

South America, at present, manufactures very little of anything. One whose purse cries out for knick-knacks indigenous to the native markets, is more often disappointed than not, for most of the fabricated commodities that are to be had come from the four corners of the world. It was with some feeling of indignation that we arrived at a realization of this. When we had bought a complete outfit, male and female, of Indian clothing, the saleswoman informed us, as if desiring to confirm our judgment of the quality of the goods, that the fabrics were all woven either in England or Germany.

These Indian costumes are brilliant ornaments, provided they have not yet been subject to the eroding winds and suns of the Andes and to the stain of contact with aboriginal bodies. They are sufficiently unlike the familiar Navajo blankets of New Mexico to warrant the trouble of carrying them away, and

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almost worth the worry of entrusting them to the South American postal service.

As does her presumable relative in China, the Indian woman of the Andes suits her wardrobe to the seasons by quantity rather than quality. Under the skirt that is visible there are probably others in varying stages of preservation, the number agreeing with the period of the year. Among the tourist's souvenirs, therefore is likely to be, not one of these identical garments, but a remembrance or a photograph of the wearer doffing it in the streets under the heat of a noon sun.

It is a rare traveler who can resist the vicuña rug. This is an enticing fabric made from the silky wool of the llama's deerlike cousin. In the days of the Incas it was for royal shoulders only. Then the Spanish *hidalgos* donned it, and there was a consequent slaughter of vicuñas that left few for posterity. Like the buffalo robe, the vicuña rug has become increasingly rare. Only in recent years it graced the romantic figure of the *gaucho*—cowboy of the pampas; now it is rarely seen in more than the rôle of a souvenir.

The mountain republics aim to give legal protection to the vicuña, and fabrics made from its wool cannot be taken from Bolivia. Contraband has a way of getting over borders, however, and it is not impossible to pick up some of the finest of Bolivian

rugs elsewhere on the continent. The price has become vertiginous, in conformance with an increasing tourist demand, and even the inferior article commonly exhibited in Peru and Chile is held at an avaricious sum.

The panama hat by no means hails, of necessity, from Panama. Its center of prevalence is farther south. Ecuador, in fact, seems to be its most wonted habitat, both in production and consumption. At any rate, if the traveler escapes the panama in crossing the Isthmus, he has still the more rigorous gauntlet of the entire West Coast to run before considering himself definitely safe. Every port, from the Isthmus down, has its piratical deck merchants, whose price is several times greater upon the ship's arrival than during the frenzied moments of bargaining at its departure.

But there is no longer anything distinctive in the achievement of collecting vicuña rugs, panama hats and Indian ponchos. Such exploits are as perfunctory as the attainment of a Hawaiian poi bowl or a Honolulu petticoat. To take home something shockingly rare one must traffic in a peculiar variety of mummy, the boned and shrunken head of an Indian, produced in the wilds of the upper Amazon and exhibited for sale at opportune spots along the West Coast.

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We had the refusal of one of these trophies in Lima, at the trifling sum of sixty dollars. The benign shopkeeper who would have favored us with it explained that the market for such human relics might be considered fairly brisk. Supplies were brought down from the mountains, in spite of some official opposition, and demand was only sufficiently languid to keep the price within reach of the eclectic but still solvent hunter of souvenirs.

The heads were supposed to be war tokens somewhat analogous to the North American scalplock, but it would not be beyond expectation, the Lima shopkeeper thought, if private initiative among the more homicidal savages did not find itself called upon in times of peace to keep the business going. Whenever demand freshened it was obviously necessary only for an enterprising tribesman to step forth into the dark of the moon with a sharp hatchet and hack off the material from its natural source.

The finished product was about the size of a baseball, the flesh appearing peculiarly lifelike. All bones were removed in the mummifying process, and the features no doubt suffered changes of expression from this cause that would have made recognition by the mourners a little difficult. Hair and eyebrows stood out grotesquely coarse and bushy, the artist evidently having found no means to diminish these elements of physiognomy except in length.

An armadillo in the guise of a mandolin happened to come to our attention early. We had seen the Texas variety of this primitive creature done up into sewing baskets and flower pots, or converted to various other uses at variance with its personal dignity and cosmic intentions, but never as the sounding box for a musical instrument. It struck us, therefore, that here was a brilliant opportunity for the panderer to tourists—the sure basis for a lucrative industry when the main army of pleasure travel follows the present advance guard into the armadillo's southernmost retreat.

Cuzco, Ollantaytambo, Machu Picchu and Tiahuanaco are as barren of antiques today as Pompeii. The stones that remain do not go easily into one's pocket. But there is plenty of worthless pottery to be bought of most any shiftless Indian urchin, and at Tiahuanaco the traveler's steps will be dogged as assiduously as in the Orient by infant purveyors of trifles; in this case with small effigies carved to represent the pre-Inca monuments that lie scattered over Tiahuanaco's dreary, prehistoric plain.

The curio shops of Lima had already exploited us upon such relics, and we became objects of reproach to the swarm of unwashed boys and wrinkled old women plying us with trinkets. Young as they were to this business, these hucksters displayed a knowledge of all the first principles of their world-wide

profession. Some of the more precocious were able to stutter a price or two in what faintly resembled English, and no doubt it will not be long before there is a general display of shop window signs in the Andes, boasting of "English Spoken Here." This will be revolutionary, of course, for he that is of Spanish extraction is possessed no less than is the Anglo-Saxon with a smug self-sufficiency in his own tongue.

There was a somewhat successful business throughout the Andean region in reed and straw mattings, baskets, bottles and whatnots, of Indian fabrication; and Roman Catholic trinkets, particularly in such a sacrosanct neighborhood as that of Our Lady of Copacabana, were a souvenir currency as fluid and voluminous as the religious paraphernalia of the East.

Tourist loot, notwithstanding all these resources, is likely to disappoint the modern treasure seeker. Things distinctive of the soil become more and more rare as the southern and "more advanced" republics are approached. Indeed, a week's search for something essentially Argentine yielded us nothing better than a carved and silver-mounted gourd used for the drinking of maté.

XVII.

WHERE WEST IS EAST.

THE western world thinks of China as an approximate antithesis. Just as it lies at the opposite side of the terrestrial globe, so do its people seem to us in many of their most salient customs and characteristics at exact opposites with things of this hemisphere. White is the color of mourning with them, as black is with us; their golden rule is stated in negative rather than in positive form; and Chinese script begins at the right of the page, rather than at the left.

In the fundamental characteristics, human nature, of course, is at one, and to develop the aphorism toward its ultimate triteness, it is only in the inessential things that men differ. These small matters, nevertheless, may be dramatic, and there are to be found in them, to say the least, moments of entertainment. Ingenious persons have catalogued at great length the innumerable contrasts between Orient and Occident, but apparently no one has considered it profitable to collate the likes rather than the unlikes.

It would be difficult to find in the United States similarities of sufficient number and character to

warrant such an enterprise, but singularly, South America—and particularly the portion of it that once comprised the empire of the Incas—is no such sterile field. The likes seem as many and as striking as the unlikes, and both the facts and the reasons therefore are an engaging subject for speculation.

We had no sooner landed in Peru than reminiscences and suggestions of the Orient began to emerge from the narrow thoroughfares, the street crowds, the sounds, the smells, the very walls, and above all else from the Mongolian tint and contour of indigenous faces. These first impressions, set down in notebooks, began to multiply with rapidity. They became an enthusiasm, and finally an obsession that has demanded the relief of some form of orderly expounding.

To put them down here is by no means to offer a new ethnological theory. There has been enough controversy of that kind over the origin of the American Indian. It is probably more than sufficient to recall merely the substance of this old scientific argument, which centers about the popularized assumption that the Red Man came from Asia or the Pacific islands, either by way of the Behring Strait and Alaska or upon ships driven by storms and ocean currents over the long sea route.

The proponents of this theory refer to such historical records as Indian hieroglyphics that resemble the Chinese, ancient Mongolian implements and

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coins found in the Pacific Northwest, and early visits by Oriental mariners to points on the western coast of the Americas. They speak of the striking likeness of the old Mexican religion to early Buddhism, and of certain resemblances between religious practises of the Incas and those of Asia. There was a belief in transmigration of souls, for example; the monastic system in Mexico, the religious festivals in both Americas, the household gods, the burning of incense and the chanting of prayers—all these similar to the theological forms of China.

Likenesses were to be found as well in customs political, marital, industrial and architectural. The rope bridges in old Peru were made of twisted willow branches, almost exactly like the twisted bamboo bridges in various parts of China. Throughout the four thousand years of Chinese history, the emperor plowed a furrow annually, with a yellow share, in deference to the empire's fundamental occupation of agriculture, and in Peru the same ceremony was performed with a plow of gold by the reigning Inca. There were like parallels in the use of charms and amulets, in the practise of cremation, in preservation of the ashes of the dead in urns, and in the idea that an eclipse was produced by a celestial dragon swallowing the sun.

The Incas kept their records by means of knots tied in strings of various colors and shapes, called *quipus*. And in the Chinese histories it is set down that a

similar primitive system was in use before the invention of writing. The counting frame of the Peruvians is said to have been little different from the Chinese abacus that has not yet ended its usefulness. The *chasquis*, those swift postmen of the Incas, who carried not only messages but parcels—delicacies of the coastal gardens being transported to royal tables over the long mountain leagues before their bloom found time to wither—had their prototypes in ancient China.

Then there was the matter of ears. In old Peru, as in China, good fortune was in direct proportion to the size of these appendages. It was the grotesque belief of Cathay that one whose ears were long enough to reach his shoulders would attain to the higher felicity. And there was the legendary example of the great Liu Pei, whose attainment of such an auditory dimension enabled him to found a dynasty. Part of the ceremony of admitting young Peruvian nobles to the Inca chivalry was the piercing of their ears with a golden bodkin, which was allowed to remain there until an opening had been made large enough to accommodate the enormous pendants that were peculiar to their order. In the case of the sovereign Inca these ornaments were so large as to distend the cartilage of the ear until it reached nearly to the shoulder, producing what seemed a monstrous deformity to the European eye, but a thing of beauty and fashion in the regard of the

Peruvians. "The larger the hole," comments one of the Spanish conquerors, "the more of a gentleman."

These and other things established a suggestive, if not a conclusive, relationship between ancient Peru and the East. To quote Prescott: "The subjects of the Incas, in their patient and tranquil devotion to their native soil, bore greater resemblance to the Oriental nations, as the Hindoos and the Chinese, than they bore to the members of the great Anglo-Saxon family."

Whatever question there may be as to the Far Eastern Orientalism that exhibits itself in South America today—by coincidence, if for no other reason—there can be no argument as to a secondary influence from Western Asia. The Moor planted in Spain his persistent essence of the Near Orient, and the Spaniard carried it onward into the New World. It is indelibly marked in cast of countenance, in walls and gardens, in philosophies of life, and in the whole social structure of Latin America.

The prevailing type of architecture throughout the Spanish colonies, as has been said in another chapter, is Moorish—low, forbidding walls flush with a narrow street; massive guardian doors and windows jealously iron-barred; within, hidden from the world except for perhaps a tantalizing glimpse, a *patio* open to the sky and sighing with the music of fountains and of green leaves. The archways that edge



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BOLIVIAN INDIAN WITH WOODEN PLOW LIKE THOSE THAT WERE USED IN THE ANCIENT EAST.

these *patios* and shield the walks confronting public squares suggest Arabian bazaars.

But the parallel of streets and houses does not end with Arabia. Asia is much alike, whether east or west, and the narrow streets and blank walls of a Moorish city have their counterpart in China. There the retirement of a dwelling house within itself is even more pronounced. The iron-latticed windows—the *miradores*—are suggested only in the gateman's niche, and the *patio* is a paved and flower-potted courtyard securely screened from prying eyes by the "devil wall" that is set before the door to keep out evil Chinese spirits capable of moving only in a straight line.

The wall that turns its side of rudeness and strength upon the outside world reflects, of course, an insecurity in the social order. It belongs to a period of medieval stress. But there are other things it mirrors as well, and chief of these is an attitude toward women. The harem is traditional among both Moors and Chinese, although the latter have forsworn it along with their dynastic past. And there is no harem without walls to shield and keep its treasures for the master's eye.

Much has been written of the laggard status of South America's women in the modern list toward suffrage. They exhibit the conservatism of the East; indeed, the women of Young China are before them in the feminist march. This, too, is a heritage from

the Moor; and his imprisoning walls, like those of Old China, are but the symbol of an ancient conception of womankind—a mingling of mistrust and disregard, and yet of cherishment and protection.

The Spaniard's attitude toward the other sex—and it is as true of South America today as of Spain—is a compounding of Gallic chivalry and Oriental contempt. The evidences are in all phases of Spanish-American life, just as they lie in the philosophies and moralities of Arab and Chinese. Proverbial literature is full of them, and the sayings of Spain and of China are strikingly similar. Both are extravagant in praise of woman's beauty, each damns her frailties with acid ink.

