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# SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVELS

HENRY STEPHENS



**PRESENTED BY  
THE AUTHOR**





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**Henry Stephens**

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South  
American  
Travels

By

Henry Stephens

Harvard, A. B. Vienna, D. D.



The Knickerbocker Press  
New York

1875





# South American Travels

By

**Henry Stephens**

Harvard, A.B., Vienna, Ph.D.



The Knickerbocker Press  
New York

1915

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1911

*Second Edition*

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A. Osborn

To

**Chase S. Osborn**

**Governor of Michigan, 1911-1912**

**Whose excellent and meritorious work, "The Andean Land,"**

**gave the writer the idea of visiting the**

**South American Continent**

**This Book Is Respectfully Dedicated**



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# South American Travels

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## CHAPTER I

### FROM BALBOA DOCKS TO LIMA

WHILE in Panama I made the mistake of buying a ticket to Callao by the — — — Company. Although I had been told that the liners of the Peruvian Line were the best, I did not act on that advice, because the boats of the latter company touched at Guayaquil, and I could get no information in Panama whether or not I would be subjected to several days' quarantine at Callao, as, at this time, the Ecuadorean metropolis was conceded to be the worst pest-hole on earth, being afflicted both by bubonic plague and yellow fever. I only found out my error at Lima, for, notwithstanding that the Peruvian boats stop at Guayaquil, they make better time, and the passengers are not quarantined. The exportation of cocoa from this latter port was formerly in the hands of the — — — Company, but the Peruvian Line recently received a concession from the Government of Ecuador, so the business has changed hands, and only the smaller boats of the other company make Guayaquil. The agents of the — — — Company tell the pro-

spective purchasers of tickets that Guayaquil is avoided by their ships on account of the epidemics, but this is not so, for it is for business reasons solely that they do not touch there.

The steamship — of the — — — Company was widely advertised as being equipped with all modern conveniences, and as the Peruvian boat the *Ucayali* left the day before, I decided to spend an extra day sightseeing in Panama, and take the other boat. This old tub of 3387 tons was anchored at Balboa docks, and presented quite a respectable appearance. I began to think that all the yarns that I had heard about the craft of this line were fairy tales, until a slovenly, pimply-faced native steward made his appearance and asked me for two dollars before he would surrender the key to my cabin. There is a rule that this money is to be returned to the passenger at the end of the voyage; in my case, for one, it was not, for the steward pocketed it as his tip. I was given no check for my hold baggage, and was told that, at Callao, all baggage would be brought up on deck to be claimed by the owners. Evidently I was misinformed, for, upon arrival at that port, I was obliged to drop into the hold and pick out my own baggage. My entire experience on the — was certainly most unpleasant. The ship was four hours late in sailing, and then anchored out by the quarantine station to wait for the purser, a Chilean, who was on shore giving the Panama Railroad Company a receipt for the cargo, and who would probably fill up, and not return till midnight on a launch.

The food that night was of the vilest description, and would baffle the culinary art of the worst lumber woods cook. The meat was a question mark; the ox-tail soup contained chicken feathers, and dead flies were in everything. I was told that the regular cook got drunk on

shore and that the ship sailed without him, the table boys preparing the meals. From the first day on, the food improved, and when Callao was reached, it was eatable. I was told that the animals that died in the hold were never thrown overboard, but were served up as different viands. I guess the narrator stretched this to me, but it was quite probable. All the coastal steamers carry live stock, as there is no cold storage. Many beasts die on account of the heat, and yet I never saw any being thrown into the ocean. Some pigs were slaughtered on deck one day, and the squealing was awful. There were no clean towels in the cabins and the water in the pitchers was coated with dust. No amount of bell ringing would bring my room steward, who could speak no English. One night, the bartender caught a couple of rats in a trap, and seizing them around their middle threw them overboard. Just then somebody in the dining-room yelled for ice-water. Without washing his hands the bartender picked up a hunk of cracked ice, and dropped it in the glass to be served to the passenger who wanted the ice-water.

The crew was Chilean, and as villainous a looking bunch as was possible to get together. They all carried hooked knives, which I was told was the custom in Chile. They could grab somebody by the hook, and rip them open. One day one of the table waiters got a slash across the bridge of the nose from a butcher knife, but such trivial matters caused no comment. I saw one waiter kick another one who was carrying a tureen of soup into the dining-room. It is needless to state that he dropped the soup, causing quite a mess. The waiter at my table wore a long necktie, so loud that it roared. Every time he passed the soup around, the end of it would drop into the bowl and come out dripping.

Among the passengers were three Limeños, returning home from Paris, where, from their accounts, they had a good time, mostly among the ladies. One was Sr. Don Carlos Forero, ex-Minister of Finance of Peru. He was a short and very dark man. So dark was he that in Lima he is called "The fly in the milk" in contrast with a bathtub in his house made out of Carrara marble. He spoke very good English, having been educated in the United States, and was interesting to talk with. At our table sat a Mr. Charles Gray, from New York, agent for Remington rifles, and a married couple, from England, named Ellis. Ellis was a human porpoise, and what he thought he did not know was not worth knowing. I came near slapping him several times, but refrained from doing so only because I felt sorry for his wife, a sweet little woman, for being tied up to such a creature. The rest of the passengers were mining men and engineers, mostly going to Cerro de Pasco, Peru. Many had been there before, and none seemed glad to be returning. One young pup, on his way to Valparaiso, imagined himself to be a chess player. He beat my wife a few games, and bragged about it, so that in order to make him shut up I was obliged to take him on for a match. I am no player, but I won a series from him in easy style. He would not play any more, but it put a stop to his bragging. The man with whom I became best acquainted was Haywood, a Canadian, from Winnipeg, on his first trip to South America. He was going as a mining engineer to Maracocha, one of the highest mining camps in the world.

The second day out, the steering gear broke, and the crew had to steer by hand. I knew this to be so, for I heard them pounding all day repairing it. One of the officers told me that the rules of the company were that they had to steer by hand one whole day at least. Of

course it was a poor bluff, for the ship turned a complete circle about ten miles outside of Callao, through some mishap to the steering gear. Inspection was a farce, and there was never any fire drill. The captain, a congenial man, spent most of his time in the parlor, chatting to the ladies. The first officer did all the work. One of the passengers, a Peruvian, tried to make love to my wife, and I was kept busy watching him. He even went so far as to ask her to elope with him.

The third day out, we sighted the Ecuadorean mainland, and the island of Plata, arid looking, but with a short growth of underbrush. If anybody in these waters asks you the name of an island, and you reply that it is "Plata," you won't miss the mark very much. Many islands are given this name, which means "silver." There is scarcely an island or mountain which is not supposed to be the hiding-place of treasure stowed away by pirates and forgotten. Hence the name. On the fourth day, we made the port of Paita, Peru, and the seaport of Piura. Much cargo had to be unladen, including condensers for a sugar mill, which were held in the hatch by means of very small and weak ropes, and which I constantly feared would fall overboard and stave a hole in the side of the ship. In the semicircular harbor were many craft, including the P. S. N. C. steamer *Mexico*, and a small oil steamer, the *Chira*, which had come down the same morning from Lobitos. Indians with Panama hats for sale came on board with first-class articles. It is better to wait until one half hour before the ship sails before making a purchase from them, for they will then come down in their prices. These hats were exceedingly cheap. I bought some, and, doing them up securely when I reached Lima, I sent them home by mail. Upon my return a year later, I opened the identical package, and found



three hats to be missing. This dishonesty was evidently perpetrated by the post-office clerks in Lima, who opened the package, extracted three hats, and sewed it up the same way as I had done.

Peru is a country of settlements, few and far between. The towns are in valleys, in or near the mountains. To irrigate the arid land west of the Cordillera, the rivers caused by the melting snow are turned loose into the fields and never reach the ocean. Means of travel between the chief towns are difficult. On account of the mountainous nature of the country, railroad connection is nearly impossible, owing to the great expense involved in the construction. Spurs have been built from the chief towns to the seaports, so that if a person cares to travel from one city to another in Peru, he is obliged first to go by rail to the seaport, there embark on a vessel that will take him to the seaport of the place he wants to go to, and thence to his destination by rail. Nearly all the railroads in Peru run parallel to one another, in an easterly to westerly direction. The reason Chile had but little trouble in whipping Peru was that she blocked the latter's seaports, so that the Peruvians had no means of communicating with each other and were unable to concentrate their armies. One of these ports is Paita, commercially one of the most important in the republic. The town, nestling in a pocket and the same color of the dun hills which surround it, does not, from deck, appear to have more than twenty houses, yet, once on shore, you can see that it has at least 5000 inhabitants. The city hall, painted light green, and having a tower, is the chief landmark. The passengers were told that they could go ashore, but at their own risk, as there was bubonic plague in the town. In 1908, over 1600 people died in Paita of this dread disease. At present, there were

but a few cases, only two people having died the day before. At Catacaos, a city in the interior, eighteen people succumbed the same day. There are two kinds of bubonica, one infectious, caused only by the bite of a flea that has become infected by afflicted rats; and the other a pulmonary form which is contagious. This contagion is spread by breathing the air befouled by the exhalations of the victim. This last form is nearly always fatal. Last year, in Paita, twenty-four people attended the funeral services of a victim of pulmonary bubonica. Before the next morning, all were dead, including the priest who performed the ceremonies. The services had been held in the room in which the patient had lived. The ordinary form of bubonic plague generally takes five days to develop. It is made manifest by swellings of the lymphatic glands, in the groin, beneath the armpits, and at the side of the neck, accompanied by a most violent headache. The temperature of the patient is very high, the victim being literally burned up, as it sometimes reaches 110° Fahrenheit. If these swellings, which are buboes, break, the patient stands a fair chance for recovery; while if they don't the odds are eight to one against him. Pulmonary bubonica can develop in a few hours; bubos form on the lungs, choking off breath.

My wife and I landed, and walked the filthy streets of the little city, visited the market, church, and places of interest. We made purchases in the shops with no thoughts of contagion. I went into a barber shop to get shaved, visited the prison, and saw every street in town in the company of a fellow-passenger, Mr. Haywood, after my wife had become tired of sight-seeing and had returned to the *Guatemala*. On the dock, I saw a man sick with bubonica. He sat, propped against a post, and groaned continuously, holding his head on his hands. I could

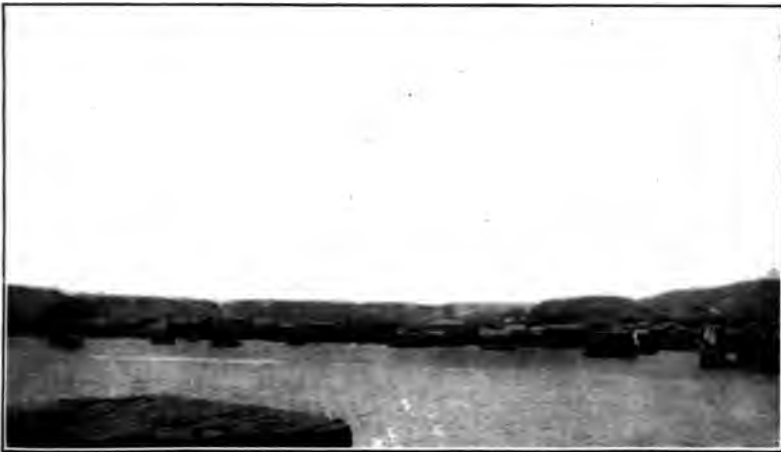
see the glands on his neck swollen nearly to the point of bursting. A few hours afterwards I was told that people came to carry him to the lazarette, but that he had died on the way.

The inhabitants of Paita make an earthenware pottery which is a good imitation of the Inca huaco. This is red, a species of hard terra cotta, polished, and has the healthy odor of clay. The specialties in this pottery are small drinking vessels in different forms, such as bulls, fish, lions, and various beasts and reptiles. I bought an olla in the shape of a bull, and carried it with me as far as Arequipa, where one of the hotel servants carelessly broke it while cleaning the room. In payment for the damages he presented me with another bull olla, of Arequipa manufacture, which I brought along as far as Buenos Aires and forgot to pack up, leaving it on the balcony outside my sleeping apartment. Another characteristic of the town are the "germ catchers" worn by the women. It is the exceedingly unsanitary custom of the women to wear their skirts so long that they drag in the dirt, raking up every article of filth, excrement, and sputum. No wonder the town breeds bubonic plague. The native women all wear black clothes and these, combined with their yellow brown complexions, and ungainly corpulence, make them appear decidedly loathsome. This custom of wearing the skirts so long that they drag is universal in Peru, but to a lesser degree in the southern part of the country.

The church is one of the oldest in Peru, and contains many fine mural paintings. Its brick towers have settled, and lean towards each other. The plaza in front of it contains stunted mimosa trees which try to derive nourishment from the sand, and do not succeed very well at it.

The market is indescribably filthy. Flies innumerable

pester the meat, and the stench is that of a charnel house. It is only those that can afford to pay that are allowed a stall in the market. The poorer marketers place their wares on the gravel and sand of a dried river bottom, which during the rainy season in the mountains becomes a torrent. I saw a barefooted man with sores on his feet step on a dried fish that was for sale. The woman who owned the fish shook the dirt off by slapping it against the sand, and then wiping it off with her greasy skirt.



Port of Paita, Peru

Around Paita grows a melon, yellow inside, which is a favorite with many people.

There is a good hotel at Paita named the Hotel Pacifico. Accompanied by a few fellow-passengers, I managed to do justice to the beer in its barroom, which was far superior to that sold on the *Guatemala*. At this hotel I managed to become acquainted with an American, Mr. Nat Guiberson, from Los Angeles, of whom I saw a great deal in South America. This man stood nearly seven

feet tall, and was proportionately well built. He had come from Lobitos oil fields that morning on the *Chira*, after a rough passage. I also met here a Mr. Nichols from Petrolea, Ontario, who had been for a year in Lobitos, and was on his way to enjoy a week's vacation at Lima.

The harbor of Paita is the third best in Peru, yet, when the wind blows from the north, the ships have to go out to sea. Nearly all nations are represented by consuls, Uncle Sam among them. The good arable country around Piura, the state capital, and sixty miles distant by railroad, produces much cotton and sugar. It is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, the oldest Christian settlement in the republic, and founded by Pizarro three years before he founded Lima. Its inhabitants are noted for their patriotism, and it is the birthplace of the great national hero, Admiral Grau. During the war with Chile, he had his lower jaw blown off by a shell, yet, before he died, gave the orders which defeated the Chilean man-of-war. The trouble with the whole state is lack of capital, and scarcity of labor.

For eight years previous to the date of my arrival in Paita, it had not rained, yet when I stepped on shore, rain came down in a deluge; but I do not think I was responsible for it. It may be an unpleasant place to live in, but there are worse, Salaverry and Mollendo, for instance.

If anybody has never seen a God-forsaken shore, let him take a cruise down the coast of Peru. Barren mountains of stone and sand rise tier after tier, until they disappear in the blue haze of the Andean background. The rays of the setting sun light them up in brilliant hues. With a binocular, from the ship's deck, you may sometimes see a lion crouched on the cliffs that drop precipitously into the ocean amidst the roaring of the surf. There are but

three harbors on the whole barren coast, those of Chimbote, Callao, and Paita. Chimbote is the best, being landlocked. The United States wanted to lease it from Peru to use as a coaling station, but the Peruvian government wisely refused. Yet it is there, idle, and in disuse, and has been so since the Chileans destroyed the docks there during the war.

The next morning, out of Paita, the *Guatemala* lay to off Etén, the port of Chiclayo, with which it is connected by rail. Chiclayo is in the heart of the sugar-cane district, and exports blankets woven by the natives. Behind the sand dunes, verdure could be seen. No boatmen, called *fleteros*, came out in their rowboats to meet the ship; therefore nobody went ashore. Bubonic plague was raging here, likewise in Pacasmayo, the next port we made, thirty-six miles to the southward.

We arrived at Pacasmayo at dusk, a new town with its white buildings looking clean against the reflection of the rays of the sun, already sinking in the ocean. Into the water juts a pier 700 meters long, the longest in Peru. At the end of the pier there is a large building, with a cupola, evidently the *cabildo*, or city hall. Above the town, on a hill, are numerous iron crosses. The town looked so inviting, that, although there were eighteen cases of bubonica on shore, I should have gladly landed, if the ship's officers could have given information as to how long the vessel would remain in the harbor. As it was the captain went ashore, and remained there for some time.

Early the next morning, we anchored off Salaverry. A long pier, much longer before the war with Chile, and about a mile from our anchorage, stretched out into the water. There were two Norwegian ships, one a five-mast sailing vessel, and a British steamer, in the harbor, if the

word harbor will apply to this surf town. Indians sat astride of cigar-shaped *balsas* of bamboo, paddling through the swells with bamboo poles. The landing was rough and I stumbled getting on the pier, and nearly fell back into the water. Salaverry is one of the desolations of this earth, boasts of a few hundred people who live in bamboo hovels plastered over with mud, and is built on one of the most God-forsaken sand plains imaginable. A cemetery



Port of Salaverry, Peru

on the side of a sand hill marks the resting place of those who went to a more fortunate place than the one in which they had lived. Yet Salaverry is an important place, for it is the port of Trujillo, about eleven miles away.

When I got to the depot at Salaverry, I found out that the train for Trujillo had already left, and that there seemed to be no way to get to that city and back again the same day. There happened to be among the passengers on the *Guatemala*, a Scotchman named MacDonald, who was manager of a big sugar mill in the interior about

seventy miles distant from Trujillo, and who had arranged for a special train to take him home. He had invited the captain and another passenger to take a lift as far as



Street in Trujillo, Peru

Trujillo. I saw my opportunity, and with the Canadian, Haywood, we invited ourselves to go along also, by simply boarding the train without permission and taking a seat. What he thought of this action I do not know, but anyway it enabled us to see Trujillo.



Trujillo, in population, is the fifth city in Peru, and the third in importance. It was founded by Pizarro, and boasts of a cathedral, bishopric, and university. The train, after leaving Salaverry, strikes inward, and the country soon grows fertile. The vegetation finally becomes luxuriant, and a wilderness is formed of tropical trees and plants. A river is crossed which at certain seasons overflows the countryside, and in which we saw naked people swimming. Adobe walls, fencing in pastures teeming with fat cattle, are constantly passed. The railroad also runs by the beautiful village of Moche with its gardens and villas, and connected with Trujillo by horse cars.

When Pizarro landed and founded Trujillo, it was on the seashore, but since then the river has constantly been washing down its alluvial deposits, until, to-day, the place is about three miles inland. Pizarro was a native of Trujillo in Spain, hence the name of the Peruvian town. On account of its low, swampy location, it is a most unhealthy place, malaria abounding. A city of 25,000 inhabitants, it is laid out uniformly in square blocks. The plaza on which is the cathedral is large and beautiful, and filled with indigenous trees and shrubs. The buildings are seldom above one story in height, and are painted dull colors. The inhabitants have a curious custom of hanging wooden imitations of fishes and fowls above their doorways. In one particular instance, I saw what I thought was a beautiful parrot perched on a ring above the entrance of a house. The imitation was so perfect that it was not until I was directly under it that I perceived that it was not the genuine article. There is a large market place where the town people meet to gossip, and several poor hotels in the town.

The harbor of Callao is formed by a sandy point named

La Punta stretching into the ocean, and by the large mountainous island of San Lorenzo about a mile from the end of this point. There is now talk of joining the island to the point by a causeway, making the harbor entirely protected from the south. A bill to this effect is now before the Peruvian Senate. Callao has suffered much from the vicissitudes of nature and man. It has been destroyed by an earthquake, wiped out by a tidal wave, and bombarded by the Chileans. Yet to-day, it is, with the exception of San Francisco and Valparaiso, the greatest port on the Pacific coast of America, and will witness a great boom when the Panama Canal is opened. Its population of 35,000 inhabitants is one third foreign, the Italian element predominating. Its wharves and docks are of stone and cement and cost over ten million dollars. The approach to the harbor presents an animated scene. Gasoline launches, rowboats, and other craft of various descriptions always come out to greet the incoming steamers, and are always filled with pleasure seekers. Over the many merchant vessels and men-of-war fly the flags of all nations, the dull gray hulls of Peru's navy being most conspicuous. The government has recently purchased a torpedo-boat destroyer, named the *Ferre*, and an armored cruiser, the *Elias Aguirre*, of which all patriotic Peruvians are proud. In these, and in other ships which they are contemplating buying, they prophesy the destruction of Chile's naval power.

On arrival, ships do not go up to the mole, but anchor about half a mile out. This is done in order to give jobs to the inhabitants of the town, as nearly all are engaged in the boating business. It costs twenty-five cents to be rowed, and trunks and valises are taken from the ship to one's destination at Lima for the prices of one dollar and seventy-five cents respectively. As I had been given

no check for my trunks I was obliged to go to the hold and identify them. This was accomplished by an eight-foot drop over mail sacks, and at the risk of getting my head crushed in by the steam hoisting jack. Anybody could claim any one's else baggage and receive it, and I do not see why this did not often happen, although I was told



Harbor of Callao, Peru

it was seldom the case. A fellow-passenger at my table, Mr. Gray, had, during the previous two days, come down with a fever, so I also identified his baggage. It was given to me, although the crew did not know nor seem to care who got the right baggage or not. At the custom-house, a most minute examination is performed. The only other custom-house that I know of where such strictness was shown to me was at Belgrade, and I am of the opinion that Callao has the former city discounted. If

## From Balboa Docks to Lima 17

it had not been for the timely assistance of an Italian, Francesco, the courier of the Hotel Maury at Lima, who came to meet the *Guatemala*, I should have been stung. Francesco spoke English, and, through his mediation, I was able to get by with an alligator-skin bag which belonged to my wife, and which she had possessed for over



Docks at Callao

a year. The officials thought the rolls of films for my kodak were dynamite sticks or some other high explosive, for they handled them gingerly, and smelled of them. When I told them what they were, they insisted on unrolling a roll to make certain, which act spoiled that particular roll.

Callao is connected with Lima by an electric railroad and also two steam ones. The distance is eight miles, and the fare is ten cents. After leaving the seaport town, the

car runs through a cultivated country, but the dust is terrific. The leaves on the trees are brown with their coating of this, for it never rains. Cultivation is done by means of irrigation, the water coming from the Rimac River. It is said that the first thing the Spaniards did on landing at Callao was to pray for rain. They might be praying yet, for all the good it did them, for at the time I am writing this it has not rained in Callao for twenty-five years. A heavy dew falls, however, and sometimes the sidewalks are so wet with it that they have the appearance of having been watered. The impression after landing is that Callao is a large town, because the buildings in the neighborhood of the docks are large and pretentious. These for the most part contain the offices and storerooms of importing and exporting firms, ship chandleries, and wholesale houses connected with the nautical trade. There is a nice park, named the Plaza Matriz, from a church of the same name which stands across the street from it, and another plaza in front of the main custom-house farther up in the city. Both these parks are pretty, but, though filled with brilliant bushes and flowers, are entirely lacking in shade.

This impression of largeness soon disappears after the electric car enters the broad Calle Lima, the principal street of the town. This street is bordered on both sides of its long length with filthy hovels, saloons, and Chinese laundries. Few of these buildings are more than one story in height. On this street, is the Cervecería Nacional, or National Brewery, which turns out a better beverage than that of the large brewery of the Backus and Johnston Company, Ltd., of Lima. Yet it is too sweet to drink much of, and is likewise very strong.

I saw a bullfight one day at Callao. It was a farce compared to those of Mexico and Spain, yet I am told

that occasionally really good ones take place at Lima. It cost me a dollar to see tame steers brought into the arena, and slaughtered to the accompaniment of a brass band uttering discords. The matador had considerable difficulty in slaying a certain steer with a tough hide; the crowd of spectators hissed him, and then jumped over



Plaza and Calle Lima, Callao

the balustrade to take a hand at it. A big nigger got too close to the brute, by that time goaded to fury by pain, and was charged at, much to the amusement of the crowd. The negro ran for shelter at top speed, the steer constantly gaining on him. He reached safety, but only a fraction of a second too soon, for at the moment he reached the barrier, the steer made a vicious jump, and struck his horns with such force on the wooden paling that he broke off one of them.

The city is an extremely dirty place, abounding with mongrel curs of all kinds, which I imagine outnumber the human population. Bubonic plague is rife, the toll averaging about four daily. It is also a tough town, more so than most seaports, and it is quite common for drunken sailors to disappear never to be heard of again, especially if they have money in their possession. The side streets are, as a rule, wide, and flanked with unpainted adobe buildings, in front of whose doors play multitudes of ragged children.

## CHAPTER II

### LIMA

A MAN named Wendell Phillips Dodge recently wrote an article entitled "Historic Peru and its Magnificent City of Mud," the latter appellation referring to Lima. *The Inca Chronicle*, a periodical published by the employees of the Cerro de Pasco Company, took exception to Mr. Dodge's article, because that gentleman happened to write that a good rainstorm would wash Lima away. Mr. Dodge was right when he used the metaphor styling Lima a city of mud, for, with the exception of the newer buildings, the structures are of adobe. In the other respect, he was wrong, for, so hardened are they with age, so reinforced by timbers and concrete, and so plastered over, that nothing short of a severe earthquake could demolish them. The trouble with all the coast towns of Peru is that the inhabitants do not erect their buildings substantially enough. They care more for outside appearance than for solidity. Even the great cathedral in Lima is built of adobe. Its towers are cracked by the work of numerous earthquakes, and the archbishopry adjoining it is in ruins. In Arequipa, where earthquake shocks are much more severe than in Lima, the cathedral has much better resisted Nature, because it is massively built of stone blocks. Stone is cheap in Lima, but adobe



is cheaper, therefore the favorite. On the newer streets, where the buildings are copied after modern European architecture, the houses are being built of brick.

It was on one of these new streets, Avenida Colmena, that I first stepped on Lima soil, as I alighted at the terminus of the trolley line linking the capital with Callao. About a dozen antediluvian cabs were in line with two or three good ones. I chose one of the good ones but it was an unfortunate choice, for the driver had not driven more than fifty steps before the horses balked, backed the cab against an iron post, and upset it with my wife, myself, and four valises, spilling the contents of the latter on the sidewalk. After we had replaced the articles, we decided to walk, and, as two urchins just then proffered their services, we let them do the carrying of the grips. While, later, discussing this experience, a certain chance acquaintance told me that, although there was much lacking in the Lima public vehicles, those of Santiago, Chile, were far inferior. Afterwards, at Santiago, I found out that this person was talking through his hat. We walked up the main street for nearly half of a mile, before we turned to the right to reach the Hotel Maury. This main street is named Calle Union; many people call it Espaderos. I was surprised at the fine displays in the store windows, for here were visible the best of goods of New York, Paris, and London. The sidewalks were crowded both by men and women clad according to the latest fashions, while the street was filled by automobiles, victorias, with footmen in livery, and vehicles of all descriptions. Regarding the automobiles, one thing that I noticed in particular was that nearly all were of French manufacture. Sr. Daniel de Menchaca, the leading automobile importer and wholesale hardware man of Lima, told me that he alone sold over fifty Reniers in

Lima during the year 1912. Lima has not many more than 150,000 inhabitants, yet her retail stores far surpass those of Havana, with a population of over 350,000 people. Here the retail district is comprised of stores owned by old, established, reliable firms, and not made up of shops as in Havana. There is an air of progressiveness and



**Calle Union, Lima**

modernity about the place that makes you forget that it is built of mud. Anyway, the façades of the stores are so ornamental or disguised, that, by walking down the Calle Union, the stranger would not know that behind the newly painted plaster the masonry was adobe.

The Calle Carabaya, on which the Hotel Maury is located, is, for a few blocks at its upper end near where it terminates at the Plaza de Armas, a retail street, but the rest of its long length running parallel to the Calle

Union, one block to the eastward, is given up to banks, trust companies, and agencies for foreign manufactures. The next few parallel streets to the east, and one or two



**Ucayali Street, Lima**

to the west, of the Calle Union, together with their intersectors, comprise the wholesale district of Lima. Lima is the wholesale mart for Peru, and some of the largest firms in the world have agencies here. Since there is but little manufacturing done, nearly all the staple articles

come from Europe; but the United States is fast coming to the front in this respect, and, to-day, has more commerce with Peru than any individual foreign nation. Second in importance to the Calle Union in the retail line, is the Calle Ucayali, which runs at right angles to it. A block north of Ucayali, Carabaya and Union both



**Street Scene, Lima, Showing Ancient Wooden Balconies**

terminate in a large rectangular park, named the Plaza de Armas, which has the area of two large city blocks. This large plaza, set off in patches of native trees and plants, has a fountain in its center, at which point paths converge from eight directions. At night, a military band occasionally plays here. On two sides of this plaza, are arcades, named the Portales de Botonieros, and, under them, are situated the cheaper class of retail stores, tailor shops, and antiquarians, with which latter trade the city

seems to abound. With but one exception, the buildings on this plaza are but two storeys in height, the second storey being given up to club rooms. The exception is the Casa Municipal, three storeys high, with a cupola. On the north side of the plaza, is a long low edifice covering an entire city block, each entrance zealously guarded



**Portales de Botonieros, Lima**

by soldiers. This is the Palacio de Gobierno and contains the different departments of the government.

On the fourth and east side of the Plaza de Armas, arises one of the largest religious edifices in the world, and next to the cathedral at Mexico City, the greatest church in the Western Hemisphere. This magnificent and wonderful cathedral of Lima is built of adobe. The immense pile, the main part as high as a modern five-storey building, and with a broad façade, is surmounted

by two great towers which loom up high above the other buildings of the city, and can be seen from a great distance. Its foundations were laid by Pizarro, in 1535, but it was ninety years later before the building was completed. At that time, it was the largest building in America. The two towers



**Casa Municipal, Lima**

were completed in the viceregency of Taboada, in 1795.

The interior, high and vaulted, is supported by Ionic piers in a broad row, eight feet apart. The vaulted ceiling is painted in alternate ribbed designs of salmon and blue, while the piers are white. Numerous old paintings adorn the walls, and there are many recesses containing costly altars. In one of these recesses, to the left of an altar of solid silver, is a plain white marble block with an inscription, on which is set the glass-fronted

coffin containing all that is left of the earthly remains of the immortal and heroic Pizarro. His skeleton is on exhibition to the public for a trivial tip to the sexton. In life, the conqueror of Peru must have been a large man, judging from the length of his skeleton, which is now crumbling to dust. His skull must have either been much handled or else polished, for it is as shiny and smooth as



**Palacio de Gobierno, Lima**

a billiard ball, although caramel colored. The English translation of the words on the inscription reads thus:

“Captain General, Don Francisco Pizarro, founder of Lima on the 18th of January, 1535, died on the 26th of June, 1541. His remains were deposited in this urn, the 26th of June, 1891, in accordance with the provincial assembly of Lima, and on the initiative of the mayor, D. Juan Revoredo.”

There are in Lima many other churches worth visiting, among which is that of San Francisco, two streets behind

the cathedral. It is of Saracenic architecture, contains an altar always lighted, and is also surmounted by two tall towers which are crowned by cupolas. The Merced Church has an ornate façade and no towers. Here the presidents of the republic take the oath of office, an old tradition handed down from Spanish royalty. The



**Cathedral, Lima**

late incumbent of that office, Sr. Guillermo Billinghurst, was the last one to go through the ceremonies there, his occurring in September, 1912. Nobody can become president of Peru unless he is a native and a Roman Catholic. Probably the most popular church in Lima is that of San Augustin, on the Calle Union. This, the church of society, is the wealthiest, and, on account of its central location, is the most frequented. A cloister adjoins it, where,



in the cool of the evening, cowled monks sit in the porticos and chant hymns.

I once met an American lady who had lived twelve years in Peru. She told me that the Maury, at Lima, compared very favorably with the best European hotels, and she had traveled extensively. I do not know what this lady's idea of a good European hotel is, but the Maury



**Cathedral, Lima**

falls very much behind the ideal. It had also been related to me that this particular hostelry was the best on the west coast of South America. My informer as to this was far from being right, for the Waechter-Piola at Concepción, Chile, draws first award. Lima is very backwards as to hotels, but I prefer the Maury to the Tivoli at Ancon, Canal Zone, which has a good reputation. The Maury occupies the western half of a whole block fronting the Calle Carabaya, with entrances on that street, and also on the Calle Ucayali. It also has another en-

trance opposite to the cathedral. It was originally but one building, but, as trade increased, the management kept buying the neighboring buildings and joining them to the hotel. It now consists of five different houses connected with the original part by corridors so intricate as to form a maze. The hotel is fair, and with proper



Interior of Cathedral, Lima

management could be made good. The manager is a diminutive shrimp of a man, running entirely to moustache. He was formerly the head waiter, but could pass for a bootblack as far as manners go. When we entered he never rose from his chair, but addressed us in a sitting posture. He then led us through the maze to a room at the other end of the building, and which seemed to us to be a quarter of a mile away. In fact, it was only the length of a city block, but the intricate way in which we

got there made it seem longer. My wife balked, and I was so dissatisfied that I was about to go to another hotel, when we remembered that Mr. Charles Gray, of New York, who had been on the *Guatemala* with us, spoke Spanish, and had also decided to come to this hotel. We determined to enlist his



**Tomb of Pizarro, Cathedral of Lima**

services in the translation method of explaining our wants.

We were told that a suite of rooms had been reserved for the Uruguayan Minister to Peru, who was due to arrive six days hence, and that we could occupy his suite till he arrived. It was an elegant set of rooms, enormous in size, and composed of two bedrooms, each containing two beds, a parlor, a bath and toilet room. It cost us \$17.50 for three people including board, for Mr. Gray took one of the bedrooms. It averaged \$5.83 apiece,

but with the luxury of the compartment it would have cost us at least \$100.00 a day in New York. Besides board, the price of the rooms evidently included every species of bug known to Peruvian etymology. I was bitten by fleas, mosquitoes, ticks, and bedbugs, besides numerous other voracious insects whose names were



**Interior, Church of San Augustin, Lima**

unknown to me. Two days later, I was showing my arm, blotched with insect bites, to some friends in the hotel lobby. The proprietor happened along, and I likewise showed him my arm. Later in the day, I was told that there was another room at my disposal, as the one I now occupied would have to be thoroughly disinfected and cleaned, for the advent of his Honor from Uruguay. I sincerely hope he got his share of the bites, for if he did, and then complained about it to the proprietor, it would

have had much more weight than any complaints that I could make, as Peruvians excel in toadying to persons holding government positions.

The food at the Maury is unrivaled anywhere. There is a great variety and you can get all you want, living en pension. The bar is the most popular one in the city, and is frequented by foreigners doing business in the capital. The sideboard contains one of the greatest accumulations of liquors that I have ever seen. Everybody in Lima drinks mixed drinks, and a different kind every time he orders; this being the reason for having in stock every different kind available. There is a lunch stand in the barroom where all the different kinds of fish, sea-food, and viands, in season, can be obtained for a small sum of money. I found the bartenders slow, but that is in accordance with the nature of the people. I have no complaint to make about them, for I also found them accommodating and clean, even though a friend of mine said he saw a bartender at the Maury put the same piece of lemon in six different cocktails. After the first man had drained his glass, the bartender would put the same piece of lemon in the next cocktail, and so down the line. There were some royal parties pulled off at this same bar while I was in Lima, and a certain high diplomat fell under one of the tables in the adjoining coffee room where drinks are likewise served.

The other hotels in Lima go by the names of the Gran, the Central, and the Cardinal. Some people prefer the Gran to the Maury because it is cleaner. If I ever go to Lima again, and am unaccompanied by a lady, I intend to put up there instead of at the Maury. The social life at the Maury is greater than at the Gran, and the table is better, therefore it is better adapted for a sojourn if ladies are in the party. Yet, at the Gran, there

are no insects; there are no carpets on the floor for fleas to burrow into. There should be no carpets in any hotels in Lima, for fleas are the cause of bubonic plague, and they cannot flourish in places destitute of cloth. A couple of years ago a Mr. Morrow, from La Fundición, Peru, was stopping at the Maury with his wife. In the middle of the night they heard an awful commotion in the adjoining room. The next morning they and all the guests were ordered to leave the hotel so that it could be fumigated. It happened that Sr. Ramirez, Secretary of the Colombian Legation, suddenly came down with bubonica while stopping at the Maury, and died during the night. I know of another man dying there of the same disease. He was a young American mining engineer who had come down from Cerro de Pasco on a visit. The proprietor of the Gran is an Italian, and is evidently an ardent patriot, as is evidenced by the martial pictures of the Italians slaying the Turks in Tripoli which are painted on the walls of his dining-room. There is a good bar with refreshment counter at the Gran, but the proprietor made the mistake of installing as head bartender a boy who is the son of one of his friends. This fellow is slower than molasses, and is puffed up with his own importance. The cashier is a Peruvian-born German, who, though he has never been out of Peru, has a constant longing to emigrate to the land of his ancestors. The thing that prevents him from doing so is lack of funds.

The confectionery stores of Lima are high class. They all manufacture several varieties of ice cream and sell drinks, mostly alcoholic. Nearly all the large ones have their individual ice plants, and one employs fifty men at this occupation. One on the Calle Union is owned by a man named Broggi. He made a fortune by inventing a new kind of bitters, which is named Batida Broggi. As

to the restaurants outside of the hotels, there are but few. The best is that in the exposition building at the Zoölogical Garden, leased by the proprietor of the Maury. It has a Viennese lady orchestra which sometimes plays in the dining-room of the Maury. There is also the Café Berlin, a dirty hole of a place on the Calle Ucayali. There is nothing German about it, not even the beer, yet it is a paying investment. The slovenly waiters speak no other language but Spanish; the beer is so warm that it is unfit to drink, and flies feast on the pickled fish heads and tripe that are on exhibition at the counter.

There are many saloons in Lima, and, in all my travels, I have never seen a town where, in proportion to the population, so much liquor is consumed. Even the lowliest saloon contains an elaborate variety of stock. German beer can be procured at all of them, but the product of the United States can only be found at a few of them. The natives drink their beer warm; it is only the foreigners that drink it cool. As most places have no refrigerators to keep the bottles cool, the saloons have an ingenious piece of hardware to make the drinks cold. They have a sort of a sieve that fits over the glass. Above this sieve is a partition which the bartender fills with cracked ice. On this ice they pour the beer, and by the time it reaches the glass it is cold. If a foreigner invites a bunch of natives to a round of beer, it will cost him more than if a native asks the same group. The reason is that if invited by a foreigner the natives will all drink iced beer, while when the native extends the invitation, the only one in the whole bunch drinking iced beer will be the foreigner; and ice is expensive.

The word Lima is supposed to be a corruption from the Inca word Rimac, the river which flows through the city. This is the popular conjecture, yet there is a Lima in

Spain which may have given its name to the town. The river is crossed by two vehicle bridges and a railroad bridge. The north side of the river is the poorer and smaller part of the town. The main street of this section is the Calle Cajamarca, which is very dirty. There is little of interest on this side unless one desires to climb to the top of the Cerro de San Cristobal, a barren hill 400 meters high, on which is an iron cross and a wireless telegraphy station. I walked up there one day with an acquaintance, and by the time I got back to town I had perspired so much that my clothes looked as if they had fallen into the river. The narrow road circles the hill in its ascent, and the view from all sides is magnificent. It took us forty-five minutes to reach the summit, and twenty to descend. Instead of returning by the road we came straight down the hill on a footpath that ended at a shooting range. The best thing to see in Lima is the Zoological Gardens. Next to those at Buenos Aires, they are the finest in South America. It is a beautiful park with pools of clear water, and shade of giant trees, both native and exotic. The animals of the large collection are in better condition than those in the zoos in the United States. They are better housed, have more room to run in, and are fed more according to their native mode of feeding than those at home. They are not like the lazy, caged wild animals that we are accustomed to see, who are too fat to brush flies from off their noses, and who yawn with sleepiness caused by overfeeding.

The streets in Lima are in an awful condition. It is far better to take a trolley car than to drive, on account of the jolting one gets if this latter course is chosen. In the central business portion, there is a pretense at paving, but elsewhere, whenever a stone is knocked out of place, no effort is made to fill up the hole. The dust of the



streets is terrible, so driving, instead of being a pleasure, is a great discomfort. This dust is nothing more than dried filth, for it never rains, and the street-cleaning department is an apology to the name. There are a few fine houses, but as they all open into patios, their exteriors are unprepossessing. The finest house in Lima belongs to Sr. Carlos Forero; it is a large three-storey establishment on the Calle Union, across from the Church of San Augustin. The American Minister, Mr. Howard, has, about a mile from the city, a nice place, named the Quinta Heeren. Quinta is the name for a piece of land, and Heeren was the name of the family who once owned the quinta, hence the name.

There are several fine clubs, the Nacional being the foremost. In all of these the object seems to be gambling, and high stakes are often played for, especially by the foreigners. This gambling seems to be the chief diversion here; it is not only confined to the clubs, but urchins are constantly thrusting lottery tickets in your face. There is the San Marcos University, the oldest in South America, a medical school, a college of agriculture, and a school of mines. Every year, the government selects the most adept students of this mining school, and, at its own expense, sends them, upon their graduation, to schools abroad to complete their education. There is a mint, the best of its kind in South America, a public library, a museum in the Exposition Park, a hippodrome where races are held Sunday afternoons, a bull ring, and a jockey club. Among the societies one that deserves mention is the National Geographic Society. This was founded in 1888, and is supported by the government. From time to time, it fits out expeditions to explore unknown parts of the republic. Its chief geographer is an Italian. Not content with

allowing Argentina the honor of having within its confines the highest mountain in South America, Aconcagua, he claims that Peru has one still higher. There are several hospitals, including an Italian and a French one.

But little manufacturing is done. There are two breweries. That of Backus and Johnston, to my notion, brews one of the most miserable beers in the world, which is only exceeded in vileness by two Chilean beers, one Bolivian one, and one French one. The other brewery, the Piedra Liza, is a small one and is owned by Eduardo Harster. There are car shops, a couple of cloth factories, a porcelain works, and several brickyards.

In Lima, as in the rest of Peru, there is either wealth or poverty; no in between. What is called wealth there, would not be called so in the United States. A man worth 200,000 *soles* in Lima is very rich. This is equivalent to \$100,000. In the whole country, there are perhaps but a dozen millionaires. It is said that the ex-president, Sr. Billinghurst, has the greatest private fortune, which is estimated to be \$14,000,000. The Forero family is wealthy, as is also Frederico Hilbck, a banker who resides at Paita. The poor people are poor in the extreme, and the streets teem with many beggars. Lima is the stronghold of Roman Catholicism in South America, and always has been. The Inquisition outrivaled Spain in barbarity, many relics of it being shown by instruments of torture and pictures of it for sale in the curiosity stores. Yet with all the outward display of religion, there is much in Lima that is sacrilegious. For example, in the Café Estrasburgo in the Portales, there is a whiskey advertisement painted on the wall depicting Christ with a halo about his head, offering to a corpse, rising in a coffin to a sitting posture, a glass of whiskey. Underneath the

painting words read to this effect:—"Lazarus rising from the grave and drinking whiskey."

Political disturbances are frequent. One night, I was walking along the main street with a chance acquaintance, when a howling mob, led by a negro, tore down the thoroughfare. A victoria containing three well-dressed men drove by. Bricks, vegetables, and stones began to fly, the occupants of the victoria being the mark of wrath. Policemen stood by smiling, and offered no interference. I inquired into the cause of this riot, and the reason for no interference, and was told the following: The second vice-president, Sr. Leguia, is a brother to ex-president Leguia, who was succeeded by Billinghamst. This Leguia and Billinghamst did not get along very well together. Billinghamst was very popular; in fact so popular was he, that very often when Leguia returned from the Senate, the mob attempted to assault him, endeavoring to intimidate him so that he would resign. As Billinghamst approved of it, the policemen made no attempt to stop the riots. This particular evening the mob got so wild that the shopkeepers were frightened and closed their places of business. A missile aimed at Leguia killed a child, and a dozen people were injured. To avoid being hurt, I ducked down a side street, as the aim of a Peruvian mob is not apt to be correct. When the violence of the mob had grown beyond all control, and the question was whether the soldiers should be called out to protect lives and property, a solution was reached by Billinghamst, himself, on horseback, together with a few friends, and preceded by a small detachment of infantry, riding through the principal streets of the city. He was loudly cheered by the populace, who then broke up and went home. During Leguia's administration, there was much government graft, and the affairs of the country were generally

mismanaged. Since I left Peru, I am informed that he recently made a plot to overthrow the government, and was imprisoned, being obliged to leave the country on his release. He was a man of great personal courage. Once when a mob threatened to kill him unless he resigned, he backed up against a lamp post, drew his revolver, and dared the mob to do so, saying that he would shoot the first man that made the attempt, and that even though he would be overcome in the end, there was enough justice in the country to convict and sentence the murderers. He held the crowd at bay until the soldiers came up. Billinghurst was the man for the place. A thorough business man, he saw the chaos that Peru's financial mistakes brought on the country, and tried to place the internal affairs of the country on a footing with other strong nations. He was progressive, and did his utmost to get in foreign capital, and to open up the vast territory east of the Andes. Through his efforts Iquitos on the Amazon is now in direct telegraphic communication with Lima; and he advocated the building of railroads and the opening of waterways. In personal appearance, he is a small, oldish man, with gray hair and moustache, and rather severe looking. Having built up a fortune for himself before he became president, he endeavored to run Peru on strictly business lines. He was recently deposed in a revolution, and a man named Durand is provisional president.

Peru has a gold currency standard on the decimal system. The monetary unit is a *sol*, valued at approximately 50 cents, and is made up of 100 *centavos*. There are many foreign banks in Lima, but no American bank. The strongest of the banks are the Bank of Peru and London, and the German Transatlantic Bank. The building of the Bank of Peru and London is a new edifice

and is worthy of any city of a million inhabitants. Nine per cent. is paid on savings deposits that lie there for one year and over. The post-office is a fine new building, but not run on modern methods. I tried to send a money order of a few *soles* to Cerro de Pasco, but was informed that I could not send so small a sum. Also the officials there did a trick to the package containing the Panama hats that I bought at Paita.

The Peruvian census has always been very unsatisfactory. Some years ago, the national census bureau claimed that the population of the entire republic was 4,600,000. The National Geographic Society, later, made a careful estimate, and came to the conclusion that 3,200,000 was the limit. This seems to be nearer correct. So it is with Lima. In 1892, Lima had 130,000 inhabitants; in 1912 it had slightly over 140,000, so, taking 10,000 as the increase for a decade, it has to-day about 150,000 inhabitants, with about as many dogs. Of the foreign colonies, the Italians predominate, with 11,000 members in Lima and Callao; next come the French. Then, in order, come the North Americans, the Germans, and the English. The North Americans number a few hundred, and the Germans likewise. The best physicians and professional men are Italian, while the Americans and English are representatives of foreign firms, and are connected with the mining business. The Germans are exclusively connected with the manufacture and sale of beer.

As to location, Lima much resembles Athens. Athens has Piræus; Lima has Callao. Athens has Phaleron; Lima has Chorillos. In both Lima and Athens the streets are laid out so as to form rectangular blocks, and in both of these cities the architecture is much the same, Lima copying the classic style. But the greatest and best

comparison is sanitation. Both are extremely unhealthy, for Athens constantly has a typhoid epidemic, and Lima has this, also, besides nearly everything known in the way of disease. The water in each of these cities is unfit to drink.

The death rate of Lima is one of the highest of all the cities in the world. Bubonic plague is never lacking, the cases averaging about four a day. Ninety per cent. here are fatal. There is a serum that will generally benefit the patient if taken in time, but so rapid is the progress of the malady that the victim is usually beyond all hopes by the time the antidote is administered. This disease is more prevalent on the north side of the Rimac, and on the outskirts of the town, than in the city proper, although it occasionally attacks the higher classes. For instance, a few years ago it ravaged Chorillos, which is composed of the homes of the wealthier people. Three hundred people died of it there in one season. The only way to stamp it out is to kill all the rats, for then the fleas cannot become infected and inoculate human beings. It would be for the Limeños too much of an exertion to kill all the rats, and besides the inhabitants do not worry about the disease. Their logic is that if a person did not die of bubonica he would die of some other disease.

Yellow fever is uncommon, but everybody who has lived in Lima has, at some time or other, had the malaria, or paludic fever, called here *terciana*. If anybody in Lima gets this disease, the first thing the doctors ask him is if he has recently been in Trujillo, which town is acknowledged to be the hotbed of it. I imagine Lima is just as bad, but it is natural to lay the blame elsewhere if possible. Mr. Gray, who occupied the same suite with us at the Maury, had an attack of it or some other tropical fever, and was sick during his entire stay there. I never

heard whether he recovered, because we left before he did, as he was intending to remain in Lima for some time. However, he was well enough to be around the town the day we sailed. I caught, in Lima, a fever, which some doctors pronounced malaria, and others a form of walking typhoid. I came down with it in Arequipa a few days after I left Lima, and had it for five months, although I was only confined in bed for a few days. All the modern treatments for malaria failed to have any effect on me, and I have not yet regained my normal health. The vegetables and strawberries are beautiful and luscious, but cannot be eaten without running a chance of catching the typhoid. The cause thereof has been recently discovered. It happens that the garden truck is watered by the water that carries away the hospital sewage. Pulmonary complaints are common. In 1912, 1022 people died of tuberculosis. This is due to the frequent changes in temperature, and to the dust which blows into one's nostrils. The death rate in this disease is seventy to ten thousand, while in London it is fifteen to ten thousand people.

The climate is neither hot nor cold. The warmest month is December. The temperature is then much like that of Los Angeles for the same month. In winter, which is June, July, and August, it is cool and disagreeable.

Women of the wealthier classes dress according to the latest Parisian creations. The mantilla of black lace, which was once a becoming headwear for ladies, is rapidly going out of fashion. The peasant women wear for their heads a broadcloth covering called a manta. So often a person hears these two words used indiscriminately, but the mantilla of the classes should never be confounded with the manta of the masses. The Limeños claim that their city is famed for its beautiful women.

If this is true, they evidently keep their women hidden from sight, for, during my sojourn there, I do not believe that I saw any woman that could be called beautiful,



**Senate Building, Lima**

although I saw a few little girls that I believe would make most beautiful women when they grow up. My wife wanted to steal one of these, and I had a hard job preventing her from doing so. Most of the women I saw in Lima had the color of a five-day-old corpse, and those



that were really white were so powdered that all pretense of good looks was spoiled. The physical style for men seems to be short and fat, while their facial adornment is a moustache. They are as hard to distinguish from one another as so many Chinamen. They all dress in black, even to cravats, and hats, while the shirts they wear are white. The majority of the Limeños are of mixed blood, and are called *cholos*. This word, however, is one of contempt, meaning Indian, and should never be used in front of one of them. They are docile, quiet, and rather lazy; yet they do all the menial work uncomplainingly, and bear with patience the blows and insults of the white people, who consider themselves the superiors. They are of a poetic nature, have kind dispositions, seldom steal or lie, and crime among them is rare. They are honest and faithful, and, though more sluggish than the people of pure blood, they make better citizens.

The principal daily newspaper of Lima is *El Comercio*. It has one of the largest circulations of any in South America, and is non-partisan. It has espoused the cause of the pro-indigenes, and, through its columns, gave utterances that influenced the government to take steps against the Putomayo atrocities. There are also two periodicals published in the English language, the *West Coast Leader*, and *Peru To-day*, both dealing with topics for the improvement of the country. *Peru To-day* is read in some of the schools. An anecdote is related about Mr. Chandler, American vice-consul at Callao, once being in Trujillo. He met an urchin on the street who had quite a smattering of English and asked him where he learned the language so well. The ragamuffin replied that he had picked it up in his school where the teacher read *Peru To-day* to the scholars.

I had no difficulty in killing time in Lima, for I got ac-

quainted with the foreign circle the day of my arrival there. All congregate at the Maury bar about the noon hour, and also about five o'clock in the afternoon. Nobody takes a drink unless it is shaken for by dice. As I never cared for dice, I refused to shake, preferring to buy the rounds rather than to shake for them. This, at first, gave the crowd a wrong impression of me, for they had an idea that I was religiously bent, which would be an uncommon thing in the colony. I also found out that the colony was a hard-drinking set, and I obtained much useful information from them about the country when they were in their cups; at other times they would talk local gossip, which was distasteful to me because I was a stranger. I made it a point to visit the other refreshment parlors and verify the statements I heard, and, in this way, I gleaned much more information in a short time than I could have otherwise obtained in a much longer sojourn. There was a new bar in Lima named the Bar Suisse, owned by an Italian who had recently come to the city from the United States. He had been in Bolivia and in Chile; had had an attack of *soroche* or mountain sickness in La Paz, and had dropped away in weight fifty pounds in three months up there, where he had followed the profession of stone mason. He gave me valuable advice as to what I should do when I went in the mountains. From different people I learned the names of the doctors and the hotels in the towns in the interior, and as to which cities were interesting and which were not. I was thereby enabled to travel in these places with the minimum of discomfort. I also became acquainted with a gentleman, Mr. Chester, of New York, who had been to the top of Misti, and had taken photographs from its summit. In the evenings, this foreign colony would repair to the gambling halls of an American whom I also met, and lose money, but

as there is enough of this business to do in any part of the globe, I did not accept any invitation to join them. One morning, the captain of a passenger boat in the coastal service came to my room. It was only four o'clock but he had a "good stew on." He had bought three baskets heaping with fresh strawberries, and insisted that I should accept one. I did and was laid up with gripes all day. From a Jew, I bought a plate of solid silver made by hand in Cuzco, in 1636, and, although it is heavy and valuable, I managed to bring it back to the United States, passing through nearly all the South American countries without having to pay a cent of duty.

There was a doctor stopping at the Maury who was selling White Rock Water, being the South American sales agent. He was the limit. Although there are very good native waters which I prefer to White Rock, he tried to persuade me to drink it instead. As I refused he played a practical joke on me, the humorous side of which I failed to see. It was namely to send me out to a town named Ancon where he told me were miles of Indian relics and bones. I spent the best part of the day out there and found the relics to be nothing more than the bones of cattle that had perished in the sandy wilderness. He also advised me not to go to Cerro de Pasco, La Paz, etc., on account of the *soroche*, which I afterwards found out does not affect everybody. If I had acted on his advice I should have missed seeing the most interesting part of Peru.

A half an hour distant from Lima by steam and electric line is Chorillos, the popular summer resort of the wealthy Limeños. There is surf bathing, but the ocean at this place is filled with sharp rocks of all sizes, so that the pleasures of bathing are tempered. The dressing-rooms are dirty, and the bathing suits to let are as a rule still

wet from being previously worn. The town itself is built on a high rocky bluff overlooking the ocean; it has, facing the water, a broad esplanade, named the Malecon. A wide stone walk of easy gradient descends to the bathing establishment. On this esplanade, are many handsome residences, but none of the cafés, music halls, and places



**Chorillos, Peru**

of entertainment which one usually associates with summer resorts. Chorillos is aristocratic, and the people who go there spend the entire summer, so there is no need for these attractions. Up in the town, is the naval academy. Barranca and Miraflores, suburbs of Lima, are both popular ocean resorts, the former the more so. For pleasure, the best of the whole outfit is La Punta, at the other side of Callao, visited by great numbers on Sundays. It has a fine sand beach, and but little surf.

Lima needs more bathing places, on account of the dirty nature of her inhabitants. Nearly all of them are dirty. When a woman has a dirty face, instead of washing it, she smears it with powder so that the dirt spot won't show. The only clean people there are those who have been abroad, and these have been obliged to acquire cleanliness, for otherwise the foreign women would not have had anything to do with them.

Of all desolate resorts, Ancon is the most desolate; and yet it is a favorite place for the inhabitants to bring their families to spend the summer. A Mr. Wakeman, whom I met in Lima, a Peruvian but of American parentage, is in raptures about it. The White Rock agent, Dr. Aughinbaugh, told me the place was probably the greatest burial-ground in existence, a place where the Incas buried their dead, and that the wind had laid open the graves, exposing miles of bones. I "bit," and decided to go to Ancon. After once visiting the place, I came to the conclusion that Dr. Aughinbaugh had had a grudge against me, otherwise he would never have told me to go there. It turned out to be because I refused to drink White Rock Water. I took the train from Lima one morning at eight o'clock. It passed by the city dumping ground, where I saw workmen with faces covered by pieces of cloth, nothing being exposed but their eyes, on account of the stench. Even in the coach where I was I managed to catch a whiff of it, and it was so strong that it nearly knocked me out of my seat. Beyond it, was the pesthouse, and then we entered cultivated country. This soon gave way to a dreary sand desert with nothing to break the monotony. An hour and a half after leaving Lima we reached Ancon station. The sand was about a foot deep on the main street, and the odors and filth were "fierce." Dirty shops of the lowest description flanked this street, and,

in front of them, sat drunken negroes and leprous beggars. I walked to the ocean and saw before me a semicircular harbor with an elegant sandy beach. A short pier extended into the water, and a few fishing craft were in evidence. Beyond, to the right, lay the desert, and a few sand hills, while to my immediate left, and facing the ocean, were wooden shacks containing the apartments of summer visitors. I walked every street of the small town,



**Beach at Ancon, Peru**

and then onto the desert. The bones of the Inca dead were fictitious, but the animals that had perished there were far better off than the human beings of this frightful town. This sight-seeing of mine did not take over half of an hour, as the population of the village does not number one thousand souls. I had four hours to put in before the next train left for Lima, and I was at a loss to know what to do. I had come very near to bringing my wife along with me, and I was now thankful that I had not done so. I went to the bath-house, had a swim, and then went to the railroad station

where I held down a seat for a couple of hours. The rest of the time I spent in the hotel eating my dinner, and sitting in front of it, drinking beer with a Chinaman who could talk English.

## CHAPTER III

### THE OROYA HINTERLAND

I ONCE met a lady who told me that she had been "all through Asia." After a minute catechism of her, I found out that the extent of her travels in that continent amounted only to the railroad trip from Beirut to Damascus, most of which was done after nightfall. Now, the average traveler to Peru visits Lima only, and, after a sojourn in that city for anywheres from a few days to a week, he returns to his native land and tells to his admiring friends about the wonders he saw in Peru. To visit Lima without a trip to Cerro de Pasco, or at any rate to Oroya, is like being at Gardner, Montana, without making a visit to the Yellowstone. Many people make the former journey, especially the mining man, and the commercial traveler, but the tourist, frightened by exaggerated tales of *soroche*, prefers the life of ease and luxury always to be had at Lima. One of these individuals who preferred not to run any risk of *soroche* was none other than Mr. Haggin, president of the Cerro de Pasco Company, who, although it would seem to be his duty to visit the mining properties of the company of which he was president, preferred not to endure the imaginary hardship, and remained in Lima, while his colleague, Mr. C. V. Drew, made the ascent. The excuse given out for Mr. Haggin



not making the ascent was that he had just passed through a severe sickness. Now unless the sickness is pulmonary, rare mountain air ought to be beneficial. There is absolutely no hardship in making the ascent to the Hill, as Cerro de Pasco is styled by the Anglo-Saxon residents. One enters a parlor car at Lima at 6.30 A.M., and thirteen hours later is at the terminus of the line, after having passed through some of the most remarkable scenery in existence.

I have read many books of Andean travel in which *soroche* is spoken of, and have met many people who had experienced it in more or less pronounced forms. The affliction is a pressure on the lungs, due to the scarcity of oxygen in the air at high altitudes, together with the constitutional inconveniences that go with it. In the Southern Andes, it is called *puna*, an Indian word also meaning *heights*, for the traveler never gets an attack under 10,000 feet. With no two people are the effects of *soroche* the same. Some have dizziness, bleeding at the nose, and violent headaches; some faint; some vomit and have a terrible nausea like seasickness; others have difficulty in breathing. I know a man who, while he is at Cerro de Pasco, is afraid of going to sleep at night for fear he will never wake again. Not all people get the *soroche*, and I am one of the immune, but most people get it, or at least imagine they get it, for in this as in other ailments imagination has a lot to do. The ascent to the Galera tunnel, the highest point reached on the Central Railroad of Peru in going to Oroya, is made from Lima in seven hours. Here, the altitude is 15,865 feet, so it is not to be wondered at that the rapid change in atmospheric condition has an effect on human and animal constitutions. Several years ago, the Peruvian government bought some bulls in Belgium; these bulls were to

be sent to the Montana country east of the Cordillera, and they are still on the way. They are moved every other week to a place a few hundred feet higher than that in which they had previously been, this care being taken that they may reach their destination in the same condition in which they left Lima. One should never indulge in strong alcoholic drink while in the highlands, for it undermines the constitution to such an extent that pulmonary disorders, such as pneumonia, are liable to set in.

Those who are born, or have resided a long time, in the high Andes cannot make the descent to sea-level without inconveniences. They, also, are apt to be nauseated, and to experience a throbbing at the temples with a singing in the ears. Every time I ascended to low levels in my various trips in the Andes, I experienced this singing in the ears. It was like getting water in the ears after coming out of swimming, and it generally lasted for a whole day. Mr. Henry Stone, British vice-consul at Cerro de Pasco, has lived there for thirty years, and is afraid to come down to the coast. A few years ago, he won 30,000 pesos on a lottery ticket, the sum to be paid at Lima, and rather than to risk the descent, he sent a friend after it.

Dr. Aughinbaugh, the White Rock man, told me that nobody ever made the ascent without getting the *soroche*, and that he knew of four Leadville miners who had been accustomed all their lives to an altitude of 10,000 feet, but who, in attempting to get to Oroya, became so sick that they had to be taken back in hand cars. He also said that a Frenchman recently crossed the divide to visit a mine that he owned. While in the altitudes he was taken ill, and had to be sent back to Lima. He died on his return trip a few miles after he had crossed the

divide. Later I tried to verify this statement, and found out that the Frenchman died of pneumonia he had contracted while there. I have never known of a single instance where a man died of *soroche*, although several such yarns are prevalent among the foreign colony at Lima. If a person takes care of himself, does not overeat, overexercise, or overdrink, the chances are that he will cross the mountains at a minimum of temporary sickness. It is also said that stout people are more susceptible to *soroche* than slim ones; this is all bosh, for when I made the ascent I weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, and I met in the altitudes quite a few people of my avoirdupois. Women are less apt to become affected by *soroche* than men, for they do not smoke, drink, or eat as much as the opposite sex, overindulgence in any of which three things materially aiding in increasing the beatings of the heart, and that is the prime factor to avoid. People suffering from heart trouble should not attempt to make the ascent, any more than they should indulge in other excesses that have an influence on that organ. The Italian who runs the Bar Suisse, at Lima, told me the best method to counteract *soroche* was to drink a quart of Fernet Branco, a Milanese strong liquor, between Lima and Oroya, this guaranteeing immunity to the imbiber. I agree with the Italian, for the imbiber would be so intoxicated that he would have no time to think about *soroche* or anything else.

I wanted to go over the Oroya Railroad, and, to make sure that there was nothing constitutionally wrong with either my wife or myself, we went to an Italian physician in Lima, Dr. Victorelli, who examined us both, and told us that we would probably experience no difficulty. He told us that sometimes he was called to go to high altitudes, and suffered slightly when he made the trip in one

day, but that he had no ailment if he broke his trip at either Chosica at a height of 2800 feet or at a height of 7800 feet. He advised us to do this, but not to get off to pass the night at any station between these two towns, for we should then run the danger of getting the verrugas fever, which is prevalent in that particular district.

At the last minute, my wife backed out about going up the mountain, and refused to go any farther than Chosica, a summer resort for the Limeños, where she had been invited by a lady of her acquaintance to spend a few days, and where she said she would stay until I returned. So, one hot afternoon, at 4.30 o'clock, we took the train at Desamparados station in Lima for Chosica. The ride of nearly two hours in a comfortable parlor car followed the river Rimac, and the scenery reminded me of the Santa Clara Valley of Ventura County, California. In the valley bottom, the land was highly cultivated to cane, alfalfa, and market truck, with many houses denoting a large population, while the mountains that ran up from the coast on either side were bare and destitute of verdure. There were, on the long platform of the station at Chosica, many gay and aristocratic-appearing people, to meet the train, on which were their friends or relatives coming to this resort for the week-end. The acquaintance of my wife was living with her husband at the Gran Hotel del Estacion, and, as my wife was going to stay there during my absence, we gave our baggage to the hotel runner, and walked across the street to this hostelry, which I found to be the cleanest I had visited in all Peru. How bracing and pleasant the air was here, compared with sultry Lima! A water cart had just sprinkled the street, and the coolness that it left, together with the scent of the orange blossoms, made us both glad to be away from the dirty capital. People troubled with many

complaints come to Chosica, and invariably return home cured. The rooms in the hotel, though very plain, were clean, and the food excellent. I slept well and rose but half an hour before the Andean Limited, the train that was to take me to Oroya, pulled in the next morning.

This road to Oroya was built in 1870 by the remarkable engineer and fortune hunter, Henry Meiggs, an American. It is one hundred and thirty-eight miles long, and is the best constructed mountain railroad in the world. Its gauge is standard, and the rolling stock is American, although it belongs to the Peruvian Government. Meiggs conceived the original idea of ascending the mountains by means of switchbacks instead of by the ordinary method of broad curves and curved tunnels as in the St. Gotthard, or of rack and pinion as on the Brazilian coast railways. There are, however, four complete circles in this line, but there are seven switchbacks, this method being much cheaper engineering, and giving better results. These switchbacks, seen from below, remind one of the great military wagon road on the mountain above Cattaro which leads to Montenegro. Chosica is thirty-five miles from Lima, and for ten miles more the railroad follows much the same kind of country as it traverses between Lima and that point. Then, at San Bartolome, a village at the junction of the Rimac with a river named the Santa Eulalia, the ascent really begins in earnest. From this point to the next station, which is Verrugas, where the Rimac is crossed on an iron bridge, the distance is only five miles, but in these five miles, 1000 feet is made in ascent.