The list of these opprobrious proverbs is long, particularly in the Chinese, but a few of the harsher parallels will illustrate the point.

"She alone is chaste who has never been sought," runs the Spanish of one, a naïve justification of the high-walled harem, and in Chinese it is written that "though a woman bear seven sons, yet is she unworthy of trust."

"The best women in Spain are those with broken legs," it is the judgment of cynical men in Castile, and in China an old saw warns against beautiful women as against "the sting of red peppers."

In the Spaniard's experience, "vineyards and maidens are hard to guard," and it is the wisdom of

the East that "dangerous as smuggled salt is the girl in her teens."

Woman in terms of the common barnyard fowl is a universal equation. The Spaniard says of her that "it is a bad hen that feeds at home and lays abroad," and in China there is the saying that "when the hen begins to crow it is a sure sign of trouble"—not infrequently quoted in these days of advanced young women of the East.

"It is true that there are many good wives," admits the popular phrase-maker of Spain; but he adds that, like North America's good Indians, "They are all under ground." And, as a parallel, it is the Chinese conviction that "woman is molded of faults."

Concerning feminine graces, the Spaniard holds that "no woman is ugly when she is dressed," and the Chinese allows her "three tenths beauty, seven tenths attire."

The Chinese, if anything, are the more caustic in their depiction of woman's faults. An ancient verse reads:

The serpent's mouth in the green bamboo,
The yellow hornet's caudal dart;
Little the injury these can do,
More venomous far is a woman's heart.

Yet there is the same general undertone in the proverbial lore of both countries.

One signal difference is the Spaniard's estimate of his mate's mentality. He appears to be fully con-

scious of her intellectual qualities, although he may be silent about them; and there is many a distinguished foreign observer of both Spain and Spanish America who has called the women superior in this capacity to the men.

In China woman's mental condition is probably on no lower plane, but man-made literature has not confessed it. One of the least tractable of Asiatic sages has it thus: "Can you teach an intelligent horse to read or write? Then what can you expect of woman?"

Gentlemen of China and of South America have not been much accustomed to appearing in public with the women of their households, although in this the yeast of feminine emancipation has done some slight leavening. In general, one's wife, in China, is still relegated to the "inner chamber," and it is the professional entertainer, the "sing-song" girl, who lightens the idle hours of tea houses and places of public amusement. In South America, likewise, the wife of Don Fulano languishes at home while he ranges at large at his men's dinners and in his various romancings. Just as it is a breach of etiquette to inquire after a Chinese gentleman's wife, so is it a false step for South American gentry to speak to the wife of an acquaintance should she be encountered unescorted in a public thoroughfare. Either custom hints of Oriental distrust, and the conviction that rigid

conventions are necessary to safeguard weak woman from a predatory world.

In both China and Spanish America the restricted position of woman results in a matrimonial code iron-bound with convention. Courtship and marriage become family and clan affairs, rather than the business of individuals. The responsibility, financial and social, inhering in a daughter, creates the urgency of marrying her off at the most adventitious moment. This pressure, whatever else it engenders, leaves little room for old maids, who are not numerous either in the Spanish world or in the Orient. A spinster is a cull in the matrimonial market, and there is little other refuge for her than the veil.

Still another common urge, working constantly against the state of celibacy, is philoprogenitiveness. In both peoples this characteristic is less instinctive than religious. China's ancestor worship requires the breeding of many sons, and Catholicism reaches the same end, in South America, with another motive.

Curiously, these races so adept in parenthood evidence alike the weakness of spoiling their children. The autocratic family ruler in neither Spanish America nor China is capable of leashing his own indulgence or the resulting arrogance and wilfulness of his children. They have no proper discipline, and, indeed, Chinese children, in spite of the

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Confucian teachings of filial piety, are by no means taught to obey their parents. As a rule their notion of prompt obedience is of the haziest degree.

As for the vast sub-structure of aboriginal inhabitants in the Andes region of South America there is in their children quite another resemblance to the Orient. They make no such infant outcry as their white fellows, but exhibit, apparently from birth, the stoicism toward pricks and pangs of life that is inherent to the Oriental mind. Like the babe of Japan, the Indian youngster, until he is able to propel himself, goes about bound to his mother's back by a many-colored strip of cloth.

In their general effect the bronzed, crop-haired urchins of the Andes, with their sloe eyes and the Mongolian slant of their cheeks, are a striking reminder of the East. In no more dramatic situation is this true than in the schools, from the classrooms of which can be heard the ululation of a continuous chorus of study aloud, just as in the schools of Old China. The similitude can be traced even farther, for there is an emphasis upon memory training, through committing to mind fixed answers to formal textbook questions—a system not wholly alien to that of the old learning in China, which consisted very largely of memorizing the classics.

The clan spirit of the Orient is well marked in the Spanish-American, though it is not developed to the

Chinese extreme, which results sometimes in an entire village or provincial district claiming a single name and one family hierarchy. Family solidarity, nevertheless, is strong in those of Spanish blood, and just as the sons cling to their father's house in China, so does young Don Fulano de Tal bring home his bride to join the company of his mother and probably her numerous brood of daughters and daughters-in-law. There is often what seems like a small village housed under some old Spanish-American roof, though time and change do what they can to disrupt this feudal grouping.

Such a form of family life has an inevitable effect upon the whole social structure. Charity begins and ends mainly within the consanguineous circle, and public spirit is shackled close to its near and exacting demands. This is one of the serious difficulties of modern China, which is still saddled with nepotism and interprets public weal too much in terms of its cousins, its uncles and its aunts. Spanish America possesses the wider background of Europe for its political adventures, but the clan spirit no doubt has a great deal to do with its many inauspicious experiments in the realm of democracy.

The seclusion of the harem and the promiscuity of life in the large family group suggest a singular incongruity. In spite of the barriers that hide the home in both China and South America there is a degree of publicity in the business of living that

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would be intolerable to the Anglo-Saxon, who must be sometimes alone. This is doubtless the outcome of a swarming, compressed family circle. Both peoples seem calloused to close and constant personal contact.

Akin to this characteristic, and growing out of it, perhaps, is an insensitiveness to noise. The nerves of the Anglo-Saxon have often been explained on the score of climate, but the obtuseness of a northern Chinese to racket is as great as that of his fellow countrymen in the mellower South; there is no more irritating climate than that of Spain and many of the harsher altitudes of the Andes, yet neither Spaniard nor Spanish-American is stirred from a serene placidity by the uproars of his private and public life. No single manifestation of the Latin's fondness for noise touched us so poignantly as the unused mufflers of the automobiles. This seemed to us a trait as persistent and characteristic as the loud and unceasing chanty of a laboring coolie. The cries of the street vendors of the Spanish world, less objectionable from the point of view of cacophony, because of their melody, were remindful of the guild songs of China.

Although the Chinese are not popularly understood to possess the quick, hot blood of the Latins, they nevertheless have a national proclivity for cholera. Sudden and prolonged outbursts of rage manifest themselves in a process called "telling the

street." In the course of these noisy demonstrations unbelievable verbal filth and profanity are hurled forth, generally in damnation of the offender's ancestry. This persistent and smoldering anger, like that of a turkey gobbler, has something of a parallel in the Spanish *rabia*, which manifests itself not so much in profanity, although there is plenty of that in the Iberian idiom, as in sudden acts of violence—the traditional flash and play of an angry blade.

Probably all this is the result, in either case, of a certain Oriental pride to which the thought of compromise is intolerable. In China it is so well defined as to have a definite term. It is known there as "face." Life is insupportable to the Chinese who has received either a real or an imaginary affront. His riper philosophies, however, have conspired to relieve him of some of the harsher consequences of wounded pride. He rarely comes to blows, or to any form of corporeal reprisal. Sometimes his "face" is saved merely by the process of hurling profane imprecations upon his traducer. It makes no difference to him that at the same time he advertises the offense against himself, for this act of reviling, according to the Chinese convention, saves his honor.

"Face," the combination of pride, self-will and touchiness, has made the man of both Chinese and Spanish origin a poor loser. Unwillingness to yield a point has necessitated the Chinese system of the go-between, without which business and personal adjust-

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ments would be almost impossible. In the Spanish world the mortification of defeat or of personal derogation has engendered acts of violence that have come to be excused on the ground that such matters are beyond human control.

"Face" has made the Chinese backward in competitive sports, and it is to be suspected that the same influence, combined with other things as fundamentally Oriental, has kept the Spaniard out of them as well. Neither is constitutionally apt in physical exercise, which only recently was taken up as "the thing of the moment" by some of the younger and more progressive.

Not until a very few years ago did the frequent spectacle of a Chinese team of players retiring from the field when the game was going against them cease to call attention to the influence of "face" in sports. In politics this factor still manifests itself in the unwillingness of the losing party to accept defeat, a trait that has kept South American politics boiling with revolutions during the hundred years that have intervened since the inception of Latin American republics.

In fine distinction to the rough edges of deportment that are made inevitable by the system of "face," and as a necessary foil to it as well, is the elaborate code of conventional forms governing personal conduct. The Confucian rules of ceremony,

we are assured, are three hundred in number, and the rules of behavior three thousand. They are rigid and cover every possible contingency. And scarcely less formal are the conventional courtesies that govern the genteel in South America.

But, as is always the case with elaborated conventions, there is a deep stratum of insincerity beneath the polished veneer of manners in both the Chinese and the Spanish worlds. The formal old mandarin, riding abroad on his donkey, says to an acquaintance who fares forth afoot: "I will get off and you shall mount." This, of course, means no more than "How do you do?" The Spanish-American, inheriting the phrase from his Iberian ancestors, says to a guest: "My house is yours—do with it as you will." In either case an acceptance of the formulas at their face value would be a profound shock to all concerned.

Fine phrases, however, are essentially Oriental. They come to the Spaniard from the Moor, and Chinese literature—even the colloquial speech—is filled with the verbal treasures of four thousand years. Rotund and mellifluous language rolls from the presses of the South-American newspapers, in Spanish phrase thick with adjectives and oily with personal enhancement.

Beneath such extravagance, of course, there is abundant room for those sly evils, guile and inac-

curacy. The former is admired, in fact, by both peoples, and practised with assiduity. In business it is a magnification of what used to be known as "Yankee shrewdness." There is one great sinologue who, while professing general confidence in the business integrity of the Chinese, nevertheless sees in them a lamentable capacity for "duplicity, insincerity and obsequious accommodation to favorable circumstance." These are qualities that do not amount to a monopoly in any nation, but there are those who will be able to verify them easily in both Asia and South America.

The Moor seems to have passed on to his American heirs a good deal of his habitual disregard of accuracy. This, of course, is not so much a matter of wilful error as it is a deficient appreciation of the importance of facts. Most Orientals, if they do not know the answer to a question, will make up one. They are too polite to say, "I don't know." With the Chinese, this amounts almost to a talent. A coolie, answering the question as to how far it is to a given point, is as likely to say "Far," or "Near," as anything else. Pressed for details, by some such further inquiry as "Ten miles?" he will give his smiling assent, whether he knows it to be twenty or forty. It is evident to him from the form of the question that you wish it to be ten, and he would not for the world offend you by making the distance appear otherwise.

“Straightforwardness without the rules of propriety becomes rudeness.” This is the Chinese phrasing of another trait shared in common with the South American. It is the quality of indirection, of accomplishing matters of business, particularly, by flank rather than frontal attack. Commercial representatives have come to understand this well, and there are many droll stories of the intricate and circuitous rules of approach. Sometimes these are social, and have to do with a week-end, a dinner or a glass of vermouth; in fact it has often been said that an office in South America is more of a mailing address than a place for doing business.

To some degree this is a reflection of the general quality of mistrust manifesting itself in men of Oriental persuasion, not only toward their women but toward each other. The indirect method of business allows the opportunity of examining and perhaps of establishing the trustworthiness of the persons concerned.

A British diplomat is quoted as saying that “no South American will put his faith in another South American.” This is a harsh judgment, and, perhaps more than is the case with other such generalities, is to be taken at a discount. Nevertheless, it can be adduced that in the industrial and commercial life of the continent there is a reluctance toward the formation of mutual stock companies in which South American capital alone is interested. Most of the

railroad building, the development of natural resources, and the establishment of energetic commercial and industrial enterprises has been by foreigners, and there is a lamentable record of failure among purely native companies, usually accompanied by a breath or a whole breeze of scandal.

Precisely the same tendency is to be noted in China, although both continents, in these latter days, show a trend toward emancipation from it. Young China seems to be catching from the Anglo-Saxon his spirit of coöperation. Perhaps the best evidence lies in the somewhat exaggerated penchant of Chinese students toward organizing strikes and boycotts for the promotion of their variously advanced ideals of democracy. And in the university strikes of the Argentine there is an approximate parallel.

More of the spirit of *mañana* than it deserves no doubt has been attributed to Spanish America. Yet it has a liberal inheritance of this "do it tomorrow" philosophy, particularly in the sedate and somewhat old-fashioned region of the Andean ridge. Time to the Oriental is of no great account. And in the sleepier American republics the Yankee is likely to be admonished: "Don't hurry. Some one will think you are busy."