We are now in the district of verrugas fever, which was thought to be indigenous only to this locality, but which more recent observations have shown to exist at this height along the whole chain of the Western Cordillera

with Arequipa at its southern limit; and it doubtless extends as far north as Ecuador. This verrugas fever is a peculiar, but by no means fatal, disease. It begins with a high fever, and later, warts, sometimes nearly an inch long, tapering and bloody, grow all over one's anatomy. I saw several cases of this. The natives tie black silk threads around the bases of these warts, which then, in time, fall off. These warts are named verrugas. Besides the warts, there appears a rash much like scarlatina. If the rash does not develop, the patient often dies, but the native doctors have a medicine which they give to bring out this eruption. It has not yet been determined whether verruga is caused by mineral or vegetable matter, but the scientists are now inclined to believe that it arises from the former source, since the vegetation in the department of Arequipa is not similar to that of Piura, while the minerals of these sections are much on the same order. In the department of Ancach, which lies directly north of that of Lima, this fever has been found at altitudes as low as 1000 feet and as high as 11,000. This disease is not contagious, and only appears through inoculation in the blood. Carrion and Barton proved the inoculability of this disease, the former by experiment upon himself, and the latter upon dogs. Inoculation from the patient during the fever does not transmit it, but inoculation from the warts or serum drawn from them does. Since very few people have been known to catch it in the daytime, the present theory of its transmission is that it is carried by ticks who bite the person at night. Mosquitoes and flies do not carry it, and, in the daytime, people brush away the ticks. Credence is given to the tick theory because, at the confluence of rivers, where ticks abound, especially during the rainy season, the verruga is most prevalent. The man who first pro-

pounded this theory, which has been generally accepted, is Mr. Charles Townsend, Government Entomologist and Director of Entomological Stations.

The Verrugas bridge, the longest and highest on the Oroya Railroad, is 575 feet long and 225 feet high, and from its top the river in the canyon below looks like a silver snake. A tunnel named the Cuesta Blanca is entered, and from its eastern entrance begins panorama after panorama of great and rugged mountains. The slopes of these are covered with stunted bushes, and, in more favorable places, heliotrope abounds, as well as other plants whose roots do not need excessive moisture. A few miles farther on, Surco is reached, altitude 6600 feet, and then, at about 11 o'clock, Matucana, where everybody alights to eat breakfast. The train stops here for half an hour in the ascent, and a whole hour in the descent. I did not feel hungry, and, having been advised that overeating was the main cause of *soroche*, I strolled around the little town, instead of going into the dining hall. There is little to see in the place, which is a health resort with a sanitarium. It lies in a canyon hemmed in by high mountains, and has groves of eucalyptus and a few pines. A battle was once fought here against the Spaniards in the War of Liberation, and a conquered flag is on exhibition in the little church of the village. Foolishly, I had forgotten to bring with me heavy underclothing and I now began to feel the effects of the chill of the atmosphere. I had on only the lightest kind of knee underdrawers and armless undershirt worn by the inhabitants of tropics.

From Matucana onwards, the country becomes wilder, and mining camps are seen in the valleys. The Rimac is narrower, and the mountains are higher. We cross the bridge of Quebrada Negra, and then those of Tambo de

Visa and Champichaca, and arrive at the station of Tamboraque at an altitude of 9800 feet above sea level. Here one gets a glimpse of the snow-capped mountains ahead. Soon afterwards, we come to the station of the town of San Mateo, a mining camp which is deep down in the valley at our side. The railroad now enters a tunnel, and suddenly emerges on a bridge which crosses high above a seething torrent, only to enter another tunnel. This is the bridge of Infiernillo, or Little Hell, and the scenery in this spot reminds one of the foot tunnels and bridges in the upper valleys of the Alps; it is, however, on a much grander scale. To a traveller who has once crossed the bridge of Infiernillo, the memory of this fleeting vision will never be obliterated. At Chicla, 12,500 feet high, there are two stations and two towns, one above the other in the valley.

It is here that I noticed the first cases of *soroche* on the train. A Scotchman complained of feeling queer, and changed his seat a few times without seemingly good effect. It was his first trip, and although he knew it was mine also, he turned to me, and said: "What's good for this?" I handed him out the bottle of Fernet Branca that the Italian of the Bar Suisse had given me. He took a long swig, and started coughing. Somebody handed him a glass of water with which to wash it down. No sooner had he done this than he made a bee-line to the water-closet where he heaved up all that he had eaten at Matucana. He soon came back and told me that he felt better, and wanted me to give him some more Fernet. I did so and it braced him up. Others in the train noticing this crowded around me, and the bottle was fast becoming exhausted. Out of twenty-six people in the coach, seven showed signs of sickness, but the others were reading novels and looking out of the car windows as if



nothing ailed them. Of the remaining nineteen, one by one began to feel the *soroche* until there were but a dozen left who were in good shape after leaving the mining town of Casapalca.

Casapalca is about 13,500 feet above sea level, and is the largest mining camp that we had yet reached. Its smelters, furnaces, and smoke remind one of the typical mining towns in the Montana Rockies. As in Butte, there is no vegetation; the mountains are bare, but, here, this is due to the altitude, and not to deadly fumes that permeate everything. At Ticlio, the highest junction on the line, and the only one in the ascent of the mountains, a branch runs to Morococha, which is one of the highest mining camps in Peru, lying at an altitude of 16,500 feet. The copper mines here are the property of the Morococha Mining Company. From that place, there is a beautiful view across a lake to the giant mountain Yonasama, meaning Black Nose.

We are now in the cold region of perpetual snow, and, although I felt the coldness at Matucana, you may imagine what I now felt in my light underwear. Also I had no vest, and was beginning to sneeze, the symptom of catching cold. The Galera tunnel, in which we passed the height of land, 15,865 feet, is nearly a mile long, and directly under a huge mass of rock, the Monte Meiggs, 17,576 feet in height, on whose uneven sides were great patches of snow, not white but dusty on account of the winds that had been blowing in this desolate and foreboding place. The air at the eastern entrance seemed even more rare than at its western one, but I noticed that some of the fellow-passengers, who, a few minutes before had been feeling sick, had now improved, and that some had even begun to indulge in beer and other refreshments. We were now in the great plateau, and, although all over

rose snow-capped peaks, they were not so impressive as before, since we now were nearly as high up as their summits. The descent to Oroya for thirty miles over a barren waste was not interesting, and I was glad to alight from the train at this point, in order to purchase garments of suitable warmth. The next day, a train was leaving for Huancayo, and, as I was told that service in that direction was not as frequent as it ought to be, I decided to visit Cerro de Pasco on my return trip. Oroya is not much of a place, but its hotel is clean, and I was glad to break the journey. On one side of the town rises a precipitous mountain of rock, while, on the other side, and above the town proper, the hills are more curvilinear and easily scalable. A person can breathe freely here, as the altitude is only 12,179 feet, and to pass the remaining hours before dark I roamed around the place, climbed a small hill, and, in the barroom of the hotel, indulged in a few bottles of beer, named *Cristalina*, from the Herold Brewery of Cerro de Pasco. The new garments I bought were warm enough, and I admit that before I entered the dining-room I had a good sweat up. I met a few Americans who were inquisitive, and took it that I was in the mining business. On denying this to them, they thought I was a spotter to report them to the manager of the mining company for which they worked, as they were nearly all in a state of semi-intoxication.

That night, I slept the sleep of the blessed, and was awakened only by the rays of the sun beating down on me as I lay in bed. Soon after breakfast, I went to the railroad station and bought my ticket to Huancayo. The road here is owned not by the Government but by the Cerro de Pasco Company, and at some future time will serve as a link in the Pan-American Railroad. This line, as well as the line to Cerro de Pasco, was built by

a Mr. Blackford, of Columbus, Ohio. Under him, there worked as an engineer, a Norwegian named Bentzon, who later built the railroad from Juliaca to Cuzco, which will also be another link in the project that will connect New York with Buenos Aires. It is the intention to continue the railroad southward from Huancayo to Ayacucho, and thence to Cuzco. When this is completed, it will no longer be necessary for the passenger from Lima to Lake Titicaca to go first by boat to Mollendo, and thence upward to the lake via Arequipa. All he will have to do is to go to Oroya, change cars, and go direct to the lake. I imagine the distance from Oroya to Huancayo is about seventy miles, although nobody seemed to know the figures. The way descends the Mantaro River, each mile of the trip opening changes in scenery as the vegetation in the valley increases. There were large fields of alfalfa and the omnipresent eucalyptus. At Jauja, the train backed into the town on a switch, and a crowd of people boarded it, not as passengers but to shake hands with everybody who undoubtedly were relatives or long-lost acquaintances. We stopped long enough to buy a drink at a saloon across the street from the depot, and to squabble with a native woman about the price of some cakes she had for sale. There was one thing noticeable, and that was that llamas were not in as much evidence as higher up in the country we had just come through.

Huancayo is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants in a rich and well-watered valley. It consists largely of one long broad street, paved with small round stones, and having a ditch in the center in which is running water, this being the receptacle for the garbage from the houses as well as the public washing place for soiled clothes. The houses are mostly two storeys high with wooden balconies on their second floor. The Hotel Royal, where

I put up, is none too clean, and the *cholo* boys who act as bartenders and chambermaids have a habit of expectorating any place it suits them to do so. The landlord of the hotel was a middle-aged German, obliging, but with an air of self-importance. He had been in the United States, and was very partial to the beer of that country which he sold for eighty centavos (40c.) a pint bottle. I don't remember of ever having seen such a long street as the main street of this town, unless it is at Zombor, Hungary. The store windows offered for sale cloth and woolens of brilliant hue made in Germany. Though not so durable, these attract the native eye better than their home-made articles. There were vendors of all kinds in the open air, and I judged that I had arrived at market day. Some sold cheap jack-knives, potato peelers, and tin spoons, made in the United States; others sold seeds of native plants, bulbs, and dried coca leaves. Hawkers walked by with leathern sacks on their shoulders filled with poultry, and at every turn were beggars and vendors of lottery tickets. Unkempt, long-haired dogs basked in the sun and quarreled with one another over putrid bones, while diseased cripples looked on, asking for alms. At the outskirts of the town, I looked down into the valley, and counted at least half a dozen villages of about the same size, each a little lower than its neighbor; in all of them, the church spires predominating. It is, without exception, one of the thickest-settled valleys in all Peru. One may follow from here the Mantaro down through the Montana, or forested foothill region, to the Rio Tambo, and that to the wide Ucayali, which is a tributary to the mighty Amazon.

Two nights and a part of two days were enough of Huancayo for me, and it was with a feeling of relief that I again found myself back in Oroya one afternoon, in

time to catch the train up to Cerro de Pasco. The journey now lay across the great Junin pampa, where, August 6, 1824, Bolivar defeated the Spaniards, mainly through the brilliant cavalry charge of Colonel Suarez. They were driven back to Ayacucho where General Sucre gave them a second dose. These two names, Junin and Ayacucho are warm to the hearts of all South Americans no matter of which republic they are citizens, and there is scarcely a town of size on the whole continent that has not a street named after these two battlefields. The country is desolate in the extreme, and from the train Junin appears very dingy. It is near a large lake of the same name, which, also, is frequently called Chinchaycocha. The ascent to Cerro de Pasco from Oroya is over two thousand feet, but it is gradual and presents little of interest. It was dark before we reached the great smelter of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company, which is at La Fundicion.

Cerro de Pasco is a "bum" town, although by a supreme decree of 1840 it was entitled to the euphonious name of the "Opulent City of Cerro de Pasco." It was founded in 1771, and belonged to the Department of Tarma from which it became separated to be the capital of the Department of Junin. Its name means "Hill of Peace," but there is no peace there, either for its inhabitants or strangers. The inhabitants have to work too hard to enjoy themselves, and the strangers are kept awake all night by the barking of dogs and the ribald voices of drunken natives. There are over 15,000 people in the place, and all make a living by following the mining trade, as here are the great copper and silver mines with their innumerable chimneys, furnaces, and smelters. The altitude is 14,295 feet, and the air is chill and raw, while a strong wind is generally blowing. The silver ore is reddish, and

is named by the natives *cascajo*, meaning pebbles; and there is scarcely any ore, whether it is silver or copper, that is lacking in gold. The mining company is owned largely by Frick, Haggin, and the successors of J. P. Morgan, and so far has been unprofitable, largely on account of the costly operations and the cost of transportation. The Peruvian Central Railroad, owned by the Government, but controlled by the Peruvian Corporation, who once loaned money to the Government and then took over the road, charges too high prices to ship the ore to Callao, whence it is exported to Europe via Cape Horn. The Cerro de Pasco Company have had surveys made, and are starting a railroad of their own to the Ucayali; there the ore will be placed on flat-bottomed boats and sent to Iquitos, on the Amazon, from which port there is steamship connection with Europe. This will save the high rates asked by the Peruvian Central Railroad, and also lessen the time to the market.

At Cerro de Pasco, there is a German named Herold, who a few years ago managed to borrow enough money to start a small brewery. In a short time he paid back his debt, and is now on the way towards "easy street." His brewery, the Cerveceria Herold, is the highest brewery ~~in the~~ world, and the beverage is good beyond all exception. He brews a light beer, Cristalina, which is like Pilsener; a dark beer, Baviera, like Münchner; and a malt extract. I have a collection of beer labels from breweries all over the world, and I told this to a man who happened to live at La Fundicion. Nothing could convince him but that I made the trip to Cerro de Pasco from Lima solely to obtain a label from one of Mr. Herold's bottles. One day I took a trip back to La Fundicion to look around. Although there is a lively and sociable bunch of Americans there, one hour's time is enough for any tourist to devote

to the place unless he has business there, such a desolate place it is. I spent most of my time there at the Smelter Hotel, opposite to the railroad station, waiting for the next train to pull out. The stores in Cerro de Pasco are mostly those of mining supplies, and of general merchandise, differing little from each other. As in towns of this nature, hardware is the staple line of goods. The hotel, named the America, was not bad, compared to the Royal at Huancayo, but much must be added to make it first class. There is scarcely a hotel in the interior of South America, especially in the mountain regions, that does not boast of at least one billiard table, as a rule antiquated, and with no tips to the cues. How these cumbersome pieces of furniture are transported, even to the most inaccessible places, is a mystery to me. On account of the great number of foreigners in the mining camps in this region, the inhabitants go in for sports. The natives amuse themselves by holding cock-fights, while the Americans have baseball games and horse-races. These ball games are for a few innings only, while the horse-races are for one hundred yards. Beyond this, endurance is exhausted on account of the pressure against the lungs. I know people here who seldom sleep, being unable to, and have to go to the coast at intervals to get their full benefit from Morpheus. If a man gets pneumonia, which is here the most common of all diseases, he has to be taken immediately to lower altitudes in order to save his life. Mr. A. A. Abbott of Lansing, Michigan, and formerly manager of the Cerro de Pasco mines, overworked himself, lived a year at an altitude of between 16,000 and 17,000 feet, drank too much and died, while if he had done the same at a lower altitude the chances are that his life would not have had any such bad effects on him.

The railroad continues northward from Cerro de Pasco to the end of the Junin Department, where it terminates at the mining town with the highly euphonious name of Goyllarisquisga. Another town in the neighborhood is named Quisquarcancha. This railroad in time will also be a part of the Pan-American system, for surveys have been made to continue it from here to Huanaco in the department of the same name. Both Goyllarisquisga and Huanaco are lower than Cerro de Pasco, being down the Huallaga River which flows into the Marañon, the main tributary of the Amazon. From Huanaco, the road will cross the Western Cordillera to Huaraz, whence it will run northerly to Cajamarca, and thence to the frontier.



## CHAPTER IV

### AREQUIPA; EL MISTI

WHEN I left Lima, I decided to try one of the ships of the Peruvian Line as I had already had enough of travel on one of the smaller steamers of the rival company, my experience on the *Guatemala* being sufficient to dispel any notion of ever again attempting passage on one of them. Some of the ladies my wife met at Chosica, probably from their own experiences or from hearsay, had so frightened her by tales of *soroche* and heart failure in the high altitudes that, at the last minute, she refused to go to La Paz with me. Accordingly, I bought her a ticket to Valparaiso, and myself one to Mollendo, both on the steamer *Pachitea* of the Compañia Peruana de Vapores y Dique de Callao, which means Peruvian Steamship and Dock Company of Callao. When I had finished visiting Bolivia, I was to meet her either at Valparaiso or at Santiago, Chile.

I had several acquaintances sailing on the same steamer, and all had friends in Lima who came to the Hotel Maury in the morning to bid them good-bye. In fact, nearly all the male members of the American colony were present, and nearly all got drunk. Present were Mr. Chester from New York, a professional landscape photographer who made the first pictures of the crater of the Misti;

Dr. Aughinbaugh, of White Rock fame; Mr. Nat Guiberson of Los Angeles, with the American Tool Company; the editor of *Peru To-day*; Mr. Pohl, a professional gambler, and many others, including the courier of the Hotel Maury. Most of the bunch were drinking bitters. Dr. Aughinbaugh and Mr. Chester got in bad shape, and when the *Pachitea* sailed that night from Callao the former had not recovered. Passing his cabin about eight o'clock that night, I heard his wife raking him over the coals about something, and caught various clauses from her, such as "You should know better," and "You're getting along in years." I took it that these remarks were on account of his jovial conduct the same day. Anyhow, I was glad of it, because it was he who sent me on the fool's chase to Ancon.

What the *Guatemala* had lacked in comfort, the *Pachitea* amply made up for. This vessel, whose tonnage is 4000, was at anchor at the mole, thereby saving the annoyance of looking after one's baggage, and of being rowed out to the ship in the harbor. She was built at St. Nazaire, France, in 1911, and is thoroughly up to date and swift. For a boat of its size, it is the best I have ever been on. Everything is provided for the comfort of its passengers. It is kept clean, and the stewards are most attentive. An orchestra is provided for the entertainment of the passengers, and the cabins are equipped with electric fans. There are on board a barber, post-office, and wireless telegraphy. The food is good; is served by waiters in uniforms, and the drinks are of the best. Unlike the disorderly arrangement on the boats of the other line, the passengers are given checks for their baggage, and the officers come around to inquire if everything is comfortable. The only drawback I find is that oil is burned instead of coal. One of the fine new ships of the Peruvian

line caught fire, and burned, two years ago, through negligence or ignorance of the use of oil. Happily she was near land, and in a quiet ocean, and thereby a loss of life was averted. It should be taken into consideration that the Latin is not as accustomed to oil as we are, and that this disaster has taught them a lesson. Therefore, to-day, the chances of safety on one of these ships are just as good as on any of the others.

The *Pachitea* was captained by an Englishman named Harrington, a man about thirty years old who was very courteous to the passengers. Several years ago, while he was an officer on another ship, he had the misfortune to be thrown into jail at Antofagasta. He had found a stowaway whom he attempted to put to work. The stowaway refused, was insolent and vindictive, and he and Mr. Harrington had a fight. The officer landed him a blow on the face which injured an eye, thereby causing Mr. Harrington's arrest. After suffering the torments of a Chilean prison, which have not the reputation of being the best in the world, Mr. Harrington was released upon payment of a heavy fine. The chief steward is a Peruvian named Palacios. I was introduced to several of the passengers, and was surprised to learn that one of these, Mr. MacDonald, could speak no word of English. In South America, one finds many Latins and natives with Anglo-Saxon names. They are the descendants of the early English settlers and adventurers, and only their name remains to show their ancestral extraction.

For instance, the ex-president of Peru is named Billinghurst. His father is an Argentino of English descent. I met an O'Connor and a Blackburn in Chile who were totally ignorant of the English language. Argentina had Admiral Brown, native born; Chile had O'Higgins of Irish and Montt of German extraction; while the hero of

the war between Peru and Chile, Grau, was a native of Piura.

At noon the next day, a speck was seen ahead of us on the starboard horizon. It grew larger and larger until it finally outlined itself as the Chilean steamer *Limari* which had left Callao for Valparaiso three hours ahead of us. We passed it, and at night its lights were dimly visible behind us in the far distance. The *Pachitea* kept straight on, Mollendo being its first port of call, while the *Limari* made Pisco en route. Pisco is the seaport of Ica, capital of the Department of Ica, famous for its sugar cane and curative springs. These springs are supposed to have a curing effect on the reproductive organs of women, and it is the Mecca of the childless wife. This is unusual in Peru, where most women have more children than a setting hen has eggs in the nest. I know of a New York man who had been married for over twenty years without his wife having a child. They went to Lima where he was called on business, and while there his wife gave birth to twins. Next day we passed Lomas, visible from deck, and several other villages on the desolate shore. Early in the morning of the second day out, we anchored off the dun-colored cliffs of Mollendo. The *Limari* came in about three hours later, and the captain of that ship told Mr. Harrington that after leaving port he would give the *Pachitea* a race, and beat her. At Valparaiso my wife told me that they raced all the way to Antofagasta, the *Pachitea* beating the *Limari* a great distance at every port. At the present day Peru has it "put all over" Chile as to the speed and equipment of her merchant marine, although Chile has a greater one in numbers.

Mollendo, as seen from the ocean, looks large. The brown adobe façade of the cathedral, with its two towers

of Mission architecture, rises above the other buildings. The city, which is perched on the summit of the cliffs, against which the breakers crash, boasts of six thousand inhabitants. The landing is rough, and, during the winter season, passengers have been known to remain at the town for at least two weeks before being able to land on account of the surf. There is no harbor, no pier, and always a heavy swell. Iron steps lead down to the landing place from a small area of level ground, at the farther end of which is the custom house. Although I had come from a Peruvian port, I found that I would be obliged to open my trunks. In order to avoid the ordeal I told the custom-house officials that I was the United States consul at Arequipa. Now, the United States is not represented there. I knew it, but the officials did not. I was shown great deference and allowed to pass unmolested, while every other passenger had their belongings spilled out on the floor of the wooden shed that serves as custom house. They all looked at me in wonder, and tried to figure out who I was, to be permitted through the lines unchallenged. A very steep climb led to the sloping plateau at the top of the cliff, from which led another steep descent to the station where I had to check my baggage.

I had about four hours before the train left for Arequipa, so I decided to walk about the town, It was terribly hot, and my clothes became drenched through with perspiration. With the exception of Salaverry, a more uninviting place I have never seen. There was a fire here a year ago which burned everything to the ground. All the buildings have been rebuilt in wood and in corrugated iron. They are hovels reeking with filth indescribable. Everywhere is sand. The only verdure is a few stunted trees in the plaza, paved with colored tiles, against which

the scorching rays of the sun beat with withering heat, and reflect the glare to the neighboring streets. Dogs, cats, rats, vermin, and odors abounded; also bubonic plague. Seven people died here of the malady the day before. The proprietor of the Hotel Ferrocarril told me that there were many cases of the plague not reported, for when somebody of a better-to-do family came down with it, they would be treated at home to recover or die, in which latter cases the medical certificate would read that the victim succumbed to some other disease.

The stinking Hotel Ferrocarril is perched on the summit of the cliff, and is the only one in the town possible for a foreigner to go to. It is a one-storey, rambling structure of frame, painted dark green, with a wide veranda onto which open the rooms. As there is no sidewalk on the street, the populace of the town, which consists largely of *fleteros* or boatmen, loafers, and syphilitics, use the veranda as a thoroughfare, especially since it is shady, and shuffle past the bedroom doors continually. Flies, gnats, and fleas abound. The barroom, large, and containing antique billiard tables, has no chance to get dusty on account of the heterogeneous throng, mostly Germans from the commercial houses, that is constantly in evidence walking to the front of the room for liquid refreshments, with which to wash down the bubonic dust of Mollendo. A drunken priest entered the room, and after casting a lascivious glance at a native woman selling avocados or alligator pears, shook hands with the frequenters and to each one made some lewd remark about this woman. "Mollendo priest," said the Italian proprietor to me. That was either the extent of his knowledge of English or else he wanted to convey to me the knowledge that the Mollendo priests are a sporty lot. That day at the depot I saw several other priests, but

they conducted themselves in a different manner than this one, which went to show that all Mollendo priests are not drunkards. On the whole, I should not blame them if they were, because of the earthly inferno in which they live. As all over in Peru, when you sit down to a meal at an inn, no matter how humble the appearance of the place is, you are sure to rise from the table satisfied. I have never known an exception. The Hotel Ferrocarril puts up a fine meal. The Peruvians are great eaters of meat, consequently there is a large variety from which to choose. The hotel is vile and stinking, yet the repast was all that could be desired.

The train was scheduled to leave for Arequipa, a distance of one hundred and eight miles at 12.30 P.M., and, as is the case of nearly all South American railroads, started on time and reached its destination on time, although stops were frequent and much time was wasted at these. The journey occupied six hours, and, besides the stops, taking into consideration the continual steep upward gradient, and the innumerable curves, the actual running time was good. Next to me sat a young doctor from Arequipa, who was returning from Lima. He spoke French excellently, having been educated abroad, and proved to be a fine instructor regarding the country we were traversing. He told me that although Arequipa was a considerable distance from the seacoast, and 7500 feet above the sea level, in the heart of the mountains, the inhabitants of the city like to class themselves as belonging to the Pacific zone instead of the Andean, because people coming from the former territory are supposed to be more cultured than those living in the latter. During the Inca Empire the culture of Peru was in the Andes, but this changed with the conquest by the Spaniards, for they built their cities on the coastal plain, and

in these were the civilization and refinement of the Old World. I have been on a few more beautiful rides than this one, Mollendo to Arequipa, for instance that from Limon to San José in Costa Rica, and on one more grand, that from Lima to Oroya, but never have I seen such constant changes of scenery as on this trip, nor did I ever before feel my heart in my mouth, thinking that the next minute the train would jump the track and fall thousands of feet into the gullies below. The trip is not beautiful because of a soft, pastoral kind of scenery or of the kind with rivers jumping from crag to crag in canyons far below, for it is that of an immense panorama, as if you were on the top of the world, where mountains seem atoms, and the whole vista is awe inspiring. For the first fourteen kilometers, the railroad follows the seashore past the bathing resorts of Ensenada and Mejia, the latter place a Mecca for Bolivians. To us this sand-beaten desolate shore would be an inferno, but to these poor Bolivians living far up in their mountain fastnesses such a place is regarded as a paradise.

Mollendo, years ago, obtained its railroad concession and became the port of entry of Southern Peru through political graft. It has no harbor and is situated too high above the ocean for the economical transportation of merchandise. Ten miles to the north is the sheltered roadstead of Islay, now unfrequented, while twenty miles to the south a good landing can be effected on account of lack of high surf. All that is necessary is to build a pier into the ocean. This last mentioned scheme is contemplated, for valuable iron deposits have been found in the nearby coast range, so my new acquaintance the doctor informed me, and the Southern Railroad of Peru is going to extend its line to that point.

After leaving Mejia, the rails turn inland, and follow



the valley of the Tambo, rich in alfalfa and oranges. We ascend to a plateau on top of one of the minor spurs of the Coast Range that can be seen from the ocean, and on which is built the village of Tambo, the fertile green valley appearing far below to the right, past disused silver mines in a gorge. Over the steeply ascending plateau to the summits of the foothills, the train wends its way up canyons to their heads, and then by loops and curves to a higher altitude, the tracks just traversed lying snake-like many meters below. The air becomes cooler, and the vegetation more sparse. Finally the summits are reached, and, at each successive curve, a different panorama is revealed of the whole countryside, domed hills and mountains, smaller and smaller in magnitude as they fade away towards the ocean, whose vast expanse of tranquil blue is blended on the far horizon with that of the sky. I could see the *Pachitea*, no larger than a fly, on its way to Arica, with the *Limari* about ten miles ahead. When the summits are reached, a vast plain opens in front, the desert of LaJoya, sometimes called the Pampa d'Islay; a more forbidding spot not to be found on this globe. The heat is stifling. Passengers close the train windows. Whirlwinds of dust are everywhere. For thirty-five miles we pass through this miniature Sahara, worse than the worst desert of North America, conical dunes of windswept sand appearing everywhere, some attaining a height of one hundred feet. After an hour of this hell, all passengers are glad when the train pulls up at the little station of Vitor, on a river of the same name, where there is a stop for ten minutes. On the platform, native women sell luscious figs and grapes.

Leaving the station, the mountains are again entered. Their character has changed, for, instead of being covered with soil, they are of stone, reddish brown and shale in

formation. Huge boulders are everywhere, some held in place by iron bands to prevent their falling on the railroad track. Puffing and puffing the train ascends in steep zigzags first one canyon, then another, and finally emerges above a gorge far deeper than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and much narrower, threadlike and very long, while way down fathoms below is the snakelike Chili River, its banks bordered with dark green trees, interspersed here and there with a terrace of cultivated cereals. If one has never been over this line, he is apt to become frightened. I was. We went around such sharp curves that I thought every minute that the locomotive would jump the track and hurl us into the great depth thousands of feet below. I believe there are few rides on earth to compare with this. I saw trails on the opposite mountain side, and at once remembered this was the famous historical picture of a pass in the Andes, where donkeys were carrying packs, and where one misstep would land them far below in the roaring chasm, that was depicted in the geographies of my schooldays. Although this is the oldest railroad in South America save one, the famous picture which was drawn before the advent of the steam horse still remains, and is seen by scholars to-day in the elementary classes when they turn the pages of their geographies to "Peru." The canyon widens into a valley and, although the railroad track still ascends, it does not do so in proportion to the ascent of the valley, for we presently find ourselves creeping along in its bottom with the river to our left. The soil looks poor, but it looks belie it, for everywhere that a drop of water can be brought to it, crops spring up with unsurpassable abundance. Wheat, oats, barley, and rye are present, but no crops of the tropical zone, although we are well within the Tropic of Capricorn. The figs have given way to pears.

A blue haze appears in the far distance ahead. This is the atmospheric condition that is ever present before the main or central *cordillera* of the Andes. On clear days are visible the great peaks, but the doctor told me that at this time of the year it is rarely that they can be seen, on account of the clouds that hang around them, this being the rainy season.

Presently, a terraced cultivated country, more flat than mountainous is entered, streams constantly crossed that empty into the Chili. Most mountain rivers have their canyons which are located somewhere on their downward course, their sources however being a large pocket which is fed by many rivulets. Take for instance the Hudson. Around West Point it is flanked by high hills but its source is in more open country. The Rhine at Bingen is likewise, but at Tiefencastel in Switzerland it rises from a plain. Even the Au Sable in Michigan has its high banks, but its source is open plains and marshes. Likewise the Chili. The arable country we now enter is its pocket, which is about twenty miles long by five broad, and rises above Arequipa. This valley is one of the richest and most thickly populated in all Peru. Habitations are everywhere; large churches on eminences dominate the landscape, some white with blue spires and cupolas forming beautiful contrasts with the natural colors of green and yellow. Meadows of knee-high clover afford pasture for cattle, fat with the bounty of this paradise. Dark pools of cool water are present, in which native children are swimming. On account of the numerous villages, each one larger than the last one, the stranger is apt to think that each succeeding station is Arequipa. In fact I picked up my valises and started to descend at Tingo, thinking that was my destination, until told differently.

The women seen at the station platforms, and on the roads are beautiful, many being blonde with dark eyes. No half breeds here. If anybody who has read the *Arabian Nights* and could place himself in the position of a caliph, who had nothing better to do than to lie on a divan at the side of a running stream, smoke a pipe, and be waited upon by houris, the environs of Arequipa would be the ideal place to "pull this stunt off in." The men are tall and robust, with character to their faces; even the dogs are large and gaunt. Great is the contrast in life here in a fine exhilarating climate as compared with that in the hot lands of the seacoast. During the war with Chile, the inhabitants of this section were the fighting men of Peru. They are a race apart from the other inhabitants of the republic, and should be rulers of themselves.

Leaving the train at Arequipa nearly everybody had a headache, and I was no exception. This was caused by the rapid ascent from sea-level to an altitude of 7600 feet combined with the dust of the desert of LaJoya. A dose of Rexall's Headache Pills that I had brought with me from home soon cured me, yet I was unfortunate enough that night to come down with malaria, which lasted me for some time and caused me great inconvenience.

As to the natural scenic beauty of the surrounding country, Arequipa can hold its own with any city in the world. The environs of Rio de Janeiro are more charming, but those of Arequipa are far grander. It is situated in the narrow valley of the upper Chili River, an oasis in a desert of rock, at the foot of the snow-capped volcano Misti, whose conical summit rises directly above the city to a height of over 19,000 feet. This giant mountain is guarded on two of its sides by the twin cyclops, Pichu-Pichu, to the east, and Chacchani to the north, each being

over 17,000 feet high. Ancient stone bridges, renamed by the nomenclature of the modern heroes, Bolognesi and Grau, span the turbulent muddy waters of the river, which divides the city and furnishes irrigation to the terraces on which are grown grains of the temperate zone.

The pavement of the streets, as in all Peruvian towns, is bad, so it was with much jolting that I was driven in an antiquated hack, drawn by a team of mangy horses, to the Plaza de Armas, which is a mile away from the railroad station. Halfway up this course, I was obliged to return to the depot for I had forgotten to take my umbrella from the rack in the car. I had been told to go to the Hotel Morosini & Parodi, kept by two Italians of the same names. There was no entrance to this inn, but a dark spiral stairway not over two feet wide led from the street direct to the top of the arcade, called *portales*, that projected over the sidewalk. I was shown a room too dirty for human habitation, and, on making a fuss, was shown to an adjoining one which was nothing more than a storeroom for empty beer cases, containing a bed, washstand, table, and chair; a sheet stretched across the middle separated it only from the conglomeration of empty beer cases, bottles, and dusty boxes. I refused to stay there, and hired a couple of boys to take my baggage to the Hotel Central, which is on the Mercaderes, the main street of the city. This hotel I found to be much better, although, as to the room I had, it was also lacking in comfort. It is built around two *patios*, the first one having a fountain in which goldfish and a curious specimen of blackfish swim among moss and water plants, while the second one contains a bird cage, about fifteen feet high by eight feet broad, filled with many varieties of native birds and canaries. It was into this courtyard that my room opened, a large square vaulted room, lighted only

by a single window near the arch of the vault above the other rooms. The floor of cement was covered with a large worn-out carpet. The bed was so short that I could not sleep in it, and roosters, hens, and turkeys, in a coop on top of the roof near the solitary window, made repose impossible.

Arequipa, the second city of Peru in population and importance, contains a population of 40,000 inhabitants, and is the distributing center for Southern Peru. Like most South American towns, and most North American ones as well, it is laid out in rectangular blocks. It has a large plaza around which the life of the city centers, mostly at nightfall. Three sides of the plaza are given over to *portales* or arcades, uniform in architecture, while the whole of the fourth side is fronted by the massive stone cathedral surmounted by two low, pointed towers. Though the edifice is of good height, it is out of proportion owing to its great breadth, and instead of having the flat roof that it possesses, it should rise in the center to a gable or dome to do away with its flatness. A few small ornaments once surmounted the façade, but the earthquakes have long ago knocked them to the ground. Unlike most religious edifices, its aisle runs sidewise to its front. It is one of the most interesting temples of worship in America, and was begun in 1612. It has been twice devastated, once by fire, in 1844, and again by earthquake, in 1868. It has three entrances, is four hundred and fifty feet long and its façade is adorned with seventy pillars both Ionic and Doric. The interior is plain, with a marble altar. Like all the buildings in Arequipa, it is of stone, white and porous, of volcanic formation.

All the buildings in Arequipa are low, and have vaulted ceilings to their rooms. They are built this way because it has been proven that the arch is more earthquake proof

than the flat ceiling, and this is the headquarters of earthquakes. Although the ravages of this menace are encountered in every section of the city, the buildings are in no worse shape than those of Lima which are built out of mud. Misti is blamed for these catastrophous visitations of nature, although this has yet to be proven.



**Cathedral, Arequipa. Pichu-Pichu Mountain in Background**

Though the mountain is never in eruption, and seldom smokes, subterranean rumblings are occasionally heard on its slopes. It smoked at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, and, later, at the time of the one at Valparaiso. Harvard University maintains on the slopes of the mountain, a short distance from the city, an astronomical observatory in charge of a man named Campbell, who works at night, and sleeps in the daytime. I in-



**Side View of Façade, Arequipa Cathedral**





tended to call on him, but could never make connections. The first time I got lost in trying to locate the observatory, and when I did pass it on my ascent of Misti I had no time to stop.

The first night I spent in Arequipa, I was attacked with malarial fever, which I caught in Lima, and got no sleep.



**Plaza de Armas, Arequipa, with View of Misti in Background**

The next day, I became worse, and went to an English physician, Dr. Ricketts, for treatment, but the quinine failed to have any effect upon me. I had my room at the hotel changed on account of the racket the poultry made on the roof, mingled with the squealing of rats and cat fights during the night. I was given a good room on the street, and the remaining nights I slept as well as my fever would permit. The doctor gave me a hypodermic in-

jection of quinine, which made sore that part of my anatomy where the injection was received. I was told that this treatment for malaria is sometimes fatal, as it is apt to form a blood clot on the brain if any air enters with the needle, and that abscesses are apt to be caused. This doctor knew his job, and I experienced no bad effects. I tried to remain in the fresh air as much as possible, and



**Plaza de Armas, Arequipa, showing Hotel Morosini and Parodi in Background**

hired a saddle horse to take me to the observatory, but to my chagrin was unable to get on the right road as all seemed to terminate abruptly at the outskirts of the city at some garden wall or at some deep ravine.

In appearance, the city is much like San José de Costa Rica, but it is not so clean a place. Running water used as sewers flows through the streets of the city, and an attempt is made to clean these out with shovels, which results in the filth being piled in the streets to dry and

cause typhoid fever, this being the only bad ailment in the city. The town is, and has always been, for some reason unknown, free from bubonic plague. It is a known



Calle Mercaderes, Arequipa

fact that the disease cannot exist there. People, dogs, and rats so afflicted have been known to come up from Mollendo, but have been unable to spread the contagion. Everybody that has a toothache binds up his face with cloth, so the unwary are sometimes erroneously led to

believe that they are in the presence of a victim of the dread disease

A view from the Bolognesi Bridge is beautiful, and carries one's imagination back to the Middle Ages as one looks down stream at the terraces, above which rise the



Portales, Arequipa

spires and domes of numerous churches on the right bank of the Chili, and the houses, one above the other on the hillside in disorderly profusion, in the poorer quarter on the left bank. The river jumps over rocks, forming cataracts and waterfalls, and divides itself in many small channels, in which native women wash their garments.

In certain respects, Arequipa is akin to an Oriental town, for almost each trade has its allotted section.

This is most noticeable on the Calle Bolognesi, the street that leads to the bridge of the same name, and the continuation of this street on the left bank of the Chili, Calle del Beaterio. Here are shops entirely devoted to pottery. This is harder and more brittle than that of Payta darker red and glazed. Many shops are given exclusively to



Arequipa. Calle San Francisco

leather work, and the saddles with trappings rival Mexican workmanship. In many one-room stores, the display is wood carving and walking sticks, the latter being made out of a wood, named *llaco*, grown in the neighborhood. This wood is very hard and red, and somewhat resembles Californian *manzanita*. The advantage of these sticks and cudgels are that they will last forever, and never break. In all these shops and houses, guinea-

pigs run loose among the furniture, and when cooked are considered by the natives a delicacy.

In Arequipa, are the railroad shops of the Southern Railroad of Peru, which manufacture freight and passenger coaches, some of the latter resembling the Pullman



**Calle Bolognesi, Arequipa**

parlor car. The town boasts of a textile factory, several brickyards, a porcelain factory, and a brewery named the Cerveceria Aleman, owned by a German, Ernest Gunther, who brews both a dark and a light beer, the best in all Peru, and which can be obtained even in the northern departments. It has a strong run even in Lima where there are two great breweries.

The view of El Misti from the Puente Bolognesi is

superb, and I spent many hours gazing with wonder up at the fascinating mountain. I often attempted to photograph it, but in vain, for in the morning when seen from the city, in all its grandiose glory, the sun is in the way, making a poor light, and at this time of the year,



**Arequipa, Seen from Left Bank of River Chili**

the summer season, clouds hover around its summit in the afternoon, obscuring the view. The pioneer photographer of the city, Max Vargas, who possesses an excellent gallery in the Mercaderes, told me that all of his fine photographs of the mountain were made in the winter season, when there is a cloudless sky, and rain never falls. Yet the longer I gazed at what I consider the greatest masterpiece of Nature, the more I became thrilled, fasci-



nated, and imbued with a longing to ascend to its apex. Even now, while writing this article, the desire is before me to see Misti again. From the remotest antiquity the natives have always held this mountain in awe and reverence, for, according to the Inca mythology, it was



View on Chili River, Arequipa

supposed to be the habitation of the evil spirit, and many were the offerings and sacrifices offered to appease the demon. It is easy of ascent, but superstition kept the natives away from its slopes until, in 1844, a German, named Wedel, accompanied by two friends, mounted to its summit. Since then, many ascents have been made, and Indians, their superstition dispelled, constantly go to its crater to bring away sulphur. Harvard Observatory has erected a hut on its summit for meteoric

observations, and every little while some of its employees go there to take data. Annie Peck, the mountain climber, Mr. Chester, the New York photographer, and little old weasened Max Vargas have made the ascent, to say nothing of an Arequipa priest who occasionally holds mass at its apex. Probably a dozen or more North Americans have beheld its crater. I carefully weighed these matters and finally determined that I for one would reach its



Puente Grau, Arequipa

top. Curiosity, a panorama of the country, and a desire to test whether or not I would get the *soroche* were my motives, and I also had an idea that the cold altitudes would knock the malaria out of my system, which idea I wanted to try out.

Against the advice of my acquaintances, and the proprietor of the Hotel Central, who told me that the depth of snow on its side would make the ascent impossible, I set out one morning about six o'clock to conquer its conical height, which I have been told much resembles Fujiyama,

although the Japanese mountain is but a miniature in comparison. Not wishing to repeat the experience I had at Oroya, when I crossed the divide of the Andes in my summer underclothes, I took the precaution to encumber myself with four suits of heavy underwear, one over the other, two pairs of socks, and four blankets and an overcoat, which I strapped behind my saddle on the



Puente Bolognesi, Arequipa

mule. I was accompanied by a guide, Victorio Gonzales, a native of Tacna, and a *cholo* boy, Pedro, who, infected with the spirit of adventure, combined with the lust for lucre, which in this case would augment his bank account by ten *soles* (\$4.80) insisted on my taking him along to cook for us. I at first demurred, but Victorio, thinking that it would add to his prestige to have somebody to wait upon him, told me that it was advisable, so I at last consented. Our road led out of town by crossing a creek at its outskirts by the church of San Lazaro, and,

for a short ways, followed the right bank of the Chili. This is the road that I should have taken to have arrived at the observatory, but, at the time of my horseback ride, I had to notice several small dilapidated stone bridges that span the rivulet, named a *lloclla*, that empties itself in the Chili but a short distance below. We passed through cultivated country with terraces planted



Arequipa, Seen from Housetops

with fruit trees, and fields rich in grain, and, at some distance from the city, passed the very doors of the observatory, situated on an eminence. The dwelling house of the astronomers is a square structure with a veranda on its front, both on the ground floor and on the second storey, which is the top one. The building itself is approached by a flight of steps. Behind it is the domed observatory proper, with several small buildings, surrounded on the left side by an adobe wall. I had a notion to call on Mr. Campbell, who is in charge, and to whom

I had a letter of introduction, but thought it best not to delay, as I wanted to reach, before nightfall, the stone hut about three thousand feet below the summit.

From the observatory onward, the ascent is gradual, up a crest of a range that defines itself more and more as one approaches it, and which from Arequipa appears to



Church of La Recoleta Arequipa. Behind this lies the cemetery of the same name. The three people in the background, two men and a woman, indulged in a three-cornered fight a minute after I snapped this picture

be a part of Misti. It was nearly noon when we reached its spinelike top, on which is situated a wretched inn, teeming with native children. It is more a shelter than an inn, for the travelers are supposed to bring their own provisions with them, although, in the enclosure, the landlord had a bevy of chickens and gamecocks, which would have made a good meal. The only thing we could buy were eggs and native beer, named *pisco*, of which Victorio regaled himself in a proper fashion while Pedro

was cooking our dinner. A couple of gaunt dogs looked longingly at us while we partook of our repast, but I was in no humor to give them a portion, as we had brought none too many provisions with us. At this wretched inn, or *tambo*, we wasted several hours, and it was not until three o'clock before we set out again. Clouds began to



El Misti Volcano, Near Arequipa, Peru

gather in the altitudes, and it was not long before a mist began to fall, and our vision was obscured in front as well as behind. The ascent was now becoming steep, the mules were puffing, and at every few rods would stop. Victorio, who had purchased three jugs of *pisco* at the inn, was in jovial spirits, and once, when we stopped, fell in behind me, the *cholo* boy taking the lead. Once I turned around and caught my humorous guide from Tacna, in

the act of taking a jug from his lips. I imagine he had done this many times, but seemed rather embarrassed to be caught at the act. I asked him for a swig, which he graciously offered me, and from then on our friendship increased, for he discovered that besides finding no fault with his vice, I likewise was willing to imbibe. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the stone hut, erected for the shelter of travelers, and, to make matters worse, the few snowflakes which had begun to fall during the last half hour had increased in quantities, and we were in the midst of a fairly good snowstorm. There were crashes of thunder, which at first I mistook for the rumbling of the volcano, but I saw no lightning.

The stone hut is narrow, with two rooms, one used for people and the other for beasts. Its roof is of rafters, on which is piled a quantity of dried hay. Its one opening has no door that can be closed, but, as the wind is always from the opposite direction, the room never fills with snow. The mule which Pedro rode carried two baskets of wood, which he purchased with my money on the outskirts of Arequipa, but which were unnecessary for him to carry, since piled against the hut was half a cord of hardwood, having been brought there by the astronomers. It, as well as that in Pedro's baskets, was all damp, and the obstacle confronted us as how to kindle the fire. Victorio solved this by going outside and grabbing from the roof an armful of hay. This we brought in and built a fire with, while Pedro did the cooking. I sat watching him make a soup out of Lima beans, fry some loin of goat, and make a stew out of some fresh vegetables and some beef that the guide had fetched along, and at the same time I warmed my hands on the fire. I did justice to the meal, but no amount of shaking and yelling would make Victorio arise to partake of it, for he lay on

the earthen floor wrapped in his blankets, snoring loudly in a drunken sleep from the *pisco* in which he had indulged. Before turning in, I went outside and found myself in a veritable blizzard, and in such pitch darkness that, only a few feet from the hut, the fire in its interior was invisible. I turned in early, but got little sleep, probably from fatigue and from excitement, and also from apprehension that the Arequipa landlord's tale was true; that, on account of snow, our attempt to reach the summit would be a failure. When, finally, I did fall asleep, it was not for long, for I woke dripping with perspiration from the heat of the fire, and the excessive underclothing. I rolled over again just as the dull gray dawn of morning began to make visible objects outside the door, and finally woke again at about nine o'clock with the brilliant sun beating in through the aperture. No vestige of the blizzard remained, except the whiteness of the snow which was melting on the lava rocks. What we had failed to see the night before through the darkness and the blizzard now revealed itself to me in all its gorgeous grandeur. To the west, and far below us, stretched itself in one enthralling kaleidoscope, mountain chain after mountain chain, so infinitesimally small from distance as to appear part of the plain, until they lost themselves in the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean seventy-five miles in a straight line as a bird flies, and one hundred and twenty-five miles the way I had come. The mountains I had crossed on my way up from the seacoast were like pygmies, while to the south could be seen the giant cones of the Chilean volcanoes, all lower than El Misti, their black summits devoid of snow. This hut stands 16,000 feet above sea-level, the highest I had ever been, and, instead of experiencing the dread *soroche*, I felt like a person born again.

A cup of hot coffee and a crust of bread sufficed me for



breakfast, but it was after ten o'clock before we again started to accomplish the ascent of three thousand feet, that would find us at what I felt would be the top of the world. The mules puffed, and progress was slow; occasionally I would dismount and try walking, but it is hard on pedestrians, and I soon had to rely upon the beasts of burden to carry me, for I would get out of breath, and would have to stop to recover it. At times, it would seem as if my heart would jump from my body, so rapid was my pulse. The exhilarating effect that I had experienced upon arising was fast leaving me, and as I plodded through snow, three inches deep, on approaching the summit, I thought I would never get there, and for the first time thought that I had been foolish in making the attempt. I should be glad when it was all over. In the early part of the afternoon, the feat was accomplished and then my spirits revived. Victorio, from the after effects of the *pisco*, was grouchy, while the *cholo* complained of *mal a la cabeza* or headache, but, nevertheless, was as willing to do his work as when he started out. The snow was a foot deep at the summit, and Victorio planted himself on the rung of a ladder that leans against an iron cross, while I went on a tour of inspection. Clouds were coming up from the west, obscuring the deep valleys and Lake Titicaca, which I am told can be seen in clear weather, but everywhere, where a peak could lift its top above the nebulous haze, the highest mountains of the Andes could be seen. Chachanni, which from Arequipa seems to be a distinct mountain, is a long chain, and some of its summits are even higher than Misti. Not far away, Coropuna, 22,000 feet high, jets its broad snow-capped crest far above the clouds, while, near it, is silhouetted lofty Sacsihauqui. In the far eastern horizon the giant Bolivian Cordillera, ice-crested Titans, loom their majestic

peaks skyward, Sorata, Illimani, and many others over two hundred miles away, while to the north, and dimly visible, are other colossi whose names I do not know.

The crater of Misti is a double one, and is lined with yellow sulphur; it is an awful hole, and I took precaution not to get too near it. On the summit proper, are two crosses, one a large one of double bars of iron, ornate with the letters I N R I on an iron crosspiece near its top. A ladder leads up to the cross-bars. Below it, and near a box belonging to the observatory, is a smaller cross, not the height of a man, with but a single iron shaft and cross-bars. There is also a hut of stone, large enough to admit ten people; this is used as a shelter, and built also by the observatory. Near these works of men's hands, the side of the mountain ends abruptly in a stone precipice so steep that no snow ever clings to the rocks.

I imagine that the temperature was not far from 0° Fahrenheit, and this, combined with an altitude of 19,264 feet, with the prospects of another blizzard, for the storm clouds were fast approaching, was not conducive for us to linger too long, so, after an inspection of half an hour, we started our descent, I on foot and Victorio with Pedro on the mules, my mule, devoid of its burden, taking the lead. Instead of taking the trail, I took some short cuts and arrived at the stone hut where we had spent the previous night some time ahead of my two companions, who supposed that my walking was another freak of a crazy American who could have just as well ridden, and thereby saved himself the exercise. This descent required no great exertion, and instead of having heavy and rapid pulsations of the heart, that organ again beat normally. I should have preferred to push on and reach the *tambo* that same night, but of this course Victorio did not approve, for he had hidden his two remaining jugs of *pisco*

in the neighborhood of the stone hut. Of course, as I afterwards learned, since these were all the landlord of the *tambo* had had, Victorio was unwilling to go to the *tambo* where he would have been obliged to stand treat to the landlord and to any other muleteers who happened to



Summit of El Misti, Peru

be there. As I had plenty of time before me, and as the *tambo* was so filthy, it did not take much persuasion for me to fall in with Victorio's plan, especially as it had once more begun to snow, and the night was dark.

That night I slept finely, and was up before either the guide or the *cholo* was awake. I thought that I should like to walk down to the *tambo*, and was about to prepare my own coffee, and leave a note telling where I was,

when they began to stir. At nine o'clock we reached the inn, and were soon on our way down the foothills. Here a trail diverges from that on which we had ascended, and which leads to the springs of Jesus, the property of the Benevolent Society, which is famed all over Peru. In taste, this water is much like Apollinaris, though not so strong, but, according to my taste, more palatable. The water, which is sent to Arequipa in bulk and there bottled, is named Agua de Jesus, while the label on the bottle has a picture of El Misti. A stone building is built over the source, and this place is a favorite Sunday resort of the Arequipenos with their families, who make the excursion to see the beautiful scenery en route, and also to imbibe the carbonated waters. I remained around the place for a few hours to rest up, and saw several monks washing their socks in the spring.

That evening, when I reached Arequipa, I had a recurrence of the fever, which took such a malignant form as to keep me in bed for five days. The doctor who visited me, now believed that I had a sort of walking typhoid, but I knew better, for, at intervals, I would have no temperature, while at others it would rise to 104 degrees, making me delirious. I couldn't sleep, but tossed around in the bed in a burning stupor, alternating with terrible chills. No amount of quinine taken internally and by hypodermic injections brought relief, and the only thing that eased my agony was a pack of crushed ice that I kept on my head. There were several foreigners at the hotel, and they would congregate in my room telling of their experiences with tropical fevers in different parts of the South American continent, and from the stories that they interchanged I could foresee my doom, if all they said was true. For a while I believed that I was going to die, and my thoughts reverted to home, and to the won-

derful cold water that comes out of my well for which I would have given twenty dollars a drink if I could have had a glass of it instead of the carbonated Agua de Jesus. One Sunday morning I felt well enough to go out and an Englishman named Greenberg proposed that we go to Tingo, the favorite resort of the city, and about two miles down the valley.

We took the train to this place, where there are numerous shady pools of transparent water used for swimming and for pleasure-boating. Here, on Sunday afternoons, the crowd turns out, walking back and forth on the *corso* listening to military music. All the elegantly dressed ladies of the city stood around gossiping, and flirting with young dudes dressed in ultra fashion. We walked around the *corso* with the crowd, and then repaired to a *zantina* to partake of some beer. We noticed, sitting on a porch at a small table some distance away, three young ladies throwing bread to the fish in a pond and, if resemblance counts for anything, I took them to be sisters. Although they were beautifully gowned, I took no special notice of them, for I was not interested, and thought no more of them until we again met them on the street. We saw them later on at the railroad station as we were about to return to the city, but never a smile nor a glance from them would indicate to us that they had seen us, for when I now tried to size them up, they tactfully turned the other way. All the same, I thought that it was queer that we should meet them so many times in such a short lapse of minutes. The affair was soon forgotten, but was brought up again that night in a manner that I will never forget. While eating supper at the restaurant of the Hotel Morosini & Parodi, which, by the way, puts up a much better meal than that of the Central, a young man approached the table and, after introducing himself to

Mr. Greenberg and myself, stated that since his sisters had noticed that we had taken a fancy to them, it would give them great pleasure if we would come around to their home the following night at eight o'clock to call on them, and likewise to be presented to the family. I had no desire to become entangled in a Peruvian love affair, as I am a married man, and, moreover, only the youngest of the trio appealed to me, but under the circumstances I could hardly refuse. I felt like doing so, but Greenberg gave me a kick under the table to accept, so I couldn't get out of it. After their brother had drunk a glass of claret, he made his excuses, and left us to ponder over and to talk out this adventure. It transpired that Greenberg preferred the oldest sister, so I knew that there would be no conflict there. Fortunately my wedding ring was in my trunk, and as Greenberg said that he had lost his long ago, we were on the safe side, and determined to see the thing through.

The next day, I did nothing but loaf. I met a few Chileans from Antofagasta, who amused me with their anecdotes, and with them I sat in the courtyard of the Central waiting for the clock to strike eight. Sharp on the hour the brother appeared and informed us that as he lived only a few blocks away we had better walk. Arrived at the Larramendi house, for that was the name of the family, he rang an ancient bell, by giving an iron bar at the side of the door a yank, and we were admitted to the patio by an old *cholo* woman. With a bow he ushered us into an elegantly furnished and upholstered room and made me acquainted with the owner, Don Ignacio Larramendi. An ancient dame, bepowdered, and so stout that she could scarcely rise from the chair she was ensconced in, laid her cigarette aside, and bade me welcome. I foresaw what our belles would be like in

thirty years' time if they followed in the footsteps of their mother, Donna Larramendi. The host, a tall, lean man of the Don Quixote order, with military moustache and whiskers, offered us cigars and claret, and bade us be seated. "You are from Michigan, are you not, Mr. Stephens?" he asked me in pure French; "and you, Mr. Greenberg, are from Liverpool, is it not so?" To say that I was dumbfounded is to say the least, but Greenberg was onto the game, and not the slightest act of surprise showed up on him. The old fellow also knew that I was in the lumber business, and that Greenberg was commercial traveler for the Browning Arms Company. I found out afterwards that it is the custom of a Peruvian *paterfamilias* to look up, through the hotel register, the police, the banks, and Dun's or Bradstreet's books, the prospective suitors to his daughter's hand before he allows any courting. In this way, he had found out about us, a course which is quite simple but which was new to me, although not so to Greenberg, who had been through the mill before. It is a wonder that Larramendi hadn't discovered that we were both married.

After he had given us tactfully quite a catechism, administered with the greatest politeness, I could tell by his looks that he approved of us, for he presently went into an adjoining room, not to appear till the evening was well over. The girls now entered, giggling and laughing, and, at the same time, trying to amuse us. They apologized for their mirth and began to entertain us in a lively and interesting conversation and entirely different and with more body to it than the small talk the North American female sex indulges in at the present time. These girls were remarkably well educated despite having seen so little of the world. Lima was the limit of the travels of the oldest two, Felipa and Cristina, while

the youngest one, Anastasia, had only been as far as Mollendo to the west and Puno to the east. They were interested about my ascent of Misti, and informed me that their father had been to its summit five times, and they also showed me great sympathy regarding the fever. I devoted most of my time talking to Anastasia, who later told me that she was eighteen years old, and let Greenberg entertain the other two. My choice of the trio was of medium build, rather slender, with well molded arms, somewhat tanned and nice and smooth, an elegant figure, well developed but not over matured. Her dark hair matched finely with her fair complexion and steel blue eyes, but the main redeeming feature about Anastasia was her rich soft voice. It was like listening to a siren to hear her talk, and I think she was doing her best. The chance of matrimony doesn't come as often to a Peruvian girl as it does to a North American one, and these were evidently the intentions of the sisters. After we had been there for half an hour the funny stunt of the evening was pulled off. Cristina offered us cigars and, after lighting them for us, each girl helped herself to the weed and commenced smoking; this was a novelty to me, especially to see such well brought up girls smoking cigars with a past-mastership of the art. When the room became filled with smoke, we repaired to a balcony, which overhangs the terraces of the river. Cristina complained of a headache, probably because Greenberg was showing Felipa the most attention, and went to bed, leaving us four together. With the skill of a general, Anastasia drew me apart from the other couple, and, as we stood watching the moon play on running water of the river, she broached sentimental subjects, and no matter how I changed the subject the conversation always reverted by her aid to the most serious moment in a girl's



life. It was one o'clock in the morning when we left, with an invitation from the father and girls to come again the next night. The brother, Martin, escorted us to the very portals of the hotel.

There were plenty of doings the next day at the Hotel Central. M. E. Cremieux, the proprietor, is the most excitable Frenchman that I have ever seen. When he goes off the handle he bellows, howls, cries, and yells so loudly that the whole neighborhood is roused; yet he is not dangerous. The first incident that happened to make him fly up in the air was when the principal of the local high school had him arrested for hiring his janitor away from him to do duty as a table waiter in the hotel dining-room; the next thing was when an American, named Mack, from San Francisco, upbraided him for having coffee served that had coal oil in it. The final catastrophe came when one of the *cholos* took some trout from a pail in the courtyard, and put them in the goldfish tank. Cremieux had intended sending these trout to the proprietor of a hotel in Puno, and now he couldn't catch them without letting all the water out of the tank, for he had no net. An old Irish lady, past her eightieth birthday, had come up from the coast, and had had her heart examined, for she was bound to see Cuzco before she died. The Peruvian consul to Potosi was stopping at the hotel with a young lady that he had brought with him from Lima; his wife had found out about it, and had sent some of her male relatives to Arequipa to chastise him. The consul tried to dig out, leaving his mistress behind, but missed the train, and was in hiding, although the police of the city were trying to locate him, having accepted a heavy gratuity from relatives of his wife. The Limeña, knowing that in the course of a week her paramour would arrive by some obscure route in Potosi,

and not willing to pose as mistress, especially during the hunt, had one of the *cholos* send me into her boudoir, and there she made the proposition that, in order to shield her lover from chastisement, she should travel as my wife until I reached La Paz, and thence she would travel alone to Potosi. Upon asking her why she selected me instead of the other guests, she said that she liked my looks best, and that since we had both been on the same boat leaving Lima she felt that she was acquainted well enough.

The next night at the Larramendi's, while on the balcony, I unintentionally overheard Greenberg proposing to Felipa, and didn't like the idea at all, especially since he was a married man, and by doing so was breaking the confidence of a family that had used him well. Anastasia also heard it, and from her actions, I knew she expected me to do the same thing. That I couldn't very well do, so made up my mind right there to leave town the next day very quietly, and without even letting Greenberg know about it. As he was a late riser that part would work all right, but I had a feeling that, no matter how early I arose, I should find the consul's mistress waiting for me at the door. I foresaw, the way affairs were turning out, that I would get my fill of adventure if I remained much longer, and thought I made a lucky move when I found myself once again sitting in the train.

## CHAPTER V

### FROM AREQUIPA TO LA PAZ

WITH a ticket straight through to La Paz, I boarded the train at the Arequipa depot, and took a seat in the parlor car. The car was crowded, likewise the other coaches, for from here to the terminus, Puno, 352 kilometers or 220 miles distant, there is but a tri-weekly service, trains leaving Arequipa on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. In the parlor car were a Major Shipton, military attache to the United States Legation at Buenos Aires, a Mr. Lewis and wife, and a Mr. Lee, Americans, the last mentioned being a resident of Arequipa; and all were going to Cuzco. In this car were several people from Cuzco, including a man with three small boys. Besides these there were a brewer from La Paz and the consul, who had been in hiding, and who had managed to escape the vigilance of his wife's relatives. He was alone.

There is a long iron railroad bridge across the Chili below Arequipa, but it has recently been condemned for heavy locomotives, therefore the train descends nearly to Tingo before it branches off on the road up the mountains. For a short distance, the fertile valley is ascended; the track then deviates to the left, runs for twenty-seven kilometers along the barren rocky foothills of Chacchani, and enters the upper Yura Valley. The station, Yura,

is on a desert plateau, and is the descending point to visit the famous Yura springs in the valley to the left, where there are baths and a hotel. There are two springs here, one sulphurous and one ferruginous. Next to Agua de Jesus, Yura water is the most widely known water in Peru. It is stronger than the former, and has a pronounced medicinal taste. From Yura to Pampa de Arrieros, the railroad gradually ascends, the gradients being easy. Misti is to our right, and the grand mountain, from this side, presents a similar aspect as when seen from Arequipa. It stands alone, a huge cone, rising high above its neighbors. At Pampa de Arrieros, 12,157 feet above sea-level, everybody tumbled out of the coach and over each other to see who would be first in the dining-room. I prudently sat on a bench outside the station, my meal consisting of a bottle of Agua de Jesus. At these stations, the food is but half cooked, and I had no desire to get indigestion. Many people are afflicted with this ailment by gorging themselves, get sick, and lay it to *soroche*. Only one other passenger did not enter. With flushed face, the print of *soroche*, he walked the length of the train and back several times. From Cañu-guas, altitude 13,254 feet to Sumbay, 13,413 feet, a distance of over twenty kilometers, the snow-capped peaks of Sacsahuaqui were visible, the train gradually approaching nearer and nearer, until at Vincocaya, altitude 14,225 feet, the mountain was left behind us. The creeks that are crossed in this neighborhood are the sources of the Rio Sumbay, which empties into the Chili to the north of Misti. It seems that when the railroad to Lake Titicaca was built, it would have been much more convenient to have followed the valley of the Chili and the Sumbay to the station, Sumbay, than to cross the spurs of Coropuna as the present road does.

Shortly after leaving Vincocaya, Crucero Alto is reached, altitude 4450.70 meters or 14,465 feet, the highest point on the line. There is a mountain to the left, where church gold is supposed to be hidden. An Arequipa company is issuing stock for the exploitation of the treasure. Crucero Alto consists of a water tank and a few hovels. Pigs run loose, not like our tame pigs at home, but swine, identical in shape to the European wild boar, but lighter in color. They are undoubtedly descendants of the wild specie, but have become domesticated. By the time we reached the divide, most of the passengers were fit for an ambulance. In the smoking compartment, the La Paz brewer sat in a semi-sleep, the expression on his face not that of a man enjoying himself. His arms were crossed, and his hands rested on his portly paunch. The man from Arequipa who paced the depot platform at Pampa de Arrieros sat in a relaxed but painful attitude in a cushioned chair. His bloodshot eyes stared into vacant space, while the color of his face, swollen and as red as a beet, was accentuated by the livid blue of his lips. Major Shipton wasn't troubled, neither was Mrs. Lewis, although, at Arequipa, I heard her remark that she was afraid of getting the *soroche*, and was vexed that she had forgotten to buy smelling salts. Her husband stood the altitude well, and said that he felt fine, yet his face was flushed. All the rest of the crowd except Mr. Lee, myself, and the father of the three children were sick. It was something awful. The children vomited on the floor, and one man locked himself in the toilet, fainted there, and had to be released from his imprisonment by the conductor who crawled through the window at a wayside station and unlocked the door from the inside. In the other coaches, affairs were also bad. Several women were deathly sick; Peruvian officers lay against

each other groaning and writhing in agony. One man was screaming that he was dying, while another, his head resting on the window-sill, was allowing a stream of vomit to trickle from his mouth onto the dusty exterior of the car, nearly obliterating the numbers. A few monks sat stolidly by, gazing with indifference upon this scene, as if it were a common occurrence not worth while bothering about. The mess in the Oroya train was bad enough, but this trip had it beaten. Now, although I selfishly enjoyed the discomforts of my fellow-passengers, elating on my constitution, this *soroche* is nothing to be laughed at. If a person has got a bad attack of it, it is nothing less than horrible. I know a man in Arequipa that got it every time he crossed the divide. He was one of the first ones to hear of the hidden treasure near Crucero Alto, and mounted to the top of the mountain in quest of it, without giving the sickness a thought. His mind was too busy to allow himself to be attacked, and from that time on he has never been troubled with the ailment.

Leaving Crucero Alto the road descends in easy grades to Juliaca, altitude 12,547 feet. Juliaca is in the bottom of the Titicaca basin, so it can be seen that while the road rises to 14,465 feet from the west, it descends only 1918 feet to Juliaca, and 1957 feet to the Lake Titicaca, which has a level of 12,508 feet above the ocean. Shortly after crossing the divide, we pass two large lakes, their water light green in color, one on the left side and one on the right side. These are called *lagunillas*, or "little lakes," yet I can't understand why they are given the diminutive termination, as they are both of good size. Taking both together, I suppose that their length is fifteen miles, and they are separated from each other only by a narrow saddle upon which the railroad tracks are laid. They are of fresh water. The first one, that on the left, is

named Saracocha, and is 13,593 feet above sea-level, while the second one, that on the right, is Cachipascana, and is ten feet lower than its sister. Saracocha contains several islands. While looking at it, it occurred to me that here would have been a much better place for a feudal lord to have his stronghold than on Lake Trasi-menus. Unfortunately Europe was discovered first, otherwise the complexion of things might have been different. Countless llamas browsed on the grass on the lake shore and on the hillsides. It was in this neighborhood that I first saw llamas running in freedom, and on the shores of Cachipascana the first llamas browsing with packs on their backs, while the driver lay in indolent ease on the banks of the green *lagunilla*.

We now enter the valley of a small river, broad and shallow, flowing tranquilly over a pebbly bottom. The country opens and becomes well settled. Small villages are passed, some surrounded by compounds to keep off the attacks of marauding Indians. Even some *estancias* and *ranchos* have walls around them. Large adobe churches loom up against the receding landscape. Here and there are relics of the Inca civilization, large monoliths, marking the boundaries of the fields, and painted white by the present inhabitants. The arable land is planted to potato patches, cereals, and vegetables, interspersed by grazing pastures. A short green grass abounds, on which graze llamas, donkeys, and sheep. Large bulls, quite tame, are scattered with their herds, while dark skinned children, with staffs in their hands, mingle fearlessly with them. The houses are but one storey in height, adobe, with red tiled roofs, and every time one is passed, the family, congregated on the doorstep, is seen watching the train go by.

These Indians are a bad lot, and are the direct descend-

ants of the Incas. They are named Quechuas, and are treacherous and marauding. Probably this is because they are ill treated by the Peruvian Government, and want to get even. When soldiers are needed, a company of men is sent to an Indian village, which they surround, and drive all the inhabitants to the central square. They are here hemmed in, and, at the point of the rifle, are driven off like so many cattle to enter upon their three years of military service. Regardless of age, and of their duties toward those dependent upon them, they are torn from family and friends, probably never to see them again, as the inhabitants of the altitudes die off in multitudes with the fevers of the coastal region and the hardships they are forced to endure in the blazing sun. Besides being treacherous and surly, these Indians are very filthy, and disease is always rife among them, especially smallpox and uta.

Uta is strictly Peruvian, for it is not known to exist in any other country, although there is no known reason why it shouldn't also be met with in Bolivia and Ecuador, under the same climatic conditions. It is a skin disease, never mortal, cancerous in nature, and affects only the uncovered parts of the body, generally the lips, ears, and nose. The word is derived from the Quechua *huta* meaning "to rot." The first symptom is a pimple, reddish in color, like the sting of an insect, and which popular supposition believes to be the cause. This is followed by a local eruption, which gradually expands, and becomes coated with a yellowish crust, from under which blood frequently oozes. In this stage it remains dormant for some time, and then it continues on its regular course, gnawing and eating the flesh away, which, in some cases, it does until the bone is exposed. Most loathsome in appearance, this disease has been handed



down from antiquity, for the *huaco* pottery of the Incas portrays human beings with mutilations depicting the uta cancer. If treated in time, it is curable, but after reaching an advanced stage, medical treatment is of but little avail. Children living in the uta districts usually contract this affliction, but get over it, as is manifested by the scars one sees on them, and the natives of these regions have it in a much less virulent form than people belonging to the white race or natives of other parts of the country who are unfortunate enough to catch it. It is prevalent only to a great extent in the deep valleys hemmed in by the Cordillera, which become over-heated in the day time and are poorly ventilated.

Juliaca is a town of 6000 inhabitants, built on a hill to the right of the railroad track, and is predominated by a large white church visible from a great distance. It is the junction for Cuzco, 357 miles away, an all-day trip, and a railroad which will form one link of the chain of the Pan-American if this is ever completed. Juliaca boasts of a fairly good hotel named the Ratti. By this time, those who had suffered from *orocho* had recovered and were making a wild rush to ascend with their baggage, because the hotel has but limited accommodations, and the first to arrive is the first to obtain quarters. In order to get to Cuzco, one must stay the night in Juliaca, for the train does not leave until 9.15 the next morning. These trains run but twice a week, and if, at other times, a passenger is desirous of reaching Cuzco he must take a mixed train, stopping over-night at Sicuani, which is half-way between Juliaca and the City of the Sun. The railroad to Cuzco was engineered by a Norwegian named Bentzon. Only three people who had come from Arequipa in the parlor car were going to Puno, but a crowd, mostly Germans, some in the state where the voice becomes

strong and the legs become weak, boarded the train at Juliaca, and livened up matters by trying to drink the buffet dry. The country now becomes thickly settled, always pasture land, each field separated from its neighbor by an adobe wall, and as flat as the palm of one's hand. There had been heavy rains lately, for the heavy red clay soil was literally soaking. It is only twenty-three miles from Juliaca to Puno, the railroad terminus, and capital of the department of the same name, one of the largest in Peru, and containing the greatest population. This town has 12,000 people, lies on Lake Titicaca of which it is its greatest port, and does a thriving business in wool. It boasts of a brewery, a branch of the Cerveceria Herold of Cerro de Pasco. On the main plaza is a cathedral with two towers, small and uninteresting. The train does not stop long at the station, but runs to the dock which is named the Muelle de Puno.

There are two boats doing passenger service between Puno and Guaqui the Bolivian port at the south end of the lake. One is named the *Inca*, of 1000 tons burden while the other one is of only 160 tons. I had been in anxiety all day lest we should be obliged to take the smaller one, which, at that time of the year, summer, would be no fun, for at that season heavy squalls come up suddenly on this mammoth lake, and render the water as rough as the ocean. A person would have no chance if the boat capsized, for the water is as cold as ice. My fever had now come on again, and this time quite high, so if I took the smaller boat and should be crowded into a narrow berth with other passengers, there is no knowing what turn it might take. Great was my joy, however, when I found out that the boat was the *Inca*. On the dock, I got out of breath dodging hissing locomotives trying to get to the weighing room. When I finally got on board, I was

given an inside room, No. 13, I am not superstitious, but didn't relish an inside room, especially since this one happened to be across the gangway from the engines, which emitted a heat equal to that which one reads about in Dante's *Inferno*, so I went to the purser and told him the world-famous superstition, namely that I thought it would bring me bad luck if I occupied room No. 13. That individual should have been an Irishman instead of a native, for he was of the same way of thinking, and straightway ordered the chief steward to give me another room. Only one room was vacant, and that a fine large one directly across from the captain's quarters on the upper deck. The ship was laden with lumber and various consignments of merchandise, so heavily that the main deck was nearly level with the water. On board there were no life-belts nor life-preservers, and a terrific storm was approaching from the west.

It was dreadfully cold, yet I was like one on fire. I discarded my overcoat, and took off my vest. I went into the dining-room, but my fever was so bad that I could only drink water, which I constantly craved. I sat there in a daze watching the others eat, but not to let on that I was ailing I managed to take a bite out of a sort of a hash with a crust around it. One mouthful was enough. As the Titicaca basin lacks fuel, cooking is done by burning llama dung, and this hash certainly tasted of it. Most of the other diners who were Germans were satisfied with only one bite, and it was ludicrous to hear them conjecture what was the matter with it, for they did not know what sort of fuel did the cooking. I knew, because I had read about it. I went to my cabin and took my temperature which was 104 degrees Fahrenheit. I was thoroughly frightened, and thought I was going to die, yet it was not the thought of dying that annoyed me so much, but the

idea of dying without my relatives knowing what had become of me. I thought of my wife, who was in Valparaiso, and wondered if she, too, was sick, and longed to get there. I was cursing myself for ever attempting to take this trip, and felt like a fool not to have gone to the seacoast to take the first boat to Valparaiso, when I felt this fever come on about two weeks previous. There was a young German doctor on board, and I had the steward send for him. He asked me a few questions, took my pulse, temperature, and looked at my tongue. When he finished he pronounced my case typhoid, and said he would make arrangements to have me taken to the hospital as soon as we reached La Paz. This was the second doctor that said that I had typhoid, and so I began to believe it myself now, although, thinking it was malaria, I had scoffed at the first one who told me so at Arequipa. I sat on the couch in my cabin, for how long I have no idea, except that I was awakened from a deep sleep, into which I had fallen, by the blowing of whistles. "The boat is afire" ran through my mind and I ran on deck to see what was up. All the other passengers were on deck also, most of them in their pajamas. Fortunately it turned out to be nothing but the *Inca* passing another boat of the same line.

I was now beastly cold; my teeth chattered, and I shivered all over. I put on my vest and overcoat and took my temperature again. It had fallen to  $101\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. Outside, I could hear the wind blowing, and could occasionally see the reflection of sheet lightning on the mountains east of the lake. As sleep was now out of the question, I went out on the deck. I was alone there. The rest of the travelers had retired, or were playing cards in the dining-room. The wind was blowing a gale on the starboard side; sparks were flying from the smoke-

stack leaving a fiery trail through the air. I went to the port side. It was pitch dark, yet the heavens were filled with stars. Way off to the east the roars of thunder could be heard, and the flashes of lightning in that direction were increasing, to be met with other flashes now appearing in the southwest. At last, over one distant mountain peak, when a ribbon of lightning illuminated it, I could see in the background a great cloud, like a dark wall, approaching. The lightning increased in flashes, and, at each successive one, the outlines of the distant mountains showed plainly, some of them snow-capped. It was not lightning and thunder such as we are accustomed to in the United States. It was like stage lightning and thunder, such as one sees in the plays *Rip Van Winkle* or *The Tempest*. It was like beating on tin pans to the accompaniment of a photographer's flashlight; instead of cutting a zigzag streak through the air, this lightning with one flash opened the whole sky. I was so fascinated that I forgot all about my fever. I must have stood on deck for three hours watching the approaching storm, alone except for the Quechua watchman, who was on the lookout, his brown face nearly hidden by a woolen muffler as he swiftly walked the deck, the streamers from his muffler flying in the breeze, and who every few minutes reported to the captain.

The water became rougher and rougher; the boat pitched and rolled. The bow went up so high that at one flash of lightning the mountains ahead were not visible, and then it sank so low that, at the next flash, they loomed way above the mast. Rain and storm came on with a vengeance, and all of a sudden too; not the perpendicular tropical rain that one reads about, or experiences at Panama, but a beating, driving, violent rain, with all the deluge of the tropics but with the force of

the Arctics. Latitude 16 degrees south crosses Lake Titicaca, yet there never is any summer. The air is cold and wintry at night, and none too warm in the daytime. The storm drove me inside. Flash after flash, and boom after boom; the center of the storm was now overhead. There came one flash that was nearly blinding. A round ball of deep yellow hue, with purplish scintillating edges, was with spiral-like rapidity encircling the smoke-stack. At the bottom it followed an iron bar that ran across the deck and disappeared over the edge of the ship with a deafening roar. The boat had been struck, but no damage was done. The whole thing from the time of the flash to the roar of the thunder had not taken the hundredth part of a second, yet it seemed ages. Another flash revealed the Quechua watchman, unafraid, walking back and forth, his muffler ends still flying, and beating his chest with mittened hands to keep up the circulation. He had passed within ten feet of the smoke-stack when it was struck.

I lay down again, with all my clothes on and with my overcoat on top of me, for I was suffering with a chill. I dozed away and had bad dreams. I dreamed that I stood on the steps of the Jacksonville post-office, and was talking to a man long dead; my dream switched, and this time I was talking to my father, also dead. I awakened with a start and, looking out of my window, saw that land was only a stone's throw away. I went on deck, and a more beautiful sight can hardly be imagined. Everything was clear, excepting here and there a string-like cloud floating in the color-changing sky. Behind us was the great lake, dark green and cold, narrowing down to two headlands in our wake. A dark island lay far behind, Coati I was told, while on either side of us, in the narrow passage we were entering, steep brown rocky hills,

semi-cultivated and sparsely covered with grass, dipped into the water. We were now in Bolivian territory. Then, suddenly, as if we had passed the extremities of the earth, the land came to an end at the headlands of St. Peter and St. Paul, and, once more, we were entering open water, brownish in color, the lower part of the lake, and separated from the mainland by these narrows. To our left rose a mighty mountain chain, the Cordillera Real, capped by the snowy summits of Sorata, Illampu, and Chisel.

Lake Titicaca is the highest large lake in the world, its altitude being 12,508 feet above sea-level. It is a body of brackish water, generally rough, and its main body is light greenish in color, although the southern end is brownish, probably due to the sediment that is carried into it from the Desaguadero River. It is crossed by latitude 16 degrees south, and by longitudes 69 and 70 degrees west. It is about one hundred and twenty miles long by thirty-five miles broad, is filled with small islands, and lies from a southeasterly to a northwesterly direction. Properly speaking, it consists of two distinct lakes separated by a narrow passage, the northern one being so deep that its bottom has never been found, while the southern one is shallow. Its shores are lined with bulrushes and aquatic plants among which water-fowl abound. Shooting and fishing are excellent, but the fish are small.

Indians have queer sails on their craft, square and made out of reeds; their boats are called *bolsas*. On the hills surrounding the lake are many Inca ruins, especially at Copacabana, on a peninsula of the same name, in Bolivian territory, where there is a great church and where, on festival days, the Indians masquerade with false faces and gaudily colored woolen garments, and mix the Inca myths with the Catholic religion, producing a semi-barbarous effect.



**Inca Monoliths, South Shore of Lake Titicaca**



1975

The town of Guaqui, where begins the railroad to La Paz named Ferrocarril Guaqui a La Paz, and owned by the Peruvian Corporation, consists of a few warehouses and a red brick depot. My fever had left me, and I knew now, for an absolute certainty, that I wouldn't have to go to the hospital upon my arrival in the Bolivian metropolis, only four hours distant, although the German doctor was now at the telegraph window of the depot despatching a message for an ambulance to meet me upon my arrival there. La Paz is ninety-six kilometers (sixty miles) from Guaqui, and thirty-six kilometers (twenty-two and a half miles) from Viacha, the junction to Oruro, and to Arica. It is a gradual ascent with an easy grade. At kilometer twenty-one, we reach the small town of Tiahuanaco, formerly an Inca stronghold and sacred spot, where there are still extant ruins of a temple to the sun, and huge monoliths. The country is fertile and well settled, yet, since leaving Yura the day before, I have not seen a single tree, in the accepted sense of the word.

A long stop, about an hour, is made at Viacha, which gives the passengers to La Paz ample time to see the town, after changing cars. Viacha, with about 8000 inhabitants, is a town on the boom, and, at the time of my visit, resembled a new town on one of our western prairies. A company was about completing the railroad connecting that place with Arica on the Chilean seaboard, and which will bring La Paz within twelve hours from the Pacific Ocean, thereby greatly facilitating and shortening the trip that now has to be made, for the metropolis has now only two means of reaching the seacoast, one via Oruro to Antofagasta, and the other via Titicaca and Arequipa to Mollendo, each journey occupying two full days. On this new railroad, the mountain pass at the summit is a thousand feet lower than on the other two railroads.

It was being built from both ends, and Viacha was now swarming with Italian laborers. Also, being a railroad center to the north, south, and east, and built on the plain which is as flat as a pancake, thereby giving the city a chance to expand, Viacha promises in time to be one of the leading cities of the republic. Northward, the great Bolivian plateau, or *puna*, slopes gently downward to the lake, and ascends southward as far as Uyuni, twenty-two hours distant by train. It is the basin of the Desaguadero River, a broad but shallow stream, which rises in Lake Poopo and empties in Titicaca. As both of these lakes are nearly of the same level, and the plain is but a few feet higher, and taking into consideration the sluggish condition of the Desaguadero, which often overflows its banks, bringing to a standstill, for weeks at a time, all railroad traffic between Oruro and La Paz, geologists have correctly argued that both these great lakes belong to the same system, and formerly used to be one.

On account of the rain of the previous night, the air was of remarkable freshness; the Indians all had shawls drawn up over their noses, as if they thought that they would catch cold by breathing the raw morning air. It is nearly a straight line due east from Viacha to Alto de La Paz, the grade continually rising. From the latter place, eighteen and a half miles away, the car shops and white buildings of Viacha are plainly visible. At Alto, one wonders why the train does so much switching and attaches an electric engine, for here is nothing to break the monotony of the flat scenery. All there was at the depot were a few empty drygoods cases, labelled "Molendo," and a corrugated iron hotel, and I should have had to have been in bad need for accommodations before I would have boarded there. This hotel went by the appellation of Gran Hotel, which in English means Grand

Hotel. After the train switched around for nearly half an hour, during which time the train crew gossiped with the ticket agent and his family, we pulled out, and within one hundred yards of the depot I saw the necessity of the electric engine.

The ground suddenly opened up. So clever was Nature



General View of La Paz, Bolivia

that within fifty feet of the brink one would never know that there was such a chasm. The ground opened up over a vast cliff, and 1600 feet below, amidst trees and foliage, lay the red-roofed city of La Paz. From the Alto a single machine gun could control the whole town. The city was right at our feet, and it seemed as if one could drop a stone on it. A wonderful city, like those in a fairy tale, but so far below as to appear flat in the abys-

mal depth. Round the inside of these massive cliffs the railroad led down and down, making numerous curves and three large loops. Formerly, the wagon road to the Alto was used entirely for passenger and freight traffic, the only depot for the city being that at the summit of the cliffs. Houses, which from the top of the Alto appeared to be on the same level, were now seen to be hundreds of feet above their neighbors. The hillsides were brilliant with wild flowers, red, yellow, and blue. On one side was a rushing river, jumping from rock to rock, in which gaudily clad native women washed their clothes, this water continuing down to the city to be drunk after all the filth of dirty garments had been swept away in it. For twenty minutes, this beautiful mountain panorama was unfolded, and, then, the train pulled up at the platform of the La Paz depot called Challapampa San Jorge.

## CHAPTER VI

### LA PAZ

IF you should ask twenty-five people who have had a good schooling, "What city is the capital of Bolivia?" I do not believe that I am wrong in asserting that twenty-four out of that number would unhesitatingly reply: "La Paz"; that is if they had ever heard of any Bolivian city. Some geographies, on their maps of South America, have La Paz with a star, and one well-known steamship company advertised a trip to the highest capital in the world, meaning La Paz. I have met men who have been several times to La Paz on business, and they have told me in all frankness that La Paz is the capital of Bolivia. La Paz is not the capital of Bolivia nor ever has been, although several other cities have already enjoyed that distinction since the Spanish Conquest. Sucre is the capital of the republic, although La Paz is the metropolis and the chief commercial center. As Sucre is difficult of access, and off the main road of travel, Congress has for some time been convening at La Paz, and it has been the headquarters of the foreign diplomats, as well as the residence of the president. There is an article in the Bolivian Constitution permitting the national Congress to hold session at any city they choose. Upon the laying of a railroad to Sucre, the entire seat of Government will

undoubtedly move to that city. In 1549, a Spanish captain, Alonso de Mendoza, came up from what is now the Argentine Republic, and of which territory he was later governor, with an army, and found on the spot where the city of La Paz now stands, an Indian village named Chuquillayo, meaning "field of gold" in the Aymara language. Here he founded a city which retained the old Indian name, till 1825, when the inhabitants, in order to perpetuate the name of a famous battle in their War of Liberation from Spain, rechristened the city La Paz de Ayacucho. As the city grew in size, the last two words gradually dropped off, and the city is known now to the white race as La Paz, although the Indians still cling to the old name, and always speak of La Paz as Chuquillayo, much to the annoyance of its inhabitants. The river flowing through the town has no other official name than the Rio de La Paz, but the Aymaras always refer to it as the Chuquillampo.

La Paz, in spite of its poor location for a city, is steadily growing, and it now has such a lead over the other cities of the republic that it is doubtful if any will ever catch up with it in population. It has 80,000 inhabitants, double that of Sucre which is the second city in size in Bolivia, and for a city of its size and importance can equal none in the poorness of location, both from a military and a commercial view. Nearly inaccessible from a standpoint of trade, it lies in a pocket of the source of the Chuquillampo River, with only two means of entrance, the railroad and the wagon road from the Alto, at the northwest; although the railroad from Arica will presently reach it from the Alto at the west. The streets of the city are so steep, and the altitude is so high, that it is a constant wear and tear on one's system in going from one's house to one's place of business. *Soroche*,

which south of Lake Titicaca goes by the name of *puna*, has this city for its headquarters, and I have known many travelers that have passed immune from it through other and higher regions to become affected with it here. Pneumonia extorts a heavy death roll. If the Spaniards



**View of Quarter of La Paz Called Challapampa San Jorge**

had wanted to build the city in an inaccessible spot, and the Bolivians had wanted such a spot for their metropolis, it would have been far better if they had gone a few miles down the river valley in the territory named the Yungas, which is semi-tropical, fertile, well-wooded, and richly endowed by Nature. The Chuquillampo descends steeply from its source through a rocky chasm, and drops into the Beni at Huachi, about 150 miles distant at an altitude



of 1422 feet above sea-level. La Paz is 11,960 feet above sea-level, while the Alto is about 13,600 feet high. The conflux of the Beni and the Mamoré, at Villa Bella, Bolivia,



Alpacas, Challapampa San Jorge

form the Madeira, and this Madeira empties itself into the Amazon, midway between Manaus and Santarem, Brazil. The Chuquillampo, at La Paz, is a large and turbulent torrent, and is walled in from the main street which leads from the railroad station to the town, forming

its western boundary. I could look far down the valley, and every time I did so, had a longing to go on a trip to its mouth. I intend to do so some day. In the far distance, below the city, could be seen groves and vegetation, while here in this cold town, the only trees were eucalyptus, of which there were plenty, and a few stunted trees of other varieties.

On alighting at Challapampa San Jorge, which is the name of the suburb in which the depot is located, I was told to return at one o'clock in the afternoon for the custom-house inspection of my trunk. That left me two hours' time in which to get settled at the hotel. An Indian boy started down the street carrying on his back my two heavy valises, and by the pace in which he led off I, following, imagined that the hotel was only a short distance away. Down the broad well-paved street we descended, following the right bank of the river, and, from an opening in the adobe wall that separated it from the street, I could see women washing and scrubbing clothes. The buildings increased in size, and became respectable in appearance. Finally, we reached a point, where in two directions the streets led upwards, and in another downwards. It had been easy walking so far, for it had been all down hill, but now when I saw the Indian boy climb the grade ahead of me, steeper than the steepest grade in the ascent of Misti, I knew an ordeal was coming. The buildings on the streets were large, square, massive and modern in architecture, three and four storeys high, with iron and bronze balconies in front of the large arched windows. The stores were shamefully up-to-date for such an out-of-the-way place, and there was a bustle and hustle about everything that would put Lima in the background. People were hurrying, and the air was resonant with the clang of the trolley-car gong. The Gran Hotel

Guibert is the best hotel in the city, and, as it is the only good one, it is nearly always filled up, although it is a large establishment. In order to accommodate its surplus clientele, the proprietor has been obliged to rent other quarters for their accommodation, one of which is called the *annexo* and which occupies the two top floors in the



Main Street, La Paz, Bolivia

Cerculo Militar, a large building diagonally opposite to the original building. The hotel was built in 1775, as can be seen on a stone tablet in the wall in the dining-room, and was once used as the palace of the Viceroy. It is a solid building with a plain exterior, three storeys high on the front side, and four at its rear. Its cellars opening onto a *patio* have an arcade, the arches supported by Corinthian columns. The bed-rooms, sumptuous,

some even luxurious, all well carpeted open onto two *patios*, one containing the dining-room, which is glassed over, and the other onto the courtyard which is open.



Side Street, La Paz, Bolivia

Balconies extend all around the sides of these, except in the third storey where the north side is open. I had a room on this courtyard, which was fairly good, and cheap. I had to climb a rather steep staircase to get there, which made me puff and pant. It seems that during my stay

in the city I was always out of breath. There was a large café opening onto the street, much like the bars in our cities, and I couldn't help but marvel at the amount of business done there. There was also a large billiard room, and at the hotel entrance a cigar stand, where all kinds of tobacco, photographs, and curiosities were for



Street in La Paz, Bolivia

sale. The Guibert was a large and complete establishment, and considered by many people the best on the western side of the South American continent, although the landlord at Arequipa and a few others had previously told me that it was no good. I was perfectly satisfied, and it was fine, after stopping at some of the inns at which I had recently put up. The barber who shaved me nearly cut my lower lip off, and it took ten minutes to



**Street Scene, La Paz, Bolivia**



staunch the flow of blood. It was now time to be at the custom-house, so, fortified with a sip of Fernet Branca, which nearly burned my insides out, I made a running jump for a swiftly-moving street car, only to fall on the street and roll around in the mud, much to the amusement of the barbers and bartender who had witnessed the act. When I arrived at Challapampa San Jorge, the custom-house officer had evidently forgotten about opening up, for while I waited there in the company of a few other people to get our trunks examined, nobody put in an appearance. Here I became cognizant of a most clever case of theft that had been played on me the night previous. I pulled out my watch to see what time it was, and in place of the golden timepiece with my initials that I had carried for years, I found that it was missing and that I was now in possession of an American-made nickel affair with the copper engraved coat-of-arms of Bolivia on the reverse. It was nearly the same size and heft as my gold watch, and, owing to this fact, it was only now that I became aware of the deception. Figuring the matter out, I remembered that I had taken my vest off on the steamer the night before, and had left it lying on my bed as I went to the toilet. Somebody, who had been watching it, now took advantage of my absence and purloined the watch, substituting the cheap one, in order that some time might elapse before I should become aware of the trick. I should have willingly waited another day to have my baggage examined, but, as long as I was now at the depot, thought that I might as well hang around until the inspector came. There was, at the depot, a traveling man, also waiting for the same thing. At first I took him for an American, until I noticed his sideburns, which had the English flunky cut. He spoke to me several times, and tried to engage me in conversation,



but, noticing his foreign accent, I gave him no chance, as I loathe the foreigner who apes the American as much as I loathe the American who apes the foreigner. I went to the *jefe de estacion* and had him call up the custom-house inspector on the telephone. Fortunately, the latter was at home, and said that he would be around



**Street, La Paz, Bolivia, Showing Characteristic Architecture**

right away. I waited an hour. Finally, a young Englishman whom I took to be a Bolivian, came to me and said that the inspector was there. Thinking that he was rolling off some Aymara jargon, I answered him in Spanish that I didn't understand. He looked at me queerly, and then repeated the same statement; it was only then that I caught on to his talk. It is funny how all Englishmen talk as if they have hot



**Post-Office, La Paz, Bolivia**

34 30 41

biscuits in their mouths. The inspection was only a formality.

At the street entrance to the depot I was obliged to stop, for one of the oddest processions that I had ever witnessed was passing. It was made up of members of both sexes, and all wore masks, the women even wearing false faces



**Administration Building and Plaza Murillo, La Paz**

on which were mustachios and beards. The women wore hoop-skirts of multicolored cloth made from vicuña wool, and derby hats. A native band of Indians with aboriginal instruments led the caravan, which would march a few steps, stop, and then the male members would swing the female contingent around to the melody of barbaric music. They would then resume their march, stop again and march again. This is a national custom

among the Aymaras, and the participators are called *maquarias*.

I had a letter of introduction to a prominent physician, Dr. Villegas, and wanted to pay him my respects. Having been told that he lived near the Plaza San Francisco, I made my way in that direction, stopping every few minutes



Administration Building, La Paz

to inquire my tortuous route. Near the depot, where a bridge crosses the river, is a public urinal. I stood on this bridge and watched the flush of this urinal shooting into the Chuquillampo, the water supply of La Paz, and wondered why the inhabitants were free from epidemics. A steep descent down a malodorous street, in which natives were cooking their meals in braziers in the open air using llama dung as fuel, led me to a triangular park, Plaza Alonso de Mendoza, in which a fountain played.

A crippled Indian, gigantic in stature, crawled on his hands and knees, his useless legs trailing behind him, the soles of his feet turned upwards. I went into a



Cathedral, La Paz

saloon to drink a glass of beer, for the sight nearly turned my stomach. On inquiring of the Italian proprietor as to the cause of this man's misfortune, he replied, "the English in Putumayo." They had tortured him and beaten him on the feet so as to paralyze him for life.

No wonder the English are hardly tolerated in La Paz. For years that country was without diplomatic representation in Bolivia. It happened that a certain representative



**Ornamental Doorway of Oldest House in La Paz**

of that nation to Bolivia was officious and overbearing enough to incur the displeasure of a former dictator, who, to show him in what esteem he held him, invited him to a dance at the palace, and let him be received by his mistress. The British minister left in anger. The

next day, by the order of the president, this minister was mounted upon a donkey face backwards, and, tied in that position, was marched to the outskirts of the city, ridiculed, hooted at, slapped, and spat upon by the jeering La Paz populace. For the next eight years, Great Britain ignored Bolivia, the Minister to Peru, residing at Lima, acting as agent.

I soon arrived at a market. Quaint and low substantial buildings lined one side. On another was a college of Mines; on the third side was the ancient church of San Francisco, while the fourth side was adorned by large buildings, the headquarters of German firms. In this neighborhood, Dr. Villegas lived, but hunt as diligently as I could, I was unable to find his residence. Approaching the Hardt Building, a four-story edifice, I noticed some German clerks at the main entrance, holding an ardent conversation. Interrupting them in their own language, I inquired where Dr. Villegas lived. They did not know but called a subordinate, who was at work sampling cloth in an adjoining cellar. He came up, and, answering their questions as to where the doctor lived, replied that he had gone to Europe. Interpreting the reply, although I understood it perfectly, the foremost German told me that Dr. Villegas had gone to Germany. When he said it, he heaved a great sigh, thinking of the Vaterland for which he was doubtless homesick. I knew that the clerk was lying, for the subordinate had said that Villegas had gone to Europe, and had not mentioned Germany. I felt sure that he had gone to Paris, the Mecca of all South Americans, which supposition I later found was true, for, a few days afterwards, I picked up an Oruro newspaper and learned that he had arrived in Valparaiso en route for Paris. La Paz is full of Germans who control the business there, and nearly all are home-



sick, especially the clerical class who are waiting only long enough to save up enough money to take them home. I felt sorry for this particular clerk.

The return to the Hotel Guibert from the Plaza San Francisco is only a matter of four blocks. Yet the walk



**Plaza Alonso de Mendoza, La Paz, Bolivia, Sometimes Called Plaza San Sebastian**

is by no means pleasant. One has to descend one short block, and mount three long ones at an angle of forty-five degrees. I started out at a pace that I thought was slow, but it must have been the opposite, for when I arrived at the main square of the city, the Plaza Murillo, I looked back and noticed people, whom I thought I had just passed, barely half way up the ascent. Without being conscious of it, I had hurried all the time during

my tour of the city. Others, sensible people who are used to the altitude, take their time. All of a sudden I remembered that I was shy on pocket money, and that



Street in La Paz

I must hurry some more if I wanted to get to the bank before it closed. The Banco Aleman Transatlantico was my correspondent on a letter of credit, and, accordingly, to that place I went. The blond and serious, skinny German cashier asked me if I had any identification

papers with me. I expostulated, telling him that with a letter of credit no identification was necessary, as the letter itself was the identification. He was firm, and told me that in order for me to get money I must present my passport. It was three long steep blocks back to the hotel, and the time a quarter to four. In fifteen minutes the bank would close. I ran back the three steep blocks, ran up the staircase of the hotel, got my passport, and ran back to the bank, which was just about to close. I got my money and loitered in the bank for a few minutes discussing politics with a German that I had met the day before on the boat. I was suddenly seized with chills in the lower part of the body while my head and hands were like as if on fire. I went to the hotel, and took my temperature which was quite normal, and had one of the bell boys send for a doctor. It was then that I was overcome with a general weakness and voices seemed a long ways off. In order not to be the object of a gazing crowd, I laboriously made my way to a corner of the billiard room, where I sunk into a chair. Everything swam before my eyes, and I felt myself sinking, although the sensation was very pleasant. The bell boy came back with the information that the doctor was not at home, but the proprietor, Monsieur Guibert, now came in, and, seeing the condition I was in, sent in haste for his own family physician. Scarcely had the proprietor left the room, than just as suddenly as I had been taken sick I began to recover, and by the time the medico arrived, I was feeling my usual self again. He found me standing at the bar indulging in a glass of claret, and was inclined to be angry, as he believed himself the victim of a hoax, until the manager of the pool room and Monsieur Guibert told him differently. He took my temperature again and also my pulse beats; finding both normal, he decided that my

condition had been due to breathlessness from overhurrying, and warned me not to do so again, for, if I should get anything the matter with my lungs, pneumonia would be apt to set in. He said that in case I should get such a spell again for me to crush some nitroglycerine tablets, named "spirites," in a handkerchief, and to sniff at them through a cloth. My burning sensation he



**Modern Villas, La Paz**

diagnosed as the last touches of malaria or terciana getting knocked out of me by the altitudes. I guess the doctor was right, for that attack was the final wind-up of my fever. As to the breathlessness, it is dangerous to get in this condition here. A certain man told me that if anybody was to put a million dollars in a package at the end of any block in La Paz, and say that he could have it if he would run for it, he would refuse to do so, for a person would be apt to fall down with heart disease

before he could get there. Many foreign residents of the city find that they cannot sleep well there, and ever so often have to go to the seacoast or as low as Arequipa or Calama in order to rest up. I, later, met a Colombian from Bogota, which city is 8000 feet high, and he told me that, while in La Paz, sleep was impossible for him. On



**The Prado, La Paz, Bolivia**

me the altitudes had the contrary effect, for there was scarcely a night that I didn't get in nine hours of heavy slumber. The night after my attack, I slept so well that I did not even hear the thunderstorm which, I was told the next morning, was a terrific one.

Around the Plaza Murillo, the actual commercial life of the city centers, although the neighborhood of some of the minor plazas teem with greater aboriginal population.

The buildings in the central part of the city are superior to those in Lima, not only in size and construction, but in modernity as well. They are built of stone or brick, stuccoed over, and, by their massive foundations, they are meant to stay. The Administration Building, recently completed, is a long high building facing the Plaza Murillo, with a high and slender clock tower. It is here that Congress meets. The eastern and northern sides of this plaza are occupied with stores, while the western, and lower side, is comprised of the President's Palace, and a cathedral in the course of erection. This church, which will be an enormous affair when completed, was commenced over seventy years ago but, through lack of funds, work was stopped, and two small photograph stores occupy two of the unused massive arched portals. The money has finally been raised, and work has again been resumed. The largest building in the city is that of the Department of Colonization, which institution was created for the purpose of settling the unused lands of the republic. The audience room of this structure is leased to a moving picture show company, while the second floor is occupied by the offices of the Bolivian Railroad Company.

A boulevard named the Prado circles the western part of the city, and one section of it, shaded by tall and majestic eucalyptus trees, is called the Avenida Arce. A wonderful view can be obtained here of some of the mountains, but, in order to see the chain of the Cordillera Real in all its glory, it is necessary to be on the Alto. This Cordillera Real is the highest range in the Andes, although solitary peaks like Huascarán and Coropuna in Peru, and Aconcagua in Argentina rise higher. For average height, this Cordillera Real is only exceeded in the whole world by the Himalayas. It lies due east of

La Paz, and continues north as far as the middle of Lake Titicaca. Its summits are Sorata, 18,715 feet, Illampu, 21,275 feet, Ancohuma, 21,490 feet, Corpapato, Chacha-



**Avenida Arce, La Paz**

comane, Chisel, 20,100 feet, Condoriri, 20,030 feet, Cacaaca, 20,320 feet, Aillaico, Huallara, Chicani, Taquesi, Muruata, 18,980 feet, and Illimani, 21,190 feet. This last named is the most southerly, and shows up the best. Probably in no place in the world can a mountain chain

be seen to such good advantage as from the plain above La Paz on a clear day. From the city itself the superb view cannot be seen so well, for the city lies nestled too deeply in the valley.

The inhabitants take great pride in their town. It is kept clean, and is well paved. The old pavement is being torn up to be replaced by new, and, to protect the streets against landslides, the hills in the central portions of the city are being reinforced by stone walls. There is an electric-car system which, on account of the unlevel character of the city, is very advantageous. The main fault to find, is the unsanitary system of water supply. There is scarcely any manufacturing done, and what little there is includes small woolen mills, brickyards, a mosaic factory, and a match factory. Like most towns, it possesses a brewery, the Cervceria Nacional Boliviana, which turns out a nearly undrinkable beer. It is owned by local people. To encourage manufactures, the Government made matches a state monopoly, therefore it built a factory at La Paz, in order to give the natives employment. It manufactures safety matches only.

Most of the inhabitants of the city are Aymara Indians many of whom cannot speak Spanish. In no other South American capital have I seen so great a predominance of Indians and people of mixed blood. Both sexes, men and women alike, dress in clothes of bright-colored alpaca wool, orange, scarlet, and purple apparently being the favorite colors. The men wear a peculiar peak-shaped woolen cap, much like those the clowns in the circuses wear. They are multicolored, have ear protectors, and the peak terminates in a tassel which falls over to one side. The women wear straw hats, in form like an old-fashioned derby, but stiff, and lacquered over with some shiny substance, and painted black or light yellow. Some of



the women wear hoop-skirts, which reach just below the knee, while all wear many petticoats, each one of a different color. It is nearly incredible how they can encumber themselves with so much clothing. The men wear *ponchos* while the women cover their shoulders with shawls. The richer natives have their *ponchos* and shawls of vicuña wool, which is much more expensive than alpaca, and most of these are of a deep yellow or orange. Social status in La Paz goes a great deal by a person's dress, and those natives who have social ambitions have discarded the national costume, and have assumed the garb of the European. La Paz is a city of contrasts, for here civilization meets the wild, and progress goes hand in hand with the primitive. In front of the agency for typewriting machines sits the scribe, feather quill in hand, writing letters for the illiterate, and in front of a wholesale grocery store, with smart German clerks, sits an Aymara woman in her home-made clothes, selling potatoes, fruit, and roots. On Sunday afternoons on the Prado, richly begowned women, wearing the latest Parisian lingerie, pass the many-skirted native dames, and, on the main streets, where the trolley cars are constantly passing, can be seen herds of llamas laden with merchandise. These are the beasts of burden of the Andes, known by the Spanish pioneers as Peruvian sheep. Each one will carry one hundred pounds and no more, beatings being of no avail. Petting is the only method by which they can be persuaded, but, if a stranger approaches too near them, they will spit into his face a fluid that is said to blister.

## CHAPTER VII

### FROM LA PAZ TO VALPARAISO

ONE of the things that I did while in La Paz was to go to the police department and notify them about the theft of my watch and the substitution of another one, in the vain hope that, sooner or later, it would be found in a pawnshop. I told them when I would leave the city, and they had the courtesy to send an officer to my room at 7 A.M., the day I was leaving, to tell me that my watch had not been found as yet. The officer politely told me that, by this time, the police of the other Bolivian cities had been notified, and that it would be only a question of a short time before I should be in possession of the watch again. He was kind enough to accompany me to the railroad station, and had the diplomacy to conduct me to a part of the platform unoccupied by transients, where I managed to slip a piece of paper currency into his outstretched hand. He accepted this amidst expostulations but made no attempt to hand it back.

There is a certain personage, an American spinster, named Miss Annie Peck, who lays claim to have scaled the Huascaran and other peaks of the Andes. She was well known in La Paz, on account of assuming male garb, and riding horseback astraddle, which, to the Latin, is the greatest breach of decorum. The police officer, on point-

ing out a chain of the Cordillera Real, and remarking what a beautiful view it was, said: "Your Miss Annie Peck ought to be here." He said it smilingly, and yet in such a way that I asked him what he meant.

"She claims to have scaled the Huascaran, and the Peruvian Government gave her a medal for it. Anyhow, it makes a good story, and shouldn't be spoiled."

"Don't you believe she did it?" I asked.

"Certainly not," was his quick reply, "nor does any other sensible person. At La Paz, we all pretend to believe her, but nobody does in reality except a few English and Germans. She was the laughing stock of this city when she was here, and misused her servants till they deserted her. She was given the escort of an officer on her way to Sorata, but she was so rude to him, that he refused to stay any longer in her company and returned. After that she could get nobody from here to accompany her." Now, I have heard her word doubted in nearly every place I have been in these regions. The Cerro de Pasco people believe that her ascent of the Huascaran was a fake, but, to her face, gave her the benefit of the doubt. It is said that snow and ice project concavely over the only possible ascent of the Huascaran, making the feat impossible.

It did not take much over an hour to reach Viacha, where the train for Oruro was waiting, and where I changed cars. The train that I had just left continues on its way to Guaqui. Some distance west of Viacha, on the trail from Viacha to Tacna and Arica, lies the large native town of Corocoro, altitude 13,287 feet above sea-level, and one of the most populous towns in Northern Bolivia. It is a great market town, and the seat of a fair to which natives flock in great numbers from all around.

From La Paz to Antofagasta, in Chile, the distance is

748 miles, and the running time is a little less than two days, changes being made at Viacha and at Oruro, where the sleeping car is attached. This road is a narrow gauge, and is owned by an English company. The railroad to Oruro runs in a southwesterly direction over nearly level grazing land; the tough grass which abounds on this plain,



Main Street, Corocoro, Bolivia

named *oca*, is the stable diet of the llamas. The few stunted shrubs are named *colli*, and their roots are invaluable as fuel. Cereals grow, but they do not ripen; they are cut green, and used for fodder. The climate is too cold and damp for them to ripen. This great plain is named the Puna, and in winter is covered with snow from here to Uyuni, twenty-four hours' distant by train to the southward, while in summer the air is raw and disagreeable;

yet the soil, of a dark reddish brown, is very fertile. Heavy clouds hanging over the Chuquillampo Valley now obscured the mountains from view, and, from the flashes of lightning and distant intonations, I knew that La Paz was getting a deluge. Calamarca, forty-four miles to the southward, is the highest place between La Paz and Oruro.

A jovial fellow shared my seat on the train. He introduced himself as Buono Braccini, an Italian, a native of Pisa, who had resided in La Paz for over fifteen years, where he was in business as a contractor in stone masonry. He had with him three quarts of Chilean wine, much adulterated with alcohol, which he endeavored to consume in short order. He first borrowed my corkscrew, and then my drinking glass, and, upon my refusal to share the beverage with him, he downed it all himself, not inviting anybody else in the car to join him. He got sloppy and talkative, his theme being against all foreigners in general, excepting Americans and Germans, the brunt of his dislike being the subjects of Great Britain. A group of Englishmen were playing cards in the seats directly behind us, and Signor Braccini endeavored to raise their wrath by turning around in his seat and hurling at them obscene and profane invectives in the English language, but which nobody understood, so far off was he in the pronunciation of them. He explained that he had five children who all spoke English well. Since these Englishmen were proof against his appellations, he singled out a couple of Chileans sitting across from us, whom he twitted and likewise unsuccessfully attempted to rile. They shrugged their shoulders in haughty contempt, and, when he got too bold, they told him curtly to mind his own business, or else there would be trouble. With a growl he desisted, but occasionally, in an undertone, though sufficiently loud enough for them to hear, told me what

his opinion was of all South Americans, especially Chileans. The *cholos* fell under his tirade, and the southern Italians. He would lean on me when he was conversing, and I was anxious for him to fall asleep. Different from most drunken men, sleep with him was out of the question, and, seeing that I would only reply in monosyllables, he turned again to the Chileans, this time telling them that he wouldn't mind his business as far as they were concerned, but would teach them a lesson in manners if they spoke to him again in the tone which they had previously used. The Chilean addressed was tall and lazy-looking, but as active as a cat. Braccini was a good-sized man, also quick and active, but more powerful than the Chilean, who was the taller. All the passengers had now turned around, and were listening to the row, all expecting a fight. Fortunately, the conductor opportunely interrupted the scene by entering the car, and calling out "Patacamaya, twenty-seven minutes for luncheon."

This Patacamaya is a fierce-looking place. It consists of a large depot, and an eating house, on the windswept treeless plain, with a cluster of hovels behind them. The eating house is run by a down-east Yankee, who had been in Bolivia for thirty years. The settlement is quite a market place for Indians, of whom there were a large number present, squatted on the bare ground in a huge semicircle, and shivering beneath their *ponchos*, offering for sale vegetables and roots. The Aymara Indians are a bad and treacherous race. Before the railroad was extended from Oruro to La Paz, the journey by coach used to take two days and two nights. Frequently, in lonely places, the natives would sweep down upon the unwary traveler, murder him, and plunder his goods. They do so now, when they catch a stranger alone, especially at night. There used to be post-houses on the

stage-route, the first one at Ayo-Ayo, fifty-eight miles out from La Paz. This was a particularly dangerous neighborhood, and the travelers, besides locking themselves in for the night, took precaution to tie the doors on the inside. In 1904, a certain traveler arose in the night to answer a call of nature. His murdered body was found the next day, partially covered by a sand pile. He had been completely buried, but the wind had blown much of the sand from his grave during the night. At Challapata, the Indians caught a party of travelers, among whom were a woman and her baby. They stripped them of their clothes, and made them don leathern garments which they drew up tight. These garments had been immersed in water, and their wearers were tied down in the sun on the roof of a hut. When the heat of the sun began to shrink these garments, the suffering undergone by the travelers was indescribable. When the soldiers arrived on the scene, three were already dead and the others nearly so.

A loathsome occupation practiced by the Aymaras is that of *despeñadora*, or "reliever of pain." It is an ancient custom among these aboriginals to put to death the aged and infirm as well as those incurably ill. When a person is too old to be of any service to the community, a *despeñadora* is called in. This latter person is generally of the female sex, and is supposed to have occult powers. Being shown the afflicted or aged person, she will get on her knees astraddle his body, seize him by the neck, and with a couple of quick wrenches will wring his neck much as we do a chicken's. Sometimes, the aged person has more strength than she supposed. A battle then takes place, the *despeñadora* sometimes getting the worst of it. The white residents of the Puna live in houses, surrounded by compounds to keep off incursions of hostile

Indians. Alcoholism is very prevalent among the Aymaras, and will eventually be the means of their extermination. They also chew coca leaves, which has upon them much the same effect as the cocaine habit. These coca leaves are brought up from the valleys by the Indians who inhabit the Amazon watershed.

When the train started, Braccini again became talkative. This time he was pleasant, and, as he was not insulting, the Chileans and he became engaged in a conversation. The wine was all gone, but the Italian had purchased three quarts of beer at Patacamaya, of which he now began to drink freely. He had also bought a basket of fruit. The air in the car was stuffy, and full of smoke, so I went out onto the platform, and sat down on the steps, till within one half hour of Oruro. The Desaguadero River could sometimes be seen to the right. Sometimes it overflows and holds up traffic for weeks, by washing the rails away. Llamas, mules, sheep, alpacas, and donkeys browse on the coarse *oca*. Here and there are long spaces, where there is no cultivation, just one enormous plain terminating with the Maritime Andes to the west, whose snow-capped summits could be plainly seen in the distance, and by the main chain or Cordillera Oriental to the eastward and much higher.

This is a country of loneliness. No human beings can be seen, but, in the distance to the right, there rises occasionally a huge adobe church, showing up well on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. The names of the stations are appropriate. One is Silencio, which means Silence; another is Soledad, which means Solitude. Every rule has its exception, for there is a station named Eucalyptus, where there is not a tree in sight within many miles. The afternoon was elegant, and I caught a glimpse of two mirages. At a lake surrounded by semi-



tropical trees, cattle were drinking. A stone house, white, with a red tile roof, stood near its banks, and a lawn sloped down to the water. As the train approached, it gradually lost form, until there was nothing but the dark moist ground. Another large lake was seen, but on approaching disappeared. Mirages are often seen on the Pampa de Islay, between Mollendo and Arequipa, but I was not fortunate enough to see any there.

When I re-entered the car, Braccini was in a boisterous condition. He was now on the best of terms with the Chileans, whom he was offering fruit from his basket. The conductor came in, and sat beside one of the Chileans. Braccini offered him some pears. The conductor refused, whereupon Braccini threw them out of the window. He had a shawl, a beautiful piece of workmanship, made of cloth from vicuna wool, and the natural color. He had been telling us, earlier in the day, that it had cost sixty-five bolivianos, or about twenty-six dollars. He now offered it to me as a present, and as I didn't want to deprive him of it, I refused to accept it. He then tried to throw it out of the window, but by the combined efforts of both Chileans, the conductor, and myself, he was prevented from doing so. He then asked me again if I would accept it, telling me that if I refused, he would throw it away when he got the first chance. I accepted it, and all he asked for in return was a railroad time-table that I had been studying.

About 4 P.M., the train pulled up at the station of Oruro. This city is the seat of the tin-mining industry, and has a population of 25,000 inhabitants; it is said that, seventy-five years ago, the population of the city was 80,000. Hard times were seen; there was lack of capital, and mismanagement of the mines. Now, Oruro is getting on its feet again as a business center, and, in a few years, will

be the second city in Bolivia, for it is growing rapidly. According to the last census, which was taken about ten years ago, Cochabamba was the second city in Bolivia in population, Sucre the third, Potosi, the fourth, and Oruro the fifth. Oruro is now larger than Potosi, and the difference between it and Sucre is not great.

The city, which is 12,119 feet above sea-level, is built on a gently sloping plain, while the suburbs extend to the mountain, on which are iron mines. Braccini told me that the Hotel Ferrocarril, across from the station, was the best, but, as a rule, the best hotels are on the Plazas or near to them, so I refrained from getting a room until I could look around. I left my hand-baggage in the barroom, and then walked up the street. Following the street-car track for a long half mile, turning frequently to the left, I reached the business section of the city. I came to a plaza in which a few sickly shrubs were growing, surrounded on all sides by two-story balconied buildings. At one end stood a cathedral, half in ruins, probably the work of an earthquake. Next to it was a massive building of stone in the course of erection; this is going to be the new City Hall. A narrow street leads but half an ordinary city block to another plaza, the main one of the city. Great was my surprise to find this one planted to apple trees. No other trees can grow in the neighborhood. Apple is one of the hardiest of trees, and can stand the cold weather remarkably well, when it once has a good start. Oruro, in 1903 the capital of the republic, is the capital of the Province of Oruro, and the government building which corresponds to a Capitol Building in the United States, occupies the whole length of the western side of this plaza. It is arcaded, is two storeys high, and from its center rises a cupola. On all other sides of this plaza, are shops. There are two hotels on it, the Gran

Union, run by an Austrian, the most popular hotel in the city as well as the most expensive one; adjoining it is another hotel whose name I have forgotten. I wasn't much "stuck on" these hotels, although I believe they are all right, otherwise the American engineers and German traveling men that I met on the train wouldn't have patronized them. I, however, preferred the Hotel Ferrocarril, near the depot, although it was out of the way. There is a café on this plaza that brings one's thoughts back to Europe. It is a nice, comfortable place, with magenta upholstering, marble-topped iron tables, and iron chairs.

The shops in the city are good, and from the number of bookstores I should judge that the inhabitants were intellectually inclined. As all over in Bolivia, the Indians here outnumbered the whites, but not in so great a proportion as in La Paz. In that city, the Germans were a near second to the Spaniards and native whites as far as numbers go, but here, in Oruro, there were but few Teutons. Turks rank third in number, and in their hands lies the retail business of the city. The postoffice is a fine building with a circular skylight of colored glass. It is on a side street, and is near the market, which is the most interesting that I had so far seen in South America. The Indians offer for sale arrowheads, queer stones, samples of minerals, seeds, most of which were unknown to me, garments, bags, and peaked caps of many colors, hides, rugs of vicuna skin, and leatherware. A whole street is given up to leather goods, all hand-made. The saddles are elaborate affairs of a style somewhat similar to Mexican workmanship.

I returned to the Hotel Ferrocarril, and was shown a room on the *patio*. In the barroom I met Braccini, and another Italian, this one a Florentine. Braccini had

quite recovered from his inebriation, had shaved, and changed his clothes. Wearing a derby hat, and a dark long-tailed coat of German make, he could have passed off as a lawyer or a professional man. We sat around the barroom the remainder of the afternoon drinking beer brewed in Stockholm. In the Bolivian towns, one can get all kinds of imported beers very cheaply, although, for some reason, the dealers always try to rush La Paz beer. There is a brewery in Oruro, named the Colon Brewery, yet I was unable to buy its product at any place that I went to, La Paz beer having the preference.

When I arose the next morning, the ground was covered with snow to the depth of eight inches. It had evidently snowed heavily during most of the night, although, when I had retired, there had not been a single vestige of the white and beautiful. The roofs were covered with the glimmering mantle, and the streets presented a northern winter scene. On arriving at the central plaza, with extremely wet feet, as nobody had attempted to shovel the snow off of the sidewalk, I noticed that all the leaves on the apple trees had been nipped. This was their warmest month of the year, January, which corresponds to July in latitudes north, and Oruro is not far distant from the equator, latitude eighteen degrees south running directly through the city.

From Oruro to Antofagasta, the distance is 578 miles, and the duration of the trip is two nights and one day. The trains run but twice a week, and are always crowded. I was obliged to put up with an upper berth. My roommate was Señor Ignacio Galvez of Bogota, a wealthy man and a writer of political essays. He was also a chess-player, having recently won the championship of Colombia in that game. That country once produced a world's champion. Señor Galvez could speak no English, and,

as my Spanish is limited, we conversed in French. We sat up late that night conversing with other men in the dining-car. One of the travelers had, that day, just got in to Oruro, from Cochabamba. The journey should take only two days from Oruro by stage, but, owing to the swollen rivers and mud, it had taken him four. At present there is in course of construction a railroad from Cochabamba to Oruro. Cochabamba is at an altitude of 10,000 feet, in a valley where there is much vegetation.

At a town named Pazna, near Lake Poopo (sometimes known as Lake Aullagas), a large Englishman boarded the train, lantern in hand, and handed a message to the conductor. He was clad in knee-breeches and gaiters. He wore a sweater over which hung a *poncho*, and a native shawl of red, white, and black flew in streamers from his neck. Englishmen all over the world like to ape the native costume, but they carry it to the extreme. I remember an Englishman in California who always wore a red sash around his belly, thinking that it made him look like a Mexican, while, in reality, it made him look like a circus clown. At 11 P.M., we came to Challapata. This place contains the railroad round-house, and is the place where baggage is examined en route from Antofagasta to La Paz, as well as being the end of the stage route to Sucre. At Rio Mulato, 131 miles south of Oruro, 12,370 feet above sea-level, which we reached in the early hours of the morning, Señor Galvez and myself descended to wait until 9 A.M. to take the train for Potosi. Opposite to the depot, was a *tambo* or inn, where we were able to obtain a room with two beds.

Leaving Rio Mulato the train runs rapidly across the Puna towards the near mountains, and then, entering a broad canyon, nearly dry, gradually ascends in rather steep gradients. The view is not grand nor is it especially

pleasant, for no grass seems to grow on the brown desert formation of the soil, and the barren mountain peaks, which, from here, do not appear high, are bleak in the extreme. Only in upland pastures, near the source of some stream, does there seem to be any vegetation and life, for here are to be seen a few stray alpacas grazing



**Alpacas on Slopes of Huaina Potosi**

on the tough *oca* grass. The only settlement on this railroad large enough to be called a town is Yocalla, which is over the divide, and at which one arrives shortly before reaching Potosi. This railroad is considered the highest in South America, for it reaches an altitude of over 16,000 feet. Long before reaching the city of Potosi, the conical-shaped Cerro, the richest hill in the world, comes in view. I spoke of this Cerro as conical because

it is always described thus in histories, while in truth the famous Cerro de Potosi is pyramidal. It is 15,067 feet high, rising 1500 feet above the city. The approach to Potosi by rail is impressive, for it stands on the side of several hills, the roofs of many houses being level with the ground floors of the others. At the feet of the lowest tier, and in the valley bottom, flows a stream fed by the rivulets that flow from the mine reservoirs on the Cerro, and lining its banks for a long distance are smelters and ore refineries.

Alighting from the train at the depot, the vista that is presented to one's eye is that of dilapidation, the relics of a former grandeur, for all over on the road to the hotel are massive stone houses, with coats-of-arms and escutcheons emblazoned above the portals, now uninhabited, and fast falling into ruin and decay. Once the receptacle of opulence, they are now the abode of owls. The streets of the old city seemed deserted, and looked as if they had been so for ages. In 1775, the population of Potosi was 160,000 while to-day its inhabitants scarcely number 23,000. The Gran Hotel Colon, whither Galvez steered me, was formerly a palace, but had also fallen into decay. An archway led into an arcaded *patio*, paved with cobblestones, and from its arcaded portals the doors to the bedrooms opened; large bedrooms with wooden bedsteads, and heavy curtains to the high windows that opened onto the street, and gave the guest a vista of the brilliant hues the sunset cast upon the Cerro, while in the narrow streets countless llamas were being driven by the natives, here Quechuas. The rafters that supported the tiles of the roof were fully sixteen inches in diameter, *quebracha* wood that had been brought from the Chaco years ago, and which, now, were as firm as the day on which they were brought here, although they had sagged in the middle

through their heavy support of roof. In the *patio*, other guests were coming in on mule-back from distant towns, and, mud-stained, were tiredly unsaddling their more tired beasts. In one corner, several Indians were preparing their evening meal over a heap of burning llama dung, the only fuel of the mountains. The air was chill and raw, far from one's conception of a summer evening, and the twilight was gray like that of a November night.

Beneath the arched entrance, two Frenchmen were reviling the proprietor, the town, and everything else in Bolivia, because they had come too late to get any rooms. The proprietor, an Austrian from Steiermark, was trying to explain to them that he would see what he could do elsewhere, but the two would not listen to him, and insisted on sleeping in the hotel office if no other rooms were at once procurable in the hotel. There was an extra bed in my room, and I knew that there was one also in Galvez's room. I mentioned this to the Colombian, who was reluctant to change from the luxuriant quarters he now had, and occupy the extra bed in my room to accommodate the Frenchmen. "Let the old rascal find them some room; it is his business," was the only reply that I could get from him, and I think he was right. Hardly had he spoken than the "old rascal" in question, the proprietor, came shuffling up to where we were and put the same question to us. Galvez motioned for me to let him do the talking, and with a nod of assent from me, he straightway flew off the handle, and the screaming, yelling, and expostulations he let forth nearly equalled those of Cremieux, the hotel proprietor at Arequipa. Under his storm of invectives, the landlord couldn't hold forth, and with a profound apology hastily beat a retreat which was so servile that the disappointed Frenchmen even smiled at it. Leading off of the room which serves as an office,



is the hotel bar, a long and dark room, with a heterogeneous collection of bottles on the sideboard. A tall raw-boned Italian was the dispenser of liquid refreshment, most of which was of the highball variety. There is a brewery in Potosi, the Cervecería Valentin Vollmer, and when I asked for some of its beer, he spoke to me in fluent English telling me that it was no good. This Italian had worked in Pennsylvania, and said that he was saving up enough money to return to the United States. He was right about the beer, but it was better than La Paz beer, which here, as well as in Oruro, is trying to be rushed and is the favorite.

As in Oruro, the most interesting part of the city is the market place, but it is not so interesting as in Oruro. It is here a small square, surrounded on all sides by two-storey buildings, the ground floors of which are arcaded, above which are rooms beneath the heavy tiled roofs. White canopies are spread in the paved open area to protect the vendors and their wares from the inclemency of the weather, the goods consisting of fruits of a more moderate climate, vegetables, and potatoes. Inside the arcades, and piled against the walls, are wares of European manufacture, cloth, *ponchos*, boots, hardware, seeds (I even saw some of these latter from the firm of D. M. Ferry of Detroit), brushes, and cooking utensils. The Indians were garbed similarly to those in La Paz, but here they belong to a different race. They are Quechuas, the same race that inhabits the highlands of Peru, and separated from each other by the belligerent tribe of Aymaras that has its confines from Lake Titicaca on the north, to Potosi and Sucre on the south. It is the supposition that the Aymaras came up from the desert of Atacama, and drove the Quechuas out of the Bolivian Puna where the former have since made their home, thus dividing the two distinct tribes of Quechuas.

But a stone's throw from the market place, and approached by a great solitary arch standing between two buildings, is a huge church, partly in ruins, but with two high towers, and a façade still in a good state of preservation. The lower half of the whole façade is given up to an enormous arch, from under which open the doors into the building. Above this, on the roof, and forming a brow which joins both towers, is a smaller arch, entirely open, where up to a hundred years ago hung bells wrought out of solid silver. Two blocks away is another peculiar temple of worship, likewise a Catholic church. This one had no towers, but over its center is a round dome with a flat top. Its main body, apses, and transept are covered with vaults, the former and latter each having three running longitudinally, while those of the apses are at right angles to them.

In olden times, the luxury of the inhabitants of Potosi was proverbial. The candlesticks, dishes, sideboards, and picture frames were of solid silver. The wealthiest people in South America lived here until their descendants moved to Sucre, and other places more favored by nature. Some of the old families still exist here, but they have fallen into genteel poverty, and the once famous heirlooms of silver possessed by their ancestors now adorn the homes of potentates and millionaires in Europe and other continents. The exterior of many of the houses bear the silent tale of bygone wealth, with their artistic sculpture and the iron work of their balconies. The home of a family of importers of European articles, which is across the street from the Hotel Colon, is the only exception that I saw in Potosi. This one is in a good state of preservation, and is kept up in the same way that it used to be, for its possessors have never felt want.

A relic of the past, and a utility of the present, is the

Moneda Nacional or Mint of Bolivia, the most famous in the world, with an austere front embellished at every rod by an ornamental stone vase on its roof, that would remind one of a receiving vault or crematorium seen from the outside, if it were not for its great length, which is that of two city blocks. A two-storey portal of rich chiselled sculpture leads into a courtyard, and it is here seen that the mint is a conglomeration of many buildings joined together under the same roof. An Inca statue of the face of the Sun God, and said to have been brought here by the Spaniards from Tiahuanaco, greets all comers on entering. This mint contains all the dies that have ever been cast in making the Bolivian currency, a library pertaining to mining at Potosi, mining records, a chemical laboratory, a coin collection and primitive wooden machinery for making currency, although everything now is done by the most up-to-date modern methods. Many of the buildings in this mint have vaulted roofs, and in the enclosure in dungeon-like cells, the *cholo* slaves used to eke out a miserable existence.

I stayed four days in Potosi, reserving the last one to a walk to the top of the Cerro. I was dismayed at the great number of empty and ruined dwellings in the southern part of the town, but was equally dismayed in passing the great number of deserted mines that formerly lined the lower slopes of the Cerro. It happens that most of the mining has gradually gone upwards, and near the top to-day are the largest tin mines. More money has been taken out of this hill than out of the famous hill at Butte. Shortly after the conquest of Peru, silver was discovered here, and of such fabulous wealth that it attracted the adventurers and the mining men of Spain. The town grew to such a size that for over a hundred years it was the metropolis of both Americas. All roads

led to Potosi. After the War of Liberation, the stocks were watered and placed on the London and Paris markets. Much speculation was done, but the only people to get rich were the grafting promoters. For a long time, people would not buy Potosi stock for fear of being swindled. All the good silver had been taken away from the surface, and to get at what is in the interior involved costly operations. So far, this has not been done on any large scale, but is sure to follow in the course of a few years, when no doubt Potosi will regain some of its lost prestige. Tin has since been discovered, and it is the staple mining product here, the best tin being found near to the summit of the hill. The bulk of capital invested is French and Chilean, a certain man of the former nation owning the biggest mine, and hauling his ore to the smelter in the valley by means of an aërial railroad which has it put all over the primitive and common method of transporting ore on the backs of llamas. On a walk to the top of the Cerro, I came across some natives extracting some ore by the old-fashioned patio process or amalgamation. They had a two-handled crusher, and were pounding the ore which was spread out on the flagstones of a paved area. When they had finished this, they would flood the area, which would wash away the smaller pieces of ore, and onto this they would let mercury flow, in order to form an amalgam, which they would eventually separate from the ore by heating the amalgam in cone-shaped furnaces. The mercury would collect on the sides of the furnaces to be gathered over again, leaving the silver ore and what little gold there was on the bottom.

In Bolivia, there are many national banks, as in the United States, and all issue paper currency, that of the Banco Nacional de Francisco Argondano at Sucre and the Banco Agricola of Oruro being the most preferable

to the natives. This paper currency is issued in as low denominations as one boliviano, which is equivalent to forty cents. Bolivian silver money is dirty, and oftentimes so well worn that its value is scarcely distinguishable.

Sucre, the capital of the republic, is a two days' journey distant by stage or mule-back, the road descending 5000 feet, and crossing the Pilcomayo River. A short ways out of Potosi, on this road, are some warm springs, a favorite week-end resort for the foreign inhabitants of the mining city. This road to Sucre is very heavily traveled, and the nearer that one approaches the capital the more the vegetation. Sucre has about 30,000 inhabitants, and is a well built quiet place with a university, and is the seat of a bishopric. The wealthiest and most aristocratic inhabitants in Bolivia live there. It is said to have a fine climate, probably because its climate is better than that of Potosi and of Oruro. In La Paz, the inhabitants will tell you about the dreadful climate of Oruro, and in Oruro the inhabitants will tell you about the dreadful climate of Potosi, but from experience during the few days that I was in each place, I think La Paz has the worse climate of all three, although it is the warmest, and that Oruro has the best, although it is the coldest. If I should be forced to sojourn in either one of these three cities, I should prefer Oruro, for it is easiest of access and is built on level ground, thereby not necessitating a person to get out of breath whenever he takes a walk. Potosi is 13,393 feet above sea-level, and is said to be unhealthy, not only on account of its altitude, but also on account of the smoke from its twenty-seven smelters.

I returned to Rio Mulato on the same train with Señor Galvez, whose destination was the same as mine, Valparaiso. On the main road to Antofagasta, Uyuni is reached shortly after daybreak; a nasty-looking town, of adobe

buildings with corrugated iron roofs, in the middle of a desert. It is 12,005 feet above sea-level, and from here to the Chilean boundary, the distance is 109 miles. A railroad is in construction to Tupiza, which will be in connection with that which is now being extended from La Quiaca, Argentina, northward, so that it will be but a question of a couple of years before one will be able to travel from La Paz direct to Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro. As we went by the outskirts of Uyuni, we noticed a group of soldiers firing at a target on a blank adobe wall. An Englishman who boarded the train here said that, against this same wall prisoners are executed, and that these soldiers were getting practice in marksmanship as they were to shoot a man the next day at sunrise. From now on, until we reached the Chilean frontier, great salt marshes were traversed, one named the Salar de Uyuni, and another the Salar de Ercote, also fields rich in borax. Snow-capped summits appeared ahead of us, one of which is the volcano Ollague, which never seems to get nearer.