Things are not likely to get done until tomorrow in either China or South America. Neither social nor business engagements are made to be kept—

punctually, at least. This negligent conception of the value of time can scarcely be understood by the Anglo-Saxon. To him eternity is no more than a period of years; but the Oriental mind is able to conceive of it in larger terms, by saying that when the Himalaya mountains have been ground to powder by allowing a gauze veil to float against them once in a hundred centuries or so, eternity then will only have just begun. Upon such a premise why worry about being an hour late for an appointment, a day late with a promised achievement?

No matter what the pressure of affairs, the Chinese has time for his tea, and the South American for his meals or his maté. This latter is by no means universally used, but it has long been almost as much of a national beverage in Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay as tea proper in China, and there are devotees even in the high Andes and along the western slopes. Around the use of both there has grown an exacting ceremony. Both are social integers of vast significance. Over the maté-bowl, as over the tea cup, take place discussions lasting for hours or for days, around and about a subject that would be disposed of by an Anglo-Saxon in as many minutes.

Just as time is of little account, so is life cheap. The economic position of the Indian is that of the Chinese coolie. Both are enmeshed in a bitter struggle for life, and both are tinged with a stoicism and a fatalism that drift over imperceptibly into the more

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fortunate classes. The aborigine, even the peon with a liberal mixture of European blood, works stolidly and doggedly, with an almost cheerful acquiescence in toil as a necessary part of his destiny. And so it is also with the Chinese laborer, at home and abroad. "It is the will of heaven," sighs the Chinese; "It is written," laments the Moor.

Misery is much the same the world over, but there are special likenesses between the indigent of Asia and the economically unfortunate of South America. Revolting disease and decrepitude distinguish the more or less organized armies of beggars in either continent. In China there are powerful guilds of pariahs, and established customs that perpetuate their systematic alms-gathering. The Chinese shop-keeper is impelled to charity not only by Confucian tenet but by force of necessity. If the expected number of "cash" are not forthcoming upon the periodic visit of the beggar assigned to his district by the guild, business will be driven away not only by enraged evil spirits but by the leprous presence of the spurned pariah, who remains at the shop door indefinitely to curse the merchant's immediate and remote ancestors.

Upon a modified scale the same spectacle may be seen in South America. Saturday is beggar's day. Filth and rags stream past the shops, demanding almost as a right the piece of copper allotted to them

by Iberian tradition. Possessing coins of no such convenient denomination as the Chinese "cash," which has appreciable value only in cartloads, some communities have adopted the expedient of needles. These are sold to a variety of clearing house by the beggars, and distributed among the shops once more, against the next day of alms.

The filth of the beggars suggests another parallel. To neither China nor South America is the bathtub overfamiliar. Chinese mistrust the use of water in any other way than when poured, at a boiling temperature, upon tea leaves, and the aversion of the Andean Indian to its use upon his body is just as acute. But men of Cathay have no such fundamental obtuseness to dirt as the Indian, who more nearly resembles, in this respect, the Arab or the Moor.

Not all the unhappy odors of the East are wafted from Andean streets and alleys, but there are pungent aromas of cooking sugars and fats peculiarly reminiscent of the restaurant streets of China.

The parish dogs of the Celestial republic have their pitiful counterparts in Peru—both the victims of a certain callousness to the sufferings of beasts. The Argentine's cruelty to animals has frequently been a subject of comment, and even the Chinese, despite his Buddhist law of gentle kindness to all living things, appears to have as little heart for dumb creatures as for the miseries of his own kind.

The number of minor similitudes linking South America with the East might be multiplied, through the requisite ingenuity and observation. Reference might be made to the propensity for gambling, powerful alike in both Don and Chinese; or to the occasional long finger nail, symbol of aversion to and fortunate exemption from manual toil, which is to be seen in South America as well as in China, if the tales of intimate travelers are to be believed. There is many a small likeness, too, in such matters as the religious processions, the scent of garlic, the atmosphere of village streets, and the terraced gardens and farms; in "squeeze," which is Chinese for graft, and in the rarity of the fixed price for retailed commodities; but since no point is to be proved, the collection of such data, valuable, if at all, only as amusing coincidence, should be brought to an end before it reaches any such proportion as to arouse retort from Spanish America's ethnological defenders.

To one who understands China well, of course, there could be nothing opprobrious in the possession of what have come to be known as distinctly Chinese traits. But Peru, like the United States, has formed its opinion of the people of Cathay to suit the unfortunately low plane of the coolie laborer with whom it is familiar upon its own shores. This individual and his descendants are far less desirable citizens than the more progressive of their relatives in the United States.

The first Chinese coolies were brought to Peru in 1849 to work on the sugar estates. African slavery was on the wane, and was abolished in 1855. The plantation owners, not being able to depend upon Indian labor, felt the need of bringing in Oriental help, just as was the case in California. By 1872 more than fifty thousand Chinese immigrants had arrived in Peru, but the numerous scandals growing out of their cruel treatment on the plantations led to investigations and restrictions. In 1908 further Chinese immigration was prohibited. It is believed there are now about thirty-five thousand Chinese in the country, one quarter of whom are in Lima.

The Peruvian Chinese offer no such sharp and picturesque contrast to their surroundings as do the celebrated Oriental quarters of San Francisco and New York. They seem at home in the coast landscape and merge almost imperceptibly into the Mongolian tints and contours of the aborigine and his mixed relatives. Their joss houses and shops are in harmony with the Moorish architecture, and in these familiar settings they live the crowded and indigent lives of their home country, frequently descending, as is rarely the case in North America, to such menial tasks as street sweeping, and not seldom plying the age-old and ugly craft of the Asiatic beggar.

XVIII.

VENDORS OF LUCK.

THE *suertero*—vendor of luck—was with us always. Sometimes this ubiquitous factor in Spanish-American life, the purveyor of lottery tickets, was an able-bodied idler inhibiting his energies from some far more useful activity; as often the merchant would be a tattered urchin or a mendicant old woman in a black *manto*. Frequently it seemed that there were more sellers than buyers, and yet it was said that the lotteries were habitually well sold. In any case there were enough so that one who wished to come to terms with fortune never had need to inconvenience himself in finding an opportunity. However ill-served the public might be in other respects, no complaint of insufficiency could be made in this.

From the prevalence of the lottery and other kindred mechanisms of chance we were led speedily to the conclusion that gambling was not only one of the major enterprises of South America, but its chief sport. Athletic games, of which there were many, appeared to us to exist not from such classic motives as those of the lusty old Greeks, but to provide a convenient and attractive means of deciding bets.

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If the bullfight retained the vigor it enjoys in Spain, this statement would be less of a generality, for the sanded arena offers little occasion for a wager. The devotees there are sanguinary *aficionados*—un-alloyed fans who for the moment are forgetful of all save mad pleasures of the most elemental combat, that between man and beast. But “blue laws” have settled their shadows over the bull rings of South America, and today there is no place outside Peru, Bolivia and Chile where the old battles of blood and sand may be seen.

Amateur games, of course, do not lend themselves readily to the decision of wagers, but these are exotic to the soil and not yet firmly entrenched. A forecast of this came to us at Havana where we were lured innocently into a gambling establishment advertising exhibitions of “Cuban Lawn Tennis.” We found there a cement court in the midst of a covered amphitheater equipped with all the betting paraphernalia of a race course. A dozen or more young women, mere tyros at the game, but of sufficient pulchritude to command masculine attention, went through the motions of tennis. Certainly not upon the game itself, but upon quick arbitrations of the unskilled racquets of Carmen or Luisa, rested the interest of the spectators.

Gambling, of course, is a Latin passion. The new-world descendants of old Spain come by it honestly.

But nowhere, unless in China—or in the African belt of the United States—does it attain such general proficiency as in South America. Probably it would be difficult to find an inhabitant not addicted to some of the many accessible forms of it. The habit begins with earliest youth and persists through old age. Children gamble with the ice cream man for something or nothing, and an urchin, at the races, plays his tips like any elder.

The lottery, the book-maker and the casino in the United States are by no means beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but these diversions never have had here the general devotion accorded them by the entire Spanish world. So universal is the gambling habit that most of the governments long ago seized upon it as a taxable asset. Lotteries, therefore, are usually enterprises of the state, parading sometimes under the name of a charitable institution that is either a real or a fanciful beneficiary. The government, in any case, is the largest and the surest winner, and millions of dollars annually go into the treasury from this source.

This practise is curiously inconsistent in the case of Cuba, whose first plea for independence was based to a large degree upon an aversion to the Spanish lottery. The republic suppressed this institution for several years, but finally gave up. It still prohibits the importation of tickets from Spain, but is content to fatten its public revenues by lotteries of its own.

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The gambling proclivities of Cuba escape into many channels, and baseball, contagious from the neighboring continent, has been adapted to these requirements. The speed of the game, and its constant production of decisive incidents—a hit, a run, a stolen base, a strike or a ball—give it considerable vogue among those whose money is restive under leisurely exchange.

This is true also of *jai alai*, the Spanish ball game, which is something of a glorified handball. It is played in a long, rectangular, three-sided court, with a pellet resembling a golf ball, which is made to bounce and ricochet from the walls, with an amazing speed, by means of a curious wooden bat shaped like a slender spoon and attached like a talon to one hand of each player. Great skill and strength are required in catching and hurling the ball with this implement, and there is a short but keen suspense between critical points, admirable for the purpose of rapid betting.

The tremendous vocal enthusiasm that was to be heard from the spectators, we suspected, was to be attributed not so much to an appreciation of the fine points of this game as to the curb-market hysteria of book-making and the frenzy with which betting partisans cursed or encouraged the players. The score board seemed relatively of far less importance than the winning dividends, posted with all the careful formality of quotations on a stock exchange.

Jai alai has attained a vogue on the continent of South America as well as in Cuba, where it has a popular appeal that brings out from Spain the most renowned of professional players. The social atmosphere of Havana's Nuevo Fronton is almost as pronounced as that of the race course at Marianao. Narrow rows of boxes, high up in the spectators' gallery along one steep side of the theater, blossom nightly with gorgeous and somewhat overdressed feminine élite. The women rarely wander away from the shelter of these *palcos*, and their inevitable betting must be done by escorts.

The bullfighting of South America, like that of Mexico, is reputed to be of a melancholy complexion, even when occasional matadors of renown come barnstorming from Spain. The difficulty lies with the bulls, which have no such man-killing dispositions as those of Murcia or Estremadura. Not infrequently they turn tail and bellow for quiet pastures, preferring their appointed slaughter house to the unseemly clamor and publicity of the arena.

It is interesting to speculate upon this modification of the taurine nature, and to consider whether it has not a parallel in the attitude of the people themselves toward tauromachy. There has been much self-conscious effort among some of the republics to legislate themselves into righteousness, usually on the virtuous model of the United States, but it is possible

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that the general outlawing of the bull ring merely records an outworn enthusiasm. If so, there must have been a mellowing of the racial fiber such as has not been known in old Spain. The *plaza de toros*, it is true, languishes in Portugal, where the bullfight has become an empty pageant, and the arena sands are no longer permitted to drink the blood of either man or beast. But in Spain, although there is a slow-growing undertone of protest, the sport appears to be as strongly rooted in popular regard as the North American's baseball. And it is still necessary for Spain's British-born queen, in deference to this public fancy, to violate her repugnance for affairs of the arena by appearing in the royal box.

The cockfight, as well as the bullfight, shows some evidence of diminishing vigor. It is under a more or less official and social cloud. Nevertheless it still has its fanatical devotees, clutching dandified birds with legs plucked of feathers as if for the Sunday pot, and howling livid curses and exhortations as their unhappy charges chase each other breathless or peck each other into a blind, bloody mess. The impromptu group surrounding a cockfight, and more especially the amphitheater of an organized exhibition, has a good deal of likeness to a wheat pit in the closing days of an option. It is staccato with offers of betting odds, which grow shrill and insistent with some sharp corner in a gamecock's fortunes; or it is

hushed to an agonized and bewildered expectancy when the combat reaches some tense and indecisive moment. Nothing can equal the passion of certain instants in this sport, and there is no parallel for the abuse, couched in discriminating and exact Spanish, that is heaped upon some poltroon of a bird that takes to its heels and wastes the spectator's time and patience in a fruitless marathon. Rarely is there such a contrast as the tenderness with which a bird's owner sucks the blood from its wounded eyes, and the ferocity with which he urges it on to further destruction.