Robbery is done in Bolivia on a large scale. In this neighborhood, the crew of a freight train will sometimes have a number of wagons with mules, or a bunch of llamas waiting on a lonely stretch of country. When the train reaches the spot where the wagons are, the crew will pillage the contents of cars. The merchandise will be taken to a lonely spot in the mountains, and will later on find its way back to Antofagasta, where shops have been opened especially for this kind of business. When the articles have finally been disposed of, the crew will divide the profits. After the robbery, the freight cars will be released. The Antofagasta officials on making inquiry will be told by the train crew that everything is as intact as it was when the car was handed over to them. The consignee in Bolivia, besides being out all his merchandise,

is also obliged to pay custom-house duty on them, according to the bill of lading.

Shortly after luncheon, the town of Ollague is reached. It is the first Chilean station, a miserable hamlet with a large frame depot where the crew eat their meals. It is surrounded by a compound, made of corrugated iron. Different from the Bolivian stopping places, no Indians are seen here. From Ollague, runs a branch line to the copper mines of Collahuasi, the highest in the world. They are fifty-nine miles away to the north, and are 15,809 feet above sea-level. I met a Spaniard at Valparaiso, who had lived there for one year, following the vocation of cook. The tales he told me about the place were terrible. It is a favorite place for electrical storms. Lightning once struck the camp where he belonged, and killed five men and three mules. An American went there once, and, before dinner, went to his room for a nap. When they called him, he failed to respond, and on breaking into the room he was breathing heavily. All efforts to waken him were of no avail because he died of heart failure without regaining consciousness. He had a weak heart, and had tried to brave the altitudes. This Spaniard said that he was never affected with the *puna*, but he was an exception. It is nearly impossible to cook food well, and a potato can boil all night and yet not be edible the next morning.

After leaving Ollague, we entered the borax fields, and climbed gradually to Ascotan, the summit of the pass of the same name, 12,979 feet. The next stop was San Martin, where we passed the train from the coast that had left Antofagasta the night before. From the flushed and bloated faces of the passengers on that train, it was obvious that they were suffering from *puna*. At Cebollar the next stop, there is a large borax lake with a refinery.

It is an English company, and a few Englishmen boarded the train en route for home. From here on, the train runs in broad curves steeply downhill all the way to Antofagasta. The huge barren and awe-inspiring volcano of San Pedro, belching forth smoke, is seen on the left, and, at its feet, a black cone which blew its top off a few years ago during an eruption. Presently, we reach the town of San Pedro in a rocky *karst*. Here are the reservoirs that supply the coast towns with water. The River Loa is tapped, and the pipes carry the water coastward, two to Antofagasta, and one to Mejillones del Sur. It was an expensive operation, but to-day Antofagasta has one of the best water supplies on the east coast of the Pacific Ocean. It would be better still if the pipes didn't leak. A few miles farther on, the Loa is spanned by the highest bridge in the world. The river, many feet below, is nearly invisible in the gorge, a long thread of green on account of the vegetation that borders its banks. Darkness came on, and so fast did we speed, that I thought that the engine had gotten away from the engineer. About nine o'clock, we pulled up at the depot of Calama, the only Chilean town of importance in the northern interior. It has a population of 7000 inhabitants and from the outlines of the buildings visible in the glare of the electric lights, the town appeared to have a North American appearance. The steepled wooden church, painted white, looked like a typical specimen of the religious edifices common in New England villages. We had half an hour's wait here, but a Chilean, the same one, who a few days before had had an altercation with Braccini, en route from La Paz to Oruro, advised us not to leave the car, otherwise thieves would steal our grips. The town, he said, was infested with thieves and vagabonds. The merchants were mostly Dalmatians, and honest, but



the bulk of the population were the worst scoundrels unhung. The Chilean's name was Zaccaria Barna, a jeweler of Antofagasta, according to his card, and he stated he was well acquainted in Calama.

When I awoke the next morning, we were stopping at Portezuelo, eighteen miles from Antofagasta, and, after what seemed an interminable time, passing street after street of wooden houses, all alike, we backed into the large three-storey wooden depot of the city, painted dark green, and adorned with a slender white cupola. I have read many books on South America in which Antofagasta has been described. All these, including a book written by Hon. Chase S. Osborn, ex-governor of Michigan, lead the reader to infer that the city is a hell upon earth. My wife, whom I met again upon my arrival in Valparaiso, went ashore here from the steamer and has never ceased to revile this fair city in unbecoming terms. I, however, found Antofagasta much maligned, and the few days that I stayed there were spent very profitably, and when the time came for me to leave, I did so with reluctance. Antofagasta is not Paris, nor is it a city that is beautiful. It is an extremely busy port, a boom town, and a city, which while not naturally well endowed as to soil, surroundings, and beauty of landscape, has nevertheless made good use of all her resources, so that to-day, despite the barrenness of the neighboring country and the narrow slip of land on which it is built, it has progressed until it is a pleasant place in which to live.

The population of Antofagasta is in the neighborhood of 50,000 inhabitants, three thousand of which are prostitutes. I saw many of these latter on the streets clad in the latest creations of Paris, and several tried to engage me in conversation. I was proof to their wiles, and did not fall into temptation. Señor Galvez and I went to

the Hotel Maury, which is on the water front. Going there, we passed a lumber mill, the first that I had seen since I left home. The Maury was a filthy place with a glassed-in garden overlooking the harbor. No rooms were to be had there, so we went to the Hotel de France, in the business section of the city. This building is on the main street, and is built of corrugated iron, as are many buildings which have been erected since the great fire of a few years ago; it has a plastered front and is painted a light green. The rooms enter into a narrow *patio*, and are cool and airy. The meals are good. It is run by a native family, the oldest son of which had just completed his studies in Santiago, and had returned home in order to land a job as bookkeeper in one of the importing houses.

I spent most of my time loitering about the city, while Galvez was always busy at different newspaper offices. I went swimming at a bathing establishment. The beach is sandy and fine, but the water is too cold for real enjoyment, and the breakers too rough. I discovered a bar on the American order, named the Bar del Cambio, or Exchange Bar. I suppose that it is so called because one could exchange one's money for drinks. I drank a few bottles of beer there, and made Galvez acquainted with the place. Everywhere is business, and the town is enjoying a wave of prosperity. It is the great shipping port for Bolivia, to which country it belonged up to the time of the war with Chile, and for the great nitrate fields about fifty miles inland, which we passed during the night. The harbor, if it can be called one, is poor, and the water is rough. There is a large British colony, but a still larger Croatian one. The first mentioned recently erected a stone memorial in the plaza, and donated it to the city. A rather small cathedral is in course of erection on this plaza. This park is large and artistic, but the trees are

too young to have attained any size. On the four streets that bound it, are some good buildings, one the Bank of Chile, a brick building, painted white, the Gran Hotel, and the postoffice. I have always heard that one of the points of interest in Antofagasta was the cemetery. I never visited it, my time being taken up with the living, and not with the dead. My wife visited it, however, and that is enough for one family.

A few days after I arrived at Antofagasta, the steamship *Orcoma* of the P. S. N. C. line was due to arrive on her return trip to England, stopping first at Coquimbo, and then at Valparaiso. This is a vessel of 11,500 tons, and I had heard it well spoken of, unlike the boats in the Panama and Guayaquil service. As Señor Galvez was going on it, I decided to do so likewise for the sake of company. I regretted my decision afterwards. The day of embarkation, the Colombian drank for luncheon a quart of Santa Rita, Chilean claret. He invited me to follow suit and paid for a bottle for me. I did so, and as I am not much of a wine drinker, this Santa Rita went to my head. Standing at the bar at 2 P.M. drinking vermouth on top of the beer, an American approached us, and told us that if we intended making the steamer we had better start at once, as the sea would soon begin to get bad. It does so every afternoon at this particular time, in which turbulent condition it remains for at least twelve hours. Acting on his advice, we were rowed to the ship in a most awful sea. Embarking was extremely difficult. My wife told me that when she went ashore at Antofagasta, one of the row-boats upset, spilling the occupants into the water, drowning a baby, and having such a bad effect on the other capsized people as to necessitate their going to a hospital. A group of women were at the ladder waiting to go on board to say good-bye

to their friends, but so scared were they of trying to get a foothold on the first step of the ladder, that they sat in their row-boat trying to make up their minds, and yelling hysterically, preventing other passengers from getting on board. Once on deck, a shrimp of a steward, undoubtedly from the low-class pothouses of London, put our grips in a room, and upon my asking him where the checks to our trunks were, replied: "The company does not hand out checks. It has been in existence since 1839, and has never made a mistake." It made one by annexing this specimen to its force.

As there were many empty cabins on the ship, I preferred to be alone, and told the purser so. "The boat is filled," was his curt reply. I told Señor Galvez so, and that gentleman returned with me to the purser, as he could scarcely believe it, and also wanted to be alone. The purser was a tow-headed runt of an Englishman, conscious of his authority, which he liked to air on the slightest occasion. When he saw me standing there again, he said: "I told you just five minutes ago that the boat——"

"Oh, shut up!" I retorted, not giving him time to finish his sentence, and turned away. Galvez and myself were given the same stateroom. The Colombian had a bad habit of reading with the electric lights turned on in the cabin until the early hours of the morning, when he would fall asleep, the lights burning. He also had a habit of closing the portholes, and, to get a circulation of air, turning on the electric fan. He would smoke some vile brand of cigarette from his native country until he had consumed a box. The current of the electric fan would waft the smoke up to the ceiling of the cabin, and, as there were no means of airing the cabin with the portholes closed, the smoke would be blown in my face, as I was unfortunate to get the upper berth when we drew lots. I had two small

valises, Galvez must have had a dozen, and he would pile them all over the room, so that it was next to impossible to dress until he had risen, and put them in their proper places. He had no regards for property, and would use my brushes and comb, probably my toothbrush also, and would lie down and cover himself with my overcoat when he desired to read a novel. On two occasions, he tipped a cabin boy with my money, which was lying on a bracket above the washstand. Notwithstanding his lack of regard for property, which is a South American characteristic, he differed from most Latins in the fact that he was cleanly. He, also, was angered with the purser, and suggested that we go on shore again, for it would not be until 7 P.M. that the ship would sail, and he said that he would rather brave the elements of the ocean than be in the company of the English purser any longer than he could.

With no difficulty, we got a rowboat, and were soon at the broad granite wharf. We had a few drinks in the Bar New York, and a few other sailors' dives, ran the risk of getting knockout drops, and then made our way up town. We drank a lot of Santa Rita, and wound up in such a semi-conscious state that we passed through the awful swell on the return to the ship in oblivion to the perils of the ocean, and wondered where we got our drenching. Galvez told one of the stewards that he was on his way to Santiago to purchase arms to ship back to Colombia to start a revolution, which story spread like wildfire among the flunkeys. I remember falling off of the couch in the smoking room and rolling over on the floor, much to the amusement of the barroom stewards, and to the disgust of several American ladies whom I had seen and with whom I had become acquainted on the *Guatemala* and at Lima. One of these, who had been quite

pleasant to me, now got on her high horse because I fell from the straight and narrow path, and every time she saw me after this, in Valparaiso, in Valdivia, and in Buenos Aires, she would pass me by with upturned nose, as if my presence tainted the atmosphere her virtuous nose inhaled. Two days later I caught this selfsame female kissing and hugging a newly met male acquaintance behind the elevator on the *Orcoma*, in a niche where she thought she would be unobserved. They were startled when I caught them, and hurried away. A half an hour afterwards I surprised them again doing the same tricks behind the smokestack on the hurricane deck.

Shortly after leaving Antofagasta, the lights of Caleta and then of Coloso were seen, both towns appearing to be part of Antofagasta in the receding distance. Early the next day we passed Taltal, but were too far from shore to see anything of the city, only a few tall chimneys being outlined against the purplish hazy background. This pleasant place, up to a year ago, had never known an epidemic. A man landed there from a Guayaquil boat, sick with yellow fever. He recovered, but not until the contagion had spread. The toll of life was over six hundred.

On the second day out, we anchored in the small, tranquil, and semicircular harbor of Coquimbo, one of the best on the coast. The city of the same name is the seaport of La Serena, seven miles distant by rail, and is a dirty, straggling place of about 10,000 inhabitants. One can draw a line from east to west across Chile in this neighborhood, and this will define the rainless belt from the rainy one. North of this line it seldom rains, while south of it it rains in abundance during the season, which is from May till September. The Province of Coquimbo, of which La Serena is the capital, is fertile,

and exports grapes, raisins, and cereals. Señor Galvez, another Colombian from Bogota, Señor nel Ospina, and I disembarked at Coquimbo, as the *Orcoma* intended remaining in the harbor the rest of the day, so as not to reach Valparaiso too early the next morning. We were driven in an antiquated hack over ill-paved streets, which jarred every bone in our bodies, to the suburb station of Empalme, where we boarded a train to La Serena. The duration of the trip was about twenty minutes, and it crossed a very fertile fruitful country, where vines grew wild in profusion.

La Serena is sometimes called a seaport, but, in reality, it is a good mile from the ocean, although some of the straggling villas of its suburbs extend that far. The town, which has a population of over 20,000 inhabitants, is a nice, clean, pretty place, and is built on the top of a hill, which one has to climb on one's way from the depot. One famous writer said that "La Serena, like other coast towns in Chile, is filthy." This was the truth a few years ago, but since its inhabitants underwent a scourge of bubonic plague, in 1907, they became aware that there is such a thing as sanitation, and to-day La Serena is the cleanest town in Chile. It is a rather dull town, with stately buildings and a handsome park filled with shade trees. One of the trees in the plaza is a palm, which was in existence when the city was founded in 1544. The cathedral is a fine building with a cool interior. We walked to the Hotel Santiago, the best in the city, where we had breakfast and enjoyed a drink of *papaya*, a temperance beverage, which is manufactured from the *pepina* fruit. La Serena possesses a brewery, the Cerveceria Floto, which, though small, turns out one of the most palatable beers in Chile. There is scarcely any manufacturing done, as the town is in a dormant state, and is hardly apt to get out of it.

The railroad has just been opened between here and Santiago and Valparaiso, joining the main line at Calera. The duration of the trip is fifteen hours, and if I had known about the completion of this line before I left Antofagasta, I should have bought my ticket only as far as Coquimbo. There is a pottery made here of black clay with painted flowers around its top, red and yellow. Nel Ospina bought some vases of this material, and gave me one, although he is an ardent hater of North Americans, and I hardly expected that a man of so great a prejudice towards my race would so favor me.



## CHAPTER VIII

### VALPARAISO AND SOUTHERN CHILE

THE Province of Valparaiso is divided into four departments, from north to south as follows: Quillota, pop. 53,397; Limache, pop. 24,124; Valparaiso, pop. 190,951; and Casa Blanca, pop. 12,913. The capital is Valparaiso, which had, in 1907, at the last official census, 162,447 inhabitants. Since the earthquake, this chief seaport of Chile has made immense strides, and, at the present time, the population of the city must exceed 200,000 inhabitants.

Valparaiso is beautifully situated on pine-clad hills that surround the harbor, and, next to San Francisco, is the greatest port on the Pacific Ocean of the Western Hemisphere. The harbor is a poor one, being more of a roadstead, but, although there are better ones in Chile, the city grew because it was the seaport for Santiago. The impression on landing is that of any other seaport town, and this impression stays as long as one sojourns there. The opening of baggage at the custom house is a mere formality, many of the valises not being opened at all. I inquired for the Hotel Royal, and was told that it was a short ten minutes' walk up the main street, Calle Cochrane; so I proceeded there on foot. The building was easy to find. It is a large white building, four storeys

high, with an ornamental façade, and occupies nearly a whole city block, which here is narrow. It is owned by two Americans from Chicago, Mr. Emil Kehle and his sister, and is well managed. The rooms are good and large. The beds are good, and the service excellent. The meals are *table d'hôte*. The prices are somewhat expensive, but a person should gladly pay without demur, for everything that he gets is first-class. Many times since leaving the Hotel Royal, I have wished that I were back there. My wife, whom I expected to find in Santiago, was still in Valparaiso, and thought it was a fine city. I did also, and liked it so well that, instead of remaining there for a few days, as I had originally intended, I stayed there for two weeks.

The earthquake of 1908 benefited the city, for where tumbledown old buildings used to be, there are new ones now in their places. Some of the erstwhile narrow streets have been broadened and extended. The retail section has moved northward, until it now centers around a new plaza. The architecture of the business houses varies greatly, but nearly all these buildings are too ornate and fancy. In nearly every block, an entrance from the street leads to what is called an *ascensor*. This is a car which shoots up the very steep hills on an incline railway, many of these hills being nearly perpendicular. The fares are five and ten *centavos*, according to the height of the funicular. These *ascensors* are an absolute necessity, for, in many places, the lower town is only two blocks wide, and the height of the residential section is too great to make the trip several times a day on foot in comfort. These *ascensors* are owned by private concerns, and there are many in the city. The trolley cars are double deckers, the roof, which is open, being second class. The conductors are ladies. They hand you a receipt for the fare,

and somewhere before you reach your destination, an inspector boards the car and asks for the receipt. The streets are of good breadth, but, unfortunately, are paved with cobble-stones, which makes driving unpleasant. The council tries to have them kept clean, but occasionally a disagreeable wind sweeps down from the hills and fills them with dirt, dust, and rubbish. These windstorms occur mostly in the summer, and quiet down at night. In the winter, it rains continually. The business is largely in the hands of the Germans and English. It used to be in the hands of the French and English, but, during the last twenty years, the Germans have invaded the coast towns commercially, and are fast assuming a monopoly of trade. The type of native of Valparaiso is different from the general run of South American types. They are apt to be blond and tall, this probably being due to the strains of northern blood, since they have a heterogeneous ancestry.

From the heights around the city, beautiful views can be had. From them, the craft in the harbor all seem to be lined up in a row. In all directions, wherever a house is surrounded by a garden wall, shrubbery can be seen, while, back on the higher hills to the eastward, are groves of eucalyptus. The streets, lanes, and paths on the heights are dirty, for here it is that the poorer people live, the level land at the base of the hills being too expensive for their purses. Cleanliness among them is unknown. While passing by the corrugated iron shanties in this neighborhood, the unwary pedestrian stands a good chance of receiving a bucket of slops on his head, thrown unintentionally upon him from a window. Dogs are innumerable, the canine population probably exceeding the human. The city is now building up hillwards, because all the available space on the level fringe is occupied and the

shanties are gradually being driven up the higher ravines. There is a park in a south suburb named Plajencia, where there is a botanical garden and amusement places; a popular resort among the Germans who go there on Sundays for trap shooting and to drink beer. The drive from the city skirts the ocean.

Mr. Kehle was kind enough to let my wife and me have the use of his private carriage a few times, and we enjoyed ourselves seeing the city. A suburb of Valparaiso is Viña del Mar, six miles distant. Its population, in 1907, was 26,262. This is greatly augmented during the summer, for it is the favorite resort of rich Santiaguinos. Trains run there from Valparaiso every hour, and there is an electric-car service which takes an interminable time, skirting coal heaps, foundries, and car shops. The old timers of Valparaiso had their residences on Bella Vista hill, directly above the city, but, nowadays, Viña del Mar is the residential place of those who can get away from the turmoil and hubbub of the city. The houses are artistic, and many are magnificent, being palaces surrounded by delightful gardens of flowers and trees. The largest and finest race-course in Chile is here, and the road leading up to it passes a veritable paradise. A river, dry in the summer, and spanned by several bridges divides Viña del Mar, and, at its mouth, is a hill. At the foot of this hill, and two kilometers nearer to Valparaiso, is the popular bathing resort of Miramar. Many people don't bathe in the harbor, for the breakers are too cold, but come to sit on the terrace under the red and white awning of a café, and drink afternoon tea.

On Sunday, Valparaiso is a dead place. It is even worse than Detroit, Michigan, on that day. All the stores are closed and so are most of the saloons. Everybody is at the races at Viña del Mar, or else asleep in their

rooms. Valparaiso has its complement of saloons. They abound everywhere, except on the Calle Cochrane, where there are but a few. They open at 8 A.M. and close at midnight. Some close much earlier. Every bartender and employee has to have his name and age registered in a conspicuous place on the wall. In one of these saloons, the Bar Aleman, on the Calle O'Higgins, I got into a row the Sunday night before I left, and had a narrow escape from visiting the lock-up under compulsion.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, I entered the place, which is owned by a German, named Julius Schultz, and drank some beer. Soon a friend of mine, Fritz Rohde, from Darmstadt, entered with another German, the former in a semi-intoxicated state. Herr Schultz introduced us to a friend of his, Rudolf Ruckert, of Munich. Now this Herr Ruckert was with a chance acquaintance, an Englishman, but, at this time, I was unaware of this. Another German, named Schreiber, entered, with a Chilean, who was a Teutophile, and aped the Germans. We all drank too much, and about eight o'clock we were in a worse condition than Rohde had been in when he entered. Rohde was now in bad shape, and he began the racket by making uncomplimentary remarks about King Edward VII., whose portrait hung on the wall, alongside of that of Barros Rocca Luco, President of Chile. The Englishman took exception to Rohde's remarks, and an argument began which lasted nearly half an hour, Ruckert being the only one who sided with the Englishman, the rest all being too deeply engrossed in the large *schupers* to take any part. I got very "full," but not so much so, that I don't remember what happened.

The Englishman, who was getting the worst of the argument, asked me to stand up for him, which I couldn't do, because Rohde was my friend, and I, moreover, didn't

like the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon. He then upbraided me, and we started calling each other names, unfit for print, much to the amusement of the drunken Germans. The Englishman had previously told me that he was a member of the Coldstream Guards, and had shown me his silver knobbed cane, on which was engraved the insignia of that regiment. Now, I don't believe that he ever was a member of that crack body of men, for he constantly harped upon that subject, and every time that he mentioned the regiment by name, he would throw out his chest. My idea is that he was once a valet to a member of the Coldstream Guards, and that he had stolen the cane from his master. In the argument which now took place between us he dropped the cane, and, as he stooped to pick it up, I gave it a kick which sent it flying under a sofa. He made a rush for it, and, as he did so, I batted him a blow which caught him on his left side; he lost his balance and tumbled over a chair. Recovering himself, he ran at me, and aimed a blow at my face. I ducked, and when he missed me, swung on him, catching him a blow on the mouth. Then we both clinched, he at first having the advantage, but I soon got the upper hand, and was slowly bearing him down to the floor. I had him by the neck, and his strength was fast failing him.

Suddenly the lights went out, and there was a momentary hush. Then the room began to fill with policemen, who came tumbling into the front room. A voice, which I knew as Schultz's, spoke in my ear.

"Run out of the side door, and to the hotel as quickly as you can. The police are here." I relinquished my hold on the Englishman and obeyed. As I turned the corner, I saw the white-trousered, blue-coated, helmeted police leading the Englishman away. A whistle blew, which was answered, and I knew that I had been seen.

A cop sprang out of a doorway and blocked my way. As I ran by him, I put out my foot, and he went down. I had the start, now, by half a block. I turned down a tortuous street, then into another one, ran up a stairway, and waited till the police had gone by. I then doubled on my tracks, made for an *ascensor* which was directly across the street, and was soon whisked up into the upper town. Once there, I made all haste to reach the southern part of the city, which took me an hour, because of the darkness. I then descended into the lower town by another *ascensor*, and made my way to the hotel from the opposite direction. The next morning the Teutophile Chilean happened to be at the depot, and he told me that I need have no fear of being molested, because I was unknown. The Englishman was let go upon payment of a fine.

The trip to Santiago is a pleasant one, but rather monotonous, and takes, by express trains, four and a half hours. The foothills are ascended until the valley of the Aconcagua River is reached. This river is long, having its origin from the melting of snows in the Argentine Andes. Fourteen miles from Valparaiso is Quilpué, population 4114. Then twelve miles farther on is San Francisco de Limache, which, with the town of Limache, a mile and a half south of the railroad, contains 8455 inhabitants. Here is the large brewery of Limache-Cousini, whose product took a first prize in the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Thirty-six miles from Valparaiso, amidst the extensive vineyards on the sides of the valley, is the pleasantly situated city of Quillota, population 11,449. This town was once the capital of Chile. Calera, population 4200, is reached seven miles farther on. Here, also, there is a large brewery. This place is the junction for La Serena and Coquimbo. The whole countryside is

beautiful and rich. Sixty miles from Valparaiso is Llai-Llai, the junction for the line of Buenos Aires. The train enters a large covered depot shed, and twenty minutes is allowed for lunch. I have heard travelers say that in few junctions in the world are there such crowds and such animation as in this railroad station. Llai-Llai has 3313 inhabitants, is built on the side of a mountain, and has a round house and car shops. Here the valley that we have been climbing divides itself, the Tabon Creek flowing into the Aconcagua from the south. It is this Tabon Valley that the train now ascends to its headwaters, a valley of large stock farms, their fences marked with rows of eucalyptus, instead of adobe fences as heretofore. We pass above it, high on the mountainside, and enter several long tunnels. We cross the San Ramon pass at a station named Cumbre, and descend the valley of the San Ramon into a broad dusty plain. After an hour's traveling over this flat land, the train pulls up into the large new depot of Mapocho, formerly called Mercado, which is nearest to the business section of Santiago.

One beautiful morning at half-past seven, we left the Alameda depot at Santiago, with tickets for Concepcion, 359 miles south of the capital. There was a Pullman parlor car on the train, but, before we got on, every seat was taken, so my wife and I were obliged to sit in the smoking compartment of the car. Although the conductor told us that we should be able to get seats at San Fernando, we were unable to do so until the train reached Talca at 12.29 P.M. The ride, which is through the populated part of Central Chile, is beautiful, but at this time of the year, dusty and monotonous. The train runs over the floor of a broad level valley in a high state of cultivation, each field separated from its neighbor by rows of Lombardy poplars, planted closely together. These



poplars were introduced into Chile about fifty years ago from the province of Mendoza, Argentina. There was never any goiter in Mendoza until these trees were imported from Italy, and never any in Chile until these trees came from Mendoza. What the relation is between these trees and goiter I don't know, but you may form



**Country Scene, Central Chile**

your own conclusions. The soil is light brown, and good, but has to be irrigated on account of the dry season, when there is but little precipitation. It does not rain for months at a time during the summer, and, without irrigation, the earth would parch; in the winter it rains nearly every day, and the now dried-up rivers are often impassable.

The farms in Chile are large, but there is a scarcity of

labor. Immigration has not yet reached here to any great extent. The population of the whole country numbers only three and a half million people, and, because of the wonderful productiveness of the land, could easily support itself if it were augmented to seven times that number. There exists a curious agrarian law. On every large farm there are houses inhabited by families that go with the land. The head of this family is called an *inquileno*. Although he does not own the land he lives upon, nor the house he inhabits, he is given a few acres to cultivate, and to do with them what he pleases. He can absolutely neglect them, if he wants to. In return for this privilege, all he has to do is to furnish the landholder with a laborer called a *peon*, whom the landholder must pay and feed for services rendered.

On the train, there sat next to my wife a Señora de Jordan from Santiago. According to the custom of the country, a married woman retains her maiden name along with that of her matrimonial name, the name of her husband coming after her two maiden names. This lady's maiden name was Swinburn; her father had been a former president of Chile. She gave me her card which read: Anna Swinburn de Jordan. She was going to a farm, near Linares, owned by her husband, who boarded the train at Los Lirios where he had another farm. The lady very kindly invited us to stop off at Linares, and go out to their farm. I regretted that we could not very well do this, for we had already bought our tickets for Concepcion.

At Rancagua, capital of the province of O'Higgins, and but an hour's ride out of Santiago, we caught sight, on our near right, of a smoking volcano. It wasn't a large one, but the volume of smoke was great, as it was carried in funnel shape out of the mouth of its crater.

Though not dangerous, I must own up that I felt easier at mind when the train had put more distance between it and us. The mighty snow-capped chain of the Southern Andes appeared to the left, and continued in view nearly the whole journey. In the dim distance, we could discern another smoking mountain among their peaks.

This great central valley of Chile is as broad as the San Joaquin in California, in places; at others, it narrows down to a few miles. It is not the valley of any single river. Instead of running lengthwise in it, rivers cross it in their course to the ocean. Take a comb as an illustration, only let the tines cross the spine, and you have a good idea of the watercourses of Chile. The spine represents the great central valley, and the tines the numerous small valleys which run at right angles to it, and end at the seacoast. The open spaces between the tines represent the mountain ranges that separate the valleys from each other.

The train I was on was an express train, and runs to Concepcion three times a week. Considering the numerous stops made, many for five and ten minutes, it did very well to reach Concepcion at 6.30 P.M., eleven hours being taken for the trip. Including stops, the running time was  $32\frac{3}{4}$  miles an hour, but when in motion, the speed of the train was between fifty and sixty miles an hour. It ran over a good roadbed, the gauge being broader than the standard gauge in the United States. The cars were of American style and manufacture, while the locomotive was from Berlin. Most railroads in Chile are owned by the government. The depots in the medium-sized towns are better than ours at home, and the trains run under glass-covered sheds. At Curico, we stopped for lunch, which was good. Shortly after leaving there we came to Talca, which looked large

from the car windows. At the different stations, native women sell the particular handiwork of the natives of that place. At Linares, near which city are the mineral springs of Quinamavida, and Panimavida, they sell small ornamental baskets of reed fiber, closely woven and highly colored. The reed, from which these baskets are woven, is indigenous to this locality. At Chillán, the women sell pottery cups, and dishes, black with ornamental scrolls of pink and white. It is very dusty in the neighborhood of Chillán, and, from the train, the city appeared uninviting. A few miles farther on, the Rio Chillán is crossed by a bridge over a gorge. At San Rosendo, on the Bio-Bio River, the largest in Chile, we leave the valley, and turn coastward. This place is the junction for the railroad that runs to Valdivia, Osorno, and Puerto Montt. We follow the broad Bio-Bio on a ledge overhanging its north bank. On both sides, the pine-clad hills rise close to the water's edge, leaving but a paucity of arable land along the river bank. A ride of an hour brings us, first, past a residential section and then past a squalid quarter, to the great red brick depot of Concepcion.

A large crowd left the train, which continued to Talcahuano. It was Sunday evening. The stores were closed; there were few people on the streets, and as the cab rattled over the uneven cobblestone pavement, the buildings appeared small and desolate. After some time, the semi-drunken cabman, whose breath was wafted back to us occasionally, drew up at the Hotel Waechter-Piola, situated on perhaps the largest plaza in Chile. This hotel is two storeys high, is built over an arcade, and has balconies in front of the windows. To my idea, it is the best hotel on the west coast of South America. We were lucky to get a room, and if I hadn't reserved

one by telegraph, we should have been obliged to seek other quarters. We were given room No. 13, but, as it was the only one available, we didn't make any fuss about the so-called unlucky number. The hotel, as is usual, is built around a *patio*. In this *patio* are the two dining-rooms. One is covered with glass, and the other by an awning. In front of them are the entrance and the office, while, upstairs, are the reading and writing rooms, the sun-parlor, and a long hall over the arcade which faces the plaza. The whole building was clean and well swept; the beds were good. When I went into the room, I found that the beds were not made up to sleep in. The sheets were folded up, so were the blankets and the comforter. When I reported it to the proprietor, Herr Waechter, he explained that he always had the bedclothes arranged in that fashion so that the guests could see that they were getting clean bedclothes. A laudable scheme.

The same night that we arrived, I took a short walk about the city. The cathedral, facing one side of the large plaza, has two very tall towers, far apart on account of the great width of the building. On the plaza is the city hall, a severe building of Colonial architecture, and a large arcade in which is the British South American Bank, and the Hotel Waechter-Piola. A beautiful variety of berry tree, giving abundant shade, borders the tiled walk that crosses the plaza at its center, where there are a fountain and a small pond, while, on the lawn are several trees with a thorny bark, and, taking the place of leaves, thorned spines like that of a cactus; yet the tree is a variety of pine.

Concepcion, seen by daylight, does not dispel the impression that it is a dull, sleepy place. There seems to be no life in the streets, yet there is more manufacturing done here than at Valparaiso. The population is esti-

mated at 62,000. According to the Census of 1907, its population was 55,330. It is the headquarters of the Third Army Corps, contains a public library, a museum, twelve Roman Catholic and three Protestant churches, six convents, an institute of technology, a university, two normal schools, an agricultural college, eleven public schools for males, eleven for females, nine where both sexes attend, an American college, a German one, besides many parochial institutes of instruction. By this one can see that the city is a center of learning. Like most Chilean cities, Concepcion is very clean in the neighborhood of the main business section, but the outskirts are filthy. I saw a dead dog stretched stiff on its back beneath the portals of the Bank of Chile. I saw swarms of fleas, and Talcahuano, the seaport, reeks with filth. I picked up a morning newspaper and read that the bubonic plague had broken out afresh in Antofagasta, a city that is far cleaner than Concepcion. I wondered if it existed here, but was given a negative reply to my inquiry; however, I was sceptical. Concepcion is said to be the cleanest city in Chile. That is not saying much. No city could be any cleaner than the show part, but I happened to pass through a few back streets in the course of a walk. La Serena is the only town, on the whole west coast of South America, that I could truthfully call clean. Concepcion is well laid out. It is built like most American cities, where the flatness of the ground permits, in square blocks, the streets intersecting each other at right angles. The main street runs from the depot past the west side of the Plaza Independencia. It is named Calle Barros Arana. The other principal streets are Calles O'Higgins, Maipu, and Caupolican. The business is in the hands of the Germans, of whom there is a resident population of 4000. They live

in the suburbs on the right bank of the Bio-Bio. There is a brewery owned by a German named Keller, who also owns another one at Talca. All the buildings are of red brick. Most are plastered over, but many are not. This would give the city the appearance of a North German town if the Spanish style of architecture did not prevail.

Concepcion somewhat resembles Santiago in the fact that here there are but few saloons. In other respects it does not at all resemble the latter. Besides the Hotel Waechter-Piola there is another good hotel in the city, the Hotel de France. Unfortunately, it is poorly located, for it is directly across the street from the depot, a good half-mile from the plaza, around which all life centers. It has a glass-roofed *patio* bordered on all sides by balconies, from which the rooms open. This hotel has a bar-room, a necessity that the Hotel Waechter has not. The third hotel is the Visconti, a low edifice on a side street uptown. It was once the leading hotel, but after the other two were built, it had to take a back seat.

Directly west of the city lies the Parque Ecuador, abounding in statuary. From here, a winding path runs in zigzags upwards to the summit of the pine-clad hills. My wife and I took a walk on this road. It is a popular walk, and we met many people, mostly Germans, out for a pleasant afternoon. Nearly everybody had one or more dogs, and, from the number that I saw in Concepcion and Talcahuano, I estimate that the canine population exceeds the human in the province. The view from the summit is glorious. The Bio-Bio widening to a great breadth as it approaches the ocean, and spanned by an iron railroad bridge, appears to the left. To the west rises the hilly promontory, at whose feet nestles filthy Talcahuano. To the north, on the right, is the

ocean, and far away is Penco, a favorite bathing resort. Behind, in the interior, rises, tier upon tier, the uninhabited wooded hills. Arrived at the summit, my wife wanted to return to the city by another path, and after a descent for a quarter of a mile, the very steep footpath led into a deep ravine. We had followed this for some distance, when we discovered that the path suddenly left the ravine and ascended the side of the opposite mountain, and had only descended as far as it did so as to afford an easy crossing to the ravine. The underbrush was very thick, and with difficulty we returned, climbing up the path that was so easy to run down. Suddenly, a rifle-shot rang out from the opposite mountainside, and a singing bullet clipped the leaves less than a yard in front of me. We had been shot at. What motive the maniac had to fire at us is beyond my apprehension; it was nearer than we had ever come to being plucked off, and it was with haste and under cover that we retraced the rest of our way to the summit and the wagon road.

One day, I took a trolley ride to the port of Talcahuano, which is about nine miles away. It has a better harbor than Valparaiso, yet it is far from being perfect. The dirty place has 26,000 inhabitants, and consists, principally, of one long street that circles the base of a hill. It is one of the vilest ports that I have ever seen. Those buildings which are occupied by foreign agencies are good, but the streets in front of them are littered with filth of all descriptions. The stench of the malarial marshes, combined with that of oil, offal, and imperfect sewage, renders the air obnoxious. Dogs lay on the sidewalk, and the dust was suffocation. Payta, Salaverry, and Mollendo, are but small places, and are scarcely habitable. Talcahuano is a city with some fine buildings, and does a brisk trade, yet its sanitary condition is no



better than that of those God-forsaken Peruvian ports. There were a few men-of-war in the harbor, but they were out too far to see well. The only pretty spot in the town is the plaza. In the city there was more life on the streets than at Concepcion, yet I was glad to be again on the electric car returning to the latter city.

Both Concepcion and Talcahuano have double-decked trolley cars, orange brown in color. The interurban cars are similar to those in the United States. Different from in Santiago and Valparaiso, the conductors here are men. Concepcion recently invested in a new fire engine. It is the great delight of the firemen to bring it out nights on the main street, blow a lot of horns, which makes sleep impossible, and to the interest of hundreds of people, squirt water high into the air, letting it fall back onto the pavement, and douche the pedestrians who are unfortunate enough to walk by while these maneuvers are going on. The fireman's uniform, which is very "nifty," consists of white trousers, a helmet also of white, and black-braided, dark maroon coats. I don't think it would look so trim after a severe ducking.

The trip to Valdivia is an all-day one, beginning at 5 A.M.; this makes the Hotel de France, because of its proximity to the depot, better adapted for passing the night, since the traveler is obliged to rise so early. It is scarcely light when the accommodation train pulls out of the station shed, and the sun is not far up on the eastern horizon when San Rosendo is reached. One car, a day coach, is labeled *Temuco*, and, in this we take our seats, so as not to be taken by mistake through San Rosendo in the direction of Santiago. The other cars in the train are labelled *Chillán* and *Alameda*, this last word denoting the station in Santiago at which they arrive. The parlor car was one of these. There was

not much switching at San Rosendo, and we got away before the train for the north did. Here were coupled to our train a sleeping car from Santiago and two day coaches for Valdivia.

We leave the Bio-Bio on our right and enter a flat grassy plain without a tree in sight, and travel over this for miles. Fat cattle roam over the level plain, browsing in knee-high grass, while, lying against a saddle on the ground, a *peon* idly watches them, his horse being tethered to the pommel. The mountains approach nearer on both sides; the coast range is higher than in the north, and is called the Cordillera de Nahuelbuta. Santa Fé, the first station of importance from San Rosendo, is the junction for Angeles, the capital of Bio-Bio, a dirty town where there was an epidemic of typhoid fever. A locomotive and one coach were waiting to take to the metropolis of the province the animated throng on the station platform. Angeles is noted for the fine strawberries that are grown in the neighborhood. All this flat land through which we are passing was once the private property of Don Pedro de Valdivia, 40,000 acres granted him by the King of Spain. This man founded in 1550 the city that is named after him; he had a quarrel with his Araucanian horse boy, Lautaro, who ran away and incited the Indians to revolt against Valdivia. In the battle, Valdivia was killed, quartered, and legend has it that he was eaten, but this is doubtful, for the Araucanians were not of a cannibalistic nature. This warlike tribe has always lived south of the Bio-Bio, but their invasions led as far north as the Aconcagua River. South of the Bio-Bio they exist to-day, but in much smaller numbers than before, as liquor has depopulated their ranks. In stature they are nearly the same size as the Caucasian; their lips are thick, and their nostrils wide; their moustaches and chin beards

are scanty, but straight and black, and their hair, which grows thick, is also black. They are a finely put together set of men, peaceful when left alone, but bad customers when aggressed. The Chileans owe their warlike tendencies not alone to their salubrious climate, but also to the people with whom they have come in contact. Constant wars with the Araucanians long ago imbued in them a spirit akin to that of the aborigines. Then came quarrels with Spain and revolutions, a war with Peru and Bolivia, and, at the present day, though inferior in population to other South American countries, Chile's army is the strongest, not only on account of numbers, but on account of the class of men.

Near the village of Collipulli, the pasture land suddenly comes to an end at a deep ravine, over which the railroad crosses on a five-span iron bridge, the Puente de Malleco, high above the little river of the same name. Here begins a curious change in the landscape, for, at this very bridge, the forest region begins. The north slopes of this Malleco canyon are covered with short grass and are absolutely treeless; the south side is covered with vegetation and a few trees. Level ground again regained, the trees appear at fast-increasing intervals, until the whole country presently becomes a jungle, the Montana de Victoria as it is called. The land becomes hilly, and charred stumps appear, the relics of forest fires, a great wilderness of bleached tree trunks and dead timber. When anybody wants to clear land, he sets fire to the virgin forest, and, though he attains his own ends, he wastes countless thousands of dollars' worth of standing timber. I do not believe that there is any law against this nearly criminal procedure. These charred stumps stretch across the whole province of Cautin, of which Temuco is the capital. This is the largest and fastest

growing town in Southern Chile. Its population is about 25,000 with a large German element and many Indians. It is rather a clean place, but uninteresting, as I could see by the hour that I put in there, while the train stopped for refreshments. There is a dining-room at the depot, but most of the passengers rushed across the road to a hotel which, they claimed, put up a better table. The best stores are owned by Germans, and the words over them are printed both in German and in Spanish. The Cautin River is crossed, and a railroad follows its left bank to the ocean, passing the town of Nueva Imperial, a city that has grown up since the sack of the original town of Imperial by the Araucanians, and which was one of the wealthiest and oldest in the country.

Soon the charred stumps give way to pine trees, and the mountains approach on the east, coming down to the railroad track. The underbrush is a thicket of ferns with the omnipresent fuchsia plant, and a flower that resembles edelweiss. There are no towns, but, at the stations and in the clearings, piles of cord wood can be seen. The country is well watered by small streams crossed by wooden bridges; and corduroy roads take the place of the dirt ones. The Calle-Calle River is crossed just before we arrive at Antihue, where one must change cars for Osorno, a growing town in the province of Llanquihue. By taking a construction train from Osorno, Puerto Montt can be reached, but, as yet, there are no through trains. The railroad to Puerto Montt skirts the west shore of Lake Llanquihue, where there is an ancient German settlement, and where Chilean-born people of German extraction, with no other ancestors but Teutons, can talk only Spanish. They have German names, and their faces and figures denote their northern origin. It is as if they had been picked out of the fields of Schwerin

and Pomerania and dropped down here; but yet not a word of their native tongue can they talk. This state of affairs applies only to those residents of the rural districts, whose scope of worldly travels is narrowed down to a short horizon. Now, the advent of the railroad will change this, and the inhabitants of the Lake Llanquihue region brought in connection with the outside world, will consider it an accomplishment to be able to converse in the language of the Vaterland, and will not forget it. From Puerto Montt, where often there are a hurricane and a sea that blows vessels on the shore, a steamer plies to Ancud, on the Island of Chiloe, capital of a province of the same name.

From Antihue to Valdivia the railroad runs due west, following the south bank of the Calle-Calle. The mountains have disappeared, for we cannot see them through the evergreen of the forest. When the train pulled up at the depot of Valdivia, I thought that I was back again in the Empire of Kaiser Wilhelm II., for, on the platform, a brass band was playing, and long-coated, black-clothed Germans were hurrying along the platform, wearing over their shoulders red bands denoting a Schuetzen Verein. Not a word of Spanish was spoken on the street, and, at the Hotel Central, where Herr Waechter of Concepcion had told us to go, the proprietor tried to talk to us in execrable Spanish, but gave it up as a bad job. Even the bill of fare is printed in German, and Carl is the name of the fellow who waited on our table. The hotel, built of cement, is small, but good; the quilt on the bed in our room was a multi-colored affair of patches of silk. My wife had a headache, caused by the long trip, so I decided to explore the city on my own hook; but, as a heavy rain had set in, it was impossible for me to step out, since I had just left my umbrella by mistake on the train, for the



**Puente de Malleco, Chile**

800

second time since coming to South America. As I stood in the entrance, the proprietor approached me and said: "I understand that your wife lost some diamond earrings in Concepcion."

I was floored at this, for she had lost a diamond pendant there, but had found it again, but I couldn't understand how this man came to hear of it. I asked him how he knew. He smiled, and said that news travels quickly in Chile. I wasn't satisfied, and literally forced him to give me an answer. It transpired that he received a letter that morning from Herr Waechter, telling him we were coming, and to give us a good room. The letter also went on to relate about the fright that we had given him, when my wife thought that her diamonds were stolen. When we arrived, this proprietor hadn't recognized us as the party referred to in the letter, but, after we had written our names in the register, he had connected the link. While in Concepcion, I had gone to our room and had found my wife on the verge of hysteria, crying that her diamond pendant had been stolen. After I had quieted her, I had asked her to think of the places in the hotel she had been in, and among them she had mentioned the toilet room. I had then told her to go there and look. In the meantime I had notified the proprietor, Herr Waechter, an elderly German, who, upon hearing the news, had been taken with an attack of heart trouble, he being subject to that complaint, which fortunately was not bad this time. On returning to the room, shortly afterwards, I had found, to my great relief, and also to Herr Waechter's, that my wife had found her pendant in the toilet room; and there was great rejoicing. That worthy German had written this to his friend who ran the Hotel Central, and so the news was ahead of me in Valdivia.

The town of Valdivia, the most important one south of



Concepcion, though not so large as Temuco, is strictly Teutonic, the Germans forming the bulk of the population. Chile formerly encouraged German immigration, but the bulk that came settled in the southern part, and became so numerous and clannish, that, a short while ago, the government began to grow anxious lest they should become too prominent, and that the Vaterland should, at some future time, have designs upon the country. Brazil has the same fears. Nearly every word that one hears in the streets is German, and it is not uncommon to hear the native Chileans in Valdivia speaking German with great fluency to the Teutonic merchants. The largest brewery in Chile, and which puts up the next worst brew in the country to that of Calera, is owned by Anwandter Sons & Company. It is the favorite beer of Chile, and is sold on the ships as far as Panama.

Valdivia is a very lively commercial place, but is not pretty, and is uninteresting. It was, formerly, built entirely of wood, but, in 1909, a conflagration destroyed the whole city, which is fast being rebuilt of a kind of cement named ferro-concrete, in order to prevent a repetition. The villas of the rich, on both sides of the river, are mainly built of timber, with red tile roofs, and are, in architecture, like the Swiss chalets. There are a nice plaza and a handsome Lutheran church. The streets were badly torn up as a new sewage system was in course of construction, but the streets that were not being repaired were crudely paved with planks, like those of a lumber town in the United States.

The second and the third day we were in Valdivia, it rained all day in torrents, thereby preventing our taking a trip in a launch to the port, Corral. No wonder that it is a common report in Santiago that it rains every day in the year in Valdivia. I was told that this was the first

rain they had had in three weeks, but that at Puerto Montt it rains much more frequently. We decided to wait another day and, if it still rained, to return north. Fortunately, the sun came out, and we boarded the large launch which took us down the narrows of the Calle-Calle, past its junction with the Rio Cruces, into what is called the Boca de Valdivia, a wood-skirted, entirely landlocked bay, with forested mountains coming down to the very water's edge. There is, in the Boca, a mountainous island named the Isla del Rey, which looked very inviting in the sunlight. An hour's travel brought us to Corral, nestling at the foot of the Monte Gonzale. The hills here have been denuded of trees, but the green underbrush still exists; this is dark and cool as seen from the deck of the launch. The town is small, the only industry besides seafaring being an iron works owned by a French company. There are a couple of gray and bleak fortresses, now in ruins, the last stand, in Chile, of the Spaniards who were forced to surrender under the heavy fire of Cochrane's guns. Lumber is piled up on the wharves, ready for shipment for Antofagasta and Iquique, but it is an expensive operation to bring lumber to this port from the interior, owing to the lack of a railroad, and the river between here and Valdivia is so shallow that heavily laden craft are apt to go aground. In fact, on our return trip, we went aground twice, once for fifteen minutes, on the meandering course of the Calle-Calle. It would not be difficult to build a railroad from Valdivia to the port; the engineering feat would be equivalent of that of the West Shore Railroad on the Hudson River, and Corral needs one badly. It would greatly increase Valdivia's trade.

Leaving the chief German city on the west coast of South America one night in the sleeping car, I was awak-

ened the next morning by the shunting of the cars at San Rosendo, at the same time in the morning at which I arrived there on my southward trip from Concepcion. Some



**Calle Barros Arana, Concepcion**

years ago I read a book named *Around the World on the Yacht "Sunbeam."* The author had visited the cities of Chillán and Talca, and had described them so well that I had determined to visit them, so as to form a comparison between the way they looked

to-day and the way they had looked at the time the book was written fifty years ago; therefore my ticket had been bought to Chillán, capital of the province of Nuble.



Street Scene, Chillán

Chillán is a city of 34,000 inhabitants, the center of an onion- and carrot-growing country. It is also a great stock and hay market, and, although it lies in one of the best agricultural districts of the republic, its recent growth has been very slight. The first impression as one leaves

the railroad station is bad; the pavement, on the long, dusty street, is poor; the buildings are squalid, the double-decked horse-car is antiquated, and even the façade of the



Street Scene, Chillán

Hotel de France, the best hostelry, is unprepossessing. This hotel is a large, low, building with a frame front, painted a dark yellow. It is really a first-class house, under the management of Monsieur Pierre Heguy, who is so economical that he never will buy his guests a drink,

although he will readily imbibe all that his guests are willing to buy for him. At the hotel entrance, the first unfavorable impression is dispelled. There are two



Street Scene, Chillán

*patios* in the front part, onto which the guests' rooms open. Behind the left-hand *patio* is the bar, and, still behind that, a third *patio*. The room we had was to the right of the entrance, with windows opening onto the street. It was, undoubtedly, the best in the hotel. It

was well furnished, and carpeted; paintings hung on the wall. A very attentive *mozo* of advanced years waited upon us, and was the acme of politeness, for, when he left



Calle de Robles, Chillán

the room, he walked out backwards, with much scraping of feet and bowing.

I had a few hours remaining before lunch, and, concluding that the best way to spend them would be to see the town, left the hotel and went to the Plaza de Armas,

commonly known by its real name, the Plaza O'Higgins. This beautiful park is old, and is shaded by stately elms. Paths radiate from the center like spokes of a wheel,



Calle de Arauco, Chillán

paved with octagonal tiles. It is the most beautiful plaza, or small park, that I have ever seen, no place in the world excepted. The postoffice, a new red brick building, with white sandstone trimmings, faces one side of this plaza; likewise the city hall. The other sides are given



up to places of business and to a half-completed brick church. This church must have been begun ages ago, for tufts of grass and hay grew from its unfinished exterior piers. Its interior contains a huge bronze-colored, plaster-of-Paris statue of Christ, in the middle of the aisle, and its wooden ceiling, painted dull blue, is adorned with painted pictures of the apostles. There is a café on this



Street Scene, Chillán

plaza, whose *patio* is entirely shaded by a giant grape vine. The trunk rises to a height of about twelve feet, and then shoots out its branches at right angles into a vine which decks an area fifty by twenty-five feet in size.

From the Plaza O'Higgins, a business street, Calle de Arauco, leads southward, and is intersected at right angles by other business streets, the principal one being Calle de Robles. One of these streets leads to an immense open market, where are for sale some of the finest vegetables imaginable, onions taking the first rank. Hay,

grain, pottery, charcoal fans, and even homemade beds, are here on sale. A large, square-towered brick church faces this market. It is, also, not finished, and, like the other one, seems to have been under construction for a long time. Its stone steps are worn down at the center by the tramp of many feet, yet the floor is of wood, and the ceiling, also of the same material, is but temporary.



Street Scene, Chillán

In its neighborhood are stores, which deal only in the trappings of horses. Chillán is famous for its manufacture of black pottery, preëminent in which is a curious drinking-cup with two handles.

A military band played that night in the hotel *patio* in front of our room, and, later on, in the plaza. Afterwards I engaged in conversation with the proprietor in the bar-room. From him, I learned that, in Chile, eggs are dear, costing in winter as much as four *pesos* (80c.) a dozen in Santiago. The cheapest they ever get is one *peso* seventy-

five *centavos* (35c.) a dozen in the country, and that, in October, which corresponds to our April, the hens lay the best. A certain variety of hen lays an egg of a bluish white, greatly resembling our duck eggs. In some respects the Chilean hens are like those of California, in that they are not as good layers as the hens of the Eastern States. South America compares to North America in that respect,



**Market Place, Chillán**

for in the countries east of the Andes, Argentina, and Uruguay, the hens lay about the same number of eggs a month as those do east of the Rockies. During the night, the milk soured in the pantry, and the waiters had to go out and buy some more. This caused a delay, and angered some of the guests, who left the table without their coffee and threatened to go to another hotel. In a small town I don't believe that, during my entire trip in South America, with the exception of Petropolis, Brazil, I saw as much style displayed on the streets as in Chillán.

The inhabitants have a reputation of being wealthy, and all indications would show that this is true. The impression of the city, as seen from the windows of a fleeting railroad train, and that of the long street that leads to the Plaza O'Higgins, does an injustice to the city, which is a particularly pleasant, though none too clean a town. It is my favorite of all the smaller Chilean cities.



Old Church, Chillán

A long day's ride by carriage across the dusty plain, and then through the cool and narrow canyons of the Andes, past the Gruta del Leon, or Grotto of the Lion, where there is a double waterfall, past the small town of Pinto and the village of Posada, the former lying on the plain, and the latter in the foothills, will bring one to the famous Termas de Chillán, hot sulphur springs said to be beneficial for rheumatism. Here, at the foot of the Volcano Chillán, 9438 feet high, the owner has built a crude summer hotel, with bathing houses and a swimming pool which are renowned all over the republic.

The three hours' ride from Chillán to Talca is devoid of interest. It lies through a dry, uncultivated country,



**Street Scene, Talca**

strewn with many boulders, and intersected by many creeks and streams, the largest of which is the Maule, considered in Chile a great river. This land can be brought under cultivation as the soil is good, but Chile has not

yet enough population to settle all her productive land. A half-hour's stop is made at Parral, for lunch, which was



Street Scene, Talca

abominable. I choked on a fish-bone, and wished I hadn't eaten. Parral is the junction for Cauquenes, the capital of the province of Maule. An Englishman on the train asked me what was manufactured at Talca. As I didn't

know, I told him that talcum powder came from there, and he was chump enough to believe it.

Talca, the capital of the province of Talca, is the sixth



**Street Corner, Talca**

city in Chile, and has a population of 38,000 inhabitants; only Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepcion, Iquique, and Antofagasta having a larger population, the last mentioned city having recently passed Talca in numbers. It is famous as the final resting-place of the bones of Don

Quixote de La Mancha which were removed to this place; and the inhabitants like to style themselves as quixotic, although they are, by nature, proud and jealous. I,



**Main Street of Talca, Chile**

however, met a bunch here that were very friendly, and, though I didn't like the town, I liked the people I met. It turned out, however, that my chance acquaintances were Spaniards who had recently drifted in here from Europe. The city was founded, in 1692, by Tomas



Martin de Poveda, then Governor of Chile. It possesses



Plaza, Talca

a few factories, none of them of enough importance or large enough to affect materially the growth of the city.

It has three match factories, three cloth factories, two



**Street Scene, Santiago**

brickyards, a brewery, a university, which is one of the best in the republic, a normal school, an institute of

technology, an agricultural college, a professional school for girls, five soap factories, a cart works, a carriage works, and a corset factory. The streets, strange to say, for a Latin town, are known by numbers. There is a First Street North, a First Street South, a First Street East,



**Termas de Chillán, Southern Chile**

and a First Street, West, and so forth. One hour is amply sufficient to see all there is to see, so unworthy of interest is the town; yet I stayed there for twenty-four hours. It is over a mile from the depot to the retail section. The way leads down a long, narrow street, around a small park, and into a continuation of the same street on the other side of the park.

The Hotel Talca is a pleasant, clean building, two

storeys high, enclosing the inevitable *patio*. In a rear *patio* the meals are served. The rooms are comfortable, but, unfortunately, the bell in mine was out of commission, and I had to hunt up the servants every time I wanted anything done. Most of the streets were torn up, as a new sewer was being laid. The same thing was being done at Chillán, and, it seems, nothing can be done in any one of these two towns without the other doing the same thing. They are fierce rivals. The day was dreadfully hot and dusty, while the sun, beating down on the white buildings, caused a glare that was nearly blinding. There is a large plaza on which is a graceful cathedral. It contains a species of yew tree, trimmed to a dome shape, and which is the pride of the residents. On one of the walks through this plaza was a board sign which read translated in English: "It is forbidden to pick flowers." On its reverse, however, were painted, by order of the Park Commission, the words: "Do not urinate on the paths."

From Talca to Santiago the distance is 159 miles, and it took the accommodation train seven hours to make the trip, the high speed of nearly twenty-three miles per hour being attained. We had lunch at San Fernando, capital of the province of Colchagua; it was of a very poor quality. The only good railroad eating-house on this line is at Curico, where we had lunch on our south-bound trip. San Fernando was in a furore of excitement, because, the day before, some army officers had been experimenting with a new kind of explosive of native and local manufacture, which they named *chilena*. This had unexpectedly gone off and had killed a captain, three lieutenants, and a soldier, besides wounding numerous other people. Between Rengo and Rancagua, we noticed the volcano that had been smoking about twelve days pre-

viously. It had evidently got tired of its job, for it was now not in the emitting stage. Thirty-seven miles south of Santiago is the hamlet of Angostura, but not of the "bitters" fame. Many beautiful country houses are passed between here and the capital, especially in the neighborhood of San Bernardo, which is also connected with Santiago by a trolley line.

## CHAPTER IX

### SANTIAGO

THERE are three railroad stations in Santiago, those of Alameda, Yungai, and Mapocho. The first named is an immense old building with a glass-covered railroad shed on the Avenida de las Delicias, over two miles west of the business section of the city. This always has been, and is to-day, the most important railroad station of the city. The Yungai station is a small affair in the western suburb of the city, and is at a junction where the railroads fork to Alameda and Mapocho. Mapocho, a new station, and, next to the Luz station at São Paulo, the finest in South America, is near the business section, and, although it is the most convenient, it is secondary to Alameda, for all trains, many of which are limiteds don't enter it. The old depot that formerly stood here was called Mercado, owing to its proximity to the market, but the name has been recently changed to Mapocho, for it lies on the river of that name, along whose banks the tracks lie. Take the letter Y, with the left arm longer than the right one; call the junction Yungai, the termination of the left arm, Mapocho, and the termination of the right arm, Alameda, and you will have a good idea of the location of the depots of Santiago. Passengers about to depart for other towns should not fail

to inquire from which depot their train starts; by doing so, they will save themselves the inconvenience of getting left. It is advisable to buy a railroad guide. These can only be purchased at the depots.

Santiago is laid out on a great and grand scale. The blocks are square, and there are numerous parks, plazas,



**National Library, Santiago**

and esplanades. The Mapocho, spanned by ten traffic- and one railroad-bridge, divides the city into unequal parts, the north side being the smaller of the two. Three more traffic-bridges are in process of construction. The city is incorporated tightly, so that it is impossible for the observer in his strolls to know whether he has passed the city limits or not. In the incorporation every available space is built upon, so the only thing for the city to

do in order to increase its population is to annex its suburbs. The population of the city proper is 375,000; with its suburbs it probably numbers 450,000. It is in size, the fourth city in South America, and, owing to its fine buildings, the business section, residences, and the grand scale upon which



Quinta Normal, Santiago

it is built it could easily pass for a larger city than it is.

On leaving the station at Mapocho, the aspect that is placed before one is not pleasing. There is a broad, poorly paved square, from which leads a dusty street, nearly as broad as the square, bordered on one side by the river, and on the other by wretched hovels. Presently, one of the main streets, Calle del Puente, is entered, so narrow



that carriages can drive on it only in one direction. The buildings become imposing, the Plaza de Armas is reached, and we continue down the same street, which, beyond the plaza, goes by the name of Ahumada. We were advised to go to the Hotel Oddo, as we had been told that it was



**Government House, Santiago**

the best in the city. It was a wretched hole of a hostelry, the worst that I stopped at in South America, excepting the ones at Asuncion and São Paulo, and a few in some of the small towns. It is run by a middle-aged Frenchwoman and her bung-eyed daughter. It is a large establishment on the top floors of some business blocks, the office being reached by an elevator which never runs when you want it. The rooms are fair, but have an outlook on the

corrugated iron roofs of some shops, and on the unwashed glass of the top of an arcade. Mosquitoes abound, and make life unendurable, while one's sleep is disturbed by the squealing of rats as they run over the corrugated iron. The prices are awful, higher than



Cathedral and Archbishopric, Santiago

those of Buenos Aires, which is famous as a city of expensive hotels.

A real live manager is badly needed, one who can speak some other language besides Spanish. The only thing at the Oddo that I found worth paying for were the bedbugs, and I would pay without grumbling if some of these would bite up the daughter of the proprietress, on account of the bum way in which she runs the place. The elevator

is sadly antiquated, and is allowed only to carry six hundred pounds. Sometime when it is filled up, a sudden drop will be the result, as the ropes are nearly worn out. Guests arriving at the hotel are obliged to carry up their hand-baggage, as there is no elevator bell at the entrance, and the porters have no means of knowing when anybody comes. The proprietress must be a very studious woman, or else her dead son was, whose large portrait hangs on the wall over her desk, an intelligent-looking young man, snatched by the Reaper on the verge of manhood, for countless maps decorate the walls of the corridors, reading and writing rooms. These maps are sectional ones of Chile, published by the government, maps of foreign countries, plans of cities, and blueprints of railroad lines under survey. There are some fine rooms at the Oddo, but I understand that these only are given to Frenchmen who get them at the same rate that other transients pay for inferior ones. The food is abominable, and the service wretched. Because my wife and I drank at dinner time three small bottles of Vichy Celestins, each bottle equivalent in size to an ordinary glass, the uncouth waiter set up such a loud guffaw that it was heard all over the dining-room.

There is, in the neighborhood, another hotel, named Hotel de France. I am unable to pass judgment on its merits, having never been there, and not knowing anybody who has ever stopped there. It is, however, given a ranking along with the Oddo in the circulars some of the steamship lines get out. It is on the Plaza de Armas, above an arcade named the Portal Fernans. At the Oddo, we ran across Dr. Aughinbaugh, of White Rock fame, and his wife. He greeted me by the news:

“You had an awfully narrow escape in Valparaiso. For three days the police looked all over for you, and



Receiving Vault, General Cemetery, Santiago

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then telegraphed to Santiago. Where were you all the time?"

"I was in the interior on a trip." I answered him.

"It's a good thing you were. Mr. Kehle, the proprietor of the Royal, at Valparaiso, even looked up the American Minister in your behalf, thinking that any time you would be arrested."

Shortly afterwards, I met the young German doctor who was bound to send me to the hospital in La Paz. As I was talking to him, a young Mexican, Señor Chavez with whom I had become acquainted in Lima, approached me and said:

"I congratulate you on being in Santiago. You made quite a stir when you assaulted the policemen in Valparaiso, and got away with it. As far as I know, they are still looking for you there."

"I never assaulted any policemen," I retorted. "Just tripped up one as he was about to arrest me."

"You're lucky just the same; and I admire your nerve for remaining in Santiago when the wires have been hot between the two cities on the watch out for you. The German with whom you were got drunk again in Valparaiso and told who you were, and where you were stopping, so they are on to you. You had better change your name. They have all kinds of charges trumped up against you: resisting an officer; assault with intent to do great bodily harm; sedition; causing a disturbance; disrespect for the majesty of the law, and I don't know what else. Anyway it's money they are looking out for, and if you cough up about \$20 apiece to three or four head officials, if you are unfortunate enough to be arrested here, you'll get out of it all right."

Dr. Aughinbaugh was up to his old tricks again. He had hired the table waiters to bring the guests White

Rock when anybody ordered any mineral water, having instructed them to say that the particular kind they ordered was out of stock. One of the guests knew differently, for he had just seen in the servants' pantry some full bottles of Panimavida, which he had ordered, and he gave his waiter an awful calling down about it. The menial laid the blame on the doctor, and the guest re-



**Street in Santiago, Showing Modern Character of Buildings  
Municipal Theater on Left**

ported the latter to the bung-eyed girl. I never heard the outcome.

The Plaza de Armas is a beautiful place. It reminds me of well-kept parks in the United States. It is a grassy plot of ground, and not overdone by being planted with every conceivable variety of tree or shrub, or filled with statuary. All plazas vary. That of Chillán, the most beautiful of all, is a mass of giant trees, whose foliage is so thick that it forms a canopy which is never pierced by the sun's rays. That of Talca is given up to allegorical

statuary; those of Mollendo and Oruro are paved entirely with colored tiles, with an occasional place for a small tree; the plazas of Lima and Arequipa consist of ornamental flower-beds laid out in odd designs. Here in Santiago, the plaza is natural like a beautiful lawn, and to walk across it in the early morning when the dew is still on the grass and leaves, smell the odor of the blossoms, and listen to



**Beautiful Senate Building of the Chilean Metropolis**

the singing of the birds on the tree limbs, brings one's thoughts to a summer morning in another continent. Two sides, the south and east, are bounded by large arcaded buildings named, respectively, the Portales Fernans and MacClure. On the north side are the city, state-house, and post-office. They are all built up against each other, with no intervening space, and take up the length of a whole block. The state-house is a large square brick building plastered over and painted yellow; the



city hall is of the same color, and is surmounted by a tall artistic tower. In this building are the government telegraph offices. The post-office is inferior to that of



**Calle Augustinas, Santiago**

Lima, and, although it resembles the latter in architecture, and is new, yet, for the amount of business done, it is sorely inadequate. The whole western side of the plaza is given up to the cathedral and the palace of the archbishop.

The cathedral, the richest in interior finish, and the wealthiest church in South America, is not nearly as imposing as those of Lima and of Arequipa. I have been



**Calle Augustinas, Santiago**

told that Cuzco has a great church, but have never been there. Although this cathedral of Santiago looks imposingly large, when seen from the street, it can easily be put inside of that of Lima, and there would then be room to spare. That of Lima is grand and lofty. This

one at Santiago is highly decorative and contains most beautiful mural decorations, such as can be afforded only in churches of wealth. It is surmounted by two small towers, and crowned with a dome. The whole building has recently been replastered on its exterior. The archbishop's palace is a beautiful edifice, three stories high, and is far better than the palaces of certain European monarchs. Though most Chileans are Roman Catholics, freedom of belief is tolerated. The church receives an annual stipend of \$500,000 from the government, but I understand that this is going to cease. While I was there, the government was talking of confiscating the church lands and closing the monasteries. There are seventy-nine Catholic churches in Santiago, and some of them are beautiful and very wealthy. The most important are San Domingo and San Augustin, patronized by wealthy parishioners. The convents and monasteries are likewise many, and are of various orders. Some of these religious institutions obtain their funds by running a lottery—a most practical financial system—which is a better way to obtain their ends than by begging, as the churches in the United States are accustomed to do. On the 8th of December, 1862, there happened in this city one of the greatest fires ever recorded in church annals. Nearly five hundred people perished in the flames when the church of La Compañia burned during mass.