But for the essence of luck-pursuit, nothing quite equals the lottery. For the risking of a few coppers it offers a fabulous reward. A whole ticket, costing twenty or thirty dollars, has the chance to bring home from one hundred thousand dollars to half a million. And even the comparatively indigent are placed within reach of some part of such a fortune through the purchase of a *piece*, or the fraction of a ticket. There are hundreds of smaller prizes, of course, and he who has not the consolation of *el gordo*, the "fat one," may receive a dollar, or ten, or a hundred, in compensation for his hazard. For the vast majority, however, there is rarely more than the habitual sneer of fortune. It is a game in which the dice are heavily loaded, yet the size of the capital award is so daz-

zling as to blind the average person to this inequality. As in any organized game of chance, the only sure reward is that of the house. And in the case of the South American lotteries, the house is the government and its horde of operators and ticket sellers—drones who must be supported by the gambling public at the cost of wasteful millions.

The sound moral and economic argument that has been built up against gaming in general and the lottery in particular is too familiar to need rehearsal. The South American, hearing it, shrugs his shoulders as at some well known but unpalatable fact. His only justification is likely to be the wink with which he explains the lottery's value for public revenue. There is another thing that may be mentioned—impalpable yet important. Romance dwells in the lottery, and romance means much to the Latin mind. If it be argued that the poor man does himself an injustice in parting with all that stands between him and hunger, it will be urged that he could not be much worse off than he is now, whereas, by means of a chance in the lottery he may be tomorrow the possessor of fabulous wealth. Even if he loses, his savings will not have gone for nothing, since for a day he will have been rich in his imagination. While his neighbor, less reckless, has plodded soberly on toward the certainty of another drab and hopeless day, he has drugged himself with mental

hasheesh into a happier plane. As in the case of a narcotic, there is the morning after to be considered; but next week there will be another lottery.

The lower levels of life in South America are far less fortunately cast in all respects than similar degrees of living in the northern continent. Without the lottery, no doubt there would be imaginations infinitely more undernourished and anemic. But on the other side of the ledger is always the upsetting calculation of how much the general economic stratum might be raised if all these romancings were to be translated into uplifting effort—if self help were to be relied upon instead of the caprice of Dame Luck.

Less is to be said against the casinos—more than one of which is a government enterprise conducted in the name of charity—and the numerous baccarat and roulette clubs. These are playthings of the rich or of those who presumably can afford to lose, and they keep unwieldy accumulations of wealth flowing back into channels of general distribution. Particularly is this true of the costly gambling palaces of Montevideo, which draw ungainly sums of money across the river from Buenos Aires, where this form of amusement is under the official frown.

In something of the same category is the race course, with its elaborate machinery of chance. It is not wholly a plaything of the rich, for there are entrance fees and betting tickets to suit any financial

degree; but its appeal is narrower than that of the lottery, and it is less accessible to the mass.

Horse racing in the Spanish world is something of an imported institution, and it is by no means without significance that the most flourishing of South America's race courses are to be found in those communities that have been most closely concerned with the British business man and engineer. We found an unmistakable evidence of this influence in the personnel of Antofagasta's Sporting Club and in the ownership and nomenclature of the horses.

Chile and Argentina, of all the South American republics, are most ardently devoted to the track, and every important city has its *hipódromo*, as large and as luxurious as it is within the local means to procure. In the case of Buenos Aires, where the Jockey Club is one of the wealthiest of its kind in the world, this *lujo*, to use the colloquial expression, takes the most extravagant form, and the race course and its pavilions are in many respects unrivaled.

Great as is the genuine sporting interest in events of the track, as evidence in the voluminous publicity given to the races by the press, it is in its character as a social institution and as an outlet for the Spanish-American passion for gambling that the track finds its greatest vogue. The Jockey Club of Buenos Aires, upon its percentage of the receipts from the pari-mutuel betting system, has reached a pinnacle

of bewildering wealth. Its three thousand dollar membership fee is only an embarrassment to the club's treasurer. There is an eager waiting list of new-made Argentine millionaires who are not at all chagrined at such an amount, and were it not for the facility with which the privilege of the black-ball is exercised, it would be difficult to maintain the organization's proud exclusiveness.

The dice box did not vanish with the late lamented saloon in the United States, nor have American military regulations been capable of entirely quieting the voice of the galloping domino. But not in its most unprohibited days did this diverting institution flourish north of the Rio Grande as it does in South America. Thirty or forty dice boxes on the counter of a single club bar are not considered excessive. The arbitration of the little cubes is in demand upon most occasions, trivial or grave. It is the reputation of the peon that he will gamble for anything whatsoever, at cards, dice, throwing the knuckle bone, or a dozen and one other expedients for shifting the responsibility of decisions from himself to the goddess of fortune.

There is, of course, a dissociation of gambling from sports in the amateur athletics that appear to be catching on slowly. This field of diversion has already widened sufficiently for a periodic South American Olympic, and there are occasional inter-

national meetings in tennis, notably between Chile and Argentina. Of all the amateur sports, tennis no doubt holds first place in popular favor. This is a vogue that is extending, in fact, to the women, who are to be seen in faultless attire, modestly and without violation of their ancestral grace of carriage, going through the milder and least strenuous motions of the game. Even the men, when a championship is not at stake, often appear to be regulating their strokes with a nice appreciation of trouser creases and *dignidad*.

The British variety of football, which inevitably follows the Union Jack upon its political and commercial wanderings, likewise has taken root in Spanish-American interest. Not only do games attract large crowds of spectators, but the players, particularly in the Argentine, are no longer predominantly of British cast.

North American baseball is practically unknown, but golf, in recent years, has made rapid advances. Travelers are a little surprised at the prevalence of this sport from Panama southward. There is a collection of courses in the Canal Zone, one at each of the three locks, looking very hot under the tropic sun. They are narrow, and some of them have sand greens, but they seem to be much used.

A nine-hole course enlivens the somewhat featureless landscape adjacent to Lima, and of several others in Peru, one has the unusual setting of an old Inca

burying ground, the course being marked with skulls and crossbones unexpectedly bequeathed to this use by vanished generations.

The game has struggled, as well, even so far as the bleak plateaus of Bolivia. The course laid out in desert sands at the edge of the chasm in which La Paz lies is asserted by the inhabitants to be the highest in the world. Its altitude is twelve thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

In the inland cities of the Andes, fencing and riding still have their devotees, these being the traditional exercises of a Spanish gentleman. The middle class, or rather the mixed population, takes to the modern sports far more readily than the aristocratic element with its *hidalgo* background of old Spain. And this is an attitude that reflects itself in no better example than that of the Boy Scouts. Youngsters of the prouder families find there is menial work, unbecoming to a gentleman, in the business of being a member of this virulent and self-reliant order.

XIX.

WORDS SUPERLATIVE AND OROTUND.

A CITIZEN of the United States has good reason for supposing that there is more political activity per square inch in the land of campaign orators and ward heelers than "in any other country on the face of the globe." This is happily a delusion. It is one of several home-grown impressions that are likely to be rectified by a nearer acquaintance with the southernmost of the Americas.

That well advertised aspect of South American life, the revolution, has been for a long time in the process of ironing out. The spectacle of an overnight change in government, with or without bloodshed, is much less frequent than in the course of the last century. Still, it is possible to get some echo of more violent days during most any South American election of the present time. There are street demonstrations more or less reminiscent of the era of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and of "full-dinner-pail" processions. Occasionally an enthusiastic riot is spiced with the sound of firearms and the clatter of mounted police. And during the comparatively quiet season between elections political

bushfighting goes steadily on, with less likelihood of bloodshed but with as much vigor, in the columns of the press.

If politics in the United States is a profession, in South America it may be called that and something more. It is a good deal of sport. Its devotees are the generals of the armies and the "doctors" of medicine and the law. Indeed, it seems to exist very largely for the pleasure of these *caballeros*, since the vast majority of the indigenous and mixed population—at least of the Andean region—appears to be unconcerned with it.

The press must find its patronage in the educated minority. And because this element is exactly coincident with the world of politics, it is logical that the columns of the newspapers should be bursting—almost exploding—with political news. Probably it is not too much to say that, as in republican China, most of the West Coast journals have their first reason for existence in the office-holding aspirations of some general or group of *doctores* whose professional engagements are rarely so onerous as to deprive them of the leisure for developing theories of government.

There is a certain lack of restraint about the use of firearms in connection with political franchise. Possibly it is to be accounted for, as are so many other South American characteristics, on the score of Latin temperament. At any rate, this explosive partisanship has its fiery reflection in the press. Para-



STREET VENDORS IN THE VILLAGE OF OBRAJES, BOLIVIA

graphs of startling violence are the commonplace daily product of a multitude of political pens.

The uncurbed vehemence of such matter is in curious contrast with the mellowness and grandiloquence of Castilian phrase. It is like the sword beneath the silk of the *hidalgo's* cloak. But though it is frequently brutal—more brusque, at least, than in Castile—this weapon has not yet wholly stemmed in the New World the flowing cadences of old Spain's courteous formulas of speech.

Ungloved but eloquent was the valedictory comment of an opposition newspaper upon the congress that was expiring upon our arrival in La Paz—"that most notorious parliament, haloed by unrighteous acts and by public anathemas more than sufficient to send it down into history as the most odious, sterile and immoral that was ever seen on this continent."

"Its dishonesties," continues the editor, with an unconscious reflection upon his own political probity, "might have been pardonable, if it had done something toward putting the country's affairs in order. But it has framed not a single acceptable law or resolution to preserve it from the utter contempt of posterity."

This, of course, is far from constructive criticism. Possibly it is a rule of the game that even such assistance to the political opposition as helpful faultfinding must be carefully withheld. We found at least a

subconsciousness of this unfortunate attitude most vigorously expressed by a provincial young editor in Bolivia.

"Liberty of the press," he wrote in a burst of self-righteousness, "is made use of in a manner barbarous and criminal. Instead of serving as a lofty tribunal of progress and civilization, the newspapers busy themselves solely to injure, calumniate and render infamous their political adversaries."

South American journalism, indeed, has frequently been the firebrand of revolution, that fruit of political ambition, which, fortunately, ripens less often now. It is explained by those who profess to understand such phenomena that this is because of a slow crystallization of democratic institutions. The rural Bolivian editor had this in mind, no doubt, when he complained that one hundred years had scarcely been sufficient "for the orientation of Bolivia's institutions of nationality."

"One or the other of our newspapers," he recalled, "has been at the perpetual business of fomenting an internal quarrel, due to a total incomprehension of liberal government; concerning which, indeed, there is in this country today an utter bankruptcy of popular understanding. We continue to live under the ancient principles of the French Revolution, frenziedly demanding the unlimited and impossible liberties of the Jacobinism of 1789."

The political party in South America is not always founded upon a theory of government. It has few such distinguishing shibboleths as protection or free trade. It exists rarely in the interest of good government and frequently for the profit of its adherents. In effect, therefore, no matter what are the formal denominations, there are only two parties, the ins and the outs.

We happened to arrive in Peru at a moment when the outs had suddenly got in. There was tremendous clamor in the press. The activities of a former president gave tongue to wild murmurs of revolution. For one emotional faction this individual was an excited hero, for the other he was a target for pistol bullets and bricks.

The press of the outgoing party fulminated, with the result that the most outspoken editor found himself speedily in jail. His fellow partisans shrieked of anarchy, the rights of habeas corpus and the sanctity of free speech, interspersing their printed utterances with vague suggestions of revolutionary chaos. A compatriot editor dared to write:

“Think, fellow citizens, of the bad odor in which we must be with all other countries of the world, when at the end of our first centenary of democracy, we offer such a picture of anarchy, of hatred, of unstable equilibrium, and of collective mental derangement, manifesting that we are not yet a nation but a tribe of outlaws, without one of the most elemental characteristics of civilization and self-government.”

From the secure pinnacle of his party's success, a paragrapher in the leading mouthpiece of the new ins was able to pen a lofty and self-righteous rebuke to the imprisoned journalist and his fellows, forgetful, for the moment, that in the fullness of time his acquiescence in this abridgement of the liberties of the press very likely would come home to himself. Thus:

"In the editorial article with which *La Prensa* yesterday morning criticized the new ministry is to be found the key to its noisome political principles. This article is a palpable demonstration of the obfuscation with which it habitually views the internal affairs of the country. It is the most absolute negation of the spirit of justice, and a most eloquent confirmation of the prejudice of its judgments. . . . Those gentlemen who have now assumed their portfolios in the government are possessed of lofty virtues such as, unfortunately, are by no means abundant in the ranks of that group the interest of which *La Prensa* serves so unconditionally, obediently and passionately, as was evidenced in its applause of numerous odorous acts by the outgoing cabinet. They are of the quality so loudly specified even in its own columns as indispensable for the liberation of the country from those who, for many years, have believed themselves a sacred and perpetual institution—who have had the audacity to declare themselves public servants and statesmen; whose sole activity has been in the creation of a bureaucracy and in the maintenance of a spirit of docility on the part of the public toward their monstrous impositions."

For a column and a half the theme was varied, then it mounted to this inevitable apostrophe:

"Always have we urged, since we considered it necessary to the salvation of the republic, that its political life should be renovated by the energetic leaven of new and more youthful elements, by the eradication of those who, in their accomplishments and their ideals, have signified nothing but the fossilization of methods and principles. For this reason we rejoice at the infiltration into the body politic of new forces, of ideas signifying reaction. . . . We are complacent in the belief that the new cabinet will not imitate the detestable record of the outgoing ministry, which accomplished little more than a conspiracy of failure, speculation and political dishonesty."

These are phrases at which the traditional sword of Aragon and Castile would have leaped from its scabbard. But the day of the duel is nearly over, even in the Spanish world. There was a notorious personal combat of this sort not so long ago in Uruguay, but reprisal in these decadent times is generally left for the "retort courteous" of the opposing press.

In quite another vein flows the rotund and grandiose phraseology of the editor when he is on the subject of his friends. He can wet his page with verbose sympathy for the afflicted, or fill it with unctuous congratulation for the successful, and there is no sparing of the superlatives that express honor and respect. In this he is but reflecting the virtuosity for ornamental language that has come to be an Iberian tradition.

Our arrival in La Paz was contemporaneous with the election of a Bolivian official. Since he was a

jurist, it was inevitable that there should be a gathering of the doctors of law. Valiant as were its attempts, the press did not succeed in outdoing the oratory of the president of the supreme court, who was chief speaker at the *almuerza*, or breakfast, by which the successful candidate was honored. He is worth quoting:

"To the occasion of the well-merited election of your excellency, we owe the happy opportunity of seeing you in confraternity with the magistrates of this district and embosomed in the social purlieu of La Paz. This felicitous circumstance apportions to us, at the same time, the grateful satisfaction of rendering to you our homage, not alone out of the respect that is due your hierarchy and your exalted personal merits, but also because of the intensity of the affection with which we are inspired by the delicacy of your personality, always so generous, cultured and noble, manifested in the intimacies of friendship as well as in the austerities of public life.

"Modest and loyal demonstration of this sincere affection is the enchanting hour in which we have the honor to commune with your worthy person, and in which I am encharged with interpreting the sentiments of my distinguished colleagues, the gentlemen of the supreme court of the district, and of the honorable judges and attorneys-general, here present. I ask of your geniality, as I ask also the kind indulgence of the distinguished *caballeros* who sit at this festive table, permission to express certain brief considerations inspired by the interest that impels us to exalt the judicial power and prestige; matters of which patriotism forbids the omission, even upon such an occasion as this, designed primarily, as it is, for the manifestation of an intimate cordiality. . . .

"Most excellent Señor: It is significant and flattering to me, this opportunity to direct a word that may promote confraternity among the principal components of

the judicial tribunals of La Paz, by the exchange of those ideas that constrain us with mutual ties and reinforce our enthusiasm for the cult of right and justice; and it is permitted me to salute you, with the profoundest respect, and to signify at the same time my admiration for the intellectual labor which you have devoted to the profit and adornment of the national literature. Your books, dedicated to conserving the traditions of the national and social life of the republic, have reverberated through America and have over-vaulted even continental limits, shedding consummate honor upon your name and dazzling lustre upon your country's escutcheon."

It is difficult to convey in English the reverberating and majestic quality of the Spanish syllables with which such sentiments as this are clothed. There is unquestionably a flare among these Latin-Americans for orotundity of speech. Some of the crushing momentum of such a torrent of felicitous phrase no doubt is due to length of sentence. We came upon one editorial that spun itself out into a breathless column and a half, composed of twelve paragraphs, each of a single sentence staggering under the weight of from ninety to one hundred and forty words.

The honorary dinner is no less a South American institution than the honorific adjective. One's *amigos* foregather upon the eve of a departure, even if it is only across the river, and reunite upon the happy day of return. There is a long and probably indigestible communion at the festal board. Newspaper photographers, carefully advised of the event, come and go with their puffs of flashlight powder, and there

is complete and flattering detail in the journals of the following day, under some such resonant caption as "*Espontanea manifestacion de cordialidad*," a phrase that easily translates itself into English.

We were involuntarily participants in one such demonstration of affection in the arid city of Antofagasta. Our hotel rooms faced, with naïve tropical intimacy, upon a common verandah. At this point of vantage there was gathered, at four o'clock in the morning, a dozen or more *buen' amigos* of one of our near neighbors. They made merry with song and the twang of guitars, almost in the *dolce far niente* fashion of the Hawaiians. They were primed for the business by a night of preparatory lubrication. From four until "morning coffee," an hour or two later, they kept the hotel in an emotional uproar, then they adjourned to a café where their victim might be made sufficiently gay to absorb some of the shock of his anticipated three-day parting; and all this as a mere prelude to the formal leave-taking breakfast at noon!

"*Homenaje*" is a frequent headline, introducing flowery paragraphs of tribute to "that perfect gentleman So-and-So," or to his wife and daughter, jewels enshrined—in so many words—"among the most beautiful and distinguished of our charming women."

We read, under this ubiquitous caption, that "Señorita Sofía Villegas Fulano has celebrated her

Saint's Day, upon which occasion she received the homage of her innumerable loyal friends, who profess for her the deepest of affection. La Señorita Villegas Fulano is one of the most exquisite personages known to our local salons, where she is profoundly esteemed for her dazzling beauty and her distinguished inheritance of talent and culture."

Such delicious blurb is served in some of the so-called society pages of our own United States, but its equal would be difficult to find elsewhere outside the Spanish world. *Homenaje* is rampant, not only in sports, but in all sections of the Spanish-American newspaper. Vicente Desiderio, for example, is finishing his studies in the university, admirable occasion for a banquet. There will be a column of *homenaje* tomorrow morning; today there is this advanced tribute, with photographs, translating itself somewhat as follows:

"The members of Uruguay Onward will pay homage this evening to the captain of the first team, Vincente Desiderio, who is finishing his studies at the university. What can we say here that will be adequate to the occasion? Contemplated with utter impartiality, the demonstration could not have been arranged for a purpose more in keeping with honor and just deserts. Desiderio enjoys not only an enviable position among his fellows for his achievements as a player, but in the ranks of his adversaries as well his reputation is that of a sportsman of gentility and culture, *san peur et sans reproche*. . . . This journal joins in what is indubitably a deserved tribute of *simpatía* and friendship, in the conviction that it is thus discharging no less than an obligation toward

one who is a scholar and a gentleman, and one of the most cultured players in the upper division of Uruguayan football."

This is, to say the least, demonstrative. It is the sort of thing that in the United States would be called provincial journalism. There are still communities on this continent where wedding "write-ups" bring forth a pyrotechnic of worn but well-tested adjectives, and where the editor mourns with a bereaved family over some "bright spirit that has been called from the sorrows of this world to a heavenly reward." But it is comparatively rare in these times that a North American editor can be caught "joining with the many friends of the happy young couple in wishing them a long and prosperous married life."

In effect, this is still the South American vogue. It is the persistence, in spite of time and change, of a close neighborly spirit of the élite among the Spanish colonists. Through it the community becomes a family. It inspires the *paseo*, that promenade clearing-house of common social interests, so greatly in contrast with the North's unneighborly aloofness.

As for the flowers of speech in which these sentiments are clothed, they have their root, no doubt, somewhere in Spain's deep Oriental setting. They are verbal nose-gays very much like those of China, with its immutable forms of address and its hoary conventions of comity and compliment.

Some of the bloom of this foliage has vanished in

the hurly-burly of progress, particularly in the greater metropolitan centers. The world-wide interests of such a cosmopolis as Buenos Aires have driven out of public print much of the old community gossip. Phrases are cut shorter to meet requirements of space and time, and to keep the pace of a population more in step with Anglo-Saxon than with Spaniard. A curtness has crept in there to replace the courtly old cadences of Castilian speech.

But if rhetorical flourish has been curtailed somewhat in the journals of Buenos Aires and Santiago, it continues to reverberate in the press of the West and North. There is still leisure, in the unhurrying old domain of the Incas, for paragraphs as ornamental as the rubrics appended to *hidalgo* signatures. A friend, in print, invariably appears as "most highly esteemed," a gentleman is inevitably "perfect," and a lady is always and forever "among the most beautiful."

La Nacion, in Buenos Aires, is the New York Times of South America. Many of the little dailies of the West Coast republics are on about the plane of a North American small town weekly. In spite of this wide divergence of standard, however, there is at least one respect in which all South American journals, great and small, are upon common ground, a survival of that old colonial community of interest which esteemed above the news of the world's capi-

tals a daily chronicle of the state of health and felicity enjoyed by Señor Don Fulano and his estimable Señora.

There is no society column in the narrow North American sense. Indeed, there is a section devoted to "*La Vida Social*"—the social life. Into this corner is tucked a wide variety of the affairs of society, taking the term in a broad way. Here may be found the news of birth and death, betrothal and marriage, the sick and the convalescent, travels and repatriations, banquets and demonstrations of *homenaje*, funerals and masses for the dead, Saint's Day parties for young señoritas and goings and comings in diplomatic circles. Lawn tennis appears in these columns, under its English name, whenever the participation of women players requires its modest removal from the realm of sports.

Under the head of "*Enfermos*," the sick, we found ourselves poring with a singular curiosity over the daily dispensary list of those whose state of health was of the requisite social importance. "On the way to complete reestablishment, Doña Felicia Dorrego del Suarez." "Encounters himself sick, Don Felipe de Suarez." "Getting better, Don Jose Calixto Solar." "Abed, Doña Rosa Zulema." "Satisfactory, the condition of Señorita Carmen Cabeza de Vaca."

The sub-heading of "*Banquetes*" was seldom missing. "In the Eagle sweet-shop," to select a sample, "there will be served this evening the dinner offered

in his honor by the friends of Don Ricardo Muniz (the younger), upon the occasion of his deserting the life of a bachelor."

Since the social life of the Spanish-American woman is largely restricted to the family circle, there is little to chronicle in the way of convivial functions in which she participates. The newspapers, therefore, do not address themselves to her so assiduously as do those of North America. If they have a "woman's page" at all, it is a pale collection of crocheting directions, style suggestions, feminist reprint from foreign newspapers, and pink poetry, evidently of the indigenous and voluntary type. There is an occasional woman writer, of undoubted suffrage complexion, but a decided absence of the "sob squad."

One or two of the more daring journals have adopted the North American sectional cartoon, usually tucked away among the want ads, but they make no approach to the puerile hodge-podge of sentimental back-page stuff that nourishes millions of light minds in the United States. In their place is usually a "*folletin*," an instalment of a novel. Some of these are mere trash, and others, like those appearing thus in French newspapers, are of genuine literary merit.

Sports, except for the bullfight, are largely foreign to the Spanish gentleman's tradition of deportment.

That they are an acquired taste in South America needs no better evidence than the liberal adoption of Anglo-Saxon and North American vernacular. The word "sports" is frequently borrowed for use as a page heading. Under it are department captions that give this section a most deceitful appearance. We made a casual collection of these adopted terms, among the most common of which were "football," "turf," "boxing," "paper chase" and "tennis." More significant was the descriptive vernacular of the sport writers, who made habitual use of such imported words as "jockey," "match," "club," "goal," "team," "score," "sportsman," "mixed," "field," "shot," "round," "ring," "second," "handicap," and "K. O." Many a familiar Anglo-Saxon sports idiom, as well, was to be found literally translated. Boxing had its newly-coined Spanish forms, among them the adjective "*boxeril*," and the noun "*boxeo*." Notice of a pugilistic encounter frequently appeared under a caption of some such mixed genealogy as "match de box."

The Spanish language, like the French, has the reputation of extreme conservatism in the matter of imported words. It was interesting to observe, therefore, the considerable grist of borrowed philology in South American speech and in news matter outside of sports. "*Mitin*" palpably has been coined from "meeting," as one of many examples that might be cited; "stocks" are quoted in the financial columns;

and a newspaper of La Paz almost shocked us with its complete naturalization of "Social jazz dancing."

Generally we found the typography of South American newspapers good, but there is one bad habit among many of the smaller and evidently hand-set dailies against which we must make emphatic protest, in the interest of others like ourselves who are not facile in grasping the intent of Spanish print. This is the utter truancy of the hyphen, permitting a sad mutilation of words so unfortunate as to stand at the end of a line, many of them with their backs broken in the very middle of a syllable.

The South American editor has much in common, of course, with editors of other lands. He knows the convenience, for example, of the compositor as a means of alibi. The editor of a journal in La Paz, taken to task for having chronicled the imprisonment of the director of *La Prensa*, in Lima, had only to blame the *linotipista* for his stupidity in mistaking *La Prensa* for *El Tiempo*, a likely explanation but an unlikely error.

Then there was the editor in La Serena, Chile, who reminded us humorously of an old home-town journalist whose propensity for fishing and Sunday school picnics occasionally dislocated his schedule of press days. "To give time for the personnel of this establishment to discharge its religious duties upon the occasion of Good Friday," ran the black-face notice

in *El Chileno*, "this journal will not come to light on Saturday morning. We bid farewell to our readers, therefore, until Sunday."