Santiago is divided into ten wards; besides this there are eight suburban wards over which the police have jurisdiction and which are included in the metropolitan political district. The names of the urban wards are: I. Santa Lucia, II. Santa Ana, III. Portales, IV. Estacion, V. Cañadilla, VI. Recoleta, VII. Maestranza, VIII. Universidad, IX. San Lazaro, X. Parque Cousiño. The suburban wards are: XI. Barrancas, XII. Renca,

XIII. Recoleta, XIV. Las Condes, XV. Providencia, XVI. Nuñoa, XVII. San Miguel, XVIII. Maipú. The main streets of the city have, as a rule, original and euphonious sounding names. They are Estado, Ahumada, Bandera, and their intersectors, Compañía, Huerfanos, and Augustinas. Here in the shops can be purchased all the articles that are obtainable in any large city, excepting smelling salts and patent medicines. Some of the stores are of the department type. The banks are large and are in the hands of the Germans; this is about the only enterprise in which Germans are engaged in the national capital, as the Teutonic population is small. Of the Europeans, the Spaniards and the Frenchmen predominate, and although Santiago is twice as large as Valparaiso, her foreign element is only about one quarter as great. A native business man told me that the Germans were unable to compete with the Chileans in Santiago as in Valparaiso and Concepcion, because all the leading firms are old established houses, and have always treated their customers so well that they are loath to trade in other places, no matter how much more modern the business methods of the latter. This experiment has been tried several times, and the newcomers have been forced to go to the wall. Although many of the firms rival the Yankee in the ingenuity of their advertisements, their business methods are nevertheless antiquated. One firm some time ago advertised a "five-minute toothache cure." A would-be purchaser entered the store, bought some which he took, and then pulled out his watch. When the five minutes were up, his tooth still ached, so he went and had the vendor arrested. The latter was fined one hundred *pesos*. Most druggists took notice, so, at the present time, it is difficult to buy anywhere in Chile any of the standard patent medicines.

The main promenade, as well as the principal thoroughfare of the city is a broad and long avenue running the whole length of the city, and then some. It is three miles long in the city proper, where it goes under the name of Avenida de las Delicias, but is generally known only as the Alameda. In the western suburbs, its nomenclature is Avenida Latorre; in the eastern ones, it follows the south bank of the Mapocho and there is called Avenida de la Providencia. There is a parkway in the center, the grass of which is worn down to bare ground by the pedestrians, and which is as broad as an ordinary avenue. On either side of it is a carriage road, and each of these has two parallel lines of trolley tracks. This avenue varies slightly in width, but not enough to be noticeable. This parkway, which is shaded by giant elms, plane trees, and sycamores, has, at short intervals, statues of Chilean national heroes and one representing the city of Buenos Aires in an allegorical figure which was presented to Santiago in 1880. Many writers have described this avenue as beautiful. It is in reality too dusty and dirty to be so characterized, and the cobblestone pavement, over which dilapidated hacks rattle, is too uneven and too sadly out of repair for a street of its character. Here all classes of people and business are to be found. A fine residence rubs shoulders with a second-class butcher shop, while, alongside of an elegant institution of learning, is to be found a lowly dram shop. It is the main promenade of the city, and on a Sunday afternoon, the belles of Santiago, in limousine motor-cars, smart cavalry officers, young dudes on horseback, the laborer and his corpulent wife are present in gala attire, and form one endless procession from the Cerro de Santa Lucia to the Alameda station and back. Here are located some of the great buildings, both public and private. On the Alameda,

are both of the great schools of learning, the University of Chile, public, and the Catholic University, private, convents, a normal school, and the abodes of many diplo-



**Calle Estado, Santiago**

mats, including the United States Legation. Our Minister to Chile is a Mr. Fletcher, and I was told by several notable Chileans that he is not as much liked and respected as his predecessor, for the reason that he does not understand the country and the nature of the people

as well, nor does he show any inclination to do so. Owing to his predecessor, cordial relations were brought about between Chile and the United States, which previously were somewhat strained.

South of the Alameda is the most thickly populated section of the city, for here are the slums. West of the slums, and also south of the Alameda, is the residential district, chief among whose streets is the beautiful, asphalt paved Ejercito Liberador, whose length of over one kilometer is bordered by stately mansions. The popular drive for the inhabitants is down this street to its end and then into the great Cousiño Park. At the southern end of this street are the large red brick castellated artillery barracks and arsenal. Still beyond these, is the long and high military school with an ornamental façade. To the right of the park entrance, is the school of army engineers. Every Chilean town of importance has large barracks and schools of military instruction. To-day Chile is the strongest military power in South America. Her army is drilled by German officers, and is copied after the German army in every respect, even to uniforms. Her navy, which ranks eighth of all the countries in the world, is copied after that of Great Britain.

The Cousiño Park covers an area nearly as large as that of Central Park in New York, but is poorly kept up. In the summer, its avenues are dusty and the grass is dried up. Its main feature is a race track, where free races are run, and the trotters are tried out. The middle of the oval is a large hayfield. At one end of the park, is a piece of woods bordering on two artificial lakes, on one of which is a café, a favorite spot for the Santiago élite to partake of five o'clock coffee. The length of the park is so great that people would become tired if they could reach the café only by walking, therefore there is a

trolley line which begins at the entrance, and terminates at the café. A drunken bunch of merrymakers were driving in the park at the same time that we were. They



**Plaza Montt, Santiago**

delighted in continually turning their horse around in circles as they made slow progress around the oval.

There are two finer parks than the Cousiño. They are named the Quinta Normal and the Cerro de Santa Lucia. The latter is a wonderful freak of nature in the



form of a granite hill, rising abruptly from the flat plain to a height of a few hundred feet in the center of the city on the Avenida de las Delicias. This hill covers an area of about five city blocks, and has very steep sides. A carriage road winds around it, reaching a point not far from its summit. The main entrance is graced by a peristyle of marble acting as a guardian to the park, and through this steps lead upward to a stone bridge that crosses the carriage road to the main park of the hill. Everything that artifice of man has invented to conceal the natural rock had been done, and the only evidence we have of the natural formation is an ivy-covered boulder now and then, projecting its mossy top through the profusion of vines that covers it. There are ancient ruins here, the relics of Spanish occupation, now green with age and partly obscured by creepers and canopies of myrtle. Everywhere is vegetation, planted with infinite care, and allowed to grow rank so as to resemble the natural. There are statues, fountains, and tiled terraces. There is also a chapel, towers innumerable, a restaurant, and a seismographic station. Different paths of many steps diverge at all angles from the road and many platforms, to meet again at the summit, where there is but one path, hard of ascent, passing beneath overhanging boulders and spanning a ravine over an iron bridge. It leads to a "lookout" perched on the apex of the topmost rock. The view from here will linger long in the beholder's memory. On all sides, the large city stretches itself across the plain, the houses appearing, in the vicinity, to be of good size, but dwindling in the distance so that they seem to merge into the plain. Many towers of churches rise into the dusty sky, while, below, to the east, until it seems to lose itself in the distant mountains, the historic and dirty Mapocho, so narrow that only the great trees that line its banks

can be seen, descends from its source, the vegetation on its banks winding its course like a dark green serpent. It is in this direction, and at no great distance from the river, that the suburbs of the city extend apparently indefinitely, their cupolas and domes rising from the midst of the tall poplar trees. Seen from Santa Lucia hill, Santiago is like a waffle grill, the parallel streets with their right-angled intersectorors forming the irons, and the blocks the open spaces. The roofs are of red tile, and the houses are all built around *pacios* in which are beautiful gardens.

The third park of the city is that of the Normal Agricultural College, named the Quinta Normal. It is at the extreme western end of the city, midway between the Alameda and the Yungai railroad stations. The old exposition buildings stood here, and with the exception of about twenty acres it is poorly cared for. The portion that is kept up, however, cannot be outdone by any park anywhere. There is a small fee for admission, this money assisting in the maintenance of the animals, for there is a small zoölogical garden here as well. The main entrance opens onto a road that makes a course beneath ancient trees rising from an emerald lawn. There is a hotel here which would be an ideal place to stop at in the summer, that is, as to location, but regarding its merits I am not in a position to judge. In the Quinta Normal, is the Army Museum, closed during the summer, opening only March 1st of every year. I noticed an engraving of this building on the Chilean one-*peso* bill, and thought it a shame to put its facsimile on the currency, when there are so many finer buildings in Santiago to choose from. On the two-*peso* bill there is a view of Santa Lucia hill, and all the higher denominations have on their faces views of Santiago as well. The ten-*peso* bill has on it a likeness of the massive battlemented bridge of huge stone arches

that once spanned the Mapocho at Santiago, but which has been torn down for over ten years. Near this Mapocho, and not far from Santiago, is the battlefield of Chacabuco, where San Martin, having crossed the Andes with an army, broke the Spanish power in America. This great Argentine general, who accomplished a feat rivaling that of Hannibal, set out from the *hacienda* of Uspallata in the present Argentine province of Mendoza, and, at an elevation of nearly 13,000 feet, crossed the snowy pass of Las Cuevas, his army suffering great hardships, many dying on the way, and administered a decisive defeat to the Spaniards who had been reveling in Santiago all winter.

Santiago contains some large and tasteful public buildings, among the most worthy of mention being the Congress, a large square edifice occupying an entire block, its roof supported by pillars. Across the street from this, is the Supreme Court, a tall building of colonial style of architecture. A statue of the late President, Don Pedro Montt, in bronze, stands in front of it, and, in honor to him, the name of the plaza on which his statue stands has been changed from its original name of Plaza Varas to Plaza Montt. The Moneda or mint is a large building, low and plain, not nearly as interesting as that of Potosí. One of the newer buildings is the Palace of Fine Arts, which is on the river bank near the Santa Lucia hill, and is French in architecture. It contains paintings by old masters, but sculpture only in replica. There is also a good collection of gold and silver ornaments found in Indian graves, and some prehistoric pottery. In the center of the city, on the Calle Augustinas, is the Municipal Theater, in architecture not unlike the ordinary European opera-houses, while diagonally across the street is the handsomest and largest private residence that I

saw on my whole trip, excepting two in Buenos Aires. This house stands four storeys high, including its steeply sloping mansard roof, and has a frontage of nearly half a block. It is built of brick, plastered, and painted white, has a carriage entrance and enclosed park in front, the main house entrance opening onto this, and guarded by a huge iron spiked gate.

The north side of the Mapocho is the smallest and dirtiest part of the city, its principal arteries being Avenidas Recoleta, La Paz, and Independencia, all beginning at the river and running in a northerly direction. The streets are broad and dusty, and the buildings are mostly of unpainted adobe, which gives this section of the city the appearance of a country town. With the exception of the cemetery, this part of the town is devoid of interest. The Avenida La Paz ends at an arcaded semicircle in whose center is a pillared and domed building, named the Panteon, which serves as a receiving vault for the dead and also contains the offices of the directors of the cemetery. This Cementario Jeneral is, next to the Campo Santo, in Genoa, the finest in existence. Catholics, Protestants, and Masons alike are buried here. No religious distinction is made after death, for all go to the same place whether buried in Santiago or in Chicago. Eleven walks, broad enough to be streets, and crossed by seven other walks at right angles, form the plan of this cemetery. These walks have, at their points of intersection, trees encircled by benches, or fountains. The tombs are masterpieces of the sculptor's art; in their ornamental recesses repose the bones of Chile's most famous citizens. What drew us to the cemetery was to see the last resting place of the remains of Don Pedro Montt, one of Chile's great presidents, who died in Germany, August, 1910. He was an acquaintance of my wife, and had extended to us

through her an invitation to visit him if we ever came to Chile. A week after this he died, and she was one of the last women to see him alive. A monument is now under construction for his bones. In the meantime, his body lies in a coffin in a small chapel to the right of the main entrance of the cemetery. When he died, Chile was put in a hard position. His successor was a man named Fernandez, erstwhile vice-president. He was not popular, but fortunately nothing of importance transpired while he was in office. He died before his term was out, and the now vice-president, who had been second vice-president under Montt, became chief executive, and holds that position to-day. His name is Barros Rocca Luco; he is an old man.

On the north side of the river, and rising to a height of 2756 feet, is the Cerro de San Cristobal. It is in the same relative position to Santiago that the hill of the same name north of the Rimac is to Lima, but this one is 1456 feet higher. This *cerro* is used as a stone quarry, the cuttings being visible from the city. A zigzag path of fourteen elevations leads to the summit, on which stands a statue to the Immaculate Conception. Farther on, and a little below the summit, is an astronomical observatory. As seen from the city, the whole *cerro* is disgraced by a gigantic advertisement in iron letters painted white, which reads: "Deliciosa Te Ratanpur"—in English, "Delicious Ratanpur Tea."

While in Santiago, we had the best turnout in the city. It happened this way. A wealthy family was spending the summer in the country, leaving the coachman in charge of the barn during their absence. In order to earn some extra money, this jehu would drive every day to the Plaza de Armas to solicit patronage. In order to do this, he bought a cab-driver's license. Another ser-

vant who was with the family in the country would apprise him by telegram when any member was to come to Santiago, thus putting him on his guard. He charged more than the ordinary cabby, but the hacks and victorias in Santiago are such frightful equipages that anybody would be willing to pay the difference to ride behind such style. So elegant was the victoria, and so well groomed was the team, that we were the cynosure of all eyes as we drove either down Ahumada or the Avenida de las Delicias.

A Lima newspaper came out with an article upbraiding the poor hacks and horses offered on her streets for public use. A rival newspaper responded that they were good enough for its citizens, for Santiago, with treble its population, had poorer ones. This is true, but in either place the public conveyances in the nature of carriages leave much to be desired. The automobile has not made much headway in Santiago yet, and as it, like all other modern improvements, is slow in getting established, the public will have to suffer for some time yet to come. The business streets and those contiguous to them are admirably paved with asphalt, but on those at a short distance away no pretense of paving has ever been made. It is the same way with sanitation. Fleas abound, and it is no uncommon sight while passing through the poorer quarter of the city to see women picking these insects from the hair of their offspring.

One thing noticeable about the Chilean cities, and especially Santiago, is the number of police in evidence. They are either clad all in white, with a white cap, or else have white pants, blue jacket, and a white helmet. They are everywhere, singly and in groups, standing at nearly every intersection of the streets, either on foot or on horseback. They do the act of the Broadway squad,

none too well, but better than their brethren in Buenos Aires. There are, besides, many secret police, and it is difficult to tell whether the street loafer or the man who sits next to you in a hotel dining-room is one of these or not.

There is one good newspaper, *El Mercurio*, and it has a circulation in Valparaiso even greater than their own dailies. But little manufacturing is done in the capital. There is one brewery, that of Ebner, which brews a palatable beer. The inhabitants of Valparaiso do all they can to prevent people from visiting Santiago. In the summer, they will advise the prospective traveler not to go there, telling him that it is too hot; in the winter they will say that it is too cold. The extremes of heat and cold are great, and, combined with the poor sanitation, are prime factors of the great rate of mortality. The temperature in summer has been known to exceed that of Panama, while in winter it sometimes snows. The city had the disadvantage of being built in a deep inland valley; thus the refreshing breezes never reach there, for they beat against the outer barriers of the mountains that hem in the valley; hence the clouds are slow-moving. It gets so hot in the summer time that it is uncomfortable to be out between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. The inhabitants realize this, and have built an elaborate system of arcades, so that a person can shop to his or her heart's content, without going into the streets except to cross them. These arcades are not like what in South America are called *portales*, covered passages over the sidewalks, but are more on the style of the Italian *gallerie*. They are buildings into which a paved passageway enters, the stores in turn opening out onto the passageway. Most North American and German cities have this form of arcade, but compared to those in Santiago, they are on a small

scale. Compared to those of Milan, Naples, and Genoa, the Santiago arcades are small, but they greatly outnumber all the arcades in those three cities combined. They are called *pasajes*, and at the present time there are fifty-six of them in the city, one of the more important being named the Pasaje Matte.

Regarding the Chilean character, I had been frequently told that they were the greatest thieves unhung, and that if I left anything lying around, it would undoubtedly be stolen. I have never heard a statement more false. I never had anything stolen while in Chile, though unconsciously I left many opportunities open. On Lake Titicaca, my watch was undoubtedly stolen by a Bolivian; Bolivian Indians are famous as thieves. The latter will even tell a stranger that Chileans have kleptomaniacal tendencies, while a Peruvian, whom I met at Antofagasta, said that the whole Chilean nation was a robber band. On a ship once, my wife left her steamer rug on deck, while she went below to eat. On coming again on deck, we saw that an old Chilean, employed as a lookout by the company, had picked up this rug and was holding it carefully wrapped over his left arm for fear of it being stolen, while in fact he had an excellent opportunity of purloining it for his own use. In Valparaiso, my wife dropped an English sovereign under the bed in the hotel, and the chances are that she would never have missed it. Sometime afterwards when the *mozo* had made up the room, he came to me with the gold piece, telling me where he had found it. He could have kept it, and we should have been none the wiser. Again, at the Linares depot, while pulling some change out of my pocket to pay for some reed baskets that I had bought, I dropped a paper *peso* on the station platform without noticing it. An old peasant woman called my attention to the fact, while



she could have easily transferred it to her own pocket. There are of course thieves and grafters, as in all countries, but these are mostly in the ports, which are made up largely of a foreign element.

On a ship arriving at Talcahuano, there was a consignment of champagne to W. R. Grace & Co. Between the ship and the dock fifty cases were stolen by the boatmen. They were arrested, but were never brought to trial. It transpired that they purchased their freedom by making the judge a present of eighteen cases. Justice is cheap in Chile, and, although the inhabitants are far from being thieves, a bribe judiciously tendered is apt to have the requested results. Chilean money is poor, and constantly fluctuates in value. A man may go to bed wealthy in the currency of the realm, to find on awakening that he is bankrupt. A *peso*, which is supposed to be worth thirty-eight cents, is to-day valued at only twenty-three cents. The government is trying to put the country on a gold monetary standard. This it aims to accomplish by 1915; but the accomplishment is doubtful. Though rich in minerals, there is little new prospecting done, the whole coast from Puerto Montt to the Straits of Magellan being practically unexplored. Up to within a few years ago, the inhabitants of Valparaiso sent to Europe for their marble. This had been going on ever since the advent of the white man. A short while ago, it was discovered that there existed within the city limits of Valparaiso, marble of the very finest quality. Much money had been wasted in the importation of this article, while if a little prospecting had been done the inhabitants would have found this deposit years ago.

The Chileans are a fine-looking race. The men are rather tall, and dark, but are unkempt and careless in dress. They are poor people, and hard labor has made

them rugged, although somewhat taciturn. They are strictly an agricultural nation, and, that being their vocation, they are hardier than most nations. Their agriculture, apart from the main *haciendas* and *estancias*, is not done by machinery, but by old-fashioned primitive implements, such as the wooden plow. Food, except meat, is expensive, and, as all the clothes are imported, the general cost of living is also high. As wages are low, the people have to economize, and are therefore frugal. They are great horsemen. Nearly everybody owns a horse or a mule, and to see so many people riding, one can readily see that they were brought up to it from their earliest infancy. Horses were first brought into the country by Valdivia; the Araucanians were the first native race to see the advantages of equestrianism, and since then have always excelled in horsemanship. In the country, there are fine-looking horses worth much money. The roads are poor, and, as the railroads are few, the only means of travel in many districts is by horseback. The ship companies of South America endeavor to get a Chilean crew, as they are known to be hard workers. A Chilean does more manual labor than two North Americans. With him enjoyment is but a vision. He also likes to fight as well as work. There is nothing he is afraid of. As there exists in Chile absolute freedom of speech and of the press, the native is very independent. If severely reprimanded or spoken to harshly, he is apt to do personal violence to the offender. He also likes to drink, and when he is doing so is a bad customer; but as he is too poor to enjoy that luxury much, he, as a type, can be classed as sober.

The women are beautiful, especially when young, and it is said that they retain their beauty longer than the women in other Latin countries. The *manto* is the

costume of the middle classes. It differs from the *manta* worn by the Peruvian lower classes in that it is not so plain. As in Peru, the *mantilla* is worn by the upper classes, but even more so here, for national customs are deeper rooted in Chile than in her northern neighbor.

## CHAPTER X

### SANTIAGO TO BUENOS AIRES

THE trains from Valparaiso and Santiago to Buenos Aires leave these respective cities at 6.00 P.M. and at 6.20 P.M., respectively, meeting at Llai-Llai, from which junction to Los Andes they are but one train. Passengers spend the night at Los Andes, continuing the next day. The reason that the trains don't leave the two large Chilean cities in the morning and cross the Andes the same day is because the passengers are obliged to change cars at Mendoza. It is a four hours' ride from either Valparaiso or Santiago to Los Andes, and, as the trains that leave the last-mentioned town at 7 A.M. do not arrive in Mendoza until 8 P.M., that city would not be reached until after midnight if the train left the capital or the seaport at the same time that it does Los Andes, thereby making it very inconvenient for all travelers. There are no through trains, as the tracks are of different gauge. Santiago to Los Andes is broad gauge, from there to Mendoza, narrow gauge, and the last stretch, from Mendoza to Buenos Aires, is again broad gauge. Trains leaving Santiago have to go halfway back to Valparaiso to Llai-Llai. It would be more convenient if the railroad was built to Los Andes from Santiago via Chacabuco, the grade here being no worse than that already built, and

this route would shorten by two hours the distance between the capitals of Chile and Argentina. This project is contemplated. At Llai-Llai time is given the passengers to dine. It was dark before we got there, and the ride to Los Andes is slow. San Felipe, capital of the province of Aconcagua, is the only town of size on the line.

Los Andes is a small country town of about four thousand inhabitants. Its altitude is only 2646 feet above sea-level, but it gets its imposing name from the fact that the high mountains encroach on the valley, and this is the station from which they are entered. The village consists of one long, poplar-bordered street on which are the stores, and of a few unpretentious side streets where are located the adobe residences. The hotel at Los Andes is a large wooden chalet, and is the only hotel that I have stopped at in Chile that has running water in the rooms. It is clean, but poorly furnished. It is surrounded by a large compound with iron gates, which are locked all night. The form of this hotel is that of the letter E with the middle prong left out, the long side facing the street, and the wings extending into the garden. It is 10.20 P.M. when the train arrives there, and there is always a crowd looking for rooms. I was lucky to have one reserved, because many people had to sit up all night, having neglected to send telegrams. There is one thing that the hotel manager does not forget to do, and that is to "soak" his guests. The Italian head waiter was endeavoring to get twenty-four *pesos* for a British sovereign, when the current rate of exchange was twenty-three *pesos* forty *centavos*. One of his underlings had a corner on cigars, which he was trying to sell for two *pesos* apiece. They were too dry to smoke, and the same variety in good condition sold in Santiago for sixty *centavos* apiece.

The train from Los Andes to Mendoza backs into the

hotel yard. A whole car had been reserved for Señor Elespuru, the Peruvian Minister to Argentina, and as there were only two other coaches to accommodate the passengers, who were numerous enough to fill four coaches, they began crowding into the car reserved for the diplomat, much against the will of the conductor, who was powerless to prevent them. Among them, numbered three middle-aged American old maids, and the United States army officer, Major Shipton, whom I had met on the train between Arequipa and Juliaca, Peru. These old maids were making themselves obnoxious, like most American old maids traveling abroad, expressing in a loud voice their narrow-minded ideas, much to the disgust of the other occupants of the car, and having no shame about their criticisms. They occupied five seats in a crowded car, and "chewed the rag" because they couldn't see enough. One of them was sitting next to a Chilean who had left his seat in disgust at her actions, or because he wished to see the country through another window. When he vacated the seat that he had rightly paid for she placed a steamer rug in the empty place so that he wouldn't come back. Her intentions were a failure, for when he returned, he took her rug, placed it in a rack, and resumed his seat. This was the initiative for a babel of execrations and reproaches. The youngest of the trio, though the most venomous of speech, was the best looking, and had a nice figure. She was well within the marriageable age and appeared very trim, and even sensual. An insect somewhat resembling what we call "walking stick" began to annoy her, although it was at least a distance of seven feet from her head. She asked me to kill it, as she said she was afraid of it. I assented, and pretending to kill it with my hat, I managed to slap it, so that its wriggling body was sent on her gown. For a moment she

didn't notice where it went, but when she eventually espied it, her attention being called to it by one of her companions, the squawks and shrieks that she emitted furnished a vaudeville entertainment to the rest of the passengers. A fat, good-natured looking Shriner, called by the old maids "doctor," and his wife accompanied the trio, but like a great many Americans he was so much under their thumb that whatever liberty he had once enjoyed had by now been thoroughly harassed out of him. To make matters worse, another American, met by chance on the train, began to relate his travels to these women, who were glued to their seats in open-mouthed astonishment at what seemed to be a penny lecture, delivered with no great elocutionary nor vocabularic brilliancy. As there was no dining-car on the train, I was forced to submit to these ordeals without the chance of obtaining a drink to enable me to forget them.

The train follows the Aconcagua River between very high ranges of mountains. This valley bottom is cultivated, but the mountainsides are bleak and rocky, scanty grass showing here and there in tufts. Mountain torrents dash over rocks, become lost to view in spray, to appear later below in the ravine, white like a stream of ice, and then fall headlong beneath bridges in the turbulent river. At Juncal, time is allowed for slight refreshments. Generally speaking, this is not a meal station, but it has for such a long time been the custom for passengers to partake of more than a slight lunch here that many places are set for those desiring to eat. There was a special meal set for the Peruvian Minister, but I, supposing that the "first come, first served" motto was in vogue, consumed it before that worthy personage arrived, thereby forcing him to go hungry.

Leaving Juncal, the train ascends a canyon to the right,

and, after some distance, crosses it; then, by numerous tunnels, it rounds the nose of a promontory that again brings us into the valley of the Aconcagua, high above the river. The whole beautiful, awesome, rocky, giant, snow-capped range of the Cordillera comes in view. Soon we reach a station named El Portillo, to the left of which, lying like an emerald in a dark setting, is the small deep green Lago del Inca, which has often been the subject of many paintings. Caracoles, the last Chilean settlement, is soon reached. The main street of this hamlet is a trestle from which the houses are entered by doors leading into their upper storeys. We now enter a tunnel directly underneath the famous Las Cuevas pass, two and a half miles long, in which is reached the highest point on the line, the boundary between Chile and Argentina. It takes eight minutes to go through it, and the altitude attained is 10,391 feet, near its middle. At its eastern entrance is the Argentine station of Las Cuevas.

Before the tunnel was finished, travelers were obliged to cross the saddle of the mountain, called the Cumbre, which is 802 meters higher than the railroad, or at an altitude of 12,998 feet above sea level. This was done either on horseback or by carriage over a road that ascends in sharp zigzags, and descends on the Argentina side in broad curves. At the summit, is the famous bronze Christ of the Andes or Cristo Redentor. This was erected several years ago on the boundary of the two republics. At that time, Chile and Argentina were on the verge of war. Peace was ultimately brought about, and the Christ was erected as a memento of friendship between the two nations. The old carriage road was a lucrative one for the transportation companies, two of which sprang up in Santiago, the Sud Americana, and the Villalonga. The completion of the tunnel was a blow to them, but the



Villalonga was able to hold its head up, and to-day all the shipment of goods across the Andes on the trains is in its hands. It sends along with every train that crosses the mountains a representative who goes as far as Mendoza, and whose duty it is to look after the transferring of baggage from one train to the other.

There are two other passes across the Andes, both farther south, and a railroad is contemplated being built across the more northerly of these two. It is completed on the Argentine side as far as Neuquen, and it will connect with the Chilean railroads near Antuco. This pass is about seven thousand feet high, and will bring much freight to Talcahuano. The third pass is far the most feasible. It is still farther to the south, and the elevation to be reached will be, at its summit, but slightly over four thousand feet. The Patagonian Railroad is already built from San Antonio, on the Gulf of San Martin, Argentina, about three hundred miles westward, and the remaining one hundred and fifty to San Carlos de Bariloche, on Lake Nahuelhuapi, is now under construction. However, nothing has been done on the Chile side to form the connecting link. When completed, it will greatly help the export trade of both Valdivia and Puerto Montt. The Chilean government does not look favorably upon any more Transandine railroads, and it would be difficult to get a concession. It realizes the superiority of the harbors of Talcahuano and Corral over that of Valparaiso, and if the trade of the former increased to the detriment of the latter, it would also be detrimental to Santiago, which is a thing that politicians with much at stake would not stand for. The country is better in Southern Chile, and there seems to be a gradual exodus from the valleys in the neighborhood of the capital for that direction. Many Santiaguinos are afraid that, if business picks up

in the southern provinces, they, also, will be obliged to emigrate there in order to enjoy prosperity.

When we arrived at Las Cuevas a snowstorm was raging. At the forlorn little hamlet, there is nothing to see but the bones and carcasses of animals scattered over the immediate landscape. A diner is attached to the train, and everybody makes a rush for it. The mountains on this eastern slope are more rocky than those on the Chilean side, and have absolutely no vegetable life. It was here that I first saw an Argentine soldier, a cavalryman. The uniform is different from the Chilean to a marked degree, and not nearly as practical. This man wore a dark blue suit, with red stripes on his breeches, and a black helmet. His rifle hung on his back, being strapped into place by two diagonal straps crossing from each shoulder. One hour's ride down the mountain on the rack and pinion railroad brought us to the thermal resort of Puente del Inca, with its mineral springs. It derives its name from a natural bridge over the Las Cuevas River, and over which the wagon road runs. There is a large hotel, very popular with Mendoza society; this has clustering around it several stone huts. On the depot platform was the most beautiful girl that I had seen since coming to South America, and who had come to bid some friend good-bye. The train filled up at this station, and I was obliged to hurry back into our car to find on arriving that our seats were occupied. I had considerable difficulty in forcing a fat lady, who had usurped my wife's seat, to move. It is here that is to be had the first view of the volcano Aconcagua, seen to the north, and said by the Chileans and Argentinos to be the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. Its height is claimed by some to be 23,217 feet, by others to be 24,000 feet; it has been scaled several times, Sir Martin Conway making the first ascent.

Soon after leaving Puente del Inca, are visible to the south the great dolomitic peaks, Los Penitentes, in view but a fleeting moment when the train crosses a canyon. They greatly resemble the Karawanken, in Carinthia, but are much higher. Tupungato, a volcano 21,833 feet high, now comes into view. Rio Tupungato, flowing from the south, joins the Las Cuevas, and soon the Las Vacas, flowing from the north, empties into it, forming the Rio Mendoza. About one hundred kilometers west of Mendoza, the river opens up into a valley, and it is here that we see the first trees after crossing the Andes. It is the Rancho of Uspallata, the valley bottom green with fields of alfalfa. Here, San Martin wintered before crossing with his army to Chile. Before the advent of the railroad, travelers took the old wagon road, which at this spot diverged to the north, passing by the mineral springs of Villa Vicencio. Leaving this valley, we enter the defile of the Mendoza River, whose banks we follow till within twenty kilometers of the city of Mendoza. In some places, this canyon is so narrow that there is no place for a trail. Large barren mountains tower above it on both sides. We came to a place where a bridge had been washed away, and the railroad makes a long detour around a pocket of a creek over a temporary track until the bridge shall be rebuilt. At Cacheuta, altitude 4044 feet, forty kilometers from Mendoza, are some mineral springs. The thermal establishment and town along the river bottom are far below the track. A residence like a castle is the summer home of a wealthy man.

Near Mendoza, we suddenly leave the Andes in the background, and enter what is called the Zona del Riego, the greatest grape country in Argentina, and probably in South America.

Night approaches, and, through the dusk of the summer's



**Cristo Redentor, or Christ of the Andes, Marking Boundary Line between Chile and Argentina  
Aconcagua Volcano, Highest Mountain in South America, in the Background**

1807

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day, we pass miles of vineyards, prosperous and well kept up. The soil is slightly sandy, and, as the rainfall is irregular, irrigation has to be resorted to. This is done by damming the Mendoza and the Tunuyan rivers, and drawing off their water into reservoirs. Formerly each *haciendado* had his own reservoir, and tapped the streams, wherever he chose, by a pipe, which intake was called a *toma*. This is done to-day in the more remote districts of the republic.

As the climate of Mendoza is continental, new varieties of grape cannot be planted there until they are acclimatized. To do this, they are brought from Europe to Chile, where the climate is more like that of their native land, and after thriving there for some time, they are again transplanted and brought across the Andes. The vines are dark green in color, and never of the light shades as in California, Chile, and Hungary. The wines are also of an inferior quality, even though the vines are of the best. Few people of the higher classes in Mendoza will drink the native wines, although they will imbibe the Chilean vintage. I drove out several times among the vineyards, and must confess that I never saw anything, either in California or in Europe, like the production, prosperity, and prospects of viticulture in this district. Nearly every one has his own wine cellar, well stocked, and diseases such as phylloxera and anaheim are unknown. Three kinds of champagne are made, Von Toll, Presidente, and Tirasso. It is inferior to that of New York State, and costs \$1.28 a bottle (liter) retail, or \$14.40 for a case containing a dozen bottles. In the outskirts of the city, we noticed the vines on the adobe garden walls, then clinging to the omnipresent poplars. Finally, when we reached the open country we could look for miles upon a vista of rows of vines clustered around poles. The pride of every wine-

grower is his grape arbor. It may either be a trellis-work tunnel, a pergola, or else it may be ancient vines so trained that their branches meet above one's head, forming a tunnel into which the rays of the sun can never penetrate. In recent years, attention has been given to the grape as well as the wine, and the fine bunches that adorn the hotel tables in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro all come from here or from the neighboring viticulture province of San Juan.

Other fruits are also grown here, and attain great size, notably the peach and the pear. They are fine to look at, but, like the California fruit, they are thick skinned, and go more to juice than to flavor. It is much this same way with all irrigated fruit. In the Entre Rios Province, where irrigation is unnecessary for the production of fruits, the peaches, pears, and grapes are better flavored. An Italian, named Bacigalupi, has recently established a fruit-canning factory in Mendoza, and, though it was first regarded by the inhabitants as a white elephant, it is making large profits, turning out 5000 tins of preserves daily. Poplar wood forms one of the industries of Mendoza. No wood was indigenous to this country, and some of the early Italian settlers imported poplars from the valley of the Po. With no care they have thrived remarkably well, and they are planted along the sides of every road to a long distance out of the town.

It was quite dark when we reached Mendoza, and lightning flashes occasionally lit up the sky. I had never read any description of Mendoza and had no conception of what kind of a place it was. I was much pleased to find it the fine city that it is, my favorite of all cities of the republic. Next to Rosario, Cordoba, and Tucuman it is the most important inland city of the republic, though in recent years it has not grown as rapidly as have the

others. Its population is over 50,000 inhabitants and is gradually increasing. The character of the city is different from any of the other cities that I visited. The streets are very broad, and are paved with a species of flagstone, with flat tops, which makes driving very smooth. The buildings are mostly of one storey, and all have a certain sameness of appearance, with broad arched entrances and large windows. The sidewalks in front of them are broad and between them and the street are ditches of running water which is carried under the street crossings by stone coverings. Bordering these canals, and between them and the carriage road, are sycamore trees planted closely together. All of these trees were planted at the same time, for, on every street in the city, they are of uniform height. The lighting system has arches stretched across the road from which hang down numerous bulbs.

The railroad station is quite a distance from the hotel, which is named the Gran Hotel San Martin, on the Plaza San Martin. It is the only good one in the city. It resembles a Greek or a Pompeian house rather than a Spanish one. The exterior, separated from the sidewalk by a paved compound, and enclosed by an iron fence, is an imitation of green and brown marble with ornamental paintings on the plaster between the columns that hold up the roof. The rooms open into halls that parallel the sides of the *patio*, and are rather plain. The dining-room is in a wing to the right of the entrance. It was here that I ate the best meal since leaving home. There is plenty of food, and it is well cooked.

The inhabitants of Mendoza have the automobile fever. Nearly everybody seems to have one, and they keep the night hideous with the tooting of their horns. People mortgage their belongings to purchase one, and



an employee of the Pusterla Company of Buenos Aires, agents for automobiles, told me that a certain Mendoza family had already two machines, but bought another from them on the installment plan. They refused to pay the installments and he was sent to Mendoza to find the reason why. It turned out that the family had no money, for they had spent every cent they had on the other motor cars, and as they couldn't afford to buy new tires for these (for they were punctured) the cheapest way would be for them to get a new machine, for then the tires on this would be in good condition. It was discovered that their chauffeur had quit their employ because there were three months' unpaid wages due him. The trouble with the Argentinos is that they live too high, especially in Mendoza. Every cent they make, they spend, but spend it where it will show to the best advantage. There is not so much wealth among its inhabitants as one would be led to believe by the outside surface, but in the art of "show-off" they have reached perfection.

All the life of the city that doesn't center on Calle San Martin, finds its way to the neighborhood of the Plaza San Martin. This plaza is no longer the business portion of the city, although the large banks, that of the Banco Español del Rio de la Plata, Banco de la Nacion Argentina, and the Banco Italiano, are here, as well as the beautiful theater and the Catholic cathedral which in architecture resembles a synagogue. This plaza has a large equestrian statue of San Martin, appropriately looking towards the Andes. The rest is devoted to lawn and ornamental flower beds, but there is no shade. A police band plays here occasionally on summer evenings, but is not like the fine military band that I heard at Chillán. It is noticeable that the great number of soldiers seen on the streets of the Chilean towns are here lacking. The main street of

the city much resembles that of streets of the same size in the United States. The buildings of brick are of the same uninteresting architectural design, with flat roofs. The one thing that is totally un-American is the presence of cafés, with little marble-topped iron tables placed under the awnings on the sidewalks. This effect, together with the shade trees, is somewhat Parisian. Chile seems an interminable distance away, so far as everything is concerned. Here in Mendoza, there is style, the height of the season's Paris creations; no *mantos* nor *mantillas* nor somber colors as encountered on the Santiago streets; yet in Mendoza, as in most Argentine towns, the life is extremely artificial. The men are not of the rugged fighting type as are those of Chile. They have no individuality. They are either fat, oily, sleek, and sensual looking with moustaches aping the Italians, or else they are thin, undersized, and villainous looking, resembling the *macarreaux* of Paris. There are exceptions, but the staid and stolid Argentinos of a generation ago are rapidly being superseded by the scum of South European cities, producing a race that is not virile.

Judging from the signs on the buildings, a certain street in Mendoza seems to be entirely given over to lawyers. It is a very busy street, and is at some distance from the retail portion of the city, forming a nucleus all of its own. The pavement here is lined with automobiles and vehicles, while the occupants of the offices stand on their thresholds as if to entice the trade from the streets. There is a large and beautiful park to the west of the city which is a great rendezvous for society folks in the cool of the day. The trees are too young to have reached a height to make it shady, and driving is therefore apt to be hot if participated in before four o'clock in the afternoon. The heat of Mendoza in summer is like that in the United

States, that is, oppressive with not a breath of air stirring. Heat even seems to emanate from the ground, and, in the country, a blue haze permeates the air. In the city, the streets are so wide, and the pavement and buildings so light colored that they act as a reflector to the sun. In the winter months, this province is covered with snow. The altitude of the city is in the neighborhood of 3000 feet above sea level, and, although the nights are cooler than those of Buenos Aires, the city is not high enough to make any noticeable difference to any marked degree. The street cleaning department is very primitive. Along the outside of every curb, flow streams of running water, spanned by stone footbridges. The street cleaners, who are mostly prisoners arrested for drunkenness or misdemeanors, scoop this water up with buckets and dash it on the roadway. Water-wagons would do the job better and cheaper, for they would do away with a big crew of men, and the prisoners could be put to work building good roads, of which there is a scarcity in the republic. On some of the streets, there are water-wagons, but they are not in general use here or in Buenos Aires. Besides the fruit-canning industry, brickyards, and tile factories, the last-mentioned institutions being indispensable to a South American city, and which are never lacking even in the smallest of places, there is a small brewery owned by the firm of Arizi and Baldi. Its brew does not seem to be any more popular here than the beer of the Colon brewery in Oruro, for I could not find it on sale in any of the places I patronized.

Most of Argentina is a flat or slightly undulating plain. A good idea of the nature of the country can be obtained by a trip from Mendoza to Buenos Aires. The train leaves Mendoza at 9 P.M., and for some distance, passes through the wine country. This was once a desert, but

irrigation has made it a paradise; there is but little land in the whole republic which cannot be successfully cultivated if water can be brought to it. The trains to Buenos Aires run over the tracks of the Argentine Pacific Railroad. The day coaches are made in the United States, but the sleeping cars are made in Europe. There are two berths to each compartment and they run crosswise. The locomotives are also of American manufacture, and are numbered as at home, and not named, as in Chile. In that country the appellations of the locomotives are those of geographical divisions, battles, heroes, and of characters in ecclesiastical history. I remember seeing a locomotive at the little town of San Martin near Ollague that was named "Immaculate Conception." Shortly after leaving behind us the last vineyards, we enter a semi-desert, and the heat and dust become insufferable. The sand, blowing in the windows, fills one's throat and lungs to a point near suffocation. San Luis, capital of a province of the same name, is reached about 2 A.M., but nothing is to be seen at that early hour except a large and white new depot. The glare of the electric lights of the town can be seen for a great distance on the pampas, before reaching and after leaving the city. In this neighborhood are high hills.

I awoke at a sober hour in the morning to find the train stopping at a small town named Vicuña Mackenna in the province of Cordoba. There are many places in Argentina with English, Scotch, Irish, and German names. The capital of the Chubut territory is Rawson. Buenos Aires province has a large town named Lincoln, besides many small places with names such as Open Door, Goldney, Henderson, Roberts, and Halsey. There are towns with German names such as Rauch, Grünbein, and so forth, and also numerous places with Italian names.

This naming I find all right but the Argentinos have a foolish way of naming their towns after people, giving the title of the person along with his surname. For instance the seaport of Bahia Blanca is named Ingeneiro White (Engineer White). There is also an Ingeneiro Thompson, a General Suarez, a General Lamadrid, a General Alvear, an I. Junta, an A. Corio, a J. F. Ibarra, a Colonel Segovia, a Colonel de Lorca, besides nomenclatures such as 9 de Julio (9th of July) and 25 de Mayo (25th of May). Not only is Argentina "bughouse" in this respect, but Uruguay as well. There is a province and city in that country named Treinta y Tres (in English, thirty-three). Uruguay undoubtedly copied Argentina, but went it one better.

The country towns much resemble those of Nebraska and the Dakotas. They are built of red brick, and present a frontier aspect by the way in which they straggle over the plains. Between Mendoza and Buenos Aires, only a few towns of importance are passed. They are Rufino in Santa Fé province, Junin, Chacabuco and Mercedes in Buenos Aires province. The whole country traversed is a grain-producing section, and utterly devoid of trees except where they have been planted by human agency. The *haciendas* are large, and a peculiarity that I noticed is that the barns were all devoid of lightning rods; and yet the whole republic is a country of electrical storms. From Chacabuco, one hundred and twenty-eight miles west of Buenos Aires, the country becomes more thickly settled, and better developed. The farms are smaller, and are more devoted to garden truck. At a place named Open Door, sixty-five miles from the capital, and just before the railroad crosses the sluggish Rio Lujan, are some large residences on a hill to the south that would grace any country scene. It takes a

long time to enter Buenos Aires. Its suburbs straggle out a great distance. There are many stations, and the train runs slowly. After what seems to be a decade, the train crosses Palermo Park on a viaduct and pulls up at the antiquated Argentine Pacific station of Retiro, which is on the water front of the largest city in South America.

## CHAPTER XI

### BUENOS AIRES

TO attempt to describe Buenos Aires in a chapter or two would be the height of folly. It could not be done. I have never in all my life read a proper description of the city, though the articles that I have read relative to it have been many. I shall only attempt to describe the impression it made on me, with a few of its principal points of interest.

Buenos Aires is as fine a city as exists, though lacking in the natural beauty of Rio de Janeiro. It takes up a large area of ground, and its population, in December, 1912, was 1,415,118 inhabitants. A municipal census, taken in March, 1913, gave it 100,000 more. It has the finest collection of buildings, both public and private, of any city of its size on the globe. Everywhere are parks, plazas, and outward indications of great wealth. The inhabitants take great pride in the appearance of their city, and new streets are continually being opened up, each one better than its predecessor. The streets are kept clean to the extreme, and the law also compels the owners of the out-of-door cafés to have their little iron tables arranged symmetrically. Nothing is an eye-sore. The hotels are fine, the street-car service is good, the cabs are reasonable in their charges, and the stores are ultra

up-to-date. The amusement part of the life is the only thing in which the city falls short.

North Americans have a habit of abbreviating the names of South American cities. In the same fashion that they speak of Valparaiso as Valpo, and Santiago as Santy, they call Buenos Aires by the unpoetical appellation of "B. A." "Where are you bound for?" one Yankee is apt to ask another fellow-countryman at a railroad station. "I'm just going to B. A.," would be the reply. This may be practical, yet to abbreviate the name of a city, and a most beautiful one at that, in such a manner is nothing less than sacrilege.

The immigration in recent years has been great, Spaniards being the preponderating nationality, with Italians as a close second. Frenchmen, Austrians, and Russians then follow in order. Since Argentina contains a great Italian population, naturally the architecture and art of their country has come to play an important part in the construction of buildings, and in the embellishment of the streets. The architecture is of a domed type; in other respects it is decidedly Italian, a decadent form of Renaissance. In many ways, the architects are trying to give this form to buildings, rivalling in height our skyscrapers. An apartment house, office building, private residence, public building, or railroad station in Buenos Aires and Rosario would be incomplete unless it were surmounted by at least one ornamental dome. This is also true to some extent in Montevideo, which city is half Italian. The dome is usually on one corner of the building's front, and not in the middle. It is invariably of black slate, and the city, when looked upon from an eminence, has the aspect of a mushroom garden. The modern structures are from six to nine storeys high, which, owing to the lofty floors, would bring their average from eight



to eleven storeys high, judged from the North American standard. An apartment house on the Paseo de Julio is thirteen storeys high and the Plaza Hotel is ten.

The principal promenade is the Avenida de Mayo, a thoroughfare about a mile long, with rows of small sycamore trees between the road and the sidewalk. These sycamores do not look healthy, and I am of the opinion that they won't live long. The Avenida begins at the Plaza de Mayo, on which is situated the Government Building, and ends at the new Congressional Building, whose attenuated dome forms a landmark for miles around. On this Avenida, are some of the most fashionable hotels, boarding houses, and cafés, but not the best stores. Here also, are the offices of the world-renowned newspaper, *La Prensa*, besides those of another periodical, *La Razon*, and the city hall. The buildings are all uniform in height, and this avenue much resembles the boulevards of Paris, except that it is much narrower, and the buildings which flank it are higher. The Congressional Building at its end, named El Congreso, will cost when completed \$20,000,000.00. It is of brick, its exterior veneered with slabs of Carrara marble. The interior is already occupied, but such a slow task is the work of importing the marble, that it will be some time yet before it will be entirely completed. It covers an area of two city blocks, but looks low, and does not show up as well as it would if it were about three storeys higher. Yet it is a tall building, its great area giving it a squat appearance. Its tall dome is very slender, and gives it a touch of delicacy.

The park which it faces, also the one in front of the Government Building, as well as quite a few streets are, at the present time, badly torn up, owing to the tunneling of the new subway. This should have been finished some time ago, but there were several mishaps, including a

cave-in, and its construction is being reinforced. This year, 1914, will evidently see its completion. No city needs a subway as badly as Buenos Aires, for the street traffic is dreadfully congested. It is difficult at any place to cross the streets, because of vehicles and automobiles. Of these latter, the city alone has over 12,000; cities not so large have more, but, here, owing to the narrowness of the streets, they are found principally on the none too long *corsos*, and show off to advantage better. Nearly all are medium-sized cars (practically no runabouts), and as the Avenida de Mayo is the only broad street in the business section of the city, all congregate there, and form one continuous procession. To reach Palermo and Belgrano, the fashionable section, the motor cars take the Calle Callao, another broad thoroughfare leading away from the business section. At Palermo and Belgrano the streets are broad, but there is a favorite for vehicles, the Paseo Alvear. Here the pavement is good, the vistas fine, and there is no speed limit. Therefore it can be safely said that the ocular deception as to the number of automobiles (one would say offhand that there were at least 30,000) in Buenos Aires is due to the fact that these three streets, Avenida de Mayo, Calle Callao, and Paseo Alvear, form the *corso*. Motor cars are to be found on all the streets except on Florida between three and seven o'clock in the evening but not in great numbers. There are taxi-motors and taxicabs. This is a good thing, for the drivers now can't hold up their patrons on fares as they were wont to do before this system came in. There are many other public cabs, but it is always advisable to get a taxi, for by so doing there is no danger of an argument when it comes time to settle. As the distances are great, and traveling by electric car is apt to necessitate much changing, it is often advantageous to use a cab.

The fare with auto is twenty-one cents a kilometer, and by cab twenty-five cents; each additional five hundred meters by cab is charged at four and a half cents.

Among some of the finer buildings of the city, are the *Tribunales*, or Law Courts. This great pile, exceeding the Congressional Building in size, is on the Plaza Lavalle, and is built in neo-Egyptian style, somewhat in form like the Palais de Justice at Brussels. It covers a very long block, and its gray severe Egyptian architecture rises to a height of five lofty stories. Its forbidding appearance does not harmonize with the beautiful trees and flower beds of the plaza. Facing it, and in the course of erection, are two large office buildings, eight storeys high, above whose corners will rise the omnipresent dome. The Government Building, styled *El Gobierno*, which acts as both Capitol and residence of the President, Dr. Saenz Peña, is old. It faces on one side the longitudinal park which slopes down to the Darsena or Basin, and on the other, its main façade, the end of the Plaza de Mayo. It is long, three storeys high, has two wings, and is painted terra-cotta color. The Plaza de Mayo, semicircular, is now torn up on account of the building of the subway. On one side of this park, is the cathedral, a Doric building of gray stone, resembling the Madeleine in Paris, with the exception that it is crowned by a small dome. A bishop's miter and an escutcheon painted golden adorn the otherwise severe front of this temple of worship.

There is a building in another and newer part of the city, so artistic and imposing that it could pass for a city hall or capitol. It is neither. It is called the *Aguas Corrientes*, and is merely a large reservoir for drinking water walled up ornately so as to deceive the average beholder as to its use. This building, three storeys high, and covering a whole block, resembles the *Hôtel de Ville*

of Paris. The windows are but shams, but the observer has to be close to them to distinguish the trickery. It has towers, small balconies, and broad approaches of steps. Here are also located the offices of the waters board.

The custom-house, or Aduana, is a new building, very imposing, elegant, and flamboyant in architecture and surmounted by two ornamental towers. Its appearance is more like a European casino or gambling institution such as one meets in most of the French watering places than one used for the purposes that it is. This, like most of the public buildings in the republic, is large, and lies adjacent to a park. The only buildings in the city too small for the needs of the present day are the post-office and the city hall. The latter, called the Intendencia, is the last building on the Avenida de Mayo, on the left-hand side, approaching the Plaza de Mayo, and is next door to the offices of *La Prensa*. It is of stone, five storeys high, has a semi-mansard roof, and is crowned with a cupola. This building is not old, but fifteen years ago nobody knew that Buenos Aires would reach the million mark in population to say nothing of half again as much within so short a time, and this edifice was thought to be amply adequate for the future needs of the city. The post-office or Correo is a disgrace to the city. It is not one building, but a collection of old, dilapidated structures on the Calle Reconquista, that should have been torn down years ago. It is in a good location, for this neighborhood is the center of the banking houses and the steamship agencies. In one of these buildings stamps are sold; in another is the registration department; in a third one are the letter boxes,—but with a covered hall so that one can go from one to another department without going out into the street. If, however, you wish to

obtain a letter from the General Delivery, you must go into the street, and walk half of a block before you come to the place. There is always a jam in the post-office, and nearly everybody has a letter to register; this is the way the inhabitants send money, for they have no faith in money-orders.

The hotels in Buenos Aires are very expensive. The Plaza is supposed to be the leading one, both in service and in price. It is owned by the Ritz-Carlton Company, and is located on the Plaza San Martin at the end of the principal shopping street, Calle Florida. It is ten stories in height, and is of the same architecture as the newer New York hotels. When it was built, the populace thought that it was going to be a white elephant. For the first year, it just made expenses, but ever since, it has been a gold mine. The other good hotels are, the Majestic, Grand, Paris, Phoenix, Cecil, Palace, and Avenida Palace. All of these are on the Avenida de Mayo, excepting the Grand and the Palace, which are but a stone's throw away, and the Phoenix, which is in a different part of the city. A new hotel named the Savoy, on the Callao near El Congreso, will be opened this year under the management of Mr. Eduardo Avello, an Italian from Montevideo who runs the Hotel Parque there. It is claimed that this will be the classiest hotel in the city, and it is in the best location. There has never been a hotel built before in this neighborhood, so its opening will be an experiment. Anyhow it is an improvement on having the fine hotels on the narrow congested down-town streets. The Phoenix is in a poor location, and although it faces San Martin, that end of the street is devoted to poor dwellings and cheap saloons. It is an English house and caters entirely to Anglo-Saxon trade. It is not recommendable, for who is there that cares to listen to the shrill

high-pitched voices and scoldings of English old maids? Who also cares to hear the laborious efforts of some American trying to explain something in Spanish to the patient waiter who can talk just as good English as the American. In one respect the Englishman has it on the American. If he finds out that the foreign servant can talk English that is the language he converses with him in. The American, no matter how limited his own knowledge of the foreign language, always likes to air it to the servant who though a foreigner talks fluent English. I am told that the table of the Phoenix needs improving, as not enough variety of food is offered. I visited some of the rooms, and found them to be stuffy. The Palace is a large caravansera, domed and overlooking the Paseo de Julio and a park. I am told that it is good although the immediate streets in the neighborhood are given up to booking offices of third-class steamship accommodations. The Avenida Palace, the newest in Buenos Aires, is nine storeys high and only about thirty feet wide. It is on the Plaza de Mayo near the end of the Avenida, and faces the cathedral. It is up-to-date, and the prices are moderate. The Grand Hotel is one of the best in the city. It is on the Florida, a block and a half from the Avenida de Mayo. It has a disadvantage because it stands in the middle of the block in a somewhat noisy location. At present the adjacent building is being torn down to make room for another street, which will make it noisier than before.

I stopped at the Majestic, which, with the exception of the Plaza, is reputed to be the swellest in the city in all respects. The price, which is steeper than that of the majority of hotels, is only three fifths that of the Plaza. Everything in Buenos Aires is expensive, but the hotels take the cake in knowing how to charge. I was shown a

room with two beds, a bath, and an anteroom, on the eighth floor of the Plaza, for which the management asked the price of fifty *pesos* daily for two persons including board. This would be twenty-one dollars a day, without extras, or at the rate of \$630.00 a month, or \$7665.00 a year of 365 days. I obtained better lodgings, and as good food as I ever digested, for \$13.60 at the Majestic, including my wife and self. This in the United States would be abnormally high. The Majestic is nine storeys high, and is crowned with a dome above which rises a gilded iron sun. An arrangement has been perfected so that from this sun flashlights can be thrown all over the city at night. It is located near the western end of the Avenida at the corner of Calle Santiago del Estero. Half of the ground floor and that of the *rez-de-chaussée* is occupied by the Caja de Ahorros, or National Pension Office. The parlors are on the third floor, and are lighted both from windows and from the *patio*, which, from here, rises above it seven storeys more with parlors around it on each floor in gallery form. These are separated from the *patio* by composite pillars, representing Assyrian and Egyptian marble. The dining-room is on the eighth floor, and on the ninth, is a sun parlor, bar, and place where the musicians play during the dinner hour. There is also on this floor a roof garden from which the city can be seen to perfection. The view takes in the roofs of the houses, with vegetable gardens on them, and, from here, although the streets seem straight when one is on terra firma, it can be observed that there is scarcely a straight street in the whole city. Our rooms were on the seventh storey, the only storey that has a balcony. This balcony has both its advantages and disadvantages. Here one can sit to get fresh air on a sultry night, but other guests can walk along it and prowl around it if they have

rooms opening onto it. One night as I was writing a letter in the anteroom, my wife let out a squeal, and I looked to where she indicated in time to catch some skunk watching her disrobe. In an instant I was on the balcony in pursuit of the peeker, but he had vanished as if swallowed up. I saw light emerging from the shutters of a nearby room, and thinking he had made his escape there, looked through them. He was not in evidence, but instead there stood before a mirror and admiring her corpulent figure, a middle-aged woman, stark naked. I have been told that the waiters sometimes take advantage of this balcony to obtain glimpses of female guests whose figures are liable to be attractive.

Many tourists, especially those who intend to make a prolonged stay, go to pensions or to family hotels. These are to be found in all sections of the city, but the best are on the Avenida, or near it. Some of the best of these are Gaviezel's New Hotels. He has three, all on the Avenida, and caters to high-class trade. The rooms and food are good and reasonable. Then there are the Chacabuco Mansions, run by a German, but somewhat inferior to Gaviezel's. Sr. Ignacio Galvez, my Colombian friend, told me to look him up there when I arrived at Buenos Aires. I did so, but found that he was passing the summer in Montevideo. There are on the Avenida the Gran Hotel España, and the Gran Hotel Esclava, both family hotels and adjoining each other, taking up the whole block which is crossed by the Calles Lima and Bernardo de Irigoyen. There is the Hotel Cecil, patronized by Englishmen, the Hotel Roma, the Pension Chic Parisien, and many others.

Buenos Aires has only two kinds of amusement with which to attract the stranger, the theater and the horse races. As it is impossible for a foreigner without recom-



mentations to have entrance to the houses of the inhabitants, to join the coterie of social life, or to be a member of its clubs, the only way for him to pass the evenings is to walk on the streets, loaf in front of the cafés, or attend the theaters, of which there are eighteen in the city, mostly vaudeville or burlesque, and where it would not be considered at home a proper place to go on account of the crowd of ruffians and roués who take in these smoking concerts. Thus, the foreign clerks, employed in the banks and the importing houses, have a very dull time of it. The leading theater of the city is the Teatro Colon, said to be the largest opera house in the world, although the one at São Paulo, Brazil, looks to be equally as large. Its exterior is somewhat plain, but its interior is the acme of luxurious taste. When it is in season, the house is always filled to overflowing, and the women are all attired in the most costly of gowns. They are all young, for the dowagers keep themselves in the background, letting their daughters of marriageable age present themselves conspicuously to the male sex. There used to be a loge reserved for the members of the diplomatic bureaus of foreign countries, but this has been done away with. The wives of the ambassadors were sometimes so homely that the Argentinos nicknamed this loge "the zoölogical garden." The Colon Theater has a seating capacity for 3570 persons.

The social life of the male population is centered around the clubs, the most distinguished of which is the Jockey Club. It has a membership list of nearly two thousand, who have paid an initiation fee of \$1500, and whose dues amount to \$72.00 annually. A president is elected every two years, and to obtain this office is a great honor. Electioneering is done for the rival candidates much the same way as in a political campaign. Many of its mem-

bers do not reside at Buenos Aires, but are scattered all over the country, so when the last election for the presidency took place, owing to the importance of the two candidates, the electioneering was so great that members were brought to Buenos Aires from as far as Salta, their expenses all paid. Sr. Benito Villanueva was elected president. He is a clever politician, a former chief of the Senate. He had for rival Sr. Ramos Mexia, Secretary of Public Works. It is essential for a high politician to join this club, owing to the honor connected with it. It spends \$1,500,000 a year on public benefits, and recently offered to build for the city a broad avenue in the business part of the town at a cost of \$15,000,000. As there is need for broad streets in that neighborhood, this would be an invaluable acquisition. The building itself has a somber exterior. It stands slightly back from the Calle Florida, but sends two arms, side walls, only a few feet thick, out to the sidewalk as guards against other buildings being built up alongside with windows from which one could look into the club house. From the entrance, a winding marble staircase with onyx railing ascends to a landing where there is a marble statue of a goddess surrounded by potted palms. The dining-room is in Empire style, and adorned with old tapestries, while the ladies' room is Louis XVI. style. The ground floor has reading rooms where all the popular periodicals both foreign and domestic are to be had, besides bathrooms, shower, tub, and Swedish. There is not much gambling done as the members exert their vices of this nature on the race track, owned by the club, whence it derives its name.

This track, the greatest and costliest in the world, is just beyond Palermo Park, a half an hour by carriage from the Avenida, and in the northern part of the city. The jam that goes out to this place of recreation on Sun-

days eclipses in numbers the crowds that attend our baseball games. There are undoubtedly a couple of thousand automobiles, and more than that number of cabs, lined up outside of the gates during the races which take place twice a week on Thursdays and Saturdays. There are three brick grandstands, plastered over so as to resemble stone, of the most tasteful architecture, the work of a young Frenchman, Monsieur Faure-Dujarric. The façade, café, betting stand, and smaller buildings in this enclosure are all harmonious. The stand at the finish is for members and their families only. It has a mushroom-shaped roof over the seats to protect the people from the sun. Just beyond that, is a general stand for anybody that wants to pay the extra price for sitting there. Then there is another building always crowded, the seats costing the admission fee only. Ladies are admitted to the best public stand by paying only entrance admission, but they should never go there alone for Argentinos have a bad habit of crowding up close to good-looking young women, and showering them with lascivious attentions. Women also do not go in the paddock. Betting tickets cost five *pesos* (\$2.50) apiece, and are sold singly or in one paper equivalent to five, ten, or twenty-five tickets. Each number of each race has a different colored ticket as well as those of different denominations. Under the grandstands are barrooms, which, between the heats, are packed to their utmost capacity. On the green, there are three distinct tracks, each inside of the other, and a straightaway. The outer track is used solely for racing, the middle one is the road for the work wagons, while the third one is a try-out track. The interior of the oval is laid out like a park, and besides having ponds, canals, and waterways, is planted with bushes and small trees. This last is a pity, because, when the trees have grown a

little more, the view of the races will be impaired. The government is trying to suppress all forms of gambling, and there are many who think that horse racing will soon become a sport of the past. It will be a terrible blow to the Jockey Club, for the money expended on its grounds and buildings has already run into eight figures. All the races in South America are running races, for trotting does not appeal to the public.

There are many other clubs in the Argentine metropolis. The Jockey Club is more of a social affair where members reunite to pass the time, dine, read, smoke, and gossip. The Progreso Club is where the members repair to gamble, the favorite games being poker, baccarat, and dice. It has a large membership, and is under the presidency of Sr. Paz, who is also president of the newspaper, *La Prensa*. This club, like the newspaper, is housed in a five-storey building on the Avenida de Mayo. The most exclusive club in the city is the Cerclo de Armas, whose membership is limited to three hundred. It is comprised of the most distinguished men of the city, the famous politicians, and men of wealth; between drinks all the latest news is discussed, for it is here that political and foreign news is first delivered owing to the character of the occupations of its members. The women have no clubs; they spend their idle time visiting one another, giving tea parties, attending the theater, and assembling in one of the parlors of the Hotel Plaza.

The main retail portion of the city, where the best and largest stores are located, can be said to cover an area of a mile square. It is situated in that portion of the town north of the Avenida with its eastern boundary at the Plaza de Mayo and its western at the Congressional Building, from which point it extends one mile north. There is a tendency for the business part to move west-

ward. The Calle Florida, main street of Buenos Aires, is within four blocks of the eastern limits of the retail district, but the new and modern edifices are being built on the Calle Callao, a much broader street, and up to this time regarded as too far away ever to be of any consequence, as it is several blocks beyond the western pale of business. It is likely that the old firms won't move to this neighborhood, but, like the Avenida de Mayo, the large buildings may be used as hotels, while their ground floors will be devoted to shops. There are many streets running parallel to Florida that are of importance, most worthy of mention being Maipu, Esmeralda, Suipacha, and Carlos Pellegrini. Crossing it, and likewise important, are the Calles Rivadavia, Bartholome Mitré (commonly known as B. Mitré), Cangallo, Sarmiento (formerly named Cuyo), Corrientes, Lavalle, Tucuman, and Cordoba. These streets are all well built up but are too narrow for a city the size of Buenos Aires. The sidewalks are narrow, and the pedestrians have to walk in the streets.

The quarter of the city south of the Avenida is older and the first settled part. It is now given up to wholesalers, stores of second class, boarding houses, and small shops. It has a main street, the Calle Lima, which runs to the Plaza Constitucion, the oldest plaza in the city, and grown up to large trees. On it is the depot of the Southern Railroad, the largest and finest in the city, but still behind the times. Buenos Aires has only two good depots, that of the Plaza Constitucion and the one called Once. Once is the depot belonging to the Western Railroad, and derives its peculiar name, which means "eleven," because it is on the Plaza Once de Septiembre. It is in the western part of the city, a mile beyond El Congreso, and at its entrance will be the termination of the new subway. The Argentine Central Railroad and the

Pacific Railroad run into some old sheds near the river front, and designated by the names of Retiro Este and Retiro Oeste, which mean Retiro East and Retiro West. These depots have reached the point where they will be no longer used for passenger traffic, for the Argentine Central Railroad is building a fine modern depot, which will be one of the best in South America. The Entre Rios Railroad runs its trains into the city over the tracks of the Buenos Aires Central. Its depot is called Chacarita, owing to its proximity to the cemetery of the same name, which, although well within the city limits, is at least five miles from the Avenida. The Argentine Midland and the Province of Buenos Aires railroads enter the city in separate stations in the southern part of the town about two miles beyond the Plaza Constitucion.

At the eastern end of the Plaza de Mayo, and facing the Avenida de Mayo, with its rear to the Paseo Colonis, is situated the capitol, the Casa Rosada. It was built in 1894 on the site of the old custom-house, before whose erection there stood here the first fort, and afterwards the great walls of the city. The Casa Rosada is 125 meters long by 81 meters deep, four storeys high, balconied, and of Renaissance style of architecture. It contains besides rooms for official duties, banquet halls and a library of the Department of Foreign Affairs. At the present time it holds the offices for the different cabinet members and their subordinates, for the other official buildings of the city are at present cramped for room. The Penitentiary is on the Avenida General Las Heras and occupies a square kilometer. It has a printing shop, a carpenter shop, an iron foundry, a shoe factory, a laundry, a recreation place, and a library.