Death gets its full due of solemnity and apostrophe in the Spanish-American press. It is the occasion for an editor's most measured and emotional periods. Its phraseology has attained a somber conventionality, which expresses itself with even greater definitude in the paid notices of funerals and masses. "Q.E.P.D.," the Spanish "R.I.P.," and a character representing the cross, gives most of these advertisements the desired odor of sanctity.

There is a somewhat general impression abroad that South America's morals, to speak in mild terms, are elastic in character. Whatever the truth of the supposition, this delinquency is not evident in the public prints. Practically speaking, there is no pornographic press—though this cannot be said of the not too distant past. We found one or two more or less salacious journals, but they were innocuous beside what we had blushed for in the United States. The lewd picture is a rarity, and there is even a certain reticence in the matter of fashion plates, a startling contrast with the immodesties of Europe and North America. It reminded us of the women's bathing costumes at Callao, which, indeed, offered a neat parallel. They were of such Comstockian character as to be certain of meeting the entire approval

of even the most sensitive North American beach censors.

In view of this probity, we were only mildly distressed by the department of "Confidences, Flirtations, Silhouettes and Inquiries" in a certain weekly of Buenos Aires. In effect it was a matrimonial bureau—a clearing house for amorous adventure.

"*Silhouette*: Vigorous and *simpático* young man, of seventeen or eighteen years; black-eyed and of average stature; his given name begins with E and ends with i, and his surname begins with C and finishes with i. He lives in the suburbs, near the Japanese park. I should be suffocated with happiness if his divine eyes would but rest upon me. A little neighbor."

"*Confidencia*: Unhappy One: You have drained the bitter cup that must be drunk by one who has been separated from his beloved. The rosy illusions of the dawn of your life have perished miserably in the night of suffering and grief. The rose bush, most delicate of all those that bloomed in your garden of dreams, has been stripped of its nacreous and perfumed blossoms; thorns only remain to shred your heart into tatters. But I offer you, Unfortunate One, the bright flower of a great and holy affection, full of the soft perfumes requisite to sweeten your life; I offer it as a sacred balsam, which, when it has been flung over your bosom, will ease the wound now bleeding in your breast. If you wish, if you will

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· consent, I will replace the one who is gone; with words tender and affectionate I will ward off the sorrows now afflicting your innocent, noble bosom. My love will be a mantle that will prevent the ice of loneliness from withering the flower of your youth. Selva Sombría.”

XX.

VANISHING WINDOW BARS.

SLOWLY and with apparent indifference is the daughter of the *conquistador* being emancipated from the Oriental subservience that was her inheritance from the Moors of Spain. The process is rendered inevitable by the irresistible ferment of suffragism permeating the modern life of the world, but through any effort of her own she has small part in it. In general her face is turned indolently and even contentedly backward. She is not greatly dissatisfied with her lot.

Nevertheless she is much changed in the last generation or two. Her world has altered, and she with it, outwardly at least; though it is to be suspected that at heart she is still Asiatic. It may be said that window bars are vanishing, yet the leash of the harem still fetters her to the Moorish tradition of feminine virtues, as expressed in cast-iron conventions of personal conduct, and to a flagrant double-standard of morals.

South America's woman question, therefore, is not political but social. It is an affair of the modiste rather than of the feminist; of manners and domestic

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relations rather than of the ballot box. If the walls and bars, figurative, at least, of the Moorish seraglio, hold their captives less rigidly to the narrow life of preceding generations, it is a circumstance due not so much to the propaganda of suffrage as to a candid sophistication attained through contact with personal liberties of women from other lands.

La Señora does not really wish to vote. That would be too completely upsetting a way of life with which she is in the main content. And, curiously, suffrage does not seem to appeal to her even as a means of obtaining those more personal advantages with which she is concerned.

No doubt it is difficult for the militant women of the United States to understand this. It may have been even a shock to some of them, in the Pan-American Congress that met at Baltimore, to hear a confession of it from one of the most prominent of their suffragist sisters in the neighboring continent.

The aspirations of South American women, said the speaker, had not yet "become vocal." In a general way the opinion of women on political questions echoed that of fathers, husbands or brothers. Education was a superficiality "dictated by the requirements of what was termed good society." Such education tended toward emphasizing the qualities that made for social adornment and brilliancy, taking for granted that the obligations of meeting the material necessities of the home rested upon the men

and leaving the women unprepared for remunerative work when forced to meet such a situation.

This statement needs only its masculine corollary, culled from a Santiago newspaper's interview with one of Chile's contemporary statesmen, to complete the picture. What he says of Chile is no doubt applicable in general to the rest of the continent:

"I find feminism in Chile little more than an affectation, a feeble and comparatively meaningless echo of the suffrage agitation that beats about our ears from elsewhere in the world. Even the backwardness of women's legal position in this country has done little to forward the movement here. The reason, broadly speaking, is their exceedingly limited education. There is among them a distressing amount of illiteracy. Of course, I do not refer to the select group of professional and intellectual women who stand at the head of the suffrage cause on this continent, and who are the peers of the European leaders of their sex, but only to the millions of women who live their lives unconsciously. A vast field remains to be cultivated before the Chilean woman reaches what can be called a state of educated democracy. I cannot believe, therefore, that this is the opportune moment for conceding Chilean women political rights. They are unprepared. There would be a double-edged sword of opposition, in any case, manipulated by husband and confessor. Woman's important task today is to increase her prestige in her present rôle and to make an effort toward the attainment of greater happiness for herself and her family."

But the "unconscious" life of the millions of Chile's women is not all sheer educational benightedness, as is hinted by an editorial writer in Santiago's

El Diario Ilustrado. To him it appears that there is still visible a good deal of what he calls "the muteness of the Mussulman harem." There are, among his countrywomen, too many "señoritas of adornment," accomplished in piano playing, French idiom and dabbling in paints, just as there are, also, too many "who kill the whole sanctified day in the fabrication of needlework designed merely to find a sepulchre in the bottom drawer of a bureau."

And to append the estimate of a North American woman resident in Buenos Aires for many years: "The education of one of these South American women is complete when she has learned to powder herself, make love, and wear a two-peso hat as if it were from the Rue de la Paix."

We were drifting with the current in the Thursday evening *paseo* at La Paz.

"Where," wailed the lady from Texas, whose acquaintance of South America had begun and had been interrupted a decade or two before, "are the old *mantillas*? These hats spoil it all for me. And what has become of the old custom, women all together and walking in one direction, men in the other? *Ay de mi*, this is sad; now the women walk, like *cholas*, arm in arm with their men."

Gone, indeed, is the time when La Señora, like a woman of Fez, would glide through the streets concealing in the amorphous folds of her mantle all

cnarms save the flash of an eye. She fares forth now, frankly exhibited to the avid woman-hunger of the men of her race. Hats and gowns of Parisian conception have replaced the *manto* and the *mantilla*, and even the shy coquetry of the fan has been laid away, as well, with other mementoes of the romantic past. The *mantilla* has not wholly vanished, but at least it has been relegated by the upper classes to church and to very special social occasions. In church the feminine hat is quite generally under clerical ban.

Among *cholas* the *mantilla* may be seen not infrequently, but even with them the exquisite aura of its lace folds, suspended from a high comb banked with flowers against a mass of dark hair, is becoming more and more rare.

As for the *manto*, a head and shoulders shawl that perpetuates the Morisco tradition of the veiled woman, it is still common enough among the humbler daughters of the Conquest. The servants, the half-Indian market women, the old crones in Lima who haunted our steps with their fluttering lottery tickets, were most often seen in this somnolent drape, which has the convenient merit of concealing, far more often than some womanly charm, a careless disarray of toilet.

But great as is the triumph of the French modiste among the *gente decente*, scant inroad has been made upon the Moorish tenet of feminine modesty.

South America has no garish flapper. There may be no difference in length either of skirts or of hair, but there is a reticence of deportment that makes even full evening dress appear less décolleté than if the wearer were in north latitude. And as for the one item of bathing costumes, mentioned already in another connection, these effect a sincerity of concealment that would seem an amazing hypocrisy to beach censors of the United States.

It was the opinion of the Pennsylvania *padre*, expressed in grave and sonorous accents, that the moving picture, in South America, is one of the greatest influences toward immorality. This is a harsh and facile judgment, of course, and one that has been heard elsewhere than in the southern continent. Still, that motion pictures have influenced South American life—whatever the moral effect—can scarcely be gainsaid.

Life in the Andean villages would be dull, indeed, without the *cine*. Whether it is bad for the social order or not, it is nevertheless a ray of relief from the deadly monotony of existence among a people with plenty of leisure but small opportunity for employing it. This is true to a great extent even of the cities, for the legitimate drama does not thrive on the West Coast, and most of the very bad troupes of actors adventuring out from Europe have been put to

rout by the persistent attack of the frequently no better but more subtle movie.

From the *paseo* in all the Andean towns we noted an early and eventually a complete desertion to the *cinematógrafos*. Where *costumbre* has hitherto kept in check the weedy and insolent bill poster, the moving picture advance man has overcome local prejudices so far as to placard every public square.

Unfortunately the film offerings in these West Coast towns, so far as we were able to tell, belonged distinctly to the screen's dark ages. This was to be explained, possibly, by the cheapness of old releases, but also by the definite penchant of the Latin-American for sex themes of a virulent vintage. His taste for drama, as for fiction, appeared to us to be still solidly built around the unexpurgated model of Balzac and Maupassant. And it was evident that the North American purveyor of films was endeavoring to approximate this standard with reels of an exceedingly aphrodisiac character.

The hard-boiled movie fan of North America has earned considerable immunity from the influence of pictured sin; but, since it completely over-rides the conventions that serve South Americans as shock absorbers upon written fiction, the North American sex film pushes hard against Spanish-Moorish social restrictions that are already wavering.

Wild western melodrama and early period slapstick appeared to be exceedingly popular, and these

no doubt did something to mitigate the sex film's insidious reaction. But profitable as such entertainments are to the producer, they are a decided misfortune to the producing country. Judged by his antics on the screen, the melodramatic and hectic life he is made to lead, and the liberal exhibition of his represented peccadillos and follies, the North American could scarcely appear otherwise to the unsophisticated Bolivian highlander than a creature of most eccentric and reprehensible habits. To a ridiculously large number of South Americans the United States is still a land of Bill Hart cowboys. And to put the case in its mildest terms, many of the film plays depict manners and customs, which, without interpretation and charitable understanding, are anything but flattering to the national character and ideal.

"Movie-makers of the United States," a British critic of the cinema in South America has it, "have vitiated the taste and falsified the imagination of five continents."

Whatever the truth in this over-statement, which may have had its inspiration in the fact that United States films dominate the South American market in spite of an active post-war competition by British, French, Italian and German producers, dispute is not likely to arise as to their profound effect in widening the general knowledge of South American women.

It has been said of the moving picture, in explana-

tion of its especial popularity with women, that it gives them at least a vicarious knowledge of things which, common enough to men, do not ordinarily come within feminine experience of life. And this is particularly true of women in the southern America.

There is an inevitable contagion in the spectacle of the North American girl, ranging, in her scarcely hampered way, through most of the forbidden fields of human experience. This does not go so far as to inspire general imitation. The ways even of post-flapperdom are not easy to understand or to follow in South America, nevertheless they constitute a leaven that is undoubtedly active upon the inert lump of Moorish convention.

Under this and similar influences there has been a slow weakening, in recent years, of the *dueña* system, a chaperonage so severe as to seem preposterous to any North American girl. Not so long ago none but a parent or an adult relative, even in the least aristocratic galleries of society, might accompany a señorita beyond the iron doors of her own *patio*. But today she is sometimes permitted to attend the movies—in the afternoon—with no more protection than that of a baby sister.

And here, of course, until this new liberty has been properly adjusted to the particularly involved and inverted Latin-American sex relation, lies some of the moral hazard of which the old *padre* complained. For the *cine* has become a place of flirtation offering

far greater attractions than does the interior of a church, where one's *enamorata* may be worshiped only from afar, and better facilities for courtship than the traditional barred window. A baby sister is no great impediment to flirtatious intimacies in a darkened theater.

The *padre's* concern, however, was for a more subtle influence from the film itself. He feared an undermining of the social system; he was apprehensive lest there should be too sudden a desertion of the tried old Spanish-Moorish barriers against the sins of sex, and too general an excursion into the brazen liberties of women in other lands.

As to this he was probably over-much disturbed. The Moor's estimate of women has always suited the Spanish church admirably well. It has helped to make docile and fervid feminine parishioners. The cloister's influence over the women of South America has been enormous, and unquestionably it is to be considered one of the greatest of the causes for their inertia and apparent contentment with their lot. Against this curious buttressing, by the Christian church, of a Mohammedan convention, travel, books and the virus of universal suffrage have found a difficult task. Just as the aphrodisiac French novel has been unable to shake their moral security, so will the moving picture prove, in the main, incapable of inflicting deep-seated harm.

VANISHING WINDOW BARS

Quando al pie de tu ventana, niña, me pongo a cantar,
Se imagina tu reja convertida en un altar.

When he sang thus at the grilled window of his most beloved, in those courtly and imaginative days of old Spain, the *novio*, according to this poet's fancy, was able to conceive of the iron bars, through which her face was visible under the moonlit folds of her *mantilla*, as a veritable altar of his desire.

South America inherited from the Spaniard this window courtship, and there is still much twanging of guitars, but the old custom is being engulfed in gradual twilight, through which the world is loser of one of its most romantic gestures.

Not alone has the aping of foreign manners, so largely abetted by the potent influence of the moving picture, been responsible for making this a vanishing souvenir of the age of troubadours; the many-storied apartment building and the intrusion of alien architectural ideas have also conspired to render things difficult for the old-time *novio*. He can no more make his ballads heard by his lady on the top floor than Santa Claus, who suffers from the same cause, though in a different way, can go his fabled rounds via the chimney of a steamheated flat.

We have been assured, however, that the spirit of the old manner of courtship has by no means vanished; that it is, in fact, as virulent as ever. The rule has a growing number of exceptions, of course;

still there is but one conventional route to the altar. Whether the romantic spark has been struck on the *paseo*, at the movies, in church, or at one of the none too frequent public functions where the señorita may display her charms outside the family circle, the matter must proceed in due and ancient form. This will not be, as in the North American manner, by a free and untrammled association under an infinite variety of circumstances—the dance, the theater, the motor car, the bathing beach, or the business office. Beyond the pale of a strict chaperonage must the South American young man learn to love his lady, and only after he has been admitted to her parlor, still haunted by the *dueña*, will he be afforded any real opportunity to test what manner of person she really is. It is then, however, more or less too late to retract. He is committed by the very act of entering her parlor, and the arrangement must proceed if the honor of her family and herself is not to suffer grievous hurt.

But if South American courtship is tight-bound in convention, matrimony itself is an institution still more inexorably circumscribed. It has about it thick medieval walls and deep Middle Age moats. Except in Uruguay, the Nevada of the southern continent, divorce is practically impossible, and in general woman's legal status is far from being abreast of the times.

Consuelo, the daughter of a Chilean diplomat, who traveled unchaperoned from Santiago to Buenos Aires, affable alike to train crew and fellow passengers, complained of this. The most interesting thing about the United States, for her, was its facility for divorce.

"For that reason alone," said she, "I would gladly accept an offer of marriage from a Yankee in preference to one from a Chilean."

And in this it may be that she spoke for a considerable number of South American women, if one is to believe the matrimonial gossips who tell of brilliant conquests by eligible young men from the northern continent.

But this feeling, if it is general, belongs to the younger generation. Curiously it has little influence toward the advancement of suffrage. The women of all classes and ages have been notoriously apathetic, even in such an ultra-advanced Latin republic as Argentina, in their support of the numerous ameliorating divorce laws that have been proposed, unsuccessfully, within recent years.

The situation in Uruguay is almost grotesque by contrast with the rest of the continent. It is exceedingly easy there for a woman to obtain a divorce, and correspondingly difficult for a man. But Uruguay's example seems hardly likely to spread.

Divorce laws, however much they may be desired, do not appear at the moment to be a part of the wo-

man program. There is a peculiar silence on this subject in the organization aims of the Pan-American Association for the Advancement of Women. This program, nevertheless, is not without ambitions, for it aims "to bring about the education of all women; to establish the right of married women to control their property; to establish the right of married women to collect their own wages; to organize public speaking among women; to see that women have an opportunity for the free use of their talents in any and all lines of endeavor; to educate public sentiment by way of preparation for the vote."

Rousseau said: "Woman was made to please man. That he ought to please her in his turn is not such an immediate necessity—it merely lies in his power. He pleases by the mere fact of his strength."

Fundamentally this is the old Spanish colonial conception of woman. Some of its literalness has worn off, but in the main it persists. It implies the two paramount Spanish virtues in woman; beauty and fecundity. It does not envisage her as a wage earner or as a person of intellectuality with a vocation in life. Neither, therefore, does the law contemplate these things, and this serves to explain some of the leading issues in the Pan-American association's program.

Public opinion stands even farther in arrears than the law in recognition of the woman of business.

No upper class man, even at this advanced day, can tolerate the idea of wage-earning by women of his own social degree. The rapidly enlarging feminine element in the continent's industrial army is therefore composed almost entirely of immigrants, aborigines and the large middle class that is being compounded of native and European blood.

We found an occasional shop girl on the West Coast, but in the restaurants, the hotels, the business offices, and in all the varied places that would have been graced by femininity in the United States, there was a monotonous masculine drabness. The one spectacular exception to this general rule was the corps of women conductors on the street cars of Valparaiso and Santiago.

Far from demeaning herself in any wage-earning capacity, the upper class woman permits herself no menial task even in her own home. Outside, not the remotest suggestion of it must enter into her deportment; it would not occur to her to carry a parcel through the streets. Few women in South America are to be seen at the wheel of an automobile. It was only a short time ago, in fact, that La Paz licensed its first feminine driver; and if there are more than two such women in all Incadom, leaving the foreigners out of account, we did not see them.

But if she is not proficient in such things as these, the woman of South America can suffer little aspersion on the score of those before-mentioned virtues of

beauty and fecundity. She is likely to have a large family, and if there is merit in indulgence, she is a good mother to her children. As for beauty, she would not be without her triumphs in an international competition. She is heir to the early maturity of all Latin women, and her indolent, well-fed manner of life combines with this to render her fair and fat long before the forties; still she is apt to retain a certain softness in the modeling of her features, a seduction in her rounded curves, and an undoubted allurements in the liquid glance of her dark eyes. There is a creamy texture to her skin, although it is not always visible through her dense calcimining of face powder. It is said that she smokes less and drinks less than her sisters in North America, or for that matter in most other countries of the world.

The harem idea, naturally, puts emphasis upon sex. And Mussulman tradition remains strong enough in South America to reflect a rosy sex coloring upon private life, and upon literature and the stage. Still, as it has been observed in another chapter, there is a striking absence of the pornographic press. Possibly the very frankness of life and literature removes the incentive for such sly vice.

But, although 'woman stays tolerably well put behind her slowly vanishing window bars of Moorish convention, she has certain new boldnesses of advancement and intrigue. Unlike her contemporaries

in other lands, she seizes not upon new weapons, but sharpens the old.

In the Argentine journal that lies before us we read a reflection of this from the impassioned and protesting pen of *Observador*, whose point of view seems to be somewhere between the old school and the new:

"Amor! Where is the ideal of love that is so persistently acclaimed and so habitually travestied? Can it be found anywhere in the great metropolis of Buenos Aires, where no sentiment reigns save a monstrous, amatory neurosis? . . . Why must we be condemned to see always these things in women: vanity, sensuality, parasitism, and, as a corollary, an eternal Don Juan egotism in what should be the gallant sex?"

This, at least from an alien point of observation, does not do the South American woman justice. She plays her Oriental rôle honorably and well. Whether or not it is because of the walls and window bars that circumscribe her conduct, she keeps well within the harem rules. Generally speaking, her morals are good.

Taking entire advantage of the liberties and licenses allowed by his Oriental double standard, the morality of the South American man, from a western calibration, is correspondingly bad. If there is no actual harem, there is at least a distressing prevalence of the double establishment.

Against this social canker, it may be said, is directed the only visible revolt of the South American

woman against her position in life. She does not chafe greatly at the window bar and the *dueña*, for these are symbols of a flattering and comforting chivalry that might cease to exist should they vanish. But she is weary of her husband's probable infidelities, and of turning over to her fifteen-year-old son the latch-key that confirms his established prerogative of getting an early start upon what will no doubt be an abundant crop of wild oats. Her rebellion against these things has taken no militant form, nor is it likely to do so; but she is building up a powerful implement of woman-sentiment that in the end will probably be as effective as the weapon of woman suffrage which she seems reluctant to seek.

XXI.

SONS OF THE CONQUISTADORS.

EIGHTY-ODD years ago Charles Dickens said some very uncomplimentary things about the United States of America. He made many kind, and many charitable and even flattering remarks, as well, but the impression left upon the North American public was one of fault-finding and lack of appreciation.

Something of the same indictment, for a very similar reason, must be brought against any present-day writer on South America—unless his disposition should happen to be akin to that of the late kindly and sympathetic James Bryce. Much can be said in compliment, and there is plenty of opportunity for the charitably inclined, but a large remainder of whatever may be put into words, with candor, is likely to fall over into the opposite category.

This, of course, would be as true of nearly any other part of the world. No one people, in spite of the Independence Day orators of a certain widely advertised area in the Western Hemisphere, has a monopoly on virtue. The casual observer applies his own standards to a stranger. He is not interested so

much in similarities as in differences. And whatever is different he is more than apt to consider inferior.

The evolution of a common word in the English language illustrates this very human tendency of mind. A synonym for "foreigner" is "outlander," and from this root springs the adjective, "outlandish," which signifies, in the judgment of Mr. Webster, not simply a foreigner, but a person or object "barbarous, uncouth, unfamiliar of aspect or action." To seize upon the "outlandish" aspects of a foreign country, therefore, is likely to be derogatory, in spite of amiable intentions and a liberal admixture of flattery; at least it is prone to seem so to those who are under criticism.

Dickens came to the United States in the period of its most intense growing pains. It was exceedingly sensitive then to all criticism—a tenderness not even yet wholly calloused over. South America, today, is in something of the same temper. It is as irritable under adverse criticism as Japan—as, indeed, all countries in their years of most rapid development, the time of transition from short trousers to long.

One thing, of course, saves the Spanish-American from some of the sting, and this possibly accounts for a general absence of retort to the volume of critical comment that has been coming from the presses of Europe and North America during the past generation. This is his Spanish background. He rarely lays claim to it, for there is still some rancor

SONS OF THE CONQUISTADORS

inheriting from independence days. But, like his ancestor, the self-sufficient Iberian, he has only to remember, when he is afflicted by an affront or by some evidence of inappreciation, that he is a Spaniard or that he is of Spanish descent. And he is heir to the conviction that there could be no boast prouder than that.

A likeness more striking than all others draws still closer the parallel between Dickens' "American Notes," collected eighty years ago, and the South American notes of many an observant traveler today. The degree of South America's material and social development, many of the conditions of living, and the manners and customs of its population, are similar to those that attracted the attention of Dickens in the United States of 1842.

If his conceit will permit, the *norteamericano* will discover many of his own faults, past or present, mirrored in the South American. He is not, of course, so likely to claim them, although he is rather fond of considering himself South America's mental and moral instructor. The idea of such a tutelage, however, meets resistance in the southern continent. The wise and blustery "big brother" notion involved in that much misinterpreted and most pretentious institution known as the Monroe Doctrine flourishes better in the Northern than in the Southern Hemisphere.

At any rate, to choose but a single example, candor

will compel the expectorating citizen of the United States to find himself much at home in any South American country. The consumption of chewing tobacco is practically nil, this elegant custom never having appealed to the Latin temperament, but the necessity for spitting appears to be fully as urgent as in the United States, to judge by the prevalence of accommodations for it. The cuspidor vanished long ago, it may fervently be assumed, from the North American parlor; but we know of one such room in Bolivia, and have heard of others elsewhere, equipped with three or four of these receptacles, each within an easy range of some convenient aiming point.

Except perhaps for the delectable cuspidor, expectoration is hardly a happy choice of subject for purposes of deleterious contrast between North America and South. There are still too many spittoons in the United States. Dickens found them in courtrooms, hospitals, business places and even the halls of Congress. Washington, for him, attained one of its chief distinctions as "headquarters of tobacco-tinted saliva." For him tobacco chewing and spitting was an "exaggeration of nastiness" that could not be outdone.

Unhappily cut plug still goes to Congress. As for the absence of chewing tobacco in South America, this means little in effect, for expectoration is rampant. And aim is poor there, or else the spitters are

more casual. A gentleman, finding himself in a room clustered with cuspidors, can by no means be depended upon to trouble himself with one of them if the floor at his feet seems at the moment more convenient. We have seen the same thing in Spain, and the idea that the trait may be racial forces itself upon us. We have seen Spaniards and Spanish-Americans alike expectorating upon the floor of a first class railway carriage, with cuspidors reposing on the carpet at their ankles and windows invitingly open at their elbows.

North America, as has been intimated, need not feel too self-righteous in this matter. Anti-spitting campaigns are still within the memories of her younger men. Laws protecting streets and the floors of public conveyances have not yet grown old on the statute books, nor have they lost their vitality through general observance. Some of the South American countries have followed this virtuous example, and Buenos Aires, always up to and beyond the minute in statutory equipment, posts its adjurations against spitters alongside the signs that designate its streets.

In a generation that finds frequent occasion to boast of its per capita investment in motor cars and bathtubs, there will be astonishment and incredulity at this paragraph in Dickens' "American Notes": "In all modes of traveling, the American customs, with reference to the means of personal cleanliness

and wholesome ablution, are extremely negligent and filthy." Apparently there was not even the shallow tin tub that lurks under the bed of the unplumbed inn and dwelling house in present-day rural England!