The Argentino, and especially the inhabitant of Buenos Aires, won't work. It isn't his nature. He is too lazy

for manual labor. He lets the foreigners do it, and reaps the profits. During the year 1912 but few building permits were issued as compared to other years. This was due to the scarcity of labor, for the Italians, who are depended upon to do the menial jobs, emigrated in great numbers to participate in the war with Turkey and their exodus left Argentina laborless. The policemen are Indians or semi-Indians, called *mestizos*, from the remote provinces, for even that job is too strenuous for the Argentino. Strange to say, the cab drivers are natives. That vocation requires no brains, and has the incentive of many tips.

There are quite a few Russian Jews in the city. These are also undesirable, for they are also a lazy lot; they are the street vendors. I was one day walking along the Avenida de Mayo with a friend of mine, named Nat Guiberson, of Los Angeles, who was in Buenos Aires representing the American Tool Company. We both had a few beers tucked under our belts, and were in a mood for jollification. Passing by a stand where one of these Jews had set up a cigarette stall, Mr. Guiberson dared me to pull his beard. I took him up. The Hebrew was a stalwart man about forty years old with a venerable beard. I grabbed hold of his voluminous spinach, at the same time calling him "Judio," which is Spanish for Jew. A few yanks at his tonsorial adornment put him into a towering rage, but most of his race have a yellow streak in them. Instead of trying to defend himself he backed up and spat at me several times but failed to hit me. I dodged, and Mr. Guiberson received the full benefit of his expectation. A few policemen were watching the performance, but so great is the inborn prejudice against a Jew in the native mind, that, instead of interfering, they complimented me on the act. This police force is the

limit. Its members are afraid to arrest a man, especially if he is of any size; they delight in arresting small children, especially little girls about the ages of ten to twelve. I never saw a man arrested during the time I was in the city, but I saw many school children being lugged off forcibly to the coop. When they are not arresting children, they are chasing them. They do not like foreigners, and are even more arrogant and officious than the full-blooded whites. If a person has a quarrel with a cabby over some short changing by the latter, the cop will invariably take sides with the jehu. The police are nearly all diminutive and do the traffic stopping on the streets lazily and sullenly. Their uniforms are of dark blue, and are out of place with their physique and general appearance, for you might as well hitch up a plow horse to a regal carriage as to put one of these *mestizos* in a uniform.

The harbor is much too small for the vast amount of shipping. There are two basins, the Darsena Sud and the Darsena Norte, where foreign vessels enter a narrow channel and dock at the wharves. They have scarcely room to turn around in, and the basins are so congested that it sometimes takes hours for the vessel nearest the dock to get out, so tightly jammed in is she by the others. As the river Plate never gets rough, many ships lie to in the channel and discharge and take on cargo by means of lighters. Something has to be done, and soon, or else Buenos Aires will lose much of its shipping trade to towns like La Plata and Bahia Blanca.

Buenos Aires was founded in 1535, by Pedro de Mendoza, and is situated on the river Plate or Rio de La Plata, which is here twenty-eight miles wide. It is one hundred and eight miles from its mouth and ninety-eight miles from Montevideo. The city is eleven miles long



and fifteen and a half miles broad. In area, it is one of the largest cities in the world, covering more land than Paris, Berlin, Bordeaux, Hamburg, Genoa, and Vienna, but less than London, Marseilles, or New York. In 1869, the population was 177,000 inhabitants; in 1887, 433,000; in 1895, 660,000; in 1904, 950,000, while now, in 1914, it exceeds 1,500,000. It is a thoroughly European city in appearance, with its fine architectural monuments, squares, thoroughfares, and such splendid parks as Palermo, de los Patricios, la Tablada, Chacabuco, and Oeste. The first-named contains one hundred and forty-seven acres, and is a place for recreation and elegant display. The streets are paved with asphalt, wood, and cobblestones. There are four electric car companies, two native, one French, and one British. It is a healthy city with a death rate of only 15.2 per 1000 inhabitants. At the same time, the inhabitants are not famous for longevity. Most of them die before they reach old age, mostly from kidney troubles and affections of the digestive organs. This is due to the artificial life they live, overfeeding, overdrinking, overindulgence in sexual matters, and keeping poor hours. Compared with the great number of young men and men reaching middle age that are met on the streets, old men are few. If a man reaches forty-five years old, he is doing well. The inhabitants speak Spanish with a different pronunciation than the Castilians. "Ll" of the Spaniards is "g" in Argentino, and "y" is "gi." The Avenida de Mayo is called the Avenida de "Magio" as to pronunciation. The inhabitants have a tendency to occupy a building before it is completed, and then commence another one before the first is finished, leaving the uncompleted part of the first to remain indefinitely in that state. It will be a couple of years before El Congreso will be finished,

yet it is already occupied. The vista of this building will be somewhat hampered by a large marble statue that is being erected in front of it, too large to be in proportion.

Scattered over all parts of the city are *lecherias*. These are shops where fresh milk is sold to those who enter them to drink it. A milk company named La Martona, at Cañuelas, operates many of these and the supply is brought in daily over the Southern Railroad, the headquarters being situated on it about an hour's ride from the city by train. There are also some Brazilian coffee houses, owned by São Paulo firms, which are quite fashionable about four o'clock in the afternoons; as well as English tea rooms, favorite rendezvous for ladies of all stations of life at about the same time. It is interesting to see many men, sitting by themselves and placidly enjoying a dish of ice cream. Such a custom would be regarded as effeminate elsewhere. Imagine a military-looking individual at home seated at a table in a beer saloon nonchalantly eating some tutti-frutti or caramel glacé—you would feel like throwing a schuper at him. He looks just as much out of place doing the same trick in Buenos Aires, yet everybody is doing it. In the cafés and bars are to be seen as many people drinking soft drinks as alcoholic ones, yet the words "prohibition" and "teetotaler" are unheard of. Everybody drinks beer, wine and vermouth, as well as soft drinks, and among the upper classes drunkenness is uncommon. I have been told that there is not a gold-cure or an institution for inebriates in the whole republic. There are very few drunken people to be seen on the streets, except during the Carnival Week and on holidays; those whom one does see are mostly Germans or Englishmen. Compared with our American cities there is but very little vice. What exists, is rarely visible. This is due to the chastity of the average Argentine

woman, what prostitution there is in Buenos Aires being the product of France and other European countries. The only place that I saw any indications of immorality at Buenos Aires was at the Casino de Buenos Aires where in the loges were a few "pick ups." There is however a gang of blackmailers. A married man is apt to receive a letter from a woman telling him that she has been informed he intended taking rooms in the city, and that she would be pleased to have him call at a certain residence at a certain time for the purpose of looking at the rooms. When the unsuspecting stranger keeps his appointment, she accuses him of attempting to rape her, and blackmails him. I received one of these epistles, and upon showing it to the hotel clerk, he produced another one written to another guest of the hotel by the same person, but requesting him to call at a different address. If the police find out that a woman practicing prostitution lives in the same block where there is a school or where many children are they make her move her quarters.

On carnival days, which are February 2d, 3d, and 4th, everybody jubilates. The banks and stores are all closed, and the whole city is on the Avenida, masked, in dominos, and throwing confetti at every passer-by. In the parade, there are magnificent floats of roses, jessamine, lilies, and other flowers, filled with beautiful women, gorgeously dressed and gowned like mythological, historical, and comic characters. There are floats advertising certain firms, and some of grotesque appearance. Everybody enjoys himself, and there is much life on the streets in the night as in the daytime. This is one of the very few times when people get drunk, and when they douse each other with water. This latter detestable habit is so much the fashion that the people who can afford it leave the city before the carnival, and come back when it is over. The

trains for Mar del Plata and Sierra de Cordoba are filled the night before the carnival commences, and extra coaches have to be put on, to accommodate the fugitives. This baptismal feature makes it difficult for a woman to appear in the streets if she has any regard for her gown. Boys and grown men have squirt guns which they use promiscuously on every woman, and on mostly every neatly dressed man. On the side streets it is dangerous to walk, because from the balconies people drop upon the pedestrians paper bags filled with water. I know a man who went on the street with white woolen trousers on. Somebody squirted black ink all over them. For the three days of the carnival in 1913, nobody slept at all. Two suburbs of the town, Flores and Belgrano, were set apart by the mayor in which the people could raise as much of a rumpus nights as they desired, thereby relieving the congestion down town. In order for the city to benefit by this, the main street of Belgrano, Calle Cabildo, was roped off and guarded by mounted policemen. Ten pesos was charged for a vehicle entering the restricted district on Calle Cabildo. The procession went up on one side and came back on the other side of the street, and so many and thickly crowded together were the automobiles, cabs, and floats, that it took over an hour to go three quarters of a mile. I went, accompanied by my wife, in a taxicab, and by the time we reached the end of the procession, the automatic contrivance on the taxicab that rings up the fare had risen to a sum of two figures in front of the decimal. When we reached the end of the roped-off area we found that we could not turn around on account of the blockade, nor could we proceed for the street at this end was torn up. To make matters worse, it began to rain in torrents. Great gusts of wind, cannonading of thunder, and streaks of lightning rent the air.

There was no street car within a mile; we were nearly ten miles from the hotel, and the only means of returning was by the automobile whose taximeter was steadily increasing the fare. Luckily the rain was of but short duration, but it was a long time before we succeeded in breaking through the cordon to reach a side street. This brought us to Palermo, and thence we reached the city proper. This brilliant pageant at Belgrano was worth much to see, and we considered the money well spent though it was very expensive. The carnival of Nice and the Mardi gras compared to this are but simulacra, little drops in a bucket. Arches of lights were stretched across the streets, and stands had been built along the sidewalks. To the city, the carnival of 1913 was such a lucrative investment that permission was given after an interval of five days for it to start up again, Saturday and Sunday, February 9th and 10th. Though on these days there were mobs of people present, they didn't turn out so much in the idea of holding a pageant as they did with the idea of perpetrating deviltry.

Sunday, February 10th, was a very hot day, so instead of going to the horse races at Palermo, my wife and I autotomobiled to Tigre, a popular summer resort, twenty-five miles north of the city, where the river Lujan empties into the La Plata. We passed miserable villages where ruffians stood with large insect sprays, filled with liquid, which they would turn on every woman that passed by. One man ran out with a jar of slops to heave at us, but thought better of it, and at the last minute changed his mind. A girl, evidently the daughter of the owner of a palatial residence, turned the garden hose on my wife, drenching her to the skin, and ruining her silk waist. Urchins threw fire-dragons into the tonneau, and would then run away. This Tigre, which in English is "tiger,"

was given its name because a wild cat was once shot here on a floating island of reeds at the mouth of the Lujan. It is a favorite place of summer residence for the inhabitants of Buenos Aires. It is no show-off place like Mar del Plata or Palm Beach, but is more on the Newport style. The president has a summer home near here, and on the Lujan there are rowing clubs. Trains run frequently, and an electric line is about to be built. Halfway to the resort the suburban village of Olivos is reached, built above the La Plata on the side of a wooded hill. It is a conservative place for men of means who reside here the whole year with their families, going to the city every morning by train and returning at night.

In winter, Buenos Aires gets cold, but not cold as compared with the temperature of the northern part of the United States. Its winter temperature is like that of Atlanta, Georgia, and it seldom snows. When it does, it is only in flurries and soon goes away. Overcoats are a necessity on account of the dampness of the air. In the summer it is warm but not unbearably so, while the really hot spells are only of a few days' duration. One day it seemed chilly and I was thinking of donning my heavy underwear. I looked at the thermometer to find that it was 78° Fahrenheit. I had just returned from the northern part of the republic where it was excessively hot, the thermometer having been above the 100° mark for several weeks, and therefore I felt the change in temperature greatly. It rained frequently at Buenos Aires, and when it does rain in South America, the display of lightning is vivid and is always accompanied by the booming of thunder. On the memorable night of May 25, 1810, when Argentina declared herself free from the Spanish yoke, it poured, and there is to be found in nearly every large hotel the famous picture of the people assembled

in front of the old Cabildo holding up umbrellas to protect them from the downpour of rain. Rains are general in eastern Argentina, but of most frequency along the La Plata and the Paraná rivers. The district where it rains the least in this section of the country is in the province of Corrientes, where it sometimes goes for a few months at a time without a drop of water falling. The stranger is apt to conjecture that it never rains in the Pampas or in the San Luis province on account of the desert. They make a mistake by so imagining, for the country owes its sterility to a hard moss named *tosca* which lies a few inches under the outer coating of the soil, preventing the penetration of water.

Probably nowhere else on the globe do the people of both sexes go in for dress as much as they do in Buenos Aires and Rosario. The men dress like dudes, wear spats over their shoes, carry canes, and clothe themselves in the most expensive of raiment. An ordinary suit of street clothes costs one hundred dollars American. Their taste is good, so no inharmonious colors are seen. They seldom wear evening clothes or tuxedos, and do not wear gloves as much as the Chileans. Traveling, the Argentine wears a duster to protect his clothes, not to keep himself from being dirty, for cleanliness is with members of both sexes an unknown quality, and what appears to us as cleanliness in them is only superficial. The inhabitants of Buenos Aires have a great horror for the bathtub; when they wash themselves, they merely throw a few drops of cold water on their faces and let it go at that. The only time the men get a good face washing is when they go to the barber shop, and a good hand washing when they get their nails manicured. As women have no need for the barber shop, they cover their dirt by smearing themselves with powder and paint. I once noticed a specially pretty

girl on the street in Buenos Aires. I remarked something about her beauty to a foreign resident who was her neighbor. "Yes," he replied, "but you can smell her coming." Their personal habits are so filthy that they are continuously obliged to anoint themselves with perfume to deaden the odors of their bodies. One may become acquainted with an abnormally beautiful girl in Buenos Aires, apparently clean, but the chances are that it has been at least three months since she last saw the bathtub, or changed her stockings. Both sexes do not possess much underclothing. They wear what they have on till it becomes so full of holes that it falls to pieces, or rots off, before investing in any new garment. On the train when three Argentinos slept in the same stateroom with me, the stench was so nauseating that I was obliged to have my head at the open window all night. Many houses in Buenos Aires have no bathrooms, and in most of the hotels they are so rarely used that they have become receptacles of bottles, boxes, and other kinds of débris. I met a Scotchman who told me that he once arrived at night in the best hotel in Tucuman. He asked that a bath be prepared for him, and the landlord took him for a lunatic to make such a request at ten o'clock at night. The common laborer is the cleanest, for he goes swimming every time he gets a chance, either in a muddy artificial pool or in a stream.

The men of the middle classes are apt to be arrogant and overbearing, but those of the aristocracy who have superior breeding are more friendly. They prefer North Americans to Englishmen, although the latter are constantly maliciously reporting that the United States has designs upon Argentina, claiming that the Panama Canal is only a stepping stone towards their future occupation of entire South America. The men of Buenos Aires have



a bad habit of rudely staring at women. It is not so much because of lewd purposes, but on account of their admiration for beauty. I know of a case where a man accosted a girl on the Calle Florida and the girl, who was English, retaliated by slapping his face. The man then sailed into the girl, broke her nose, and to put a fitting climax to the affray wound up by having her arrested. Such a thing as physical punishment is unknown to the Argentinos, and when affronted this way, their temper gets the best of them, and they will then reach for some firearm. Argentinos, especially those of Buenos Aires and Rosario, accost women of other nationalities because they know that in those countries to which the women in question belong, the parents put less restraint upon the female sex. It is an evil following the Argentine seclusion of women. The girls of Buenos Aires are, on the whole, decidedly virtuous, and are given no chance to converse with men, unless the latter have intentions of marriage with them. Therefore the men feel their loneliness and seek solace by accosting foreign women. As the men are quick of perception, they rarely bestow any degrading actions or speech upon a woman unless her actions warrant it. Although the Argentino stares rudely at the women, one never sees a group of loafers as in our cities standing on the street corners looking for "chicken." The men are also chivalrous. In Peru, I saw a man beating a woman on the street, and the passers-by gave the matter no notice. In Buenos Aires I saw the fat postage-stamp dealer of the Calle Sarmiento cuff his wife in front of his shop, and within a minute the whole populace of that section including barbers, waiters, and lottery ticket vendors were upon the corpulent fellow and were raining blows upon him, at the same time calling him "animal" and other names that are pet to the Argentine ears.

There are more millionaires in Buenos Aires than in any other city of the world, London, Paris, and New York included. They made their money at grain, cattle, wine, and shipping; they are in reality rich farmers and ranchers. Their houses are of the grandest type. The Plaza San Martin is literally surrounded by these palaces, some of which have such great dimensions as to be bounded by three streets. The Paseo Alvear is an avenue that begins at the Plaza and runs toward Palermo. It is lined with the most magnificent mansions in the world. One rich man of the city is named Mihanovich. He came from Trieste over a generation ago as a boatman on the river. He saved his money and invested it in a launch. Soon he had enough to buy another launch. He sold these and bought a steamboat which he used as a ferry connecting Buenos Aires and Montevideo. His line now runs two steamers every night each way, and the greatest proportion of the passenger traffic of the La Plata, Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay rivers is in his hands. His ships number a large fleet, all sidewheelers. Buenos Aires being essentially a European city has no counterpart on the Western Hemisphere as to aspect. The sidewalks are narrow, and as the streets are constantly crowded there is no use hurrying. Nobody does, and it is very irritating to find people holding social conversations on the sidewalk, causing a blockade of pedestrians. It is the same way in the post-office, and at the ticket windows of the depots. A peasant woman is apt to enter into a general conversation with the stamp clerk, or a dowager is apt to discuss the charm of Mar del Plata with the ticket-seller, much to the inconvenience of people with pressing business.

The doctors are not efficient, and are terribly expensive. An operation for appendicitis is apt to cost several thousand dollars. As hospitals and medical attendance are

high priced, the inhabitants nearly all have hospital tickets, similar to those sold in the North American lumber camps. Identification cards are sold by the Department of Police for three *pesos* each, and, besides giving the age and description of the bearer, they also have his thumb print and his photograph.

Buenos Aires boasts of one of the greatest criminals that ever lived. About twenty years ago, there resided here a scientific man and doctor, who bragged that he could kill off the whole city without being detected, and started the experiment. He gave lavish dinners; a few days afterwards one of the guests would be taken sick and die. His boast was remembered, and in every case the symptoms of the disease were traced to cholera. The scientist had deliberately frozen cholera germs in the ice cream which was served at his banquets. When thawed out in the system of the victim, they took effect. He was arrested, but died on the way to jail from hydrocyanic acid, a drop of which he held in a cavity of his tooth. To avoid more summary punishment at the hands of the law, he bit open this cavity by clicking his teeth together.

Both the botanical and zoölogical gardens of Buenos Aires are very complete. They are on the Avenida Santa Fé, and the latter extends to the confines of Palermo Park. Admission to the zoölogical gardens is only ten *centavos*, and there is to be seen a fine collection of eagles, deer, bears, and many species of the feline tribe. Llamas, some of which are of ugly disposition, and waterfowl are allowed to roam at random. We tried to approach one of these llamas, but failed to do so for it chased us into a building, trying to spit at us.

The cemeteries are gruesome memorials to the dead. There is no shade, and each vault is built up next to the neighbor. The houses of the dead form a veritable city,

without even the slightest sprig of vegetation to add beauty to the spots, excepting that one named Chacarita or Cementerio del Oeste. The most famous one is the Cementerio del Norte in Recoleta. The sun beats down upon the white and marble stones, casting a brilliant glare at noon, while at dusk, the shadows of the vaults are spectral and eerie. To make matters more ghostlike, black cats wander among the tombs. This is the burial ground of makers of modern Argentine history and finance, but it is far from being such a beauty spot as is the shaded and restful cemetery of Santiago. The natives are not good artisans, so much of the sculpture for the tombs and mausoleums is done in Genoa; in later years Rosario artisans have competed with the Genoese, but they are likewise Italians, for the city up the river has a preponderating majority of inhabitants from Italy.

There are but few factories of any consequence in Buenos Aires. There is an automobile factory, but the machines are virtually not made there. They are put together there. There are two breweries, the Bieckert, commonly called the Cerveceria Pilsen, and the Palermo Brewery, which makes a brand known as Victoria beer. The beverage is nothing extra, although superior in taste to that of the Argentina Brewery at Quilmes. As in Chile the poorest beer is rushed the most, and is the most popular. Andwandter's Valdivia beer is vile, and I found Quilmes none too good, yet these are the two most popular beers in their respective countries. They give their dark beers high-sounding names with labels to bear out their appellations: Africana, nigger brew, Othello, and Moresco are the names of some of the imitations of Muenchener. Although saloons are frequent in the metropolis, it is often difficult to get good German beer. The Bismarck, on Cangallo, and Aue's Keller, on B. Mitré, are the best

known. If Muenchener is all out, the waiter is apt to substitute some dark local brand and charge a Muenchener price for it. They tried this on me but struck the wrong party, because I am a beer expert.

Like most cities, Buenos Aires has its slums, and very bad ones too. Monsieur Clemenceau, the great French statesman, recently paid a visit to the city. While there, he was almost regally entertained. He was whisked in a fine motor car through the Paseo Alvear, the Avenida de Mayo, Palermo Park, and the haunts of the wealthy. After he had seen these, he said: "Now I want to see your city." "How so?" inquired one of the notables delegated to show him around, in astonishment. "What I want to see is how the poorer classes live. I can see all this luxury in Paris." He was shown the slums and the tenement district by the unwilling attachés. When he had seen as much as he cared to, he said with a sigh, "I thought so."

About thirty miles southeast of Buenos Aires, is the city of La Plata, founded in 1882, capital of the province of Buenos Aires, and an important port of over 40,000 inhabitants. Trains of the Southern Railroad run there every hour from Plaza Constitucion, taking from forty-nine minutes to an hour and a quarter to make the trip. The line runs past summer villas of the wealthy people, then through the town of Quilmes, which possesses the second largest brewery in South America (São Paulo, Brazil, boasting of the largest), and by Villa Elisa with a park and château of a rich Buenos Airean. At a place where the train crosses a small river, there stands in midstream a marble statue of a nymph. Buenos Aires is not in the province of the same name. It is the federal capital, and occupies much the same position to Argentina as does Washington to the United States, although the residents can vote and instead of having a commission

electd by congress to run their affairs, it has its own body of aldermen. Not to be confounded with the city of Buenos Aires is the province of the same name. This has nothing to do with the city, as the latter was taken away from it in 1882, at the same time that La Plata was established. Since 1862, when the capital of the republic was moved from Paraná, Buenos Aires has been capital of the republic, and, until 1882, of the province as well. Mar del Plata and Bahia Blanca, both in the same province, are jealous of La Plata, and have been trying unsuccessfully for some time to wrest from the present incumbent the provincial seat of government. La Plata has its port, Ensenada, about three miles distant from the city proper, where there are mammoth grain elevators. It is connected to La Plata by tramway, on which electric cars run every fifteen minutes. It well repays the stranger to make the ride.

The zoölogical garden, which is the principal point of interest in the city, and the provincial museum, are well worth visiting. The former opens at 2 P.M. every day, while the latter opens only on Thursday and Sunday afternoons. Every two animals of the same species that are sent to the zoölogical garden in Buenos Aires are there entered on the books, and one is sent to La Plata. A broad avenue of stately eucalypti separates this garden from a park across the street, in which is an artificial lake and many grottoes hewn out of imitation stone. It is a charming park, but could be better kept up. La Plata is laid out something like Washington, with diagonal avenues intersecting the right-angled streets. At the intersection of the diagonals are large square plazas. North to south all parallel streets are numbered from one to fifty, and east to west from fifty-one to one hundred; therefore by the key one can see that 17th Street crosses

81st Street and 62d Street crosses 3d Street. It is a relief to find a city in the republic where the monotonous street nomenclatures are broken, for nearly every Argentine city has its Calles Sarmiento, B. Mitré, Tucuman, Salta, Buenos Aires, Cordoba, Rioja, Santa Fé, Corrientes, and Entre Rios. Bahia Blanca is somewhat of an exception in this respect, for although many of its streets are named after the common routine, it likewise has originals such as Brown, O'Higgins, Chiclana, and Patagones.

La Plata boasts of a number of fine buildings, among which is the new railroad depot with a green lacquered tile dome, and in architecture much like the grandstand of the Jockey Club at Buenos Aires. It has a fine restaurant, the best in the city. Then there is the Capitol, the Governor's residence, larger than the White House at Washington, the Argentine Theatre, city hall, police department, and three large schools of higher learning, besides numerous other government buildings. All these buildings are colossal, for, at the time they were commenced, people thought that La Plata would be a rival of Buenos Aires. They were to be disappointed for, although the city had a boom, its artificial harbor cannot even rival that of Bahia Blanca, and the broad avenues and spacious squares of the capital of the province of Buenos Aires are well-nigh deserted, except at the shopping hour, when there is a great hustle to the railroad station of everybody who wants to get things cheaply at Buenos Aires and return at a later hour. On one large shadeless plaza there is, in course of erection, and has been so for some time, a mammoth church or cathedral, which, from its looks, as it now stands, will take quite a time to finish. Its unplastered brick outline stands against the horizon, visible from afar, a memento of a job undertaken without funds to accomplish the attainment.

It is undoubtedly waiting for La Plata to reach the half million mark in population before subscribing hands will add a flourish to the check guaranteeing its completion. La Plata is not well endowed with statuary, but has one fine piece, that representing La Plata in the form of a white marble goddess. The Hotel Argentino is a poor apology, and the food is likewise poor. The senators and representatives must have cast-iron stomachs to digest courses on a par with the centenarian chicken that was laid out in front of me to the tune of ninety *centavos*. The so-called cafés are nothing but cab-drivers' drinking parlors, and are not patronized by people with any pretensions to social rank.

There is a popular seashore summer resort, next to Atlantic City the most famous west of the Atlantic Ocean, but seven hours' ride south of Buenos Aires by express train. It is named Mar del Plata, and is the seat of the Argentine aristocracy during the summer season, which class of patronage has been instrumental, though unconsciously, of having augmented the price of everything in this *spa* to half again as much as the current prices in Buenos Aires, which to my knowledge has no equal in the world in regard to steepness. This place is but twenty years old, and was formerly exclusively patronized by only the élite of the metropolitan aristocracy. It is built on the Atlantic Ocean on a sandy waste, with a dismal background of dunes against which the setting sun casts scintillating rays due to the silica in the composition of the barren soil. From the summit of these dunes no vegetation is visible except a few eucalyptus trees adjacent to a lonely homestead. Why the rich inhabitants of Buenos Aires founded this city is, to me, a riddle that needs solving, yet the name Mar del Plata is appropriate, for the sea, abounding in fish, is silvery. A big hotel, the



Bristol, is the center of social life and before a male person has been there for any length of time, some enterprising dowager will have his financial record looked up in Dun's or Bradstreet's, investigating whether he may be a fitting suitor for her daughter's hand. Besides the Bristol, there is a gambling hall, the only one run openly in Argentina, which I understand according to law will soon be a thing of the past; a most laudable law, for the habitués of this place comprise, for the most part, the blasé youth of Buenos Aires who have more money than brains, and professional gamblers from the *spas* of Europe. *Nouveaux riches* with money to spend congregate here from every point in the republic, and endeavor to outvie one another with the costliness of their jewels and gowns.

Formerly, no drinking water could be procured in Mar del Plata, and wells had to be sunk. From that time on, there was a great speculation in sand lots, which rose to a great value, and continue so at the present day. On account of the winds, no trees can grow, so there are no shady promenades. There is a board walk, called the Rambla, where old and young sally forth in procession, all dressed fit to kill, mainly to show off their raiment. On one side of this walk, is the beach, but nobody ever bathes, either from the natural abhorrence of anything cleanly or else because the water is too cold. People with marriageable daughters from the provinces bring them here to display them, but are apt to be given the cold shoulder by the Buenos Aireans, who have an unwashed aristocracy as difficult of entry as the bean-eating Back Bay coterie of Boston. Then the worthy matrons of Cordoba and Tucuman enviously sit aside like wall flowers to await the chance of presenting their female offspring to wealthy strangers who are more democratic than the inhabitants of the great city on the river Plate.

The town is filled with automobiles, whose owners are continuously tooting their horns to let strangers know that they are able to afford the luxury of a motor car. From 11 A.M. till noon, the street in front of the high-priced and none too excellent Hotel Bristol is lined with them. Mar del Plata is a very stiff and formal place. When the girls dance, they are held at arm's length, and if an audacious young Romeo tries to draw his affinity too close to him, the mother of the Juliet casts at him a withering glance, and prohibits the suitor from engaging in the future with her daughter in the light fantastic. (This prohibition only holds good as long as the daughter is at Mar del Plata, where prudery is carried to the extreme.) At Mar del Plata is to be met the same superbly gowned, superficially clean cream-of-society bunch that during the winter months drink pink tea at the Hotel Plaza in Buenos Aires or give sumptuous balls at their home residences. A noted French author, Jules Huret, says that the only way to make Mar del Plata gay and interesting is to import there about three hundred demi-mondaines for the season. This idea would be all right if the importation were not of the private type. However, the place would certainly be improved upon if some enterprising person would open a few beer halls of the Rosario style, with burlesque shows on the stage.

## CHAPTER XII

### FROM BUENOS AIRES TO ASUNCION

PARAGUAY is a country I have long wanted to visit. Once, when on a steamer crossing the Atlantic, I met a diplomat from that country, and, from the descriptions he gave, I made up my mind to go there sometime. The opportunity for the fulfillment of this wish came sixteen years afterwards. I was then at Buenos Aires, and did not let the occasion slip by.

From the Argentine capital, there are several different ways of reaching Asuncion. The best-known route is by the steamers of the *Compania Argentina de Navigacion, Nicholas Mihanovich Limitada*. These boats leave Buenos Aires thrice weekly, taking four days to reach their destination, the trip being up the Paraná and the Paraguay rivers. A second way, is to take the steamers belonging to the same company up the Uruguay River as far as Concordia, and thence by the Northeastern Railroad of Argentina to Posadas, then cross the Alto Paraná River by ferry and take the Paraguayan Railroad from Villa Encarnacion direct to Asuncion. One can, also, go by rail from Buenos Aires to Corrientes via Concordia, and at Corrientes take either a steamer of the Mihanovich line, one of the Brazilian Lloyd, or one of the Domingo Barthe line up the Paraguay River to Asuncion. The

same thing can be done from Rosario, Paraná, or Resistencia, each of which places, situated on the Paraná River, is in connection with Buenos Aires by rail. By water direct to Asuncion the distance from Buenos Aires is 931 miles, and by land, direct, is 1147 miles.

I decided to go by land, with the intention of returning by water, so one Saturday morning I boarded the train of the Entre Rios Railroad Company at the Chacarita Station, Buenos Aires. The coaches were new and of the European sleeping-car style. The train runs for sixty-two miles over the tracks of the Buenos Aires Central Railroad to Zarate, and is then ferried across the delta of the Paraná River to Ibicuy, where the Entre Rios Railroad begins, the duration of the crossing being five hours. Leaving Buenos Aires, the railroad runs across a flat, thickly settled, cultivated, treeless country, passing an occasional wretched village with its gruesome Campo Santo in the neighborhood of the track. The train arrived at Zarate on time, but, as we made a long stop, and as the train showed no inclinations of proceeding, I descended and asked what the trouble was. I was informed that the car ferry had become stuck in the mud, and that, in all probability, it would be eight or nine hours before we could cross on another one which was at present at Ibicuy, and which was obliged to wait there until the arrival of the train going in the direction of Buenos Aires. This settled it. I picked up my belongings, and left the train. At the depot, I was informed that an express train of the Argentine Central, on its way to Buenos Aires, was due to arrive at Zarate in half an hour, and that the depot of that respective road was nineteen blocks away. It would have been impossible to walk that distance in the allotted time, and no hacks were visible. The only vehicle of any description was a high two-wheeled cart,

evidently of home manufacture, with no steps to it. In this stood an aged Italian farmer. He volunteered to drive me to the other depot, so I stepped on the hub, and then onto the top of the wheel, jumped into the cart, and made myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances by sitting on the valises. I was afterwards told that Zarate is of importance commercially owing to its large beef-canning establishment, but, as the ratty horses galloped down its dusty unpaved streets between its single-storeyed red brick hovels, straggling along for a great distance, its woe-begone appearance suggested nothing of its prosperity. The off horse occasionally kicked as it galloped, and to a few families seated in respectable looking carriages that we passed, we must have presented a ludicrous appearance. The return trip to Buenos Aires was done in one and three quarter hours as against two and three quarter hours on the outward trip. On arrival at Buenos Aires, I went to the office of the Entre Rios Railroad and received a refund for my money on the unused ticket.

My next attempt at a trip to Asuncion, which was successful, took place three days later. For \$14.00 I purchased a boat ticket to Concordia, and, at five o'clock in the afternoon, sailed in the sidewheeler *Triton*, of the Mihanovich line, from the congested basin of Darsena Sud. This boat was built at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and has a displacement of 1600 tons. It is very commodious, has three decks, and an exceptionally large dining-room in the bow. All rooms enter into two long halls, which begin at the bow and terminate in a parlor at the stern. The toilet was dirty, and the food could have been improved upon. Otherwise everything was satisfactory. Ships enter the La Plata River through a channel, whose sides are defined by long wooden piers, and, later, by buoys.

The river is dirty brown, and, at this point, twenty to twenty-five miles wide. After a ride of an hour and a half, the low-lying shore of Uruguay comes in view, and then we head against the current. Land is seen on both sides, but in the distance, while on the near starboard is the island of Martin Garcia, belonging to Argentina, and strengthened by a small garrison. Night comes on, and at about 9 P.M. we enter the Uruguay River. Lights of villages on the Uruguayan side are seen, and several lighthouses on that shore flash their warnings simultaneously. At 10.30 P.M. we anchor off Palmira, Uruguay, our first stop.

Shortly after leaving Palmira I turned in; I was lucky enough to be the first of my roommates on board the ship, for I was thereby enabled to take possession of the lower berth, compelling them to seek repose in the upper berth and on the couch. Sometime after midnight, I was awakened by the noises of the steam winch, and looked out of the window. We were anchored off the city of Fray Bentos, Uruguay, and, although it was an hour when all people should be asleep, the scene on the river was a busy one. Numerous vessels were anchored near the docks, and small craft swarmed around the *Triton*, soliciting passengers to enter their boats to be rowed to the shore. There were motor boats galore, and in one sat the captain of the port. Fray Bentos is the seat of the largest beef extract plant in the world, that of Liebig. Although it is in Uruguay, and is connected with Montevideo by rail, the road runs in such a roundabout fashion that nearly all the transient trade is via Buenos Aires. It is at the head of the widest part of the Uruguay River, which, as one ascends, soon narrows down from five miles in breadth to one mile.

About seven o'clock the next morning, we stopped at

Concepcion del Uruguay, commonly known as the city of Uruguay, in the province of Entre Rios, Argentina. It is the sixth city in size in the province, with a population of 13,561 inhabitants. The province of Entre Rios receives its name, meaning "Between the Rivers," from its geographical situation. It is, in shape, a long peninsula, bounded on the east by the Uruguay, and on the west by the Paraná rivers, which come together at its southeastern extremity, forming the La Plata. It has an area of 47,346 square miles, and a population of 401,119 inhabitants, making it fourth in rank of the provinces of Argentina. The land is largely given up to the raising of stock. Shortly after raising anchor, we met a sailing vessel, named the *Penobscot*, hailing from Eastport, Maine. The banks of the river are sandy beaches, behind which are thickets of stunted trees. On the Uruguay side, these trees stretch back over the gently rolling land as far as the eye can see, while on the Argentina bank they soon give place to wheat fields waving golden in the dazzling sunlight. Numerous islands are met, the channel being anywhere from one half mile to one mile in width. About 8 A.M., we reach Paysandu, the third city of Uruguay, which appears to be of prominence as seen from the steamer's deck. A few large warehouses painted salmon color are the only buildings of importance in the immediate vicinity, but beyond these stretch a few long streets to a point over a mile distant, where the city is built on a rise of ground. A very large church, evidently a cathedral, shows up well, rising to a great height, while farther away on the hilltop, is a large rectangular building, presumably a barrack.

Upstream a short ways from Paysandu, at which city my roommates disembarked, is the little city of Colon, Argentina, with a population of 3,422 inhabitants. The

boat ties up at a small dock. The little town of low red brick buildings looks pleasant amidst a grove of poplar trees. The river bank is here rocky, and is of flat limestone formation; many women are knee deep in the muddy water washing clothes. While at the dock at Colon, we were informed that, on account of the lowness of the water in the river, we should be unable to continue on the *Triton*, and should have to be transferred to another steamer, the *Surubi*, much smaller, and which lay alongside of us. A few miles upstream we passed the large Colon beef-canning factory, or *saladeria*, built of red brick and painted white. From a distance, I thought it was a tobacco field covered with sheets to protect the plants from the sun. The banks become high, especially on the Uruguayan side, and on an eminence that projects into the river, forming a cape, is the bust of Artigas on a high column. A few small villages are passed on the right bank, each one having its *saladeria*. The river becomes studded with treacherous sand bars. To avoid these, the pilot has to steer circuitous routes guided by buoys, each one of which has painted on it the distance in kilometers to the mouth of the river.

About half-past four in the afternoon, Salto, Uruguay, is seen stretching its yellow-brown length along the river bank, while closer at hand, yet nearly indiscernible through the trees, as it lies about a mile back from the river, is the city of Concordia, Argentina. It is the second city in size in the Entre Rios province, with a population of 25,047 inhabitants, although, if anybody had told me that it was half that amount, I should have thought he was exaggerating. The city is the northern terminus of the Entre Rios Railroad, and the southern terminus of the Northeastern Argentina Railroad, and is 343 miles from Buenos Aires northward by rail. This city and Salto are



the ends of direct navigation on the broad and muddy Uruguay River, although the great stream rises a thousand miles above here. It is filled with cataracts, sand bars, and waterfalls. The name Salto means waterfall, and the lowest fall is above that place.

A stone dock projects into the river at Concordia, and onto this I landed, and had to go through the custom-house to have my valises examined. I inquired the name of the best hotel, and was told that it was the Imperial, to which I was driven to the tune of two *pesos*. The air was hot and oppressive, and myriads of mosquitoes were in evidence. The Hotel Imperial is on the plaza, and is mostly barroom. There is, however, a dark courtyard, upon which open rooms with no windows and having no ventilation. As I was to stay only until nine o'clock at night, I didn't mind this much. I took a drive to the railroad station to secure a berth for Posadas. The depot is pea green and has two towers. There is nothing in the city worthy of interest. The plaza has an equestrian statue of San Martin looking in the direction of the Andes, and on the street that bounds the western side is the cathedral, erected in 1891, and very plain as to both interior and exterior. During a stroll, I found out that there is, in the city, a better hotel than the Imperial. Its name is the Colon. It is built around a two-story *patio* much the same as the Hotel de France at Concepcion, Chile, with a gallery around the second floor. The restaurant of the Imperial is the best in Concordia, for its proprietor, Sr. Luchetti, is also a caterer. One thing in favor of the town is that I obtained there the best cigars that I had hitherto been able to procure on my trip. The inhabitants are automobile "dippy," but not to such extent as those of Mendoza. Many Indian types are to be met with on the streets, the first I had seen in

Argentina with the exception of the policemen of Buenos Aires.

At dinner, I sat across the table from a young clerk who gave me interesting information about the neighboring country, and presented me with a bunch of grapes from a friend's garden. He said that, until recently, people had not gone into the fruit-raising industry in Entre Rios, but now, since they saw what could be done, they were all taking a hand at it, and that land which last year (1913) was selling for ninety *pesos* a hectare had now (1914) risen to 120 *pesos*. Taking a hectare as one acre, although it is slightly larger, it can be seen that the price in 1913 was \$37.80 an acre against \$50.40 in 1914, with the prospect of it doubling in value during the next five years. Prices of land are high in Argentina, yet it must be taken into consideration that the purchaser has to expend no money in clearing, for there are no trees or bushes on it, except those planted by human agencies. The only place where wheat is grown in Entre Rios is near Concepcion del Uruguay, where I obtained a glimpse of fields from the *Triton* that morning. The great industry of Entre Rios is the *saladerias*, of which there is a great number. The clerk told me that Salto, though a larger city than Concordia, was a dull place, and that many people who lived there crossed the river daily to Concordia to do their business. Salto is an old and wealthy town, the residence of quite a few retired Brazilian *estancieros*, as the boundary of Uruguay and Brazil is not far distant. It is connected with Montevideo by rail, but the trip takes two days. From Salto, one can also go by rail to Rio de Janeiro, necessitating a change of trains five times, with the nights spent at some primitive hotels at the towns reached in the evening, as the trains don't run by night. The Farquhar Syndicate, an Ameri-

can and English concern, is about to build a bridge across the Uruguay connecting Salto with Concordia, and a French company is talking about using the falls of the river for electrical power. I inquired why locks weren't built at the falls, so that the river would be navigable beyond, but was told that on account of the shallowness of the water, it would be useless, especially as there were no towns beyond and only a few scattered settlements.

The sleeping cars of the Northeastern Argentina Railroad are not so good as those of the Entre Rios Company; they are more on the order of the European second-class sleepers. I was fortunate in being alone in the compartment, as I wanted a lower berth, and also felt feverish on account of having been in the hot sun all the day. I awoke twice that night, the first time at a station named Chajari, and although it was dark, the moon gave enough light to judge, from the height of the magnificent trees and appearance of buildings and gardens, that the neighborhood of the town was an old settled country. The second time that I awoke, we were at Monte Caseros, a town of 9000 inhabitants, and the junction for Corrientes. Here are the headquarters of the Northeastern Argentine Railroad. The next morning, we were well within the province of Corrientes, a broad treeless plain of waving grass as far as one could see. The ground is rich and somewhat soggy. Herds of cattle with tails like those of horses grazed in the unfenced plains, and I saw ostriches trot away across the prairie, frightened at the approach of the train. The few inhabitants visible were Indians, but unlike our nomad variety, these were an agricultural people, living in small brick and adobe houses. They were out of doors as the day was breaking over the gently rolling Brazilian prairie across the river, dim figures outlined against the sky, kindling fires on stones by the side

of their huts to prepare their morning meal. Yesterday the country was brown and parched from lack of rains, for it had not rained in Entre Rios for a month, and once monthly is the average in that province during the summer. Here everything was green and fresh, and from the muddy pools I saw evidence that, in this region, there had been an abundance of rainfall. The little wayside stations have palms planted about them, while within the garden walls are orange trees. At Paso de Los Libres, about sixty-five miles north of Monte Caseros, a ferry crosses the Uruguay River to Uruguayana, in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, at which point the railroad to São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and the other large Brazilian cities strikes inland.

The Argentine province of Corrientes has an area of 54,299 square miles, and a population of 369,858 inhabitants. It is situated directly north of Entre Rios, is bounded on the east by the Uruguay River and the territory of Misiones, on the north by the Alto Paraná River, and on the west by the Paraná River, on which lies the capital city, also named Corrientes. Corrientes was formerly part of Paraguay, then was an independent state, as was the case with Cordoba and Tucuman, but later voluntarily joined what was then the Argentine Confederation. It had its own coinage and postage stamps.

During the morning, there was the monotonous sameness of the landscape. At Apostoles, the first stop in the territory of Misiones, which we reached about noon, the flatness of the country changed to that of a slightly hilly district, with patches of woods, and if it had not been for the semi-tropical character of the trees the scenery might have been that of Illinois. The soil was red like that of Georgia, and, as is characteristic in that State, the grass was of the same coarse variety. About three

o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Posadas, the capital of Misiones. The town is built on a hill overlooking the south bank of the Alto Paraná River, here one and a half miles wide, and has a population of 8827 inhabitants. It is a most uninviting place, of coarse red brick buildings. From the depot to the miserable inn, which goes by the name of Paris Hotel, where I spent the night, is a considerable jaunt. A slovenly German acted as headwaiter, portier, and general manager. He could speak English, having been in the United States, and, besides his menial duties, sold photographs of the falls of Yguassu. The beds have mosquito nettings, as the mosquitoes are very thick. At this hotel, I met an Austrian, Rodolfo Gabler by name, who was salesman for the great machine and hardware importing firm of Boeker y Cia., with offices in Buenos Aires. We took in the sights of this town, which consisted mainly in sitting in the courtyard of the Hotel Germania listening to an automatic music box. The Germania was a better hotel than the one we stopped at, and we regretted that we hadn't gone there in the first place; but we had never heard of it before we reached Posadas. The proprietors of the Germania were a couple of Teutons who went by the names of Rohrsetzer and Heidecker. We ate dinner there that night, which angered the Spanish landlord of the Paris. There are two other hotels, the Yguassu and the America, both poor. In most of the hotels in the towns of the interior, there are two toilets, one for the proprietor and one for the guests. The former is apt to be kept clean, while the filth of the latter is invariably indescribable. When Gabler and myself at different times asked for the key to that of the Hotel Germania, Rohrsetzer pretended that he had lost it, but we saw that it didn't take him long in finding it when he himself had a call. Heidecker had a gasoline lamp that he was afraid to light from un-

pleasant past experiences, so he sent in a *mestizo* boy, here called *chinos*, to do the job for him. An explosion followed, singeing the boy's hair and giving him an awful fright. Heidecker was prepared, and when the ignition really took place he had already covered most of the distance to a far garden wall. When the *chinos* had collected around the boy, and the danger had passed, Heidecker's heavy clean-shaven carcass stalked up to the group, and upbraided them for being clumsy, telling them that the boy had made a bungle of the job, and explained to them how to light the lamp. He lit a paper, which he handed to a Brazilian servant, and told him to light it. The Brazilian did as he was told, but, in the meanwhile, Heidecker was active in covering ground to put as much space as he could between him and the prospective explosion. A blaze and a puff followed the Brazilian's attempt, but he came out unscathed, much to the surprise of the heavy German.

That night Gabler and I listened to the music that a band played in the plaza. It was good, and the musicians were mostly Brazilian, a more talented class of people than the other South Americans. They talked to the Austrian about famous classics and composers with a knowledge that was wonderful for people who had never been out in the world; even the plasterer who was working at the Germania was more familiar with the musical world of to-day than the majority of musically inclined people at home. In this plaza there is a stone Statue of Liberty, and around it a railing. From this railing rise lamp posts, their lights being electric. The loafers had a bad habit of leaning against this railing while listening to the band, so the city council had it charged with electricity from the current that runs to the globes, in order to give them a shock to put a stop to this act. This was

done three weeks before my visit, and at that time the death toll had amounted to three victims. The voltage had been too high, and what was intended only as a shock resulted fatally. One of the victims was a town loafer who hadn't heard about the new ruling, one was a local electrician who had come to repair the work, while the third was a Jew traveling man, representing a collar house. His firm is now suing the city because of his death, but I understand that the council has no intention of changing the ruling. On this plaza is a plain brick steepled church which shows up well from the Paraguayan side of the river.

The Austrian was a man about twenty-nine years old, and quite a dude. He had been in Buenos Aires for a few years, and had taken out his papers as an Argentine citizen. He had married a native woman of German parentage, and had no longing to go back to the old country as he was making more money here. He prided himself on his good looks, and had the egotism to believe that he was a lady-killer, so while we were listening to the music in the plaza, he persisted in bestowing his attentions on every woman that passed by. I was averse to this business, for several of the damsels that he especially singled out for his amorous attentions were accompanied by male relatives, and white uniformed policemen who had for some time been watching the proceedings were now eying him with malignant glances. I several times warned him to behave, emphasizing the consequences, but the wine that he had drunk at the Germania had befogged his mind, for he straightway remarked that it was his idea to now beat up every policeman in Posadas. He may have succeeded, and yet not have suffered any great consequences, for although an Austrian by birth he prided himself on being an Argentine citizen, and the

law of that great republic is notoriously lenient with its own subjects in case of arrest. As it is likewise notoriously unjust with foreigners, I decided that it was my duty to "make my sneak," for I realized that if Gabler were arrested, I should also be, and I should be likely to suffer the penalty for his indiscretions. Accordingly, while he was trying to enter into conversation with a young girl, so dark that she might have been either negress or *chino*, I slunk off, unnoticed, to my hotel.

Ten years ago, this territory of Misiones did not contain within its confines more than 8000 inhabitants. Three years ago its population was 29,000, and now it has 50,000, nearly all immigrants from Paraguay who have entered to avoid the revolutions and anarchy that have been reigning across the Alto Paraná. The first settlers of Misiones were Catholic priests, who came into the wilderness to instruct the Indians. These Indians are, to-day, called Mission Indians, and the territory gets its name from the missions established here, and which now are some of the best preserved ruins in South America. About two days' ride from Posadas, in the midst of a tropical jungle, are the ruins of the church of San Ignacio, its stone arches now overgrown by creepers. Posadas is likewise the starting point for the falls of Yguassu. A small river boat of the Domingo Barthe line takes the traveler upstream for seventy hours to Puerto Aguirre, on the Misiones side of the Rio Yguassu, a tributary of the Alto Paraná which separates the state of Paraná, Brazil, from the state of Santa Catharina, and also from the Argentine province of Misiones. From here it is but a short distance to the greatest falls on earth, twice as high as Niagara, twice as broad, with twice as much power. There are two falls, each as high as Niagara alone, and within a quarter of a mile of one another.



At the bottom of the upper fall, are small islands covered with tropical foliage between which the stream breaks in cascades as it topples over the brink of the lower fall. About the same distance above Puerto Aguirre as is that town above Posadas are still more wonderful falls to behold, though not so immense. These are the Salto de Guayra on the Alto Paraná River where the states of Matto Grosso and Paraná, Brazil, come together and form the boundary with Paraguay. It is dangerous to visit these, as the banks of the river are inhabited by hostile Indians, whose poisonous arrows have brought down much human game. I met a man in Asuncion who had seen these falls, and had come back to civilization minus his ears, nose, and another useful organ. This happened twenty years ago, and rarely occurs now, yet it will be some time before the traveler can enjoy the sight of the Guayra waterfall with the same convenience that he can those of Yguassu.

A gasoline launch plies hourly between Posadas and Villa Encarnacion, Paraguay. A car ferry is being built to connect the rails on both sides of the river, and it will be possible this year (1914) to board the train at Buenos Aires and go straight through to Asuncion without change of cars. The fare to cross the river Alto Paraná is fifty *centavos* Argentine, three *pesos fuerte* Paraguayan, which is twenty-one cents United States currency, and the time taken is twenty minutes. The launch doesn't quite make the shore at Villa Encarnacion, so that passengers are apt to get their feet wet by stepping out onto boards that are laid from stone to stone. The custom-house examination is a mere formality. A broken bus drove us through the dirty streets of the ultra-straggling town to the depot a good mile away. Though one of the important towns of the country, Encarnacion is more isolated clusters of

houses and buildings than a city or village. It is not centralized, having no main street, while one of its most important stores may be a mile from another one of the same caliber separated by fields, woods, and lanes, with no pretense of pavement on the streets, which are all grass grown. The settlement is estimated to have anywhere from 2000 to 10,000 inhabitants; 5000 would seem more correct. It is built on the side of a red hill which is covered with luxuriant vegetation. There is a considerable German element, and the hotel is said to be better than that of Posadas.

Paraguayan time is in advance of Argentine time, and, as the launch was late, I barely arrived at the depot in time, and at that the train started ten minutes ahead of time, before I had a chance to buy my ticket. In my haste to board the train, I bumped into a loafer and bowled him over; he turned several somersaults on the concrete platform before he recovered himself, and then made for me with a knife, but I was already on the train which was increasing its momentum, so he comforted himself by hurling a knife at me, and missed the mark by a yard. I had no Paraguayan money nor any ticket, so when the conductor came along I should have been in a pickle if it were not for the timely services of Judge Manuel Brun, of the First Criminal Court of the republic, who spoke French, and who came to my aid, for the accepted language here is Guarani, in which speech the conductor addressed me. At Carmen, the first stop, he got out and bought my ticket, I paying him back in Argentine money. I took a mental note of the passengers on the train. Men and women alike all smoked black cigars. The men wore baggy trousers tucked in military boots, and held up by wide leather belts, which were combinations of revolver and money belts. A few who did not wear belts kept up

their trousers by means of silken bands of dark colors. Those who did not wear celluloid collars contented themselves with a handkerchief tied around their necks. Bow ties are the fashion, for not a single four-in-hand necktie did I see among the crowd. They were all acquainted, and seemed to be a jolly bunch. At the stations, *estancieros* would board the train, all carrying silver-handled riding batons. Nearly every ticket sold was to Asuncion, and as the capital city is 193 miles from Encarnacion, I concluded that the three times a week on which the train ran, the fares from passenger traffic ran high. The rear car was only half the length of the other coaches. This was divided into two compartments, the front one being a depository for liquid refreshment, while the rear one was the kitchen and larder. The coach in front of this contained stationary tables between the seats where meals and drinks were served. To bring in the refreshments the waiters were obliged to cross the platform with trays and bottles. As it was hot, these two platform doors were always kept open, so that in the matter of service it was no job at all to fetch the food from one car to the other, although the meals were apt to be savored with cinders that fell in when the waiter was crossing the gap.

Soon after leaving Encarnacion the fun began. Both men and women repaired to the table car, and all started to get drunk, hilariously so. They started on vermouth, the supply of which ran out before Carmen was reached, twenty-three miles away, and then they tried beer. This friendly folk became acquainted with me by introduction from Judge Brun and a Sr. Constant from Encarnacion, and invited me to join them. They refused to let me buy a drink. The conductor, a swarthy and sinewy little man, who among his duties had to act as a train starter by waving a red, yellow, and green flag, also joined the

crowd. All of the men had been soldiers in one or more of the numerous revolutions that have demoralized the republic, some mere youths, and their faces were scarred from fighting. One was a captain, although only twenty-nine years old, and had lived a lifetime as far as active service was concerned. Some of these men, who were now so friendly and drinking each other's health, had been on opposite sides in battles less than a year ago, and probably will be again some time in the future when their politics differ and the only way to settle a presidential election is by force of arms. Every man on the train carried a revolver, and they varied in style and age from the flintlock muzzle-loading horse pistol and the pepper-box to the latest automatic Browning or Colt. I was asked to show them mine, which I did, and was patted on the back for so doing. This was an initiation to camaraderie or good fellowship, for a Paraguayan who doesn't carry a gun is no gentleman by the ethics of society in that country, and is looked down upon. When the conductor asked to see the tickets, all playfully pointed their revolvers at him. Even though there is no social distinction in Paraguay, the nearest approach to caste in the country districts is the possession of the best revolver, watch, and saddle horse. Before I had been in Paraguay for a couple of days, I found out that the carrying of firearms was a necessity.

The number of drinks consumed in the table car was appalling, the conductor likewise tanking up, and not allowing anybody to stand treat but himself. At the stations, he would invite the ticket agents into the car to drink with him and forget to start the train until reminded of it. In consequence the engineer had to put on full speed between stops to make up for lost time. About fifty people drank twenty cases of beer in a little over an

hour's time. As each case contained two dozen bottles, it would average nine bottles to a person. Of course some did not imbibe the average amount, but what they failed to do was made up for, by those who had a greater capacity, and exceeded it. Politics and revolutions were the topic of conversation, and the passengers now began comparing medals. For the first time, I noticed that every man wore a medal suspended from his watch fob. These did not necessarily mean prowess in arms, although some of the men possessed some of this species likewise. The medals worn had on the face, the head or bust of the man to whose political party the bearer belonged, while on the reverse was written the name of the wearer with the political ideas of the party. The beer ran out, and many of the men had fallen into a drunken slumber. The women had returned to the front coaches to shoot intoxicated amorous glances at a party of young Argentinos who had got mixed up in the "beer-fest."

The train had been traversing a wooded country, interspersed by broad *savannas* on which lean cattle grazed. Owing to the richness of the soil and verdure of the grass, I could not understand the reason of their gauntness, until I was informed that in that season of the year the grass is too coarse, and, in order to see fat cattle, I should come to Paraguay six months hence. Occasionally there would be a break in the landscape to the west, and broad treeless plains would come in view, stretching to the horizon. East of the railroad the country was different. It consisted of low wooded hills, the roofs of houses continually rising above the dark green foliage. Although there were many stations, there were no towns visible, a church steeple in the distance occasionally denoting the location of one. On inquiring why the railroad did not approach the towns, I was told that most of them were

built on hills, some several leagues from the station of the same name, and as it would have been an expensive piece of engineering to take them all in, it approached as near as it could on the floor of the plain without entering the hills. The first station of importance after leaving Carmen is Cango Bobi, a Guarani word meaning "Monkey Bridge," near where are some large *estancias*. The Tebicuary River is crossed at the station of Yuti, 158 miles from Asuncion, the town of the same name being situated three miles to the eastward on a hill. It was founded by the Jesuits in 1610, has a population of 12,000 and does a thriving business in cattle and lumber. A few miles farther on, we reach the place where Gonzales used to stand. Here the government organized a colonization scheme which, owing to the numerous revolutions, met with failure. Maciel, ninety-three miles from the capital, is the station for Caazapa, eight miles to the northeast, with which it is connected by diligence. The latter is an agricultural town, founded in 1607 by Fray Luis Bolanos, and boasts of three livery stables, twenty-five saloons, two iron foundries, two restaurants, and nine distilleries. Shortly after dinner, we arrived at Iturbe, where we met the train bound for Encarnacion. To the left, is a great swamp, while to the right, rises a range of mountains a few thousand feet high. These are the beginning of what are called the Altos, which range continues in view nearly to Asuncion. I never knew before that there were such summits in Paraguay. The judge, less drunk than most of his friends, informed me that on the boundary with Brazil to the northeast there is a range called the Mbaracayu, whose summits reach 9000 feet in altitude. As I am not acquainted with anybody who has ever seen them, I am not in a position to dispute the subject.

The passengers who had eaten or drunk something had already paid their rounds, save the conductor, who alone had not yet settled. As he entered the train after leaving Iturbe, the head waiter presented his bill. Presently, we heard voices raised in argument over the change, and, looking in the direction of the rear of the table car, we saw those two worthies in an altercation. The passengers, awakening at the noise, and feeling ugly from drink, stared with bloodshot eyes at the pair, occasionally hurling a vile epithet at one or the other of the arguers. Suddenly, the conductor slapped the head waiter's face; the latter tried to clinch with him, but the conductor stumbled, preventing him from so doing. As the conductor fell he reached for his revolver, but the waiter was quicker and twisted his wrist so that it fell on the floor of the aisle before the former could bring it into action. The crowd of passengers rushed in, and threatened the head waiter with personal violence. Somebody pulled the bell cord, and the train came to a sudden stop. Revolvers were pulled, and in the *mêlée* the head waiter was pushed off of the platform. The conductor again tried to assault him, but again he stumbled, and this time he fell off the platform steps onto the ground. The train was on a slight embankment, below which, surrounded by a thicket of bulrushes, was a dark pool of stagnant water, coated over with frog slime. The cook and assistant ran to their chief's aid, and from the passengers a revolver shot rang out. Instead of hitting a waiter, it lodged in the fleshy part of the leg of a country yokel who had come up from a field to watch the sport. He gave a howl of pain, much to the delight of the passengers, and danced around with his hand on the sore spot. A farmer, evidently his father, who had been working in a field, came running up, garden hoe in hand, undaunted by about twenty revolvers

which were now drawn, to give the perpetrator of the deed a clout.

A fat bum, clad in a white flannel suit, his trousers tucked into a pair of highly polished tan-colored military boots, on his way home from a pleasure trip to Spain, and who had all the morning been telling the interested audience his experiences in Europe, tried to "sic on" the contestants. It looked as if a battle was going to take place, for the farmer had whacked a few of the passengers with the hoe in trying to get at the shooter, who was dodging in and out of the crowd, revolver in hand, to get out of the way of the infuriated peasant. The fat bum, in order to make way, stepped backwards, and, just as he was letting a drunken yell out of him to urge on the crowd, fell with a splash into the quagmire, much to the merriment of the bunch, who yelled at him howls of derision. He came out of the pool drenched to the skin, his flannels black with filth, which oozed from his nose, ears, and mouth; in fact he was entirely coated with frog slime. Endeavoring to plant one foot on terra firma, he stepped on a venomous snake which bit him just above the knee. He was carried into the baggage car, where attention was immediately given him, although I read in a newspaper that he died that night in Villa Rica, his home. Judge Brun, whom I later met in Asuncion, told me that this wasn't true and that the man had recovered after a painful illness. After his misfortune, the crowd quieted down, and, after boarding the train, orders were given to start up. The poor waiters, knowing that they would be blamed for everything, seized the advantage of this confusion and judiciously made for a piece of timber the other side of the field. The last any of us saw of them was when they were making headway across a potato field, bareheaded, and with their white aprons flying in



the tropical breeze. A few parting shots were fired at them by the passengers, at a distance too far to carry, but these only augmented their speed. Justice does not carry far in Paraguay. Vengeance does. It will be years before the waiters will dare show up among their familiar haunts again, although the only crime they committed was in trying to short change the conductor, if indeed it was true that they did so. Whose addition was correct, that of the head waiter or of the conductor, nobody will ever know. As long as the waiters are in Paraguay, they will be subject to vendetta from the parents of the snake-bitten man, as I received this information from Judge Brun, who, in turn, heard it from a friend of his family, who laid the whole blame to the waiters. It is a two weeks' walk to Brazil or Argentina from Iturbe, where the servitors will be safe if they ever reach the frontier. As the swarthy little conductor is a popular man at all the railroad stations, they will have to travel as far from the railroad and telegraph lines as possible.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Villa Rica, the second city of Paraguay. There was a great crowd at the depot, for the news of the affray had already been telegraphed ahead from Borje, the last stop. Before reaching there, the conductor came along with a paper for us to sign, exonerating him from all blame in the fracas. It is needless to say that all signed it. The stories told to the eager crowd by the witnesses all varied, but each one was vehement in denunciation of the waiters. They said that the cook pushed the fat bum into the pool. The women of Villa Rica sell at the depot cigars of home manufacture. They are very strong and black, and are nothing more than the natural tobacco leaf rolled into cigar form. The larger size, named *poguazu*, sell for seven cents a dozen, and the smaller ones, named *pohi*, sell for

three and a half cents a dozen. They are very good and are smoked by all classes. Villa Rica, for long the terminus of the Paraguayan Central Railroad, built from the direction of Asuncion, is seventy-five miles from the capital at an altitude of 585 feet above sea level. Its population is estimated at 34,500 inhabitants, and its principal industries are lumber, tobacco raising, and sugar cane. It is an important place commercially, is the seat of several foreign consulates, and has a cigar, liquor, alcohol, soap, gelatine, caramel, and a shoe factory.

Another branch of the Tebicuary River is crossed at the station of the same name, and, beneath its forest-covered banks, we saw people swimming in the clear water. A large sugar factory is seen on the left, and to the right, on a hill, another one. The country is a paradise. Large-leaved caladiums, such as we have in the parks and gardens at home, grow here in their native state, with beautiful dark red lily-like blossoms on a single stalk. Fields of waist-high clover stretch away to the mountains which are on both sides of the track; and green parrots fly from limb to limb on the orange trees. There are royal palms, banana trees, and flowering century plants. This part of Paraguay from Villa Rica, with the exception of certain parts of Brazil and Costa Rica, is the most beautiful country that I have ever seen. It is also healthy, though very hot.

Some of the ringleaders of the passengers suggested that a purse should be handed the conductor to soothe his feelings, as they said that he felt awfully cut up over the recent proceedings. He undoubtedly was, for he felt that the tide might turn, and he be considered by the relatives of the bitten fat bum, as equally guilty with the waiters. With the money, he could return to Villa Rica, and, by making himself a good fellow, "square"

things. One ingenious youth suggested that, since the waiters had absconded, they loot the buffet till, and present the contents to the conductor. Then if the railroad authorities should raise a row, the passengers could claim that the waiters stole it. This intelligent suggestion met with unanimous approval, but before it could be carried out, two English divines who boarded the train at Villa Rica would have to be removed from the scene. The same scheming youth hit upon the plan for somebody to tamper with the baggage of the Anglicans, scatter their belongings about the floor of the baggage car, and have the brakeman call their attention to the fact that, while he had been absent from the baggage car, some scoundrel from the second-class coach had tried to steal their possessions, but had been caught in the act; and that, therefore, it would, of course, be advisable for the Englishmen to come forward and adjust matters. The ruse worked, and, once the Britishers were busy collecting their scattered belongings, the till was rifled and the conductor was given the contents. During the looting everybody helped himself to a bottle of something or cigars. I received a bottle of champagne as a present. The coats, hats, and white aprons of the waiters found their way to inside of the different suit cases. A young lawyer, somewhat of an orator, then addressed the whole coach, standing on a seat to deliver his impromptu advice. It was a plea for all the passengers to tell the same story and stick to it, either if questioned by the police or railroad officials at Asuncion. We were to relate that the waiters had looted the buffet car, had been caught by the conductor, and ordered to surrender the goods; that upon their refusal they had been seized, but had opened fire on the passengers, and in the mêlée which followed had jumped from the train, which had stopped; that one of

the passengers had accidentally hit a farmer boy, and the father had run up with a hoe; that during the row, the cook had pushed an excellent young man of good standing into a pond where he had been bitten by a snake; that all the waiters had been to blame, the head waiter having been the ringleader and the worst of them all.

Caballero, which we reached at about five o'clock, contains the car shops of the Paraguay Central Railroad, and is the division point of the line. It is too near one end of the line to be well located as such, but, until two years ago, the train ran out of Asuncion only as far as Villa Rica. It was then the practical division point, and the shops were too extensive to be moved after the continuation of the railroad. Iturbe or Borje would be the practical point for the end of the division. Caballero is a small place of 4000 inhabitants and has one hotel and two liquor distilleries. A railroad official boarded the train here, and accepted the version of the conductor. The two Englishmen had now returned to the coach and were making a dreadful fuss, reviling the country, the inhabitants, and everything pertaining to it and them in language by no means fit for them to employ in the pulpit. We soon came to the station for the city of Paraguari, situated a mile to the south.

This is the most beautiful part of Paraguay. Huge isolated mountains, their summits cliffs of dark slate rock, rise nearly perpendicularly from the broad grassy valley. In the distance to the north, beyond the broad sweep of the meadows fragrant with the scent of clover blossoms, the dim blue outlines of other mountains are seen, rising from a dark forest. As I paced the platform of the little station, I noticed the marked change in the air from the sultriness of the morning. A gentle breeze was blowing

from the westward, wafting with it the odor of fresh harvest. Church bells were ringing in the little city, and along the lanes and highway cattle driven by the cow boys for their night milking were walking. Across the broad llano, not a tropical tree was to be seen; this picture could be taken up and placed in one of the Bavarian valleys of the lower Alps, and it would fit it to perfection. Paraguari is one of the best known towns of the republic, due to the battles that have always been fought in this neighborhood since the independence of the country. It is forty-five miles east of Asuncion, with which city it has excellent train service. Its population is 11,328 and its industries are cattle raising and lumber. It is a well-built city with all the perquisites of a town of its size, but most of the buildings are pock-marked from cannon balls. The isolated peaks in the neighborhood of the town are Mbocaya, Mbatori, Santo Tomas, and Porteño. In the summer of 1912, this valley was the scene of a big battle. Cannon placed on the peaks poured forth fire on the Federals until the ammunition gave out. The battle lasted seven hours and the fatalities were 6000 killed. Here, General Jara received his fatal wound, being shot in the groin, from which he died three days afterwards. The young captain, Augustin Via, and a young sergeant, scarcely over twenty years old, from Villa Encarnacion, who were passengers on the train and who were inseparable friends, each fought on a different side during this fight. The ammunition used up, the opposing sides charged each other with bayonets. In the meantime, when this fighting was taking place at Paraguari, Schaerer, Minister of War, started a revolution at Asuncion and Ybicuy, which brought him into a position to usurp the presidency, since Jara, the rightful president, was at Paraguari with his army. When, returning from Para-

guari, the victorious Nationals reached Asuncion, they bombarded the town for three days, but were finally driven back by Schaerer's forces.

There is only one means of ascent to the summit of Mbocaya, that by a steep road to the north. Here an old woman lives alone, and makes her living by telling fortunes. The young sergeant firmly believed in her powers. He went to her and asked to have his future read. The seeress told him that he would fight soon at Ybicuy but not at Asuncion. This turned out to be true, but, at the time she made this prophecy, nobody knew that Schaerer's army would fight the Nationals at either of those places. The country from Paraguari to Asuncion is very thickly settled. Instead of the poor villages with bamboo roofs, we passed small cities of red brick and adobe houses, the latter painted light colors, and having tile roofs. At one place, Ypacarai, there are many beggars at the depot. A little girl, about twelve years old, turns her sightless orbs to you as she stretches out her hand for money. Half a man, his legs and arms having been amputated at the trunk, is wheeled to the train on a stretcher, his trunk covered by a sheet, one of the most morbid sights that I have ever seen. A little boy begs for him, while a leprous nigger stretches forth a rotten paw to drop coins into. Ypacarai with its 6000 inhabitants owes its beggar-infested crowd to the fact that it is the getting-off place for Paraguay's only summer resort, San Bernardino, which is situated on the beautiful blue fresh-water lake of Ypacarai, the mecca of many German residents of Asuncion. We are nearing the capital, and it is getting dark. Aregua, population 7620 Luque, once capital of the republic, population 18,000, and Trinidad pass in quick succession. At Luque, old women at the depot platform sell what look like loaves of bread. They

are not, for the edible is a pastry made of rice, sugar, and nuts. Electric lights appear, and we now cross many streets which show us that we are inside of the city limits of Asuncion.

## CHAPTER XIII

### PARAGUAY

THE Republic of Paraguay, which at the present time is the least-heard-of country of South America, ranked, at the middle of the last century, with Brazil and Argentina, as a power in Latin America. Vicissitudes of war and countless revolutions, to say nothing of anarchy and misgovernment, have placed it so far in the background of progress that, to-day, there is probably, in the Western Hemisphere, no country as backward. The republic, next to Uruguay the smallest in South America, contains an area of approximately 158,188 square miles, although it claims considerable land from Bolivia, regarding the boundaries of which neither country at the present time is able to come to an amicable adjustment. It is divided into nearly equal halves by the Paraguay River, the eastern portion being the settled part in which are the towns and farms, while the western half, named the Chaco, is an unsettled and unexplored wilderness of trees and palmetto swamps, inhabited sparsely by uncivilized Indians, reported to have cannibalistic tendencies. The only portions of this Chaco inhabited by white men are small lumber settlements in the neighborhood of the Paraguay River or its tributaries. The Chaco has been crossed only twice in the history of the country.



Juan de Ayolas, the founder of Asuncion, crossed the Chaco with a military escort, in 1536, and it was again crossed in 1548, by Domingo Martinez de Irala, both of which men crossed it on their route to Peru. It has n't been crossed since. The Pilcomayo River, which rises in Bolivia, empties into the Paraguay a few miles below Asuncion and forms as nearly as possible the boundary between Argentina and the Paraguayan Chaco. As it has been impossible to make a survey, because of the great swamps in which the Pilcomayo loses itself, to reappear later as one stream, the boundary between Argentina and Paraguay is also but very vague.

The central part of Paraguay proper is a high tableland of meadows, admirably adapted to the raising of cattle and the growing of cereals, from which rise rocky mountain ranges, their slopes covered with rare forests of mahogany and dyewoods. The sheer rock summits of these mountains are often inaccessible, and are filled with caves in which are found skulls and bones of prehistoric mammals and reptiles. It is on this plateau that three fourths of Paraguay's population live. The northeastern boundary of the country where it joins Brazil is a lofty range of mountains, named the Sierra de Mbaracayu and the Sierra de Amambay. Very few people have seen these mountains, as they are difficult of approach across a great stretch of unexplored country inhabited by savage Indians. A spur of these mountains, named the Cordillera de Caaguazu, which in reality is the extreme end of the famous Altos or mountains of the central plateau, runs into the country in a southwesterly direction. Not a mountain in the republic is high, in the proper sense of the word, although I had been informed that some of the peaks of the Mbaracayu were 3000 meters high, a statement to which I give little credence. It would be inter-

esting to form an expedition to the little-known corners of Paraguay, both from an ethnological and an archaeological point of view, as it has never been done thoroughly, and, judging from the relics of prehistoric races and animals to be found in other sections of the country, ought to prove fruitful.

The northern part of the country is drained by three great rivers, the Aquidaban, the Ypane, and the Jegui, all of which flow west and empty into the Paraguay. Near their mouths, there are settlements, the outposts of those that form one continuous line on the east bank of the Paraguay as far as the Brazilian frontier. This section is a succession of swamps and treeless plains, while in the neighborhood of the rivers and elevations are forests of hard wood. It can be said that the northern part of the republic is a continuation of the great Matto Grosso plain of Brazil, which state lies directly northward of the republic of Paraguay. In order to reach it from Rio de Janeiro, the garrison at its most important town, Corumba, have to take a steamer for three to five days down the coast to Montevideo or Buenos Aires; thence transship to one of the river boats to Asuncion, which takes five to six days more; transship again to a smaller boat, and then steam ten days to three weeks northward to their destination. Arrived there many die of fever, and those well enough to leave have the same arduous journey to make on their return trip.

The southern part of the country is mostly malarial swamps and soggy plains, largely given up to the cattle industry. It contains but a small proportion of white inhabitants, the inhabitants being natives engaged in the exploitation of *yerba maté*, or Paraguayan tea. There are great estates of these trees, the principal one being the holdings of Domingo Barthe of Posadas. The leaves are

cut off, and dried, and then made into tea. It is the principal beverage of the country as well as some parts of Argentina and Brazil and is a very refreshing nutriment. It plays as important a part in the life of a Paraguayan as coca leaves do to the Bolivian but is, on the contrary, absolutely harmless. *Maté* is steeped and poured into gourds, from which it is sipped through metal tubes. These gourds are often highly carved with fantastic figures and are one of the principal kitchen utensils to the native household. The richer classes, instead of using the gourds, employ for their *maté* silver utensils of the same shape.

There have never been any reliable statistics on Paraguay as to its area, population, and matters of commercial importance. People in South America do not trouble themselves much about matters such as these, for, somewhat like the Oriental, they cannot understand the reason for wanting to know how many people live in a place. This is due to an eastern strain in their blood that has been there ever since the Moorish conquest of Spain. In 1863, at which time Paraguay reached its zenith among the republics of Latin America, her estimated population was 1,350,000. This number had diminished, in 1869, at the termination of the war generally styled the Paraguayan War, and by the natives the war of the Triple Alliance, to one quarter of a million, only 28,000 of which were males. From then on, until 1911, there had been a good increase, but the revolutions of that year, and of 1912, drove great numbers across the boundaries to Argentina and Brazil. The population is estimated to-day as 1,000,000, including savage tribes, and, judging from the population of Corrientes and Entre Rios, which we know to be accurate, this mark does not fall far from the truth. In estimating the population of the cities, there is nothing reliable to go on, but the statistics that come nearest to

the truth, although they are often far too high, are those published by the *Guia General del Paraguay*, 1913 Anuario, edited in Asuncion. It gives, for instance, the population of a place named Carmen del Paraná as 2500, while, in reality, the locality is a small cluster of huts, with scarcely any inhabitants. There are but six incorporated cities in the republic, Asuncion, Villa Rica, Caazapa, Encarnacion, Concepcion, and Pilar. There are, however, places not incorporated as cities which are larger than some of the former, especially Pilar. Here is a list of the cities and villages with population according to the *Guia General del Paraguay*, 1913. Those marked with an asterisk are apt to be nearly correct.

	<i>Pop.</i>		<i>Pop.</i>
	1913		1913
*1 Asuncion	85,000	*19 Ybycui	11,270
*2 Villa Rica	34,500	20 Ybytymi	11,000
3 Carapegua	18,000	21 Itaugua	10,000
*4 Luque	18,000	22 San Pedro	10, 00
*5 Caazapa	17,531	*23 Villeta	10,000
6 Encarnacion	16,000	24 Tabapy	9,500
*7 Concepcion	15,600	25 San José	9,120
*8 San Lorenzo del		26 Bobi	9,000
Campo Grande	15,000	27 Itape	9,000
9 Ajos	14,000	28 Pirayu	9,000
10 Capiata	14,000	*29 Yaguaron	8,713
11 San Estanislao	13,600	30 San Juan Bautista	
12 Ita	13,500	de Ñeembucu	8,200
*13 Quiindy	13,000	31 San Juan Bautista	
*14 Acahay	12,798	de las Misiones	8,200
15 Caraguatay	12,000	32 Caapucu	8,000
16 Yuty	12,000	33 Hiaty	8,000
17 Piribebuy	11,640	34 Aregua	7,620
*18 Paraguari	11,328	35 Mbocayate	7,620

	<i>Pop.</i>		<i>Pop.</i>
	1913		1913
*36 Santiago	7,281	48 Atyra	6,500
*37 Pilar	7,229	49 San Lorenzode la	
38 Arroyos y Esteros	7,120	Frontera	6,400
39 Belen	7,000	50 Mbuyapey	6,250
40 Caacupe	7,000	51 Escobar	6,000
41 Caaguazu	7,000	52 Quiquio	6,000
42 Horqueta	7,000	*53 Oliva	6,000
43 San Cosme	7,000	54 Yegros	6,000
44 Valenzuela	7,000	55 Yhacanguazu	6,000
*45 Humaita	6,800	56 Ypacarai	6,000
*46 San Pedro del		57 Emboscada	5,640
Paraná	6,722	58 San Miguel	5,000
47 San Ignacio	6,700	59 Yataity	5,000

By the compilation of these figures, which, I believe, are the only ones of the last estimate in any book on South America, it will be seen that Paraguay with 1,000,000 inhabitants has two cities over 30,000 inhabitants, twenty-three over 10,000, and fifty-nine over 5000. Counting the smaller places, villages with a population of over 2000, there are ninety towns in the republic with over 2000 inhabitants. This shows that a great part of the population is what we can call urban (not the way we call it at home), in that they live in the settlements and not in farms scattered through the country. The towns are funereal in appearance, *triste*, as well as the ragged and impoverished inhabitants that stand at the opening which serves as a door to their houses. The dwellings, mostly one story in height, have iron bars to their windows; otherwise, a passer-by on the street could thrust his arm through the aperture and snatch anything that might be lying handy. On the plateau, from Asuncion to Villa Rica, the buildings are tolerably well built, but in

all other localities, with the exception of Concepcion and Encarnacion, they are filthy hovels of wood with thatched roofs.

The history of Paraguay has been a martial one of turmoil, revolution, war, and vainglorious semi-bandit chieftains. As legend goes, there were, in ancient times, two brothers in Brazil, who came from over-seas, Tupi and Guarani. Tupi liked the fertile fields of the Brazilian hinterland and remained there, but Guarani, of a more roving disposition, migrated westward and settled in the country between the Paraná and the Paraguay rivers, where he became founder of a valiant race. It was his descendants that the early Spanish conquistadors found when they arrived in what is now Paraguay. In 1512, Juan de Solis sailed up the Paraná as far as its junction with the Paraguay, but, on making a landing, was killed in an ambushade by the Indians. In 1526, a settlement was established on the Paraguay River by Sebastian Cabot and Diego Garcia, who left a garrison in charge of Nuno de Lara. Two years later, this garrison was annihilated by the cacique Mangore. Pedro de Mendoza, the founder of Buenos Aires, later, set out with an expedition to Peru by the way of the Paraguay River, but the hardships he suffered were too great, so he turned back, but died on the way. The accomplishment of the undertaking now fell on his lieutenant, Juan de Ayolas, who reached what is now Villeta, where he engaged in battle with the caciques Lambare and Nandua. He utterly routed them in a battle on the wooded slopes of the Paraguay River, and, when peace was made three days later, he founded a town which he named Asuncion, August 18, 1536. He then pushed forward towards Peru, and crossed the Chaco into what is now Bolivia, where he was surrounded by the aborigines and his whole com-

pany massacred. Before he started from Asuncion he left in charge there his lieutenant Domingo Martinez de Irala. Now came the Franciscan Fathers who established convents and founded the villages of Aregua, Altos, Yois, and Tobati. Since no news had reached Martinez of the expedition of Ayolas, he started, twelve years later, in search of the ill-fated expedition, turning over the command at Asuncion to Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who by a royal decree became governor of Paraguay. The Indians were easy to civilize by the Catholic Fathers, so only a small garrison was left at Asuncion, which grew with the continuous influx of traders, and the seat of government was abolished, the viceroys of Buenos Aires exerting their power from that city with a petty governor at Asuncion. Among the latter were Juan de Vergara, 1736-1738, his successor Rafael de la Moneda, 1738-1747, who visited the interior and built eight forts, Marcos José de Larrazabal, 1747-1749, Jaime Sanjust, 1749-1761, Martinez Fontes, 1761-1764, Fulgencio de Yegros y Ledesma, 1764-1766, Bartolome Larios Galvan, 1766, Carlos Murphy, 1766-1771, an Irishman in the service of Spain, Augustin Fernando de Pinedo, 1771-1778, who founded the city of Concepcion, and Pedro Melo de Portugal, 1778-1787, under whom was founded the College and Seminary of San Carlos at Asuncion. In 1785, was taken the first census of the country, and probably the only accurate one ever taken. It recorded 63,006 inhabitants, of whom 52,496 were Spaniards, and the rest Christian natives. Melo was succeeded by Joaquin de Alos, who remained governor until 1796, when he, in turn, was succeeded by Lazaro de Ribero, who took another census, and found that the population had increased to 97,480, probably an overestimate. In 1803, Bernardo de Velasco became gover-

nor, but left the country in charge of Eustaquio Giannini, when he departed in 1809, to take part in the defense of Buenos Aires, which was revolting from the Spanish yoke. The rebellion became general and reached Paraguay, where, on July 24, 1810, a provisional junta was declared by Dr. Gaspar de Francia, an educated and able lawyer at Asuncion. May 14, 1811 saw the end of Spanish domination in Paraguay.

From now on, until 1840, marks the rule of Francia, one of South America's most able men, a dictatorship in which he stood supreme. He is a subject chosen by many historians as an example of heartless tyrant, and is placed in the same category as Nero or Ivan the Terrible, as one whose very whims meant death. Having read contemporary histories in the archives of Buenos Aires and Montevideo, and those of a later date, and taking into consideration the way in which many of the Paraguayans hail him as a hero, I have come to the conclusion that he has been maligned. Though he was heartless and cruel to his enemies, nevertheless he was a just man, far above the mercenary spirit of the age in which he lived and which now exists in Latin countries, a man who looked for the future of the country and not for its present glory, and who did all that was in his power to build it up. It was greatly due to his initiative that Paraguay reached the height of military and judicial efficiency that it enjoyed upon the accession of Francisco Solano Lopez as dictator, in 1862.

Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, commonly known as Dr. Francia, was forty-five years old when he was elected to the first junta of Paraguay with Velasco, as president, and Juan Zeballos, May 15, 1811. Velasco was deposed, and a new junta, this time with five members, was elected on July 17th of the same year, Francia being a member.



This didn't work out well, and on October 12, 1813, was created the first consulate, with Francia and Yegros as consuls. On the curule chairs Francia had the words painted "Cæsar" and "Pompey," he occupying Cæsar's and Yegros Pompey's. Like Cæsar he soon dominated over Yegros, and, about a year later, October 3, 1814, he became provisional dictator, and, on May 30, 1816, he had himself created perpetual dictator, which office he held until he died, September 20, 1840, at the age of seventy-four years. When he became provisional dictator, Congress voted him an annual income of 9000 *pesos* (\$4300). Of this, he only accepted one third, saying that the state needed it worse than he. He occupied the ancient house of the governors, now the Hotel Hispano-Americano, at Asuncion, and set about to regulate the administration. He forbade the exportation from the country of precious metals, put a duty of eight per cent. on all imports, and created a secretary of state. He encouraged agricultural colonies, reorganized the army, placing in command people in whom he had confidence, and installed a cannon foundry at Asuncion. He fortified the frontiers, especially in the south, where there had been frequent incursions of Correntine bandits, persecuted the Spaniards, and allowed trade with Brazil to be carried on only through the ports of Borbon, Concepcion, and Itapua, which are located in the northern part of Paraguay. Lumber became a state monopoly, and he inaugurated freedom of religion. He cut down the number of the Catholic clergy, and suppressed the Inquisition. When he had no rivals to fear, and had himself elected perpetual dictator, he showed his governing policy with great openness, which was to secure the isolation and complete independence of Paraguay from foreign influence. The army was supervised by himself in person, and increased in number of

soldiers. He put a stop to religious processions, abolished church festivals, had himself appointed head of the Church, confiscated the lands of the clergy, turning them over to the state, forbade the bishop to wear a miter, and declared invalid all marriages performed without his permission.

Like all dictators, he abused his power, especially where it had to do with foreigners. He even went so far as to decree that no European in Paraguay could marry a white woman. It was difficult for a stranger to enter the country, but, when once there, it was still more so for one to leave again. He was generous enough to give such a foreigner a piece of land, which he made him cultivate, paying for the produce; but, once established, the foreigner had hard work escaping. Many perished in the swamps, and by the hands of savage tribes, in their attempts. Some Spaniards were put to death for criticizing his actions, and many prominent citizens, suspected of conspiracy, were thrown into prison. A plot was planned by notable people of the republic, including such prominent families as the Aristegui, the Montieles, the Valdovinos, and the Acostas, to assassinate him on the Friday preceding Easter, in 1820. One of the conspirators, Bogarin, confessed this in the confessional to a priest, Father Anastasio, who straightway informed the dictator. All the conspirators with their accomplices, and many innocent people, were seized, thrown into prison, and shot. In September, 1820, the liberator of Uruguay, Artigas, betrayed by his lieutenant Ramirez, fled to Paraguay and sought protection from Francia. Ramirez asked for his deportation, which was refused. This so angered him that he entered into a conspiracy with Yegros, the former Pompey, to depose Francia. The news reached the latter, who had Yegros executed along with all others who at this time started to brew a revolution to place

Paraguay as a subject state to Buenos Aires. The bishop was accused of being connected with this, and was incarcerated in a dungeon, where he died. Father Anastasio, who had been previously shut up, was liberated, because during his imprisonment he had written a eulogy about the dictator. Eighteen conspirators were liberated upon a payment to Francia of 150,000 *pesos* (\$72,000), which he promptly turned over to the state. They went to Santa Fé in the Argentine, where they brewed another plot in conjunction with the inhabitants of that land, which was then independent, but which now forms a province of Argentina. The governor of Santa Fé sent a cargo of arms to the revolutionists. Francia heard of it, and had put to death every native of Santa Fé at that time in Paraguay. When, in 1819, swarms of locusts devastated the plantations, Francia made the proprietors stick to their possessions and start out anew.

All court cases were tried by the dictator, who was a very fair-minded and impartial judge. He was very severe towards anybody who maltreated or misused an Indian, and, by his tendency towards showing them justice (for up to date they had been oppressed), he gained their gratitude and confidence. He beautified Asuncion, by having the tortuous streets straightened and houses razed to make room for improvements, and nowhere where property was destroyed by his orders was there an instance of the proprietor not being compensated in full. He was a very austere man of parsimonious and frugal habits, and, in private life, beyond reproach. He never married. Though not fond of display when he went out, he took pains to make it known that he demanded homage. His title of "Supremo Dictator" was shortened by the masses to "El Supremo" and when spoken about he was always referred to in that way. Such an impression did he make

upon the populace that, when he died, he was spoken of for many years afterwards as "El Defunto" (The Deceased). Numerous conspiracies made him suspicious, and, owing to the fact that an assassin might lurk behind the trees on the avenues, he had them cut down so that he could see his environment when he went about his business. By turning over the Church lands to the state and compelling the inhabitants to work them, he made his country rich. What few foreign merchants entered the country were paid in produce, not in money, and, together with the heavy taxes, the treasury of the republic had a surplus at his death. Francia, notwithstanding his tyranny, was a strong man, the most capable that Paraguay has ever produced, and the kind that was needed for the era in which he lived. He died a natural death of an illness of but three days' duration. When asked upon his deathbed whom he would name for his successor, he said: "There is no use, for the strongest man will eventually rule." That was the maxim that held true with him. In appearance he was slightly above the average height, and thin. He was clean shaven and had a mass of white hair. His features were aquiline; his mouth was small and firm, and his nose was prominent. He always wore black, and was scrupulously neat in dress.

The Paraguayans knew that of all their inhabitants there was none the worth of Francia, so instead of electing a successor to him, who would be overshadowed by his deeds, they elected a junta of five members to govern. Soon they were discontented and elected a triumvirate. This lasted only a few weeks, for the people thought they needed military rule, and elected as provisional president the general of the army, Mariano Roque Alonso, and as secretary of state, Carlos Antonio Lopez. Lopez domineered, and, within a month, he was elected first consul

of the republic and Alonso second consul. This corresponded to president and vice-president. The people were satisfied, and he held office in this manner for thirteen years, until 1854, when he was elected real president for three years, although the power differed but little from that of consul. Upon the expiration of his term of office, in 1854, he had himself elected for a term of ten years, but did not outlive it for he died in 1862. He had held office for twenty-one years, the last eight years of which he had been supreme dictator, although the words were omitted. Lopez was a very able man, next to Francia perhaps the best chief executive the country has ever had. He belonged to the land-holding aristocracy, was the scion of one of the "old families," a man of wealth, and an able lawyer. His slogan was Peace, and with the exception of a few incidents which nearly resulted in a war with Argentina he kept the country in bounds and respected the other nations. When he assumed the reins of office, the Argentine dictator Rosas had designs upon Paraguay, which he wished to annex as a province to the Confederation. Lopez, now known as Lopez I. (his son was known as Lopez II.), was prepared for the war, which fortunately did not come to a head because Urquiza overthrew Rosas. All countries had recognized Lopez except Argentina, but upon the accession of Urquiza, Argentina also came into line. Buenos Aires had now joined the Confederation, which became known as the Argentine Republic, and people had enough to do in the southern republic without occupying themselves about affairs in Paraguay. Lopez was a man who favored foreign colonization and people of all nationalities were invited to enter and settle the lands. They flocked in in great numbers, even some North Americans. A settler, an inhabitant of the United States, got into a dispute over a title to some lands that he pur-

chased which led to an imbroglio. The United States government sent a gunboat, the *Water Witch*, up the Alto Paraná to settle difficulties, but she was fired upon from the batteries of Itapuru, Feb. 1, 1855, killing a few men and injuring others. Paraguay had issued a decree prohibiting the navigation of its rivers tributary to the Paraguay except by vessels flying its own flag, October 3, 1854, and was within its own rights in stopping the *Water Witch*. The United States didn't seem to think so, and caused the little republic to pay an indemnity and to render an apology, which were quick in forthcoming. Carlos Antonio Lopez did not believe in bloodshed, nor in abusing his power. Besides giving some of his attention to amicable relations with foreign nations, he also tried to build up his country. The railroad was built as far as Paraguari, more forts were erected, the military was increased and so well drilled that when he died his army was the most efficient in South America. He continued Francia's undertaking of embellishing Asuncion, which became a city not unlike any other capital of its size.

Lopez had three sons, the eldest being Francisco Solano Lopez. A few years previous to his death he had sent this young man as an ambassador to the various courts of Europe on a diplomatic mission, in which he was remarkably successful. Unlike his father, who was a quiet easy-going type of gentleman of the old school, Francisco was a dashing, ambitious young man, with much personal magnetism, which, combined, with his excellent manners and good education, made him an idol in the different courts he visited. He was a handsome man, though a trifle below the average size, and according to the fashion of the times wore a full beard and hair rather long. Popular in society, he had no difficulty in winning away from

her husband the wife of a French army surgeon of Irish extraction. This Madame Lynch he brought back with him as his mistress, but she was not received by any members of the Lopez family, who looked upon it as scandalous. It was a constant worry to his father, and is said to be one of the causes which hastened his death. When Lopez I. died September 10, 1862, Francisco was vice-president. He hastily convened Congress and had himself elected president, taking the title of Supreme Chief and General of the Armies of Paraguay, which he liked better than that of president or dictator. Great expectations of him were held, and all Europe was eagerly waiting to see what this young man who likened himself to Napoleon would do. With an able man of his great ambitions holding sway in Paraguay, imperial Brazil was feeling uneasy, and Argentina would have preferred to have a weaker despot in the inland republic.

Of all men who have been dictators in South American republics, Francisco Solano Lopez, known as Lopez II., has perhaps been the most maligned. Writers on Paraguay at the present day, including W. H. Koebel, the noted writer on South American republics, and William D. Boyce, publisher of the Chicago *Saturday Blade*, give him the chief pedestal in the hall of fame of bloodthirsty tyrants. Most all of the information that historians of Paraguay at that epoch have to go by is from the contemporary writings of Brazilians and Argentinos, citizens of nations that had no cause to love Lopez. To picture Lopez as he really was, one should listen to the tales of valor told about him by the aged men to be met with sitting on the benches outside the doors of the country *fondas*, or inns, or by the survivors of the Five Years' War, a few of whom can be met at the market place or docks at Asuncion. Many of the deeds laid up to him were those

commanded by Madame Lynch, a female viper, and a fiend incarnate. We shall give him the credit of having committed crimes at the instigation of his mistress, the only person he feared, but in comparison with those of many latter-day tyrants and dictators they were few and milder. The greatest of his crimes was his association with her and with better influence he would have been a different man. Her sole aim in life was to amass money, and receive a social position. Failing in the latter, she developed along with the former a mania for vengeance on those that had snubbed her. As the aristocracy had no desire to entertain and associate with a prostitute, she plotted to humble them by having them thrown into jail and despoiling them of their worldly goods. Lopez was given the credit for her odious deeds, but his criminality consisted only in letting her have a free rein to do what she pleased. A notorious lawsuit in which a Dr. Stewart, a Scotch surgeon-general of Lopez's army, figured as a principal, with Americans and foreigners as witnesses, and which is briefly described in Mr. William D. Boyce's *Illustrated South America*, had its origin in the avariciousness of the Lynch woman. Murder, plunder, exile, imprisonment, and torture were conspicuous in the methods by which this asp achieved her ends. As most of the aristocracy were at one time or another her prey, their tales of Lopez are not flattering. It is the masses of the common folk and the veterans of one of the greatest wars ever fought, who are most reliable in their narrations of the dictator.

Two years after his succession, Uruguay, always in revolution, was in the grip of one unusually severe. Brazil, taking advantage of the turbulent times, and state of chaos in the Banda Oriental, and having designs of annexation, blockaded the port of Montevideo, and threat-



ened to put the country under military rule. This Paraguay could not stand for, for, as the Argentine historian Alberdi writes, "Montevideo is to Paraguay what Paraguay is to Brazil." By this he meant commercially, for at that time all of the imports and exports of Paraguay went via Montevideo, the same way that all the imports and exports of the state of Matto Grosso, Brazil, went by the way of the Paraguay River. By the Brazilians blocking Montevideo, business would be at a standstill in Paraguay. Some other dictator of more easy-going propensities might have stood for it, but it didn't appeal to an active, ambitious, and military man like Lopez II., who foresaw an increase in the strength of Brazil to a decrease of that of Paraguay; so he ordered the Brazilians to leave Uruguay. This they refused to do, and as at that time there happened to arrive at Asuncion a Brazilian gunboat on its way up the Paraguay River to Corumba in the state of Matto Grosso, he captured it and made all its crew prisoners, including the governor of Matto Grosso, who was on board, and who later died in prison. The capture of this boat, the *Marquis de Olinda*, precipitated a war with the great empire. A Paraguayan army marched northward, and, at every turn, defeated the Brazilians in Matto Grosso, the outcome of which was that the state was annexed to Paraguay. Brazil was helpless because to get troops into Matto Grosso from Rio de Janeiro, ships had to steam up the great river system through Paraguayan territory. The same condition still exists to-day. If Lopez had contented himself with Matto Grosso alone, the war would have undoubtedly ended with Paraguay in possession of this valuable acquisition, but, like Napoleon, he was out to conquer, and aimed a blow at the southwestern corner of the empire, the states of Paraná, Santa Catharina, and

Rio Grande do Sul, which at that time went by the name of provinces. In order to do this, he was obliged to march his armies across Argentina and Uruguay. He requested permission from these countries, which, as they were neutral, was refused. The differences between Brazil and Uruguay had been hastily settled when this new war broke out. Since he was refused permission, he acted on his own initiative and overran Corrientes, which was Argentine territory, and laid siege to the city of Corrientes, which he took. Mitre, President of Argentina, sent two gunboats, the *Gualeguay* and the *25 de Mayo*, to the succor of the city, but they were likewise captured, April 13, 1865, by a stronger Paraguay navy, including the captive Brazilian cruiser *Marquis de Olinda*, which had been annexed to the Paraguayan navy.

Uruguay was, now, forced by her two more powerful neighbors, though only half-willingly, to join them in the war. Lopez now devastated the province of Corrientes, and marched his army across the Uruguay River to Brazil and laid siege to the imperial city of Uruguayana, which he took, but his army, decimated by privations and lack of supplies, soon had to evacuate the town, and retreat, leaving many men behind who were taken prisoners by the Brazilians. Don Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, took command of his army in person, as also did Mitré, Vice-President of Argentina, the former being generalissimo. He planned a campaign to enter Paraguayan territory, and said these words to Mitre: "I shall command; you will carry out my instructions." The Paraguayans had now retreated into the southern part of their country, where they were reinforcing themselves behind Humaita. Mitré crossed the Alto Paraná at Encarnacion and marched inland across to the rear of Humaita, while the fleet of the allies steamed up the Paraguay to that point, and bom-

barded the town from the river front. The Paraguayans were defeated with great loss after a few months' heavy fighting and had to retreat northward, leaving their navy blown up, Humaita lost, and the Brazilians occupying the entire southern part of the country. Generals Flores and Porto Alegre of Brazil and Mitré of Argentina marched steadily northward, and, at every turn, fought bloody conflicts, the Paraguayans always standing their ground heroically until forced to give way to the strength of their enemy. At Pase Pucu and Curupayty, were fought two of the greatest battles of the war, in 1867, the Argentinos being reduced to only 4000 men. Mitré had been recalled to Buenos Aires on the death of the President Marcos Paz, to succeed him, and turned over the Argentine contingent to the Brazilian Marquis de Caxias. Lopez took up his quarters at San Fernando, and while there held a court-martial on some of his officers who had been discovered in a plot to depose him, making his brother Colonel Venancio Lopez dictator in his stead. Mitré had given out a declaration that it was not against Paraguay that he was making war but against Lopez in person. Washburn and Gould, the representatives of the United States and Great Britain in Asuncion, respectively, tried to establish peace and have the belligerents bury the hatchet, but in vain. Discouraged, and not willing to surrender, Lopez instructed his engineers to find a suitable place where they could throw up breastworks to retreat behind. This they did at a bayou named the Pikycry, a tributary of the Paraguay which is one of the drains of Lake Ypoa. The country around this estuary is hilly, and a palmetto wilderness. Outnumbered and hard pressed the Paraguayan army, commanded by Lopez in person and by Caballero, was finally routed and retreated to Pirayu, thirty-four miles east of Asuncion,

in a valley enclosed by high hills, where stone breastworks were thrown up. The greatest number of the male population had already been killed off, and an army of only 13,000 men was all that the little republic could boast of. These were gathered together here to defend their country to the last, or to die fighting. The capital, which had been transferred from Asuncion to Luque, was now moved to Pirayu. The arsenal at Asuncion was moved here by boats across Lake Ypicarai, and the iron mines of Ybicuy were kept going night and day, so that on May 14, 1868, the army of Paraguay again took the field. Step by step the allied armies advanced, and on January 5, 1869, they triumphantly entered Asuncion, and the next day the Brazilians under Colonel Vasco Alves established themselves at Luque. Asuncion was put to sack, and there was not a house that escaped being ransacked and pillaged. All the valuables that could be transported were put on boats that sailed for the La Plata. Lopez, who knew that resistance would be useless at Pirayu, had, in August, evacuated the town to leave for the northern confines of the republic, there to make his last stand fighting, for, if taken alive by the Brazilians, he would be put to death. The Brazilians, now in possession of Asuncion, sent out a fleet to capture the Paraguayan one which had taken refuge on the Yhaguy River, but they grounded on a sand bar. They sent out another fleet to Matto Grosso to reestablish communication with that distant province of Brazil, and to open trade. The Marquis de Caxias, not accustomed to the heat, was stricken by a sunstroke at Asuncion, and returned, leaving the imperial army and that of the allies under the command of Guillermo de Sousa. The Brazilians seized the railway, and upon attempting to enter the interior were repulsed by an inferior army generated by Lopez

in person, and were forced to retreat again to Luque. Many of the Brazilian generals were taken sick with fever and cholera; among the most notable dying were Gurgao, Neves, and de Bittencourt. De Sousa fell a victim to disease and was succeeded by the Count d'Eu, who was Prince Gaston Maria of Orleans, the son-in-law of the Emperor. The Argentine army, reinforced, entered Pirayu on the 27th of January, 1869. On the way, they picked up a bunch of Paraguayan deserters who flocked to their standard, and who styled themselves the Paraguayan Legion. Fighting as they went, the allies took Sapucay, Cavallero, Piribebuy, and Villa Rica, driving Lopez and his remnants farther and farther to the northward. A northern division landed at Concepcion, took the city without much resistance, and marched eastward. Both armies united, and chased Lopez, whose worn-out army was about played out, to the northeastern boundary of the republic, where at Cerro-Cora he made his last stand. Cerro-Cora is a natural amphitheater surrounded by mountains on all sides, and whose only entry is by the valley of the Aquidaban River, a place of primeval wilderness, where supplies were impossible to procure. March 1, 1870, dawned wet and terribly hot, even for equatorial lands. Lopez was informed that the enemy were near, and, inviting his veterans, who consisted of not more than 200 men, to what would be suicide, as they were armed with sabers only, in face of a large well-armed opposing force, to give the allies battle, mounted his bay horse which he had ridden ever since his retreat from Paso-Pucu and took the head of the little company. In the combat that ensued, the Paraguayans were killed nearly to a man. Lopez, who saw his Colonel, Luis Caminos, fall at his side with his faithful followers, was hailed by the Brazilians to surrender. In response he rushed at them, trying

to wound his nearest adversaries with his saber, but was blocked by the Brazilian Captain Francisco Lacerda, who, with a charge, ran a lance through his bowels, while another cut open his head with a blow of a sword and a third gave him a new and fatal plunge with a lance. As he lay on the ground, the Brazilian General Camara came up to him and asked for absolute surrender. "I shall die with my country," was Lopez's answer, and he expired on completing this sentence. His son, Colonel Juan Francisco Lopez, who was present, and who died saber in hand, lanced by the enemy, who tried to take him prisoner, said dying, "A Paraguayan colonel does not surrender," and he a mere boy, but fifteen years old. Madame Lynch, who had accompanied Lopez to Cerro-Cora, was taken prisoner while trying to escape, and brought to Asuncion where she was soon permitted to return to her native Paris. She died there recently in poverty. With the death of Francisco Solano Lopez, that famous but short-lived dynasty in Paraguay came to an end; but two sons now survive him at the present day, men in middle life, Enrique Solano Lopez and Carlos Solano Lopez.

The war now over, the allies retired, leaving the Brazilians in Paraguay for a few years to establish order. The presidency was reestablished for a term of four years, and Cirilo Rivarola was elected, and took office on inauguration day, November 25, 1870. He held the job one year, and was succeeded by Salvador Jovellanos, who remained in office till 1874. Then followed Juan Bautista Gill, 1874-1877; Higinio Uriarte, 1877-1878; Candido Bareiro, 1878-1880; Bernardino Caballero, 1880-1882; who was reelected and remained in office till 1886; Patricio Escobar, 1886-1890; Gonzalez, 1890-1894; Morinigo, 1894; General Juan Bautista Egusquiza, 1894-1898; Aceval, 1898-1902; Carvallo, 1902; Colonel Juan A. Escurra, a military

gentleman who brought about a revolution, president from 1902 and deposed 1904; Gaona, 1904-1905, under whom were more troublous times, and who was succeeded by Dr. Cecilio Baez to fill the term out. General Benigno Ferreira was President from 1906 to 1908; Navero, 1908-1910 to fill out his term. Gondra was elected in 1910 and remained in office till 1911, when Colonel Albino Jara brought about a revolution and forced him to resign. Jara took his place but knew nothing of government. He was an able soldier but no man for the place, for he could scarcely read and write. A three-sided revolution followed, and Jara went to battle in person. His forces were winning when he was shot in the groin at Paraguari and died. Rojas, belonging to another party, succeeded him to fill the term out. Rojas was reelected in 1911, but was ousted in turn by a brilliant politician and lawyer, Dr. Pedro Pena, who, in turn, was deposed and succeeded by Navero in 1912; the last having already held the office of provisional president before. Navero hadn't calculated the hardship of retaining office, for an ambitious Swiss, Edward Schaerer, his minister of the interior, soon ousted him, and at the present day holds his office of chief executive by keeping his subjects in fear.

In order to hold the presidency in Paraguay you must have the military on your side and also must imbue everybody else with such an awe and terror that there will be no revolution against you. This doesn't always work, because there are plenty of hired assassins to be had in Asuncion, willing to do away with the incumbent of office for a bagatelle. There have been several minor uprisings of dissatisfied politicians during Schaerer's régime, a few attempts to assassinate him, but on the whole Paraguay is now rather quiet. In 1913, she tried to pick up a quarrel with Bolivia, with which country she

hasn't yet been to war over the boundary of the Chaco, but, as both nations had but a very obscure and limited information of what the Chaco was, although its western end touches Asuncion's door, nothing developed except that a few ambitious scholars in Asuncion insulted the Bolivian minister in flowery language in the newspapers, which he did not take visible exception at, since he was alone in the Paraguayan capital. Since no revolutions were being staged at that time, the sanguinary inhabitants longed for excitement. As their longing met with failure, they are now storing their surplus energy for another revolution or else a foreign war nearer at home than Bolivia, one of which cannot be far distant in the future because two years of peace is unprecedented in modern Paraguay.

I once told a young Argentine from Olivos that Schaerer seemed to be an able ruler, since he kept order. His contemptuous reply was that: "Every Argentine village has one hundred men with more ability than Schaerer." Whether this is so or not, I am not able to judge, but from the conversations of the native Paraguayans, I arrived at the conclusion that Don Eduardo Schaerer is none too popular, for his name is only mentioned in whispers and then the talker cautiously looks around him to see that nobody is listening.

Paraguay is a country of revolutions, reptiles, anarchy, and justice miscarried. It is also a country of beautiful women. Though the official language is Castilian, the popular language is Guarani. Only in the cities, such as Asuncion, Villa Rica, and Concepcion, is Spanish spoken to any extent, and even there the natives converse with one another in Guarani. A traveler to the interior, and also to the smaller places, will find his knowledge of Spanish of but little avail. Mixed in with the Spanish



and the Guarani are a few Portuguese words brought in during the Brazilian occupation. This Guarani is an evolution from the Spanish and the aboriginal tongue, but is nothing much like either. It has become a distinct language. Its vocabulary is small, many words have the same meaning, yet it is practical and also poetical. The names of most of the towns and geographical names of the republic are Guarani, *par exemple*, Pirayu, Caaguazu, Caazape, Cango Bobi, Humaita, etc. The word for palm tree in Guarani is *tacuru*; big cigar, *poguazu*; little cigar, *pohi*; when a person is hungry he does not say to the innkeeper, *Quiero comer*. He says *Boba-u*.

When Asuncion was founded, it was named Asuncion del Paraguay, in the same manner that La Paz was named La Paz de Ayacucho, but in recent years the last two words of the nomenclature of the Paraguayan capital have been dropped. After the early Spaniards, there came into the country adventurers and outlaws from Europe; also those who wished to escape the persecutions of the Inquisition. Then followed renegades from all civilized countries, France and the United States sending their share. At the time of the Five Years' War, there were many negroes in the Brazilian ranks, and when a town was captured they indulged in wanton immorality, and many of the blacks that are to-day seen in the river ports are the illegitimate descendants of them. Of late years, Germans have come in, and now control a large share of the business. All these races have intermarried, and to-day the white population is swarthy, with finely chiselled features and high foreheads. The peasantry claim a mixture of Indian blood but not enough to undermine the warlike disposition of their white ancestors. The Paraguayans are the fighting men of South America. Born to the hardships of living in a wilderness far isolated

from the rest of the civilized world, it has been a question of the "survival of the fittest" and "might makes right." Their constant warfare has developed in them a bellicose spirit which is extremely detrimental to the welfare of their country. I heard in diplomatic circles that this talk of going to war with Bolivia over the boundary question was instigated by Chile, which would like to get a pretext to grab hold of some of Bolivia's great mineral wealth. The army, in times of peace, is supposed to number only 2600 men. As Paraguay does not know what peace is, it exceeds that number many times, and even if there was peace, no president would feel secure unless he had more than that many soldiers at easy call. The organization is copied after that of Chile, which is the strongest country in South America, and the Chilean system, in turn, is copied after the German. Many of the officers have been trained in the Chilean military schools, and, besides these, there are Chilean and German officers in the Paraguayan army, hired as instructors. The uniforms of the officers are much like those of the Germans, but those of the common soldiers are nondescript, and have a tendency toward white duck and light brown crash suits with a black belt, from which hang a saber and a revolver holster. There is no navy, as one gunboat constitutes the entire armament.

President in Paraguay is a better job than that of Emperor. Although the country has a constitution, it is in name only. As every man wants to be president, and as they are all willing to attempt to achieve that ambition by force of arms, the outlook for Paraguay's future is not bright. It will mean that all the able-bodied men will eventually be killed off, and then it will be annexed to some other country, or else divided between Argentina and Brazil. If Paraguay had

five or six million inhabitants, it would undoubtedly be able to whip all the rest of South America combined. As matters now stand, the finances are in bad shape, and the population, which in 1865 was 1,350,000, to-day amounts to scarcely over a million, this despite the fact that with a logical normal increase it should by this time have a population three times as great.

Such is the history of countless revolutions. Politics have been the prime cause of the country's ruin. In 1911, there were four political parties in the field, and all took to arms, the Liberals, the Nacionals, the Colorados, and the Jaristas. The Nacionals joined the Jaristas, or followers of President Jara, and together fought the Colorados. The Liberal party, at whose head was Schaerer, also got into the affray, each party fighting the other two. The Jaristas were the most promising, but, after the death of Albino Jara, broke up, and the Liberals won out. Now, in 1914, the Liberals and the Nacionals are at swords' ends. Imagine the Democrats and the Republicans in the United States holding a political campaign and electing the chief executive by civil war.

Finances are in such a bad shape that currency which should be at par has not one fourteenth of its face value. There is practically no metal coin in the realm; all is paper. One *peso fuerte*, the standard, should be the equivalent to our silver dollar. It passes to-day in exchange for seven cents United States money. In 1910, the income of the country amounted to \$2,258,530, the expenses were \$2,689,148, while the foreign debt amounted to \$27,870,443. The imports amounted to \$3,608,710 and the exports were \$5,234,372.

There are no people in Paraguay that can be called wealthy, in the true sense of the word; there are no millionaires, although great fortunes have been made there.

Domingo Barthe, a Frenchman of Posadas, Argentina, has amassed a fortune in Paraguay in the river boat, live stock, and *maté* business that amounts to nearly \$19,000,000. He spends most of his time in Buenos Aires or in Paris. There are a few fortunes in Asuncion of good size, according to the Paraguayan standard, but they fall short of a million dollars by a wide margin. There is no aristocracy in the country. The word is unheard of. The only people who have a pretense of social distinction are the *estancieros*, the storekeepers, foreign clerks, and professional men of the towns. The former are a semi-bandit *noblesse* who live in the interior, and are occupied in cattle dealing, their houses differing from those of the peasantry solely for the reason that the roofs of their habitations are of tile instead of straw or bamboo. These people are all acquainted with one another, having at some previous time met at Asuncion, the pride and mecca of all loyal Paraguayan sons, to which city they come from all parts of the republic, when they have enough pocket money to permit them to make the trip. A cab-driver is liable to seat himself at a table in a café where a banker is enjoying himself with his friends, and treat him just as familiarly as if the latter were his bosom friend. It is a country where the theory of liberty, equality, and fraternity works to perfection, a democracy that has no parallel anywhere. The Bavarians pride themselves on their sociability. The Muenchener could be taught lessons in this virtue in Asuncion. Most of the *estancieros* have been to Europe; those that have, have all seen Paris, and they have either traveled in England or Spain. Many talk at French, but few can speak it properly. They are better posted on foreign politics than the inhabitants of the United States, although they live in a country that is difficult of access. They do not welcome modern innova-

tions but when ~~once~~ these are established they quickly take advantage of them. They refused to continue the line from Villa Rica to Encarnacion, fearing that Argentine or Brazilian troops would have an easy entry, but finally allowed an English company to do so. They are not in favor of any more railroads, and are making a kick because a trolley line is being built in Asuncion. Although some of their towns are electric-lighted, there are hardly any stores and residences in Asuncion whose owners will allow such a system to be installed. The hotels still employ lamps and tallow candles.

As the women outnumber the men nine to one, and many of the former are beautiful, immorality exists to a high degree, though the Paraguayan is too much of a gentleman to flaunt this failing before a stranger. Most of the children born are illegitimate, and it is very common for one man to be living with a half a dozen women under one roof, and not having entered the nuptial state with any of them. He will sit and lay around his abode in indolent ease while the women will do all the work. He therefore combines his pleasure with his business, though of the latter he does not do a single stroke of work. In this case, woman is not the downtrodden servant of man, for she is well used by her lord and master, well fed, well clothed, and would not exchange her position with any queen on earth. There is an American named Hunter Davidson, who migrated to Paraguay before the Civil War. The consul at Buenos Aires told me that he is quite a character, has amassed wealth and lived to a happy old age, through the work that has been done for him by his harem. Looking at this question from a broad-minded point of view, there is nothing really shocking in this; we should all be following his example if we lived in a land where there are nine women to every man. It is

the "Back to Nature" characteristic of every semi-civilized and uncivilized land, where the man himself is law, and not the codes set on foolscap and parchment by which we are governed in our overpopulated cities. If one of these *estancieros* goes to Asuncion or abroad and marries, he takes back with him his wife, and his primitive life is no more, but the majority of them prefer to live surrounded by their women who run at their voice to satisfy their every want.

Paraguayans are, in the majority, very poor; consequently there is not much drunkenness, except in Asuncion, for they have not the wherewithal to purchase vermouth with. If anybody is friendly enough to treat a Paraguayan, he will become so intoxicated that he will fall down. His spare change goes to drink, vermouth leading in consumption all the fermented liquors. Nearly every town has its distillery for *petit grain* employing from one to twenty men, but the alcoholic concoction produced is not generally in favor with the masses. In Asuncion, where there is a considerable foreign element, much beer is drunk, especially among the Germans.

Education is at a low ebb among the lower classes, the government maintaining but few schools and those which exist are of a primary order. The schools for the better-to-do are managed by the Catholic clergy, and run to ancient history and Latin. There are 2500 miles of telegraph lines and 383 post-offices in the republic.

It rains frequently, and as a café waiter in Asuncion told me, when it doesn't rain water, it rains flies and mosquitoes. As to health, Paraguay is slightly better than most tropical countries, but the mortality is great, owing to improper sanitation and inadequate knowledge how to combat disease. The doctors are not much good outside of Asuncion, and their methods of treating the

sick are decidedly old-fashioned. Most towns have a hospital, but the majority of these are closed through lack of funds for their maintenance. Malaria, typhoid, and tropical fevers claim the greatest death rate, and there are occasional epidemics of diphtheria, smallpox, and cholera, although the latter is rare. The moist and damp climate makes it a bad place for those who have rheumatic tendencies, and pulmonary complaints are not uncommon. Bubonic plague and beri-beri are unknown. C. Reginald Enock in *The Republics of South and Central America* says: "The prevalence of leprosy in Paraguay has aroused some discussion of late, and although it may have been exaggerated, the disease is more widespread than is generally recognized abroad. The danger from contamination is not serious to the traveler in general, although possibly more so, it is stated, than in Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, and other South American countries, where it is also encountered. The insanitary mode of life of the poorer classes and the lassitude of the authorities are responsible for the propagation of the scourge, which might assume greater proportions." During my sojourn in the republic, which was not however what a person could call lengthy, I was a close observer, and the only one case where I thought that I saw a leper was the negro at the station at Ypacarai, and at that I may be wrong, because syphilis sometimes resembles certain stages of leprosy and is easily confounded with the latter, unless the observer is an expert at detecting leprosy. I have seen the disease in many countries, including Brazil and Argentina, and, from what I have observed in Paraguay, I am of the opinion that that republic is particularly free of that malady, in comparison with other South American countries. Syphilis is prevalent owing to the laxity in morals. The Altos or high-

lands of the Paraguay should in time become a great health resort due to the atmospheric conditions and wholesome breezes, and no doubt they will when the country is opened more to the traveler. In spite of the negligence of the authorities to stamp out disease, the traveler is just as safe where his health is concerned as if he went on a trip through the Gulf States or through Cuba in the summer time.



## CHAPTER XIV

### ASUNCION

**A** SUNCION DEL PARAGUAY. It is one of the least-known capitals in the world, and means to the average North American a name only that he has in some remote time seen as a schoolboy in a geography, but which he has now absolutely forgotten. Not only is it one of the least-known capitals in the world, but it is also one of the most interesting. This is mainly due to its isolation from the great trunk lines and the great centers of commerce of the South American continent. By being so far removed from the steady progress of civilization and modernity, Paraguay has retained a primitive government, industries, commerce, and so forth, and Asuncion a mediæval aspect. The people are also primitive and by frequent revolutions, assassinations, and deeds of violence, the law in vogue is but a sham, and the strongest personage is always sure to win out. Before the last revolution the population of Asuncion was estimated in the neighborhood of 100,000, but in the last two years it has lost over 15 per cent., which makes the present population about 85,000. It is a city of enchantment, of romance, an ancient place of colonnaded buildings, and crumbling garden walls behind which lurk fragrance and mystery. It is a city taken out of an Oriental setting, and placed in

the tropics of the Western Hemisphere. At night it is sepulchral. To be then on the street when not a soul is visible, and to see the moonbeams play through the leaves of the great trees, on the white colonnades, or on the ghost-like belfries of deserted chapels, is a sight that will always impress itself on one's memory and the recollections of it will make the traveler who has seen it long to return. And, too, with all its grave-like solitude, it is a city of mysterious disappearances, of assassinations and midnight murder. For years in this most entrancing city, life and property have been unsafe, and at the least uncommon noise, people start and grip their revolvers.

Asuncion is built on a side hill and faces a lagoon, formed by a creek flowing into the Paraguay River and flooding a part of the lowlands. A tongue of land overgrown with rushes separates this lagoon from the river, into which there is a wide entrance at its western end. The lagoon is the harbor, and is deep enough to permit vessels to anchor at the docks. It is about a mile long by half as broad. On it, face most of the public and government buildings of the city, which include the capitol, named the Palacio de Gobierno, artillery barracks, post-office, cabildo or city hall, cathedral, and prison. The main streets run parallel to it, or as nearly so as they are permitted on account of the hilly nature of the country. Seen from the river, the city does not impress one as regards its size. This is due to the reason that the principal buildings, all facing the lagoon, are obscured from view by a headland, Cerro de la Bateria, which juts into the river, and on which is built the arsenal and houses high enough to hide the public buildings built on low ground and the main streets as well. The Jesuit college of red brick, rising to quite a height and crowned by a tall dome, built on a hill back of the town, appears like a guardian

to the city at its feet. The Paraguay at this point is three quarters of a mile wide, and is studded with green islands, some of which are of the floating nature. Its western bank is flat and swampy, while the eastern one is hilly and heavily timbered.

I arrived at Asuncion at night, a stranger in a strange city. The platform of the large and beautiful railroad station teemed with life as I alighted from the train. By dexterous maneuvering I gained the entrance and took note of the building from which I had just emerged. Facing the dark, tree-bordered Plaza Uruguaya, this long but low edifice, whose picture is engraved on the ten-*peso* notes of the realm, runs the whole length of the block, the upper end of the building being two stories high, with a tower rising from the center. The end nearest to the town proper is only one story in height, while the whole structure has a colonnaded façade above each column of which there is placed on the roof a jardinière of drooping plants. Judge Brun and Captain Via had both advised me to go to the Hotel Hispano-Americano in the center of the city, the former telling me that the Gran Hotel del Paraguay to which I had telegraphed for a room was too far, and that it was nearly an hour's drive by cab from the depot, while the latter contented himself with the remark that it was *muy lejo*. I had previously been advised by a commercial traveler to stop at this hostelry with the euphonious and high-sounding name, and as traveling men are apt to be better judges of inns than any other class of traveling public, I decided to act on his advice and stop at the Gran Hotel del Paraguay, which by its high-sounding name would give the unwary an idea that it ranked with the best of Europe. I hailed a cab and upon telling the jehu to drive me there, he turned around on his box and used the same expression that Via

had, stating that it was *muy lejo*. I found that it was *muy lejo* all right, although Brun had stretched it somewhat when he said that it was an hour from the depot. We seemed to be driving out of the city instead of towards it, and as I had read of drivers often being in league with bandits in this part of the world, was rather skeptical about the direction the jehu was taking, so tightened my grip around my revolver; for if anybody was going to get me, I at least would have the satisfaction of getting the driver. As I found out in due time, there was no occasion for these fears, yet the drive to this hotel seemed one of the loneliest that I had ever taken. It was pitch dark. Huge trees flanked the road, their branches meeting high above, and forming a canopy so thick that not even the thinnest moonbeam could penetrate them. Our course was guided by a round grayish light seen ahead of us in the distance, like the exit of a tunnel viewed from its interior, and which was, in reality, the darkness of night appearing light in contrast with the darkness of the tree tunnel. Occasionally we would emerge from this roof of foliage, get a fleeting glimpse of a garden wall covered with creepers, behind which would rise a royal palm and the roof of a villa, and then enter another tunnel similar to the first one. In daytime this is the favorite promenade of the Asuncenos, and then one is thankful for the welcome shade, without which the heat would sometimes be unbearable in the midsummer months. All the principal residences and villas are in this part of the city, but are built so far back from the road in Eden-like gardens as to be invisible during the blackness of the Paraguayan night. Finally, we came again into the open and I found myself being driven past iron fences joined to ornamental brick pillars, capped with flower-pots. Villas appearing more like vaults of a cemetery than private residences

sat back from the road amidst flower-beds whose fragrant scented blossoms nearly intoxicated me with their perfume. Mingled with every smell, was the heavy odor of boxwood which gave a fitting touch to the funereal impression. There passed us, bound cityward, an old-fashioned steam engine with funnel-shaped smokestack pushing two open cars crowded with people coming from the suburbs to enjoy the late hours of night in the city. This is one style of Asuncene street railway. The other is a car pulled by three horses, all in a row. We turned to the right, drove up a steep hill, and I found myself in front of a park, enclosed by an iron fence with stone piers at short intervals, and in which stood the Gran Hotel del Paraguay. At the gate, I bade the driver turn around and drive me back to the city as I had no desire to walk two miles every time that I cared to go to the business part of the city. For some time, we rattled over the flinty pavement of the quiet town, and then pulled up at a large building on the main street, formerly the residence of Francia, but since remodeled and converted into the Hotel Hispano-Americano.

From the outside, and from the spacious *patio* in its interior, the Hotel Hispano-Americano looked as if it was a good hostelry, but in reality it is one of the most miserable ones in which I have ever had the misfortune to accept lodgings. I was shown by the obliging landlord, who, by the way, was from Old Spain, a long, rectangular room on the ground floor at the street corner. There was no carpet on the floor, and a single tallow candle gave a sickly, fluttering light. Attempting to pour water from the pitcher into the wash basin, I instead poured half a pitcher full of putrid bacon that had been soaking there for ages. There was a mosquito netting over the bed, but it was so dusty that, when I retired for the night,

the only air I could get was contaminated with the germs that had clung to it for decades. For a small outlay of money, this hotel could be changed from the miserable place that it now is into a comparatively fine institution. It stands two stories high on the main street, the Calle Palmas, and three on a side street, the Calle Fourteen de Mayo. It is a strongly built building with rooms leading off from the *patio*, which is used as a dining-room and has a glass roof. High doric pillars support great arches and hold up a balcony which, in turn, encircles this *patio* on the second story. The ceilings of the ground floor are lofty, being over twenty feet high. The toilets were next to the kitchen, and the food was vile in the extreme. No hotel in South America is complete unless somewhere in the *patio* is a tub of caladiums, called by us "elephant's ears," and the pride of our city parks and lawns in summer. These plants, with large hardy bulbs, some of which cost as high as a dollar apiece in the United States, grow wild in rank profusion all over tropical South America, excepting in Argentina. This particular hotel literally teemed with them. There were caladiums in pots in the dining-room, at the entrance, in the outside courtyard, on the balconies, and near the kitchen, some of them having leaves four feet in width and seven feet long. If a man wants one of these, all he has to do is to walk to the thicket behind his home, and dig one up by the roots. These and cannas are the favorite bulbous plants, as well as the cheapest, and that they are preferred to those exotic shows the good taste of the hotel keepers.

It was too early to go to bed when I arrived at the Hispano-Americano, so I walked into the street to get some fresh air. The electric-lighting plant had broken down, and the entire city lay in darkness. Although it was not late, so quiet was the town that a pin could be

heard to drop on any of the main streets. Occasionally, I nearly stumbled into silent families sitting in chairs brought out onto the sidewalk at their doorsteps. I found out later why the streets were so quiet at night. The business men retire early, as they open their stores at seven o'clock in the morning, and the rest of the male inhabitants fill up in the afternoon and are too drunk to be around after dark. I passed several poorly lighted cafés, but they were empty. I was on the point of retracing my steps to the hotel, when I heard the sound of music around a corner. I went in that direction, and found out that it was produced by a lady orchestra which was playing to a crowd of people seated in the *patio* of the Hotel Paris taking refreshments. One young German sat at a table with a group of people; one lady among them I was told was his fiancée. He was celebrating the occasion of his betrothal by getting gloriously drunk on champagne. He was dressed in a black Prince Albert coat, which looked out of place owing to the warmth of the weather. He walked up to the platform where the lady orchestra was playing and handed one of its members a tuberose. The girl accepted it, and he then presented her with a bouquet. As that was also acceptable, he then picked up a crock containing a plant which had been suspended from a branch of a tree. This he also tried to present to her, but so unsteady on his feet was he that he bumped into an empty table, and over he went, the heavy crock falling on to him, hitting him in the pit of the stomach and the dirt making a mess of his otherwise immaculate sartorial appearance.

All night long, the serene quiet is broken every fifteen minutes by the policeman on duty whistling, which is reëchoed by the other guardians of the peace stationed at the principal street corners. These policemen wear a

white uniform and helmet of the same color. In appearance, they are very much like the Argentine police, only are a much friendlier bunch. I became acquainted with a few and found them to be capital fellows. Early in the morning, church bells begin to ring, and sleep is then impossible. All good Catholics shuffled by my window, prayer book in hand, on their way to early mass. The iceman drove up with his cart, and rang his bell under every window, while the bugle from the artillery barracks rent the air with melodies for at least ten minutes. At six o'clock, the street in front of the hotel presented a busy scene.

Notwithstanding the frequent revolutions, Asuncion is a brisk business center, and does a thriving river trade, the Paraguay being navigable for nearly 1000 miles higher up, to Corumba, in Brazil, which place has an iron foundry and a garrison. A railroad is being built to there from the thickly settled part of that latter country which is soon to be opened, and expected to be continued across to the highlands of Bolivia, thereby giving the mineral wealth of that country an opening on the Atlantic at Santos and Rio de Janeiro, the same way as it will soon have to Buenos Aires. There is only one block of good pavement in Asuncion. That is on the Calle Palmas directly in front of the Hotel Hispano-Americano. It is the wooden pavement of the Parisian boulevards, tarred over. The pavement on the other streets is an apology. It is of flint stones roughly fitted together, with pressed dirt between them; wear has forced these stones out of place, and so puissant is Nature that every chance it gets, even on the most heavily trafficked thoroughfares, it pushes forth grass and mosses between the stones. On nearly every downtown street are horse cars, while those leading to the suburbs have cars that are pushed or



pulled by antiquated locomotives. The trolley line now in the course of construction will have a rolling stock of two hundred cars, all made in France, but only a few of these will be for immediate current use. The extra ones will undoubtedly be dilapidated and out of fashion before it comes time to use them. The cabs are good, but the fares charged are far out of proportion. They are the only expensive thing I found in the city.

The business portion of the city differs little from that of other cities of its size, the quaintness and artistic effects being only met with in the older portions of the town and in the residential section. Here are long, low colonnaded structures whose white pillars support roofs of red tile. Through the doors of these houses, the *patios* are visible, with old stone wells in their centers, and earthenware *ollas* and drinking vessels hanging from the walls. Most of the buildings, business, public, government, and residential, are pock-marked from frequent bombardments. In some places, the shells and skeletons of former arcades are all that remain of one-time houses, their roofs having been blown off by cannonading. Old churches of Mission architecture, with bronze bells green with age, show the effects of revolutions, the plaster from the brick and wood work having never been replaced. As to churches, Asuncion contains a goodly number, having been founded by the Jesuits. In architecture they are all alike, differing only in size. All are old or look so. San Roque boasts of three centuries. It faces a little park, on which is a convent of the same name. Its plaster is now black and grimy with age, and the building, which has withstood the vicissitudes of three hundred years of warfare, is still in a good state of preservation, and is one of the show places of the city. Facing the Plaza Constitucion, with its left side to the lagoon, is the cathedral with its two

cream-colored towers, and an interior resplendent with gaudy cheapness. This Plaza Constitucion and the adjacent Plaza de Armas constitute the official quarter of the city. Here is the post-office, the House of Congress, the *cabildo*, artillery barracks, and police headquarters. The latter, a colonnaded building, two stories high, is guarded by armed sentinels, who pace back and forth on a brick sidewalk somewhat similar to those on the Massachusetts streets. Drivers whip up their horses when they pass this building, and the peaceful citizen crosses the street if he can avoid going by it. Most of the inhabitants have had a taste of the miscarried justice which takes place within its whitewashed rooms, and are not anxious to have the experience repeated. The *cabildo*, or city hall, though modern, is built on ancient lines of architecture. It is two stories high with arched balconies and crowned by a triangular plinth.

Behind the cathedral is the prison, the Carcel Publica, a large square white building with turrets at its corners. It is built up to the lagoon, under which are dug dungeons. It has the name of being one of the most horrible prisons in existence, outrivalling the Schlüsselburg, and rumor has it that during the one hundred and some hundred years of its existence, over 15,000 people have entered its walls never to be heard of again. This is even thought to be a low estimate. How they all met their death is a mystery, not even consuls and foreign diplomats having been entirely through it, and those wretches who have seen its worst horrors are peculiarly reticent about them. It is well known that all manner of barbaric cruelties are practiced there. Those whom its tortures have maimed for life are to be found in all corners of the republic. Occasionally a mutilated corpse is found floating in the lagoon. The newspapers say that he was waylaid, robbed,

and murdered, but the public knows better. The only people in Asuncion who do not go about in daily dread of their lives are foreigners, and it is only recently that they have been immune from the wrath of one of the numerous tyrants who have been dictators of the turbulent republic. They go about in peace, for Paraguay has no desire to become involved in a European war, notwithstanding its fondness for South American troubles. A few days before my arrival, the editor of the *Nacional*, a newspaper opposed to the present régime of President Schaerer, was thrown into this prison on the footless suspicion of having placed or caused to be placed some bombs under the chief executive's house, with the intention of ridding the world of the present incumbent. Later, he was released as nothing definite could be proven about him, and other South American countries more civilized than Paraguay were threatening to take a hand in the matter. It would take volumes to write about all the innocent victims that have there perished and the inhuman and barbarous modes of torture that have been meted out to them. There is scarcely a family in the land that cannot name a member who succumbed to the agony of the flesh. The cells are small without windows, and so damp that it is impossible to set one's foot on the ground without putting it in the mud. Prisoners are confined one, two, and four in a room, with no air and little ventilation with the temperature often exceeding 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. They are not allowed to cut their finger nails, hair, nor beard, and the food that is allowed to be brought in to them by friends twice daily is for the most part stolen by the jailors, and the remains handed out to them on the end of a bayonet. No medical service is granted them except at the last moments, and, then, only by day, for the cells are locked

up at sunset and not opened till the next morning. Floggings are common, and are so severe that the victim frequently dies.