Dickens might have said the same of South America, had he been able to visit it today. There are bathtubs in the leading hotels, but outside the great metropolitan centers they do not always "function." We know of one hotel bathroom that had to be exhumed from an accumulation of assorted débris, including coal,—a tale related in an early chapter—before it could be brought into its intended activities; and even then it was not by means of its own pipes that it was filled, but by the intervention of pots and pails containing the contents of the kitchen teakettle. We early and definitely lost faith in all "hot water" taps, and in most others as well, particularly the melancholy and disillusioned faucets that had long since drifted into innocuous desuetude on passenger trains.

We are wholly without statistics on this subject, but it has occurred to us that South American imports must be remarkably deficient in the item of plumbing supplies. This observation is based not alone upon experience, but upon hearsay from foreign residents gossiping about South American personal habits. One supporting bit of testimony is the amount of cologne and other aromatic substance that goes into

consumption. Toilet waters cheat the bathtub of much of its rightful patronage.

There may be, of course, a logical explanation of this, so far as the semi-arid West Coast region is concerned. Water, there, is not so plentiful as to be used recklessly. Perhaps, also, there is to be seen in this languishment of the bathtub some echo of aboriginal influence upon the social life of the modern race-complex. Outside the Inca nobles, there is no record of a South American Indian ever having voluntarily taken a bath!

Of sanitation in general a good deal of comment might be uttered. Dickens hinted as much concerning the United States, but with some delicacy evaded the details. Perhaps it is enough to record that La Paz, during our visit, was luxuriating in the notion of its first system of sewers, after an undrained existence of some four hundred years.

Dickens had less restraint with regard to Congress:

“Did I recognize in this assembly, a body of men, who, applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

“I saw in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; underhanded tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful trucklings to

mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered, is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall."

There are present-day Dickenses who have said as much concerning some of the parliaments of South America.

If there is a North American traveler who would unburden himself of a bit of sound disapproval of South American journalism, the political violence of which has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, it may be somewhat sedative and restraining to consider the adolescence of journalism in the United States. Dickens found the newspaper here "not vapid waterish sentiment but good strong stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and the vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic, every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey."

The creator of Mr. Pecksniff would find some amelioration of this horrible situation today, no doubt, and would discover to his dismay that, whereas the yellow journal has abated in the United States it has crossed over to mother England and established itself there flourishingly.

In any case, no such impassioned indictment as that of Mr. Dickens in 1842 could honestly be laid at the door of South American journalism. Outside of the capitals it is, at worst, provincial and narrow, peculiarly concentrated upon matters political. But it possesses a number of outstanding virtues, principal among them a dignity that is rarely found in the "Colossus of the North." In La Nacion and La Prensa, Buenos Aires has daily publications that rank among the best of those printed in any language. They have many of the qualities of greatness, and lack most of the bad manners, possessed by some of their North American contemporaries.

Except in the higher strata of civilization, table manners, like morals, are more or less geographical. South Sea royalty still takes poi with its index finger, but, as a rule, the knife and fork elsewhere in the world follow their proper usage among those "one would care to know." No doubt "sword swallows" may be found in any country. In fact, it is not so long since a certain candidate for governor in the United States of North America both lost and gained

votes on the score of eating his pie with a knife. In general, it may be assumed, however, that this table implement, in the United States, has been tamed to its orthodox function. To get the thrill he enjoyed in this country during the forties of the past century, Dickens would be obliged to journey, now, into South America. There he would find, at least in the average social altitude, a merry play of the table knife between mouth and plate, and toothpicks ubiquitous and rampant.

But there was a concomitant of this matter of cutlery among Dickens' fellow travelers that happily is not to be experienced along the tourist highways of South America. "Such deadly leaden people," complains the novelist's notebook. "Such systematic, plodding, weary, insupportable heaviness; such a mass of animated indigestion in respect of all that was congenial, jovial, frank, social, or hearty; never, sure, was brought together elsewhere since the world began." To Dickens there was something funereal in the thought of "sitting down with so many fellow-animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business; to empty, each creature, his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then slink sullenly away; to have these social sacraments stripped of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings."

The Latin, whatever his minor social errors, has no such egregious fault as this. He is convivial at table,

and he dines leisurely and well. More than all else, he has a liberal degree of what is traditionally known as a fine Castilian courtesy. If Dickens found an amiable civility to offset North American table manners, he might have been charmed in South America into observing no *gaucheries* at all.

It will take a long time for the United States to live down its ancient reputation for "Yankee shrewdness." If the term ever implied, in this country, any element of innocence and virtue, it gained no such acceptance abroad. Fortunately it has long since been repudiated at home. North American business has had much heart-searching in the course of the past two or three decades, and there has been a notable emendation of commercial practises, particularly with respect to Latin America. In place of the old and somewhat questionable astuteness there has grown up, indeed, sanctimonious disapprobation of what is looked upon as a somewhat general affliction of "Yankee shrewdness" throughout South America.

No secrecy veils the dishonesty prevailing in a multitude of forms among Latin-Americans. It appears endemic. Possibly it is an inheritance of the Conquest, which was wrought through treachery and maintained through unlawful violence and speculation; the Indian, at least, seems never to have recovered his confidence in human kind.

It is doubtful, however, if things are so utterly bad

as Dickens professed to find them in the United States:

"The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: 'Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'A convicted liar?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?'

" 'Well, sir, he is a smart man.' "

When we felt ourselves becoming perhaps a bit too critical of the vultures perched funereally upon the housetops of Callao, the vagabond canines infesting all Peruvian communities, the domestic animals of sorts astray in the streets of Andean villages, and the cows milked by the dairyman at one's very door even in such ultra-metropolitan places as Buenos Aires, we had only to remember the amused scorn of Mr. Dickens at New York's vagrant populace of pigs, the city's self-appointed scavengers:

"Here is a solitary swine lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a roving, gentlemanly vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our clubmen at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the

town, and gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and the small-talk of the city in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own: which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it."

Dickens noted a tendency toward overdressing in the United States of the forties; and he would have had the same complaint to make of South America today. Just as this is a human trait best exemplified by the "new rich," so is it likewise an accustomed manifestation of immature social life. The women of South America have what seemed to us a marked tendency toward exaggeration of dress. It is their chief daily concern. The proclivity extends even to the children, who must be exceedingly uncomfortable in silks, velvets and starched linens, which certainly hamper the business of sand piles and mud pies. Small ladies of no more than six years appear in costumes of great sophistication, designs of hat and gown being strikingly similar—as it has been pointed out in a previous chapter—to those of their

elders. Beauty, in any case, does not go uncultivated in South America, and every aid of the chemist and the modiste goes into the habitually exquisite array of womanhood to be seen of an afternoon in the *de luxe* shopping street of Buenos Aires—the Florida—or on a Sunday at the race course in Palermo.

It is boasted in the Argentine capital—and here is another mark of the “new rich,”—that the value of diamonds to be seen on the opening night of the opera season is many times greater than that of any such display upon a similar occasion in the United States.

No better indication of the South American attitude toward clothes could be noted than the puzzled reception of occasional North American moving picture films in which the underlying theme is ridicule of a dude. To South American spectators this motive is incomprehensible, the fop to them appearing as an exquisitely costumed person of most distinguished and aristocratic bearing.

The passion for adornment, in a thoroughly Latin manner, extends further than clothes. *Plazas*, boulevards, public buildings and park statuary have absorbed vast sums of state and municipal moneys that in the United States would have gone into schools, pavements and sewers. The outlay of Buenos Aires in fountains and marble monuments can scarcely be equaled by any United States city. Dickens, indeed, were he to revisit his American cousins, might still

find some ground for repetition of his original complaint:

"It would be well, there can be no doubt, for the American people as a whole, if they loved the Real less, and the Ideal somewhat more. It would be well, if there were greater encouragement to lightness of heart and gayety, and a wider cultivation of what is beautiful, without being eminently and directly useful. But here, I think, the general remonstrance, 'we are a new country,' which is so often advanced as an excuse for defects which are quite justifiable, as being, of right, only the slow growth of an old one, may be very reasonably urged."

North American morals, in Dickens' time, do not appear to have been particularly subject to censure. In this respect there is a notable point of departure between the United States of 1842 and the South America of today. Reference to the Latin's somewhat Oriental standard of masculine conduct has already been made.

It has long been the legend among visitors to South America that an unescorted woman was likely at any time to be insulted upon the public thoroughfares. The legend has been wearing down in recent years, thanks a good deal to the belligerent attitude of certain foreign residents who set out with fisticuffs to make the streets safe for their women. But, in general, the persistence of Spanish-Moorish custom throughout South American life confines feminine respectability to the house or to the chapel, and ex-

poses to the amorous attentions of the predatory male any woman who does not conform to this rule.

Probably it is not an exaggeration to say that every Spanish-American considers himself something of a Don Juan. At any rate this might be inferred from the actions of a wide variety of observed specimens. Men who can afford to do so, and many who cannot, dress to the verge of foppishness. Their eyes are ranged frankly abroad for a target of feminine beauty. Not content with a glimpse in passing, there is a great proclivity for turning or pausing to inspect an exhibit of such charms in retreat. The turreneck is by no means a South American monopoly, but at least it can be said to have attained, on that continent, to a candid and flourishing state.

Among the most deadly of the Don Juans in our experience were the army officers who rode round and round the passenger trains, in many a small town of the high Andes, ogling the ladies, and inviting, by grace of polished leather and *caballero* manliness of pose, a compensating admiration in return. Scarcely less insidious to the feminine heart must be the god-like suavity and poise of the white-gloved, white-batoned traffic policemen of Buenos Aires.

There is, in the United States, a noxious breed that goes about greeting men of its acquaintance with hearty blows aimed at the shoulder blades, or with clammy hand pressed to a shrinking knee. It would

be better for all concerned if they were to be sent to the high Andes. There, the back-slap, like the French accolade, is an accepted custom among friends. Meetings in public and in private are made dramatic with this form of greeting, for which the following may be considered an adequate recipe: Place the chest firmly against that of the *amigo* to be saluted, at the same time clasping his right hand in yours; mutually slap shoulder blades with disengaged left hands until the desired degree of reciprocal friendliness has been demonstrated, this being governed by no rule, but rather by usage too subtle to be readily explained. The ceremony is similar, in this latter respect, to the Japanese bow of greeting; there is an immutable but instinctively understood regulation that determines for each case the number of bows required and the degree of dorsal inflection.

Much of the traditional *cortesía* of the old-time Spanish grandee clings to the less hurried regions of the Andes; a punctiliousness of demeanor that is almost Confucian in its rigidity of prescription and observance. A better example than the form of greeting, perhaps, is the custom of mourning. The almost universal tint of black, manifesting itself even in the men's straw hats, gave the general population, for us, a striking air of bereavement. It was as if we were witnessing the symbolical evidence of a plague.

An accommodating Chilean gave us the key to this funereal atmosphere.

"I have an aunt," said he, "who was never able to put off black from the time she was sixteen until she was sixty. At thirty-five, just as she was happily ending three years of mourning for her only sister, she spent many weeks with her dressmaker over bright fabrics such as she had never worn since a child, only to learn of the death of a cousin by marriage. *Que cosa, Señores!* Those new dresses had to be folded and put away."

Dickens had many bitter things to say of negro slavery in free United States. South America's peonage system of today might have grieved him almost as much. The Spanish conquerors, many of whom were aristocrats by birth, were all aristocrats in their thorough contempt for labor. Enslavement of the aboriginal population, therefore, was inevitable. Men were necessary to operate the mines and to till the soil, and although the Indian has never been more than feebly industrious he was compelled for many generations to carry the entire burden of manual toil—a task infinitely greater than was imposed upon him by the paternal Incas. The notorious *encomienda* system under which this was accomplished vanished long ago, but peonage, which entails at least some degree of slavery, is still widespread. The burden today, however, has been

largely shifted from the Indian, who is generally as indolent as he pleases. Immigrant labor and a growing body of *mestizos*, a varied mixture of European and aborigine, has taken up his former enforced task. As for the Latin-American of more or less undiluted Spanish origin, he still holds to the aversion of his forebears toward labor with the hands. He will not be seen demeaning himself with a burden, much less with baggage. He rarely leaves a shop bearing a parcel, and if he does it is with a finger carelessly caught within a loop appended to the wrapping string—a euphemistic arrangement said to absolve the carrier of any menial imputation.

In the aversion to labor that lies behind this small but expressive *costumbre del país* the Spanish-American is a true son of the Conquistador. The *hidalgo* spirit, however, has carried him too far. He lacks the militant dash that would have made commercial and industrial captains of the conquerors if they had lived in this modern day. He has gone in too genteelly for law and medicine, and the ensuing empty dignity of the title of "doctor." And while he has devoted himself to the not always fruitless but usually enervating business of politics, the resources of his rich country have been exploited, at no great profit to himself, by men of North America and northern Europe with minds sharpened and hands calloused for the task.