The refinement of torture formerly employed on all classes, and which is also commonly supposed to be meted out to-day on the unfortunates, is what is commonly known as the "*cepo uruguayana*." It is supposed to have originated in Bolivia in the time of Bolivar, and was originally called the "*cepo boliviano*" but came into use in Paraguay upon the surrender of the city of Uruguayana to the Bolivians, for the Paraguayan General Estagarribia was punished by it for having capitulated to the Brazilian army. It is used to extort confessions from the guilty, and always has its effect, even to making the innocent perjure themselves for wrongs they never committed. The victim is made to sit on the ground with his knees up. The legs are then tied tightly together, and the hands are tied behind the back with the palms upwards. A musket is then tied under the knees, and six to eight more in a bundle are placed on the shoulders and looped together with hide ropes at one end. A running loop is then made on the other side from the lower musket to the others and two soldiers then haul on it and force the face down to the knees. The effect is that the feet first go to sleep, and a tingling commences in the toes which gradually extends to the knees. The same commences at the hands, with a tingling in the fingers which extends up the arms. The agony finally becomes nearly unbearable, the tongue swells up and protrudes from the mouth, the vertebræ seem to crack, and the face takes on an ashen hue. After being trussed up this way for fifteen minutes the prisoner is released and is willing to confess.

The post-office is a large one-storied building with a great courtyard in its center. It was opened during

the reign of Francisco Solano Lopez with great ceremony. Its clerks do a thriving business selling obsolete stamps, and surcharging more modern ones with false surcharges to sell to the collectors. Asuncion was, in the summer of 1913, the only city in Paraguay where stamps could be purchased, although there are 383 post-offices in the republic where stamps were previously sold. At Encarnacion, one of the most important places in the republic, it is impossible to buy them, although, in the latter place, a person is apt to receive a few pieces of Paraguayan copper money in change, which he cannot get in Asuncion for paper is used there only. At Encarnacion and the other towns the postmaster accepts the money for the letters to be despatched and sends them along with the mail to Asuncion to be stamped, and from there it is sent out, if it ever is sent. It is my belief that the postmasters in the small towns accept the money, and then throw most of the letters into the waste-paper baskets. As no receipts are ever given, there is a good chance for graft. The reason for sending letters to Asuncion to be mailed from there is that the Chief of Police may first examine them to ascertain if they contain anything that is seditious. There are but two mail boxes in the city, one at the post-office and one in front of the Hotel Hispano-Americano. The telegraph office is in the same building as the post-office, and in charge of the receiving department are two of the most beautiful girls that I have ever seen. Most South American girls daub their faces over with powder and paint, but here were two who had the good judgment not to do so. I don't know what effect it would have on most men to come suddenly upon the most beautiful woman he has ever seen, to say nothing of two, especially if he is married and knows that he can't have either one of them. I know that it made me feel

uncommonly nervous, so I got out of the building as quickly as I could, and didn't look behind me until I had gone a couple of blocks in order to resist the desire of returning to the telegraph office to send a fake message just to look upon those fair faces.

The Capitol, or Palacio de Gobierno, as it is called, is the finest edifice in the city, but is not so fine as it is depicted on the postage stamps or coins of the realm, nor is it as large. It is in a poor location but makes an imposing monument from a canoe or motor-boat in the lagoon. One front faces the lagoon and the other a back street near the hideous red brick electric-lighting plant. It is a spacious two-storied building with wings and a large square cupola over the center. Balconies entirely encircle it on both stories and add to its appearance. I have heard people who have never been to Asuncion, but who have seen pictures of it, say that it looks like a big barn. This is not true. It resembles more a summer resort hotel. The President does not live here, but in a large and narrow house, his private property, situated on the Calle Estrella, the principal banking street of the city. Contrary to what I supposed, his house is not guarded by a detachment of soldiers, as was that of Francia and the successive dictators, for but one lone negro policeman stood guard at its portals. The stranger to Asuncion cannot fail to notice a peculiar building on the Calle Palmas, in the heart of the city. It is the Oratorio Lopez. Like most vain-glorious men, Lopez II. wished to perpetuate his name, and to do this, he caused to be erected a building to be used as a place for debate and meetings of the city council. It has never been completed, and is known to every inhabitant as the Oratory. It stands in an enclosure in which are littered débris of all kinds—barrels, sash, four by fours, and so forth, which

is surrounded by an iron fence with brick posts. Through the broken panes of its windows can be seen the débris in its interior, and, from the crevices between the bricks, grow tufts of grasses and vines. It is miraculous that the omnipresent caladium has not started to take root on its dome. In architecture, it resembles a mausoleum, with a huge round dome, the entire structure of red brick and having never been plastered over. If completed, it would be a gift any city would have been proud to accept, but here it stands in the center of the town a sightless ruin, the abode of rats and owls, never completed on account of revolutions and war, and flaunts the anarchy of Paraguay to the stranger's face, warning him not to settle or to invest in the revolution-burdened country.

There are many banks in Asuncion, including the Banco Nacional del Paraguay, Banco del Paraguay y Rio de la Plata, the Banco Mercantil del Paraguay, but the foremost of all is the private bank of Urrutia, Uguarte y Cia, which does a great business. This firm established itself about fifty years ago in Asuncion as importers and exporters, and to-day it is the largest business house in the country, while its proprietors rank as some of the richest men in the land. Their store is nearly a block long, and deals in all varieties of goods from a button to a locomotive. There are also other large firms of the same nature. Looking into the windows of the so-called Paraguayan stores in Buenos Aires, the stranger is apt to be led to believe that all the goods to be bought in Asuncion consist of stuffed birds, snakes and armadillos, *maté*, gourds, tobacco, bows and arrows, besides other products of tropical climes. This is in no sense true, and during my residence there I saw nothing in the class of goods for sale that differed from those of any large city. Most of the commodities come from Europe and can be bought at a much cheaper

price than they can at Buenos Aires. A silk handkerchief that in Buenos Aires would cost the United States equivalent of \$1.75 can be purchased in Asuncion for \$1.40. A quart of beer sells for thirty-five cents in Buenos Aires; in Asuncion its price is twenty-one cents and the article is more palatable. Hunyadi Janos sells for thirty-five cents a quart in the Argentine capital, and for twenty-eight cents in the Paraguayan. Lodging and food are cheap in Asuncion. If the customs and cost of living were normal, the prices would be vice versa, for Argentina is easy of access while Paraguay is not. The point that struck me as extraordinary was that Havana cigars sell cheaper in Asuncion than in the United States. For instance a Hoyo de Monterey *Puritano* costs in Buenos Aires fifty-three cents; in New York, twenty-five cents; while in Asuncion the same can be bought for twenty-one cents. The reason for this is that there is scarcely any duty on cigars that are imported. If there were, nobody would smoke them. As it is, the smoke shops in the Paraguayan metropolis that deal in extraneous articles do a poor business, for rich and poor alike go daily to the market place to buy from the native women their *pogua-zus* and *pohis*, which are just as aromatic and have as rich a flavor as their Havana brethren, although they lack the fancy bands that adorn the latter. The native women roll admirable cigars that sell for seven cents a dozen. The peasant doesn't buy any cigars, for he grows his own tobacco and rolls his smoke therefrom. Cigarettes, which are the curse of all the other South American countries, are unpopular in Paraguay.

The market place, named the Mercado Central, is very interesting. Native women sit around, in the blazing sun of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, offering for sale small black gourds, home-made pottery, seeds of exotic vege-



tables, pipe heads of clay, manioca root, cigars, monkeys, parrots, egrets, beautiful lace, and ant-eaters. Some of these women are negresses, descendants of the Brazilian soldiers; others are white, and all hobnob with each other, for there is no color line drawn here. Imagine green parrots selling for seven cents apiece. I saw a whole wagon-load of these birds in a cage being driven to a steamer to be shipped to Buenos Aires. The women make beautiful crochéed doilies and matillas of silk. It is a long and a tedious work, and when completed are sold only to foreigners, for the average Paraguayan cannot afford to pay the prices asked for them.

The Cerveceria Nacional, or brewery of Hernandarias and Palmas, has two different plants, one just out of the city in the direction of Trinidad and the other at Puerto Sajonia, down the river a couple of miles. This was formerly a German company but sold out recently to the present owners. Its product is a light beer somewhat like Pilsener in taste and appearance, and next to the brews of the Cerveceria Uruguaya at Montevideo and Antartica Paulista at Sao Paulo is the best I sampled in South America. This is practically the only manufacturing plant in the city, although, years ago, before the war of the Triple Alliance, Asuncion boasted of a cannon foundry. There is but one automobile in Asuncion, an olive-brown touring car of French manufacture, and an object of admiration to the populace, so that every time it appears on the streets, a crowd congregates around it, and regards it with an air of astonishment and wonder. I should like to be in Asuncion the first day the trolley cars run. It will be such a novelty that it may start another revolution.

Strangers are watched in Asuncion, and the city swarms with secret police. One night returning from Belvedere I saw a figure in a long dark cloak standing behind a tree.

At first I thought it was a woman, but, as I approached, I saw the white trousers of a police uniform extending below the cloak. It was a policeman in rude disguise. I pointed him out to an Argentino, Maximo Pin from Mar del Plata, who was also in Asuncion for the first time, and with whom I picked up an acquaintance. He thought the man may have been waiting to see some girl and didn't care to be recognized while on duty, but I conjectured that he had been detailed to spy on people, which he couldn't very well do in uniform. I know that from the day of my arrival in the city I was shadowed; there was no concealment about it, for the clumsy way in which it was done would be observant to anybody. In the first place, I went across the street from my hotel to get a cup of coffee, for that beverage in the Hispano-Americano was too vile to imbibe, having coal oil in it. As I left the portal, two policemen and a man in civilian clothes stood there and bowed to me as I brushed by them. Returning half an hour later to get some thing from my valise, I found that my belongings had been disturbed, and that some sheets of paper on which I had been describing Buenos Aires, the Argentine Republic, and my trip to Asuncion as far as Encarnacion had been tampered with, for the pages were not in numerical order, a point about which I was always particular; my passport had been folded the wrong way, and my notebook was missing. This I soon saw lying on the bed. The sleuths were evidently satisfied that I had nothing incriminating there, and if I had any at all it must be on my person. In order to satisfy themselves on this score, they hit upon a brilliant scheme. The same afternoon the *mozo* brought an official card from the post-office to my room, stating that there was a registered package for me there, and that I must appear in person to get it. All the way down the

street I tried to think who could be sending me any mail of that nature, for nobody knew I was in Asuncion, not even my wife. Arrived at my destination and taking good care not to look in the direction of the telegraphic bureau on account of the fair maidens who held forth at the receiving window, the clerk told me there was a package for me. He then went to a table where a uniformed official sat writing, said something to him in an undertone, and then held up a bundle that from where I stood looked like a box of cigars. I asked for it, whereupon the official came to the window and said that I must identify myself first as that was the postal regulations, and asked if I had any papers on me to show who I was. I produced my pocket portfolio and a few bank books, and was on the point of opening the former to see if it contained any mail addressed to me as I had left the passport in the hotel, when suddenly he reached his hand through the grating, and snatched the whole impedimenta which I had placed on the desk, and deaf to my remonstrations he resumed his seat at the table and carefully looked through everything. When he finished he nodded his head in approval, and with much apologizing, stating that it was merely a precaution, and that a few weeks previously a German had gotten away with a letter containing some currency and had never returned with it or been caught as it belonged to another party. He said that he had to make good the deficit, and as he was a poor man didn't care to repeat the experience. By this lie he thought he could cover up his examination of my documents. He then handed me the bundle. One glance at it was enough. It bore an Argentine postmark, and the only thing in common between the name of the addressee and myself was that the initial of his surname bore the letter "S." I showed him his error, whereupon

there was some more profuse apologies and he began to abuse the clerk. This was for effect only, as anybody could see through the ruse; he wanted to know who I was. Several times in cafés, strangers engaged themselves in conversation with me and invited me to join them in a drink. Invariably upon finding that I came from the United States, they would ask if I was in the diplomatic service and working for the government. They would ask me pointedly why I came to the country, what I thought of it, and would always wind up by trying to coerce me to talk politics. They would often revile Schaerer, trying to induce me to discuss him, a point I always refrained from among strangers.

When I went driving, I always had the same man who drove me to my hotel the night of my arrival. He was an intelligent fellow, and was good at pointing out to me the sights and explaining them to me. One day, as we were driving along the Calle Espana, the main residence street, we passed the same official who examined my pocket portfolio in the post-office. He was walking citywards when we passed him, and he took off his hat to me. After we had gone a few rods, the driver turned to me and said, in an undertone, "*Policia*"; and beckoned at him with his thumb. I then asked him outright who he was, and after a few minutes' silence he told me that the personage was one of the staff of the Chief of Police and ranked next to him in power. I related about the episode at the post-office, whereupon the driver laughed and told me what I knew already, that it was a trick. I had, however, previously supposed that the man was a post-office official, employed by the police, and this knowledge that one of the big guns on the department had taken the matter in hand to ascertain who I was, made me feel no little puffed up. The jehu also went on to narrate that

he knew already that I had been interviewed in the post-office, for one of the policemen, a friend of his, had told him about it confidentially. He had tried to warn me, not knowing who I was, but had in turn been watched, as I had been seen driving in his buggy frequently. Sometimes when I went into a store I would come out to find a policeman talking to the driver. Some had note books, and it was evident that they were questioning him about me. These policemen would always stop and greet me when I came out, and often would ask me to lend them a cigar telling me that they had smoked their supply up and couldn't get any until they went home. The driver had a wholesome fear of the police station, and would always try to avoid driving in that neighborhood, sometimes making a detour of two blocks in order to keep away from the proximity of that building. I asked him his reason but he always managed to turn the answer to something else.

One day, standing in front of the market I got into conversation with a policeman. He brought about the conversation. I had bought a bunch of the small yellow bananas, for which Paraguay is famous, and which have a delicacy here unparalleled elsewhere. In fact I have never seen the same variety grow anywhere else. He hailed me as I was emerging from the enclosure and told me where I could get some better ones, but that I would have to go to a suburb, Santissima Trinidad, where an uncle of his had a *bananal*. I thanked him, and told him I would, although I had no idea of doing so. As I was about to make off, he asked if I was a North American, and upon a reply in the affirmative he asked if I was writing a book. This question astounded me for none but a few men who had come to Asuncion with me on the train from Encarnacion knew anything about this. I was sure he didn't get his

information from them, and conjectured that he had obtained his information from an official source, namely that the men who rummaged my belongings at the hotel had come across my writings and had reported it. I was careful not to write anything on Paraguay while there; and waited until the steamer had passed the boundary on my return before I attempted to describe anything that I had seen in that country. Shortly after I left the policeman, I met Judge Brun on the street, and he invited me to go to his lodgings at Calle Asuncion, No. 70, that same afternoon, at four o'clock, to drink *maté*.

When I arrived at Brun's quarters, I found quite a bunch had already congregated. All smoked *poguzus* and drunk *maté* from gourds by means of small spoon-like instruments, with the receptacle part of the spoon covered and perforated with small holes. Some of the gourds were beautifully carved by hand, and one of them had carved into it the arms of each South American country. Another had the arms of every province of Argentina, while another had the arms of every state of Brazil. This *maté* is the national soft drink, and is indulged in frequently. Rudolfo Gabler told me that the *china* or half-breed girl with whom he cohabited while at Santo Tome, in Corrientes, would get up in the middle of the night and make him a cup of *maté*. This select crowd at Brun's who drank their *maté* with cognac, helping themselves to many cups, talked politics and asked me which side I favored. I replied that I knew nothing of Paraguay's internal affairs, whereupon they to my edification, went into a long harangue, beatifying the ideals of the Colorado party and denounced all other forms of Government. As these people knew I intended to write on Paraguay, they told me that I should certainly have an interview with the editor of the *Colorado*, a political

organ, who would surely publish my sentiments. They suggested that it would make a hit, if I, a foreigner, should champion the cause of the Colorados, at the same time denouncing the Liberals who were now in power. I absolutely refused to do so, as I didn't want to get in the same trouble that the editor of the *Nacional* did, nor did I care to experience the *cepo uruguayana*. At any moment there might be another bomb outrage in Asuncion, and if I were to make any seditious utterances, I might be suspected of being implicated in a conspiracy, and thrown into prison. It was immaterial to me how politics stood in Paraguay, so I determined to mind my own business and keep my mouth shut.

Brun's friends whom I met that afternoon were all educated young men, and two of them had written essays on jurisprudence. Nearly all were lawyers or professors in the University, and many of the subjects discussed were too deep for me. It is the educated class in Asuncion that makes all the trouble. There is a university with an excellent Faculty of Law. Professors and students alike are wrapt up in their work, and are always raking up some new idea from their books and applying it to the government in power. Each one had his own Utopian ideas of how a government should be run, and is trying to find fault with some existing law; they cannot understand that their own ideas are fallible. Everyone who has some friends in the legislature tries to get a new law passed, or an amendment made to the constitution, so that to-day the law system of the country is so complicated that it would take a man of great intelligence to figure it out. Many of the law students go abroad to complete their education. The standard of scholarship in law is high, and it is a credit to Asuncion to have so many educated men, but as each one's ideas differ from that of his

colleague, he thinks nobody is right but himself. It may be that many Asuncenos are over-educated in lines that they have no right to be, to the detriment of common sense in other branches. The Colegio Nacional or Jesuit College of priesthood on the hill overlooking the city seems to be very popular, judging from the gowned novitlates that are to be found all over the streets, ogling the girls, and filling up on vermouth.

I had a letter of introduction to the American consul, Mr. Cornelius Ferris and several times went to the consulate, which is on the Calle 25 de Mayo, to pay him my respects, but unfortunately always found him out. I wanted to get an unbiased idea of the political situation in Paraguay, and some advice as to whom I should associate with, as my acquaintances were all of the politics-talking stamp, and I had no desire to be led into any imbroglio that would get me into trouble. The proprietor of the Gran Hotel del Paraguay found out that I was stopping at the Hotel Hispano-Americano, and tried to make me pay for the room that I had telegraphed for at his hostelry and had not occupied. I refused to do so and he threatened to sue me. Some strong language was used on both sides, and as the altercation took place on the street in front of a café, while I was sitting in a cab, the driver whom I had employed on several occasions, and whom I had tipped liberally, took my part and hit the hotel-keeper a stinging cut with his horsewhip, which made him jump and dance with pain and rage. The street toughs guffawed at him, and the landlord, enraged, tried to get a gun out of his pocket, but before he had time, was seized from behind by a table waiter, and hurled on the ground, where he was held until three policemen came running up. They inquired what the row was about, but as the conversation was in Guarani, I could not make



out what was said. They finally released the landlord who made off hurling maledictions both in Spanish and in Guarani at me, the driver, the waiter, and the policemen. I offered the latter some *poguazus*, which were accepted with thanks. I never heard anything more from this incident.

A week before my arrival in Asuncion there had been a strike at the electric-lighting plant. Three people were killed and a dozen wounded. Out of revenge somebody tampered with the machinery, and experts were now on their way from Buenos Aires to fix it up. Consequently, at night, the city was left in total darkness. The criminal element took advantage of this to commit their wicked deeds. One night, two men were found murdered, one stabbed to death under the colonnades of the railroad station, while the other corpse was found behind a tumbled-down wall a block from my hotel. The next day a body was discovered tied up in a bag in a room above the café Madrid, and, before I left the city, another one was found in a gully in the garden of a residence on the Calle Espana. The perpetrators of the deeds were not discovered, and I doubt very much if the authorities used much energy trying to apprehend them. Every time I went out at night, when the lights were out, I took care to walk in the middle of the street, and to have my hand constantly on my revolver.

In a suburb of the city is the pleasant amusement park of Belvedere. It is a garden planted with trees and ornamental shrubs and enclosed by a high iron fence. There is a café which does a thriving business evenings selling drinks and ices to patrons who sit in the garden at little iron tables. There is an open-air theater connected with it, at which the artistes, French prostitutes, and a Spanish one, named La Criolla, sing and dance to the entertainment

of the higher-class male population. When these artistes enter, the men form a group around them, stare at them, and try to ingratiate themselves with them. The manager of the show that I attended was a Frenchman, who had dug out with the gate receipts of the previous month and left them stranded. Fat, ugly, coarse, peroxide blondes of exaggerated figure, I could not see what these Paraguayans found enticing about them, and yet they stood like a lot of schoolboys, rubbering at them as if they had never seen such beautiful women before, while their own country is full of far superior ones.

The Argentinian, Maximó Pin, was stopping at the Hotel Kosmos, an old landmark. It is two stories high, and has two whitewashed colonnades on each story, the lower one supporting the balcony, and the upper one, the roof. We drove out to Belvedere on two different occasions, on one day especially when there was supposed to be an unusually good attraction. When everybody had got comfortably seated in the open-air theater, and the orchestra had begun to sound its notes, the lights went out, and after waiting an hour for them to come on again, which they failed to do, as the place was lighted with electricity from a storage battery of its own, the show was postponed and our money refunded. We then decided to go to the Hotel Paris to listen to the girl orchestra in the *patio*. Our driver had an old hack with a pair of long, skinny horses, aged about fifteen years, as I made out by examining their teeth. This team could go some, notwithstanding their weatherworn appearance, and the driver said that they could beat any team in the city. I believe they could. Going to the Paris that night two cabs were ahead of us, with a gap of a cab's breadth between the two. They were going at a good speed, but our driver wanted to pass them by going between. He

whipped up his nags and we drove at a breakneck speed, for equines so old, down the flint paved street of the hill. Suddenly one cab, which contained personages no less than the Minister of War and his friends, swerved inwards, and the right wheel of our cab became interlocked with the left wheel of his, while our left one fitted into the pocket which forms the gap between the two wheels of the other one, which contained the French *demi-monde* artistes. The horses balked and a general upheaval resulted; the Minister of War, his friends, Pin, myself, the drivers, and the prostitutes being a struggling, cursing bunch on the ground with the victorias bottoms up on top of us. When we were extricated, the silk gowns of the French women were a mess. One had worn an orange sash around a pale blue dress. It was ripped clean off, and her hobble-skirt was transformed into a sheath one. Their hats, one of which had beautiful red imitation cherries on it, were ground to pieces, and the Minister of War lost a decoration which my driver found and pocketed, as he showed it to me a few weeks later. Pin and I, now went on foot to the Hotel Paris, but took care to keep in the middle of the road and to avoid walking through the Plaza Uruguay, with its dismal pines, mutilated statues, and waterless fountains, for here lurk at night the vagabond criminals of the capital. At the Paris, the orchestra was in full swing. There were men and women in masks, and the throwing of confetti at the orchestra girls was the chief amusement of this happy folk. The German bank clerk of the Prince Albert coat was again in evidence, and drunk again. He was seated at a table with his fiancée and friends, and amused himself by throwing confetti at every woman in the place. One young Spaniard in a mask had with him some girls; the German tried to butt in, and nearly received a thrashing for his attempt.

There is no need to visit the cemetery in Asuncion, for the whole town is like one vast one, regarding architecture. Of course one can't compare the life on an Asuncene main street to the main avenue of a cemetery, for the former, in day time, is very busy; yet the Recoleta, about two miles out of the city, is interesting to a person of morbid fancies. It is different from those of Argentina. These are enclosed by high walls in which are niches for coffins, sealed over with a chiselled marble slab. The walks are straight and tile paved, while the tombs are all domed and close together. There are no trees and the only shade is that of the tombs; the sun beats down upon the walks and it seems a very inappropriate place for the dead. The Recoleta of Asuncion is overgrown to profusion with trees, vines, and creepers. The tombs are ancient and crumbling to pieces. In the heat of the day, here is shade and coolness. There is another cemetery on the hill, the Mangrullo, a small affair and uninteresting, while near the prison is the potter's field, called the Chacarita.

Several miles out of the city are two small towns where wealthy people live. They are named Trinidad, formerly Santissima Trinidad, and Villa Morra, and are reached by steam tramway, which runs down the Calle Espana. At the Recoleta entrance, the line divides, that to the north going to Trinidad. The road runs through a tropical wilderness in which are set picturesque villas surrounded by banana and orange trees. The oranges are large, ribbed, light yellow, and very sour. Both oranges and bananas sell for three and one half cents a dozen at the market. Trinidad is an old place, with a nice church, and is the burial place of Carlos Antonio Lopez, who resided here.

The favorite Asuncene drink is vermouth mixed with

seltzer, and shaken up in a silver plated receptacle that looks like a milk-shaker. Many people go out to Trinidad Sundays to sit around under the trees in front of a little café to imbibe this. People also have a fondness for drinking syrups, grenadine and raspberry being the favorites, in a glass of water and stirred with a spoon.

In times of peace, Asuncion is a pleasant place, but a little too remote from civilization of the twentieth century. If Paraguay will keep peaceful for a few years yet to come, the town will recover some of its former grandeur. I was once talking with a German inhabitant of Resistencia, Argentina, whom I met on a Paraguay River steamer.

"What Paraguay needs," he said, "is a dictator. It would not do for them to be governed by a man like your President Wilson, nor like our President Saenz Pena. It needs a much more powerful military man, with executive ability. I think they have found the proper man in Eduardo Schaerer although he has held office too short a time to form conclusions. For instance, if Mexico had retained Diaz, who was a dictator, she would have been far better off to-day. Madero showed weakness by not shooting Felix Diaz. We want no Maderos. Paraguay needs a Diaz. 'On account of the warlike disposition of the inhabitants, no ordinary man would do."

## CHAPTER XV

### CORRIENTES, SANTA FÉ, ROSARIO, AND BAHIA BLANCA

HAVING come to Asuncion by rail, I determined to return as far as Corrientes by boat, therefore, one morning, I drove to the dock and embarked on the steamer *Berna* of the Mihanovich line. I supposed that the steamers sailed on Paraguayan time which is one hour earlier than Argentine, and as the *Berna* was due to sail at 7 A.M. I arose at five o'clock. When I got to the dock nobody was there. The *Berna* is larger than the *Triton*, and comfortably equipped. I was fortunate in having a room to myself. A few minutes before we sailed the steamer *Humaita* of the Barthe line sailed. It made practically all the ports we did, and, although there was a continual race between the two vessels, they remained about even as long as I was on board.

To get the current, the steamers keep near the high red banks on the left side of the river, which are surmounted by breastworks and disappearing guns. A promontory is rounded and we pass the brewery of Puerto Sajonia, perched high on the river bank, its red brick exterior serving as a landmark for some distance. In the immediate foreground is a forest from which numerous streams flow into the river. Occasionally a portable saw-mill is seen, with its dock stretching a few rods into the

water. A basaltic, cone-shaped hill, that of Lambaré, stands out solitary on the left-hand side, while, across on the right bank, are a cluster of huts. As we approach them, we see the blue, white and blue of the Argentine flag flying from a pole, which was a welcome sight. This is the hamlet of Pilcomayo, on the south bank of the river of the same name, at its conflux with the Paraguay and is the last Argentine settlement on the Paraguay. A few uniformed, but barefooted, oarsmen rowed the captain of the port and the postmaster to the *Berna* and back again. From now on, we have Paraguay on the left side and Argentina on the right. The Paraguay is a much better river than the Uruguay, and the country it flows through is better also. The color of the water is gray, and hasn't the muddy hue of the Uruguay. Unlike the latter, instead of having on its banks small stunted trees and yellow fields of questionable productiveness, it flows through a primæval forest of large trees, lianas, and wonderful vegetation. Where a settler has cleared a few acres, the grass is green and dewy. Never does the steamer keep in the middle of the river; it follows the current, and hugs one shore or the other. In the middle, where the water is shallow, there are treacherous sand bars, where ships remain stranded for days at a time, if the pilot is unfortunate enough to steer his boat upon one of them. Huge snakes, basking on the banks, crawl slowly away into the reeds, their coils glistening in the sunlight as they glide away. Large eagles are seen to alight on branches, and, during the afternoon, a tapir, disturbed in its slumber as it lay in the mud, ran into the forest snorting with fear. The red brick Paraguayan city of Villeta was reached a couple of hours after leaving Asuncion, and a native woman was rowed out to the ship, selling *poguzus*, bananas, roots, and other delicacies that took the fancy of the hybrid crew.

In front of a malarial swamp in Argentina, lies the wooden hamlet of Colonia Dalmacia, its blonde Slav inhabitants looking out of place among the group of swarthy officials who came on board to take the mail. It seemed a terribly lonesome place for human habitation, and from the sullen appearance of the men, one could nearly read in their mien that their thoughts were on the shores of the far-away Adriatic. On the Paraguayan side we reach what is called a *palmar*. This is a palmetto wilderness such as one meets in Florida but here greatly emphasized, for there is no underbrush. For miles and miles, this wilderness extends inland, the trees burned to a bister brown by the heat of the summer. Long grasses abound, also burned to the color of the palmettos. The land is low and level and is drained by five streams of a sluggish nature which are an outlet for the nearly stagnant Laguna Ypoa, the largest lake in Paraguay. These estuaries are but bayous, and join the lake with the river, the plain being no more than a succession of large islands. The northernmost of these bayous is the Pikycyry, where Lopez made his stand. The other bayous are the Surubi, the Paray, the Saladillo, and the Rio Negro. Approaching the Paraguayan village of Villa Oliva in the *palmar* at some little distance back from the river the two steamers were racing head to head, and couldn't stop until they passed the dock. Turning around to go back, both got stuck in the mud, and over an hour was lost trying to get them extracted from their predicament.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we stopped at Formosa, the capital of the Argentine territory of the same name, and cast anchor at the dock. It is a growing town of three thousand inhabitants, boasts of a *saladeria*, a sugar mill, and many brick stores. Seen from the water, it resembles a North American town. A railroad is



already completed which extends for a hundred miles into the *palmar* of the Argentine *chaco*, and is being rapidly pushed westward, so that it will be but a short time before a traveler will be able to board the train here, and go direct to Jujuy or Salta on the lower slopes of the Andes. Before turning in for the night, the Paraguayan town of Villa del Pilar and the Argentine one of Bermejo were called at, but it was impossible to see anything of them on account of the darkness, only the dim outlines of the buildings as seen by the electric lights being visible.

It had been the hottest day I had ever experienced. The atmosphere was close and muggy, while the temperature, which registered at 124 degrees Fahrenheit on the steamer deck, the only place cool enough to sit, was like that of a furnace room. To augment the misery, swarms of mosquitoes, fresh from the miasmatic swamps, flew around the passengers, annoying them with their stings. As I lay stark naked that night on a couch in my room with an electric fan turned on, I was so badly bitten that I resembled an erysipelitic. I arose to seek the comforts of the deck, but was again bitten so badly that I had to seek retreat in the parlor, where I tried to do some writing. While there, I was approached by a well-dressed man who asked what I was writing about. I resented the question, although I should not have taken offense; for it is a common trait among these people to be extremely curious. I took it that he was a Paraguayan government spy, and merely told him that I was writing about my trip. He then asked me if I was employed by the United States government, and, as I replied in the negative, he persisted in bothering me with rather pointed questions. I wasn't out of Paraguay yet, and as I knew that my movements in Asuncion were watched, as well as being under espionage when I took a weeks' horseback trip into the interior, I

had the idea that he might have a warrant for my arrest, taking me for an agent for Bolivia or of a revolutionary party. He sat down near me and several times I caught him watching me rather closely, so, after writing a few more lines, I descended to a lower-deck and hid my journal in an empty fire extinguisher, in the gangway. Now, if he should arrest me, and I should be taken off the ship at the first Paraguayan port, he would have no evidence against me. I was much in doubt whether he could have done so, for the *Berna* was flying an Argentine flag; yet I had boarded her at Asuncion and the ship touched at many Paraguayan ports of call. I soon found out, much to my joy, that he was not an officer of that republic in the espionage and police line, and walking up to him invited him to join with me in a drink. Two other Paraguayans joined him at the same time. The man told me that he was an ex-professor of the University of Paraná, in Argentina, to which city he was now bound. His name was Manuel Riquelme, and he had held the position of secretary of justice and public instruction of Paraguay; he was a born Asunceno, and his home was at Asuncion. The other fellows were tough looking chaps, the kind that one associates with a knife and a dark alley, but I was informed that they were connected with the University of Asuncion and that they were on their way to Buenos Aires to get works published—some that they had written on education and politics.

This man Riquelme had written some very insulting articles on Bolivia, and had had them published in an Asuncene newspaper. A La Paz editor took the matter up and replied to them. The controversy became general and Riquelme wrote another article attacking the Bolivian minister to Paraguay. The latter worthy replied, but in a much more polite tone than his aggressor, who fol-

lowed up the attack with much venom. As Bolivia and Paraguay were on the verge of a war, such attacks as these coming from a cabinet minister, as Riquelme was, augmented the bitter feeling between the two countries. Affairs quieted down, but Riquelme, after he had been to Paraná was going to Buenos Aires for a month to have his controversy published. He had with him newspaper clippings of the affair in a locked strong box which he showed to me. He had also written a book of poems, which he likewise intended to publish. These he read to us from sheets of typewritten paper; they were about love affairs in Nicaragua, Colombia, and the like, which countries he had never visited. His two compatriots were very much moved by them, and upon the termination of each poem with tears in their eyes they would say, "*Muy bien.*" Riquelme said that there would be no more revolutions in Paraguay, for Schaerer was a strong man who had the military with him. He also said that there was not the slightest chance for a war with Bolivia, yet the writing of scurrilous articles such as his would be the quickest and surest way to bring about such a thing. Riquelme belonged to an old and distinguished Paraguayan family. Some of them had been tortured by the orders of Madame Lynch, and had died in prison during the administration of Lopez II. From then on, they had held cabinet positions, and had been prominent socially in Asuncion. He was about to marry a girl in Paraná, with whom he had become acquainted while attending the university. After leaving Buenos Aires, he was to proceed to Montevideo, where he was to receive a position on the staff of the regents of the university in that city, and was to act as *chargé d'affaires* for Paraguay in Uruguay.

I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by

the blowing of the *Berna's* whistle, and, looking out of my stateroom window, saw from the innumerable lights on shore and in the roadstead that we were approaching a large town. I knew that this was Corrientes, and hastily dressed, only to be told upon emerging from my cabin that there was no hurry, as the ship wouldn't be leaving until seven o'clock. I undressed again, and as the temperature had descended low enough to make sleeping comfortable, I determined to get as much sleep as possible. I had quietly dozed off when I was awakened by a knock at the door, and when I opened it, the steward said, "Corrientes." I was angered and told him in pretty free language what he could do for bothering me. No sooner had I dozed off again, than I was again awakened by the electric light on deck in front of my window being switched on. A number of well-dressed passengers came on board, and the babel was such that sleep was no longer possible. At daybreak, I went ashore, and was surprised to see the stores open, although it was not yet six o'clock.

The town presents a picturesque appearance from the dock, and is built out to the river on some docks. There are a few large trees in the neighborhood of the landing place and custom-house, and cabs stood under them. It was not far to the Hotel Buenos Aires, but even in that short drive one can form an idea of the character of the city. Corrientes is a quiet, sleepy, charming old city, but with few of the old landmarks left. It has the uninteresting appearance of all Argentine provincial towns. Straight streets, one and two story houses of red brick, most of which are plastered over, mule cars, a large and cheerless plaza on which is a church, a statue of San Martin looking westward, elegant municipal and provincial buildings better than those in most pro-

vincial capitals, and a handsome two-story gray building from which rises a statue of Liberty on the street corner—the Banco de la Nacion Argentina—are what gives the stranger the first impression of the city. Yet it is necessary in order to get a good idea of the charm of the place, to stop over there a couple of days, regard the ancient residences set back from the street in beds of myrtle and surrounded by aromatic orange trees in blossom, the great trees, and the buildings that were erected in past ages when Corrientes was a republic. The churches, of ancient architecture, sumptuous and graceful, do not stand up to the very edge of the curbs, but are set back with mosaic tiled walks leading up to their whitewashed portals. Some have spires of azure, others of gilt, and green. As Corrientes is one of the oldest cities of Argentina, I thought it would have the quaintness of Asuncion, and also because it is so far from its nearest neighbors, Asuncion being 176 miles distant, Concordia, 318 miles, and Paraná, 254 miles, but this is not the case, for, in everything except the ancient landmarks, it is essentially modern Argentine in appearance. The population is about 30,000, with a large Italian element, but the town is in a commercial rut, and has no prospects of increasing in population. For a hundred years, the town has not grown much owing to frequent revolutions and its poor location. It owes its importance to the fact that it is the last Argentine city on the left bank of the Paraná River, and carries on a trade with Paraguay. Its inhabitants are spoken of as *Correntinos* and about half speak the Guarani, due to the number of Paraguayan refugees that make the city their abode. A few miles above the city, the rivers Alto Paraná and Paraguay come together, forming the Paraná, which with the Uruguay flows into the La Plata above Buenos Aires.

The city and province once had their autonomous government, and again were under Paraguayan rule. The province has been through the throes of numerous revolutions, not alone against the Argentine government but also against its own governors. To the average Argentine, the word *Corrientes* means revolution and misgovernment, and when a man runs amuck in one of the other large Argentine towns, if he hasn't escaped to Montevideo, the authorities look for him in Corrientes. The Italians there are not from the north of Italy, but from Naples and the surrounding country, and Sicily, and are of the Black Hand variety. An Argentine criminal in Buenos Aires is more apt to hail from Corrientes than from any other town in the republic. The city has produced brave fighters, and some of the most notable heroes in the War of the Liberation hailed from here, especially worthy of mention being Juan Bautista Cabral, popularly known as Sergeant Cabral. There is a fine statue of him on one of the plazas. At the battle of San Lorenzo, when a Spaniard was about to give San Martin a sword thrust, Cabral stepped in front of the general, receiving a death blow, but saving the life of the latter.

Excepting the hotels in Buenos Aires and Rosario, Corrientes boasts of the best one in the republic. It is named the Hotel Buenos Aires, and is brand new. It is three stories high, had tiled floors, a courtyard, and elevator, clean toilets, tub and shower baths, and the invariable potted caladiums in the courtyard. It is the only hotel at which I stopped in South America where the café and restaurant were under a different management from the hotel proper. The former is run by a Spaniard who could pass for a professor, and you have to pay for what you get when served. A special delicacy in the restaurant is what is called *gran vivero* or a tree snake of

the Chaco, broiled or fried in oil. I tried some of it and found it very palatable.

It was very cloudy when I arrived but no rain fell. It remained cloudy all day, and when night came on, flashes of lightning appeared in the north. It was raining in Paraguay, but it was also needed here, for it hadn't rained in the city for over a month. In great contrast to Paraguay, where it is continuously raining, sometimes it goes for three months at a time in Corrientes without a drop falling. The Alto Paraná River seems to be the boundary line between the wet and the dry zone, the same way as it is the boundary between the two republics.

I met by chance Rudolfo Gabler, the Austrian with whom I became acquainted in Posadas. He had arrived earlier in the morning after a monotonous two days' trip by small steamer down the river from Posadas. He was stopping at the Hotel Buenos Aires, but was not quite so keen on chasing up women as he was in Posadas. He said it was too hot to do so, but I have an idea that the police got after him, since I had last seen him. We strolled about the small city to kill time and played billiards in the Café Centerario, whose courtyard contained the largest caladium I had ever seen. Its leaves measured six feet long by four feet broad, and the plant stood ten feet tall. In tubs there stood some giant ferns, much like those which, in the sandy country of northern Michigan, the natives call "brakes." The Centerario is owned by a Calabrian named Liotti, who had lived seven years in New York. He had come here a few years ago and started this café and a confectionery store, and now wished he was back in the States. He had invested all of his money, so there was little chance of his ever returning. While we were playing billiards, one of his children, a child

of four, came in with a butcher knife and severed the stem of the largest leaf on the caladium. Liotti soon noticed it, and there was such an uproar and shouting that Gabler and myself dug out of the institution fearing that he would stab everybody in the place. It happened that this caladium had taken a first prize in an agricultural show but a few weeks before and it was supposed to be the biggest plant of its kind in existence. As nobody else had ever seen so large a one wild, or in pots, there was nobody to dispute the fact, although there is a saying that there are just as big fish in the ocean as there are that have been caught.

I wanted to buy some *poguzus*, as I had grown to like them, and was informed that the market place was the only locality where I should be apt to procure any. Although I saw many old women and a few men smoking them, I could see none for sale. I approached an elderly woman who was puffing one through a cigar holder and asked her where I could get some. She unfolded a dirty apron which was on a rack and sold me eight for forty *centavos*, or seventeen cents. Another old woman from whom I tried to buy some refused to sell me any or to give me any, saying that she needed them herself, although she promised to make me some and sell them to me on the day after the morrow as I told her I wanted one hundred. When the day came she didn't appear, and I, fearing to miss the boat, went away without waiting for them. I purchased in the market a few gourds from which *maté* is drunk. During the two days that I was in Corrientes, I didn't hear a word of English spoken, which was unusual owing to the foreigners of other nationalities to be found there. There is some distance back of the city an orange-growing country which well repays a visit.

Across the Paraná, is the station of Barranqueras,



where the train is taken to Resistencia, the capital of the Chaco territory, twenty minutes from its port. From Resistencia a train can be taken to Santa Fé, a tedious and monotonous journey of twenty-four hours through an uninteresting and sparsely inhabited country, the railroad being owned by a French company. A former penniless Correntino, named Carlos Doderó, built a railroad on credit, Boeker & Co., of Essen, Germany, furnishing the rolling stock. Doderó, to-day a man of thirty-eight, made good, and is a multimillionaire, and the wealthiest man in Corrientes, in which city he is building an opera house, as there is none extant worthy of the name. This railroad now extends 125 miles into the Chaco, and is used as a lumbering road for *quebracho*, a hard wood indigenous to northern Argentina and Paraguay. The Northern Railroad of Argentina is building towards Doderó's terminus a railroad from Santiago del Estero, capital of the province of the same name, and, at the present time, there is only a link of fifty-three miles to be completed.

One of the old buildings in Corrientes is the Hotel Roma. It is built out over the rocks on the river, and was formerly the Government House, or capitol, when Corrientes was a republic. The new capitol is a large domed building on the Plaza San Martín, next to which is another domed building where the legislature meets. The post-office is an edifice whose exterior looks monastic. It is built of brick, plastered over and painted yellow. It is run in a slipshod manner, packages, regulation papers, stamps, money, and mail thrown all over the floor in the rooms, so when a person wants his letters, the clerks have to go through everything to find them. There are only three factories in Corrientes, a shoe factory, a mosaic factory belonging to Señor Santa, which employs a hundred laborers, and a brewery. I didn't sample the goods

of the latter institution for it was too hot to drink beer. One of the street sights that is curious to behold is when the ice wagon makes its rounds. Ice is such a rare article that the wagon is followed by urchins and schoolboys, all clamoring for a piece to suck on. When the driver stops in front of the hotels and cafés, he is in danger of being mobbed, and extra police have to be detailed to watch the wagon. Oftentimes, the Correntine schoolboys are distracted by street scenes, and run out of doors to see what is going on. In order to get them to return to their studies, the teachers hide around the corner and fire a few blank cartridges from a revolver, which creates a flight of pupils from that neighborhood back into the schoolroom. I witnessed such a scene.

Although Paraguay is practically free from leprosy, Corrientes is saturated with it, and a kindred form named pellagra. Lepers infest the streets, begging from everybody, waiting on the tables in the restaurants, shining shoes, tending bar, driving cabs, and enrolled in all occupations. Upper and lower classes, alike, are afflicted with this incurable malady. Gabler and I tried to count the lepers we saw on the streets the second day we were in the city, but after counting over a hundred we gave it up as a hard job. There is a leper hospital down the river, a fine brick building with lots of land for them to roam on, and not even fenced in, so that they enjoy comparative freedom without being thrown in contact with healthy persons; but no effort is made to have a general round-up of the Correntine lepers, and running at large the way they are, mingling with everybody, the city of Corrientes is fast building up a heritage in leprosy that will be impossible to stamp out. I believe that every person in ten in that city has the disease, or pellagra, which is not easily distinguished from it, though

this disease is at its greatest proportion in the province of Santa Fé, where there is no leprosy.

I had found Gabler, the Austrian, to be a good companion, and it was with no cheerfulness that I said good-bye to him on the steamer *Asuncion* of the Mihanovich line, exactly two days and two hours after having arrived at Corrientes. I bought a ticket to Paraná, which cost me 32 pesos (roughly \$15.00). For comfort, this boat was but a poor apology. We had met it three days before on the Paraguay, while it was ascending the river. I had always supposed that the Mihanovich steamers were all sister ships until I found out my mistake on entering the saloon of the *Asuncion*. This boat was built at Dunbarton, Scotland, and has an entirely different interior and cabin arrangement than the *Triton* and *Berna*, which are duplicates of one another. The *Asuncion* is a much smaller boat, and the cabins are narrow, with no electric fans. There is no parlor nor smoking-room, so the passengers have to content themselves by sitting around the dining-room, which is the saloon as well. The men's toilet is near the engine room, and is used by first- and second-class passengers and by the crew and deck hands as well. There were but few passengers aboard and no women.

The first stop we made was at Barranqueras, where we lay for a long time, taking on freight in front of a depot where a train was in waiting to convey passengers to Resistencia and Santa Fé. The village lies on the north bank of a channel of the Paraná which at this point is about an eighth of a mile wide, and on both banks the tropical forest comes down to the water's edge. The Paraná here is very muddy, like the Uruguay, and is filled with small islands. In some places, it is five miles wide. The average width of the Paraná between Corrientes and Paraná is two miles. Near Empedrado on the high

right bank is the leper settlement and an insane asylum. The Corrientes side of the river has high bluffs, on top of which stretches a green treeless plain, farmhouses being seen frequently, while the Chaco side is low, wooded, and swampy. The port of Bella Vista was called at, a pleasant looking place on the side of a hill. Soon after leaving there it began to rain, and kept up a steady pour for several hours, but this didn't seem to diminish the heat. Frequent lightning flashes illuminated the sky, while the detonations of the thunder were terrific. It was not a tropical rain, for the drops fell diagonally as at home. In the tropics, rain falls straight down from the clouds as if somebody had emptied a bucket. At night, the ports touched at were Goya and Esquina, many passengers embarking at the latter place. Goya is the second city of Corrientes in size, boasting of 7000 inhabitants, but from all accounts I have heard, it is a miserable village swarming with lepers, with no shade, poor hotels, and putrid food. It is a terminus of one spur of the Northeastern Argentine Railroad, the other spur branching off at San Diego and running to the city of Corrientes. Across the river from Goya and a few miles up a tributary, lies Reconquista, in the province of Santa Fé, from which town a train of the Santa Fé Railroad, or Ferrocarril Frances as the natives call it, can be taken to Santa Fé.

I perspired so much that night that the bed clothes on which I lay were wringing wet, although I slept in no nightshirt, and, to make matters worse, the German who occupied the upper berth also perspired so freely that the drops fell from his body onto the iron sides of my bunk. When I awoke the next day I found that the rash or prickly heat with which I came down at Corrientes had run together and covered my whole body, besides making me feverish. If this rash doesn't break out on a person in the tropics he

will become very sick and sometimes die. About 7.30 A.M. La Paz was reached; a charming small city in a hollow at the base of a high bluff, and also on the top of it, on the Entre Rios side of the river. The streets were nice and shady as seen from the steamer, and the place had a decidedly inviting appearance, with its brick stores and green trees. Soon afterwards, we anchored at Santa Elena, with its beef-salting plant, and, six hours afterwards, we were at the ancient city of Paraná. The whole Entre Rios shore is high and bluff-abounding like that of Corrientes, while that of Santa Fé is low and swampy like that of Chaco. The Paraná is so sluggish that it has many channels with great swamps between, the westernmost and smaller of the main channels being called the Rio San Javier, and navigable only for craft with smaller draught. Many barges and dredges are met on the Paraná, painted white, and all bearing the letters "M. O. P." painted in light blue on their bows. This stands for Ministerio Obras Publicas, or Ministry of Public Works, one of the divisions of the Argentine cabinet.

Paraná, capital of the province of Entre Rios, has a population of 34,635. It was founded in 1730, has been the capital of the province since 1819, and, for nine years, from 1853 to 1862, was capital of the Argentine Confederation. It is a beautiful and picturesque place, with a splendid harbor where all river boats stop, and from which steamers ply twice daily to Santa Fé, giving the city means of communication with all points of the republic. At the end of the Avenida Rivadavia, on a high bluff above the river, is the Paseo Urquiza, with its trees and gardens, and on which is being built a gigantic stone statue of General Urquiza. From this *paseo*, the lights of Santa Fé are visible in the evening. In the central

part of the city, surrounded by buildings of harmonious architectural lines, is the Plaza 1st de Mayo, with a large equestrian statue of San Martin, around which people congregate on summer nights. Paraná, which is built on a hill, and about a mile back from the river bank, is reached by a broad turnpike running up the steep hill, at the summit of which is a match factory. The city has no trolley cars, although it is larger than Corrientes, so the passengers are obliged to be driven in victorias from the dock to the city proper. The Hotel Gransac where I stopped is a three-story structure, built in 1901, and is poorly managed, although the food was perfection. It faces the plaza and is opposite to the cathedral, a most beautiful building, a basilica, the façade of which has six tall and slender Corinthian pillars supporting a plinth; at the sides, rise two graceful and lofty spires, the tops of their steeples, and that of the attenuated dome over the center which rises to the same height, being painted azure with white ribs. The cool interior is plain but aristocratic. There are no gaudy pictures nor ornaments. Every decoration is art, and gray marble pillars, at least thirty feet high, mounted on bases, run the whole length of the nave, aisles, apse, and transept, supporting the heavy roof underneath which windows of blue stained glass let the light into the interior.

I did not regret my visit to Paraná. Though quiet and dull it is a wealthy city, a seat of learning, and has an air of sublime tranquillity and restfulness that endears it to those who wish quiet after the turmoil of other cities. The stranger in the city can hardly imagine himself to be in the Argentine Republic with its rush, and splurge, and show-off. In Paraná, live many retired army officers, professors, and men of learning, while its beautiful broad avenues lined with giant sycamores, and its splendid

mansions and public buildings remind one somewhat of a European university town. The view from the Parque Urquiza is unexcelled. It commands a vista over all the adjacent country, being situated high on the bank of the river, which is here filled with numerous islands. Steep paths lead from it to boathouses and quarries in the side of the rock many feet below. The band played that night in the Plaza 1st de Mayo. It was not a fine band, like those I heard play at Chillan and Posadas, but the players were too lazy to exert themselves. In 1909, the last year that reliable statistics are obtainable on account of its being census year, the importations through the port of Paraná amounted to \$2,051,198.25 while the exports came to \$1,426,289.35. Through the Entre Rios Railroad system the shipment of grain and stock from the whole province has its outlet here, for from its harbor vessels sail to all over the world laden with the produce of the country. This city, although it is the metropolis of Entre Rios, and carries on no small amount of trade in stock and grain, is being rapidly surpassed by Concordia, the second city of the province. The last-mentioned town, on a river, where navigation is inferior, is fast coming to the front, owing to the ginger of its inhabitants. Those of Paraná are in stagnation. They do not adapt themselves as readily to modernity as do the inhabitants of Concordia, yet there is much more personal wealth and stability in the ancient capital than there is in its smaller and more ambitious sister on the Uruguay. Concordia teems with automobiles, while Paraná has but half a dozen.

The small sidewheeler, the *Santa Fé*, which plies twice daily between the two provincial capitals, Paraná and Santa Fé, leaves the dock at the port of the first-mentioned city promptly at 7 A.M. and 2 P.M. Although the two capitals are but twelve miles apart the trade between the

two doesn't warrant additional service, for, as far as commerce and intercourse with one another is concerned, they might be 1200 miles away. I left Paraná one morning two days after I had arrived at the city. The temperature was like that of Dante's Inferno, and to escape the sun one had to sit in propinquity to the engine room, which made the two evils on a par. Fortunately, the voyage was only of one hour and thirty-five minutes' duration. The river is here about eight miles wide, including the way it spreads out to embrace small islands and marshes, in which yellow cannas grow so abundantly that from a distance they resemble a mustard field. In Costa Rica, the wild cannas are of a dark crimson hue; in Paraguay they are scarlet and pink, while here lemon color, which goes to show that the nearer the equator they grow the more highly colored they are. We met a fleet of sailboats, fishermen, and came within a few rods of running into one of them. We were obliged to stop; just then a gust of wind came up, and inflated the sails of the fisherman, which was swept towards us; we got out of the way by a narrow margin, but a tug belonging to the M. O. P., which was also bound for Santa Fé and which was following us a quarter of a mile to the stern, in trying to steam to the leeward of the sailer became stuck in the mud and was only extricated a few hours later. After leaving the Paraná we ascended a small tributary for four miles to Santa Fé. This tributary has been dredged out, the dirt having been thrown on its banks so as to form an embankment much like a levee, so that now the casual observer would be led to believe that the stream is artificial. On the high right bank, a railroad runs to a coal dock which juts into the Paraná, and which has the "high-falutin" nomenclature of Puerto Colastiné. On this canal we passed ocean steamers bound for Copenhagen,



with hard wood from the Chaco. From this waterway, the city of Santa Fé looks unprepossessing, although its harbor is filled with ocean steamships, and a few large buildings on shore show up well. It reminded me somewhat of Mount Clemens seen from the Clinton River in the neighborhood of the sugar factory. Where the little ship anchored, is a large sewer, pointed out to me by a professor from the University of Paraná who was a fellow-passenger on the *Santa Fé*, and called by him in derision the Cloaca Maxima. Alongside of this runs a dusty road that leads up to the city.

Before describing the city, a few words about the wonderful province of Santa Fé. Of the whole republic it has the most glorious history and the most beautiful landscapes ; separated from the Grand Chaco by latitude 28 degrees south and from the province of Buenos Aires by the Arroyo del Medio, a small stream, it is bounded on the east by the Paraná River and on the west by the provinces of Cordoba and Santiago del Estero. Its situation, entirely within the temperate zone, has the advantage of a mellow and salubrious climate, and its great area which extends far to the north is warm enough in that direction to permit the growing of cotton, coffee, and sugar cane, which form the staple products in that part, while the uncultivated country adjoining it is grown up to palmettos. Extensive prairies, where the pastures are like an emerald sea, great forests which from a long distance show their primevalness, copulent rivers of transparent water which flow gurgling through a territory garbed in the richest of foliage give to Santa Fé an aspect of terrestrial paradise. Fertility of soil and clearness of the skies, an abundance both in the earth and in the water, riches in the plains and in the low undulating hills, which form the dower of Santa Fé, brought hither the first Spanish colonists

to the Rio de la Plata. In the immense prairies cattle have multiplied prodigiously, and the cereals carefully cultivated have overreached all expectations. The forests of ebony have allured many lumbermen, the banks of its rivers and creeks produce golden fruit in fabulous quantity, while, in the more remote recesses of its confines, are to be found the leopard, the puma, the timid deer, and the fleet antelope, besides green parrots and small birds of brilliant plumage. In the southern part of the province, as far as the eye can reach, are immense cornfields, green and pleasing to the eye in the heat of mid-day. It is the greatest corn-producing locality in the world, and the maize is of the best quality and has a greater production to the acre in measure than in any other known locality. The cities are thriving and prosperous, lively, well kept, with all modern conveniences, and great pride is taken in the appearance of the edifices both public and private. Santa Fé is the richest and most prosperous province of Argentina, yet neither cattle, sheep, nor wheat, staples for which Argentina is famous, play any great rôle in the affairs of this blessed province, for here everything is corn.

As in most countries where the chief diet of the populace is corn, the disease pellagra is widespread, though it is still an open question as to whether or not the eating of corn cakes has anything to do with it. A special hospital is being built in Rosario to assist research in that direction. Brazil, though not a corn country, has within the borders of the states of Goyaz and São Paulo many sufferers from this disease, which the people confuse with leprosy. Roumania, Italy, and the United States of America have the most known cases of pellagra, and although the first cases were brought to medical attention in Alabama in 1907, at the present time among thirty-

four States of the Union there are over 50,000 sufferers. Brazil and Argentina have together as many, which owing to the smaller population of these two countries makes the proportion even greater. While pellagra has been recognized for several hundred years, it is still one of the most baffling diseases with which the medical profession has to deal. In some of its phases, it resembles leprosy, and in some respects it is even more to be dreaded than leprosy, because pellagra often affects the mental organism and leaves its victims insane. Calling it pellagra, the public does not know the nature of the malady, and gives very little heed to its great menace, but were we to speak of it as leprosy the whole country would be crying out in wild alarm. And so far as the public menace goes, we are not justified in saying that it is not just as great a dread as leprosy itself. The most characteristic symptom of this disease is an acute rash on the hands and parts of the body. This manifestation is said to resemble a scald or severe sunburn. Soon after this appears, in severe cases, the patient becomes seriously ill, and many times death or insanity quickly follows. Sometimes the attacks disappear to recur with increased violence.

The Hotel España at Santa Fé is brand new, and is a nice one to stay at. It is situated on the main street, the Calle San Martin, which is paved with creosote blocks, and, from the architecture of the stores that line it, one could readily suppose oneself to be in a North American city. The system of electric lighting is like that of Flint, Michigan, with arches stretched across the streets from which hang myriads of small electric-light globes. Santa Fé, the capital of the province, and for a long time the metropolis, until Rosario passed it, is an old, though modern-looking, pleasant, and lively city of 44,396 in-

habitants. The French author, M. Jules Huret, must have had a pipe dream when he spoke about Santa Fé as a dead town, because for its size there is none livelier in Argentina. In order to understand its industrial importance, the stranger need only take a walk to the harbor. Paraná is a prettier place with a finer location, but, compared with Santa Fé, it is asleep. Santa Fé was founded in 1573, by Juan de Garay on his return after having founded Asuncion. Rosario, the largest city of the province, is very "sore" with Santa Fé, because the latter is the seat of government. It has several times tried to wrest this honor away from Santa Fé, but the inhabitants of the other towns in the province, all jealous of Rosario's mushroom-like growth, have always sided in with the Santafecinos and voted it down. The future outcome will undoubtedly be that the province will be divided.

I took a drive down the new boulevard which runs to the Salado River, where there is a large shady park. The dome of Paraná's cathedral could be seen in the distance above the cornfields on the opposite bank. Santa Fé has not got the fine old churches nor massive government buildings of Paraná. Its inhabitants like those of Paraná have not caught the automobile fever. It is not as aristocratic, as picturesque, or as healthy as Paraná, but, for a steady diet, I should prefer to live in Santa Fé, for here at least one can see something of life, and Rosario is not difficult of access in case one desires a change. Three railroad systems enter the city, the Central Northern, the Central Argentine, and the Santa Fé. The first named is building an enormous depot on the boulevard; the Central Argentine has an old brick station to the west of the town, while the Santa Fé, called the Ferrocarril Frances, has a station near the center of the city. The uniforms of the

police differ in all the Argentine cities. Here in Santa Fé, they wear a light brown outfit, with helmets of the same color. In Corrientes their uniform was white with broad black belts and white military caps. The driver whom I engaged to show me the city was a Roumanian, the only one in the town, who had been a resident of the place for thirty-three years. He got to discussing the Turkish war with me, and it attracted the attention of a few Turks who had a second-hand store on the side street near the Hotel España. They took it up, and started a brawl, which was ended only at the timely arrival of the police.

For a few days I had been covered with a rash which I took to be prickly heat, and the temperature was such in Santa Fé as to cause it to spread and become very itchy. I thought that it might become serious, and was beginning to get worried when it broke out on my face. In a saloon, I rolled up my sleeves to show it to some chance acquaintances. They set up a laugh and partly disrobed to show me how it affected them. Compared to the rash on some of them, mine was infinitely less, and they had lived there all their lives. There is a brewery in Santa Fé, but the beer most widely drunk in the city is that of a brewery at a town named San Carlos Sur, a small place a few hours' distance from the capital. All of the three railroads that enter Santa Fé have branches radiating from the city, which makes it quite a business center. The trip to Rosario takes four and a half hours either by the Argentine Central, which is broad gauge, or by the Santa Fé, which is narrow gauge. Most passengers prefer the former. I left Santa Fé over this railroad at 5.15 P.M. the day after I landed, and reached Rosario at 9.40 P.M. Next to me in the train, sat a young Spaniard who had been shot in the forearm but a few hours before. The bullet hadn't been extracted, and he

was on his way to a hospital in Rosario. His whole arm had swollen and there was a blue streak where the path of the bullet lay. He had a very high fever and at times would writhe and groan in agony. I felt sorry for him, and had no idea that he was putting on his contortions in order to extract free drinks of cognac from his sympathetic onlookers. He would groan and act as if in pain, and when some one with a kind heart would come up to him and ask him what he could do for him, the Spaniard would groan out that he wanted some cognac. He managed to consume about a dozen of these glasses, and got so drunk that he forgot about the wound; then he ordered some drinks on his own account and stood treat for the rest. After his imbibations he went to sleep, and when he awoke from this drunken stupor he got in a row with the waiters over the amount of his bill.

As it became dark an hour after leaving Santa Fé, I didn't have a chance to see much of the country, but what little I did see was the best I had yet seen in all Argentina. The farther we left Santa Fé behind us, the more of a prairie aspect the landscape took on, although the cornfields stretched as far as the eye could see. In the vicinity of the city, the country is more like one large market garden, with trees and vines. The province is a large plain, like most of the republic, but its soil is richer and is in a higher state of cultivation, especially near Santa Fé. A few stations were passed such as San Tomé, Irigoyen, the junction for San Francisco, and San Lorenzo, where San Martin fought a great battle during the War of Liberation. I met on the train a young Argentine, and he said his countrymen like most North Americans, but he wished that a class other than adventurers, of which there is a great number already installed, would settle in his land.

He said that it was getting fierce in Buenos Aires on account of the North American bunco men, land swindlers, gamblers, and crooks that infest the city. I knew that there was a lot of truth to this for I had run across a number of these as well as some criminal Englishmen who tried to pass themselves off as Americans. In Argentina, as well as in Paraguay, the Englishmen are not thought well of and try to prejudice the natives against the North Americans by telling them that the United States has intentions on Argentina and all South America, and is using Panama only as a stepping-stone to its future ambitions, a belief that I am sorry to say is readily accepted.

Rosario de Santa Fé is so named to distinguish it from Rosario de la Frontera. It was a long ways from the Central Argentine depot at Rosario to the Savoy Hotel. The streets are wider than those of Buenos Aires, and are paved with creosote wooden blocks like those of the Parisian boulevards, which makes driving pleasant. Rosario has the name of being a lively place, and a sporty one too. I had evidences of this even before reaching the hotel. The streets near the depot were crowded, and all over were dance and beer halls, in which were congregated women and men doing terpsichorean motions to the rhythm of an orchestra sadly out of tune, while sloppy, unkempt, and unshaven waiters served schupers of suds to those who sat at little iron-topped tables watching the fun. Semi-clad women stood at their doorsteps, endeavoring to beguile the passers-by to enter their abodes. Up in the main part of the city are cafés galore, some respectable, some not. That of the Hotel Savoy has those of Buenos Aires beaten, while that of the Rotisserie has the Savoy beaten. Most of the cafés have moving-picture shows to attract the public. On the Calle San Martin, one of the main streets of the city, and diagonally

across the street from the Hotel Savoy, is a large one, named Café de la Bolsa. It was more like a gigantic drink hall than a café. It was jammed full and had a seating capacity of about two thousand; the audience was composed of laboring people, and they sat there enjoying themselves, watching the cinematograph, which was good, and listening to an orchestra when the former was not in motion. In the balcony, where men are allowed to go only when accompanied by women, and which is designated by the word *Reservado* printed on a placard at the foot of the stairs, painted ladies try with brazen smiles to ensnare the semi-intoxicated youths in the pit that they may ascend and buy them beer. It is a great hall, very much like what Ericson's used to be in Portland, Oregon, or Riverview Park at Detroit.

Rosario, which has a population of over a quarter of a million inhabitants, is the chief railroad center of the republic, and the greatest manufacturing city. It lies on the Paraná River about a hundred miles above its mouth, and has steamship service to all ports in the world. It is a place where money is freely in circulation, and, next to Montevideo, probably has the largest Italian population in proportion to its size of any city in South America, unless it is São Paulo. It is the center of South American art, and the marble-cutting industry, so that, to-day, when a monument, statue, or tombstone is to be embellished by sculpture, a Rosario artist is generally employed. Formerly all of the work in this line for South America was done by Genoese, but Genoa has taken the background to Rosario as to this profession on the South American continent. The inhabitants of Rosario, as well as being known as wide-awake, also have a reputation for being bad actors. Rosario is much like Buenos Aires, although on a smaller scale. Yet when one is on San Lorenzo Street he



sees no difference between that thoroughfare and the Calle Florida of the federal capital. The buildings much resemble one another, modern, of the same domed architecture, and are of the same cream color. The greatest difference noticeable in the comparison of the two cities are that Rosario lacks an Avenida de Mayo and does not possess so many automobiles. As to the increase in population of the city, the proportion is greater than in Buenos Aires. About twenty years ago, the school geographies didn't mention Rosario, and I doubt now if they do. The tonnage that goes out of Rosario is third largest in South America, it being exceeded only by that of Buenos Aires and Montevideo, and the city is just as lively and up-to-date as any city of its size anywhere, and more so than most of them. In ten years, if it keeps on growing at its present rate of increase, it will have half a million inhabitants. I was very much pleased with the city. The Hotel Savoy, where I stopped, is as good as any in South America, as well as having the distinction of being the cleanest. It is a five-story, domed building at the intersection of the two principal streets, is owned by the Chiesa brothers, the best-known machinery importers in the city, and contains every luxury and modern convenience that the present up-to-date hotel should have. A block away, is the Hotel de Mayo, nearly as good, with a large café-restaurant, while behind that is a large caravanserai of a building named Hotel de la Paz which is somewhat inferior. Nearly every large European banking house is represented here and also the greatest foreign wholesale houses have their agencies. In none of the cities of Entre Rios, Santa Fé, Corrientes, or Misiones should a person accept a room at a hotel in summer without a mosquito netting, called there a *mousquetaire*. The mosquitoes swarm in the valleys of the Paraná and

Uruguay, and make life intolerable at night if anybody attempts to sleep without a mosquito netting. As a rule, a hotel with one or two hundred beds will have only one *mosquetaire* and unless you ask for it you won't get it. Rosario is one of the worst mosquito-infested places in the whole River Plate system, but I was obliged to ask for one at the Savoy, otherwise I should have been bitten.

The shape of the city is a right-angled triangle with the Paraná as the hypotenuse. It was founded in 1725, but its prosperity dates back less than twenty-five years, although it was incorporated as a city in 1852. All river vessels have to touch here, and there has been recently expended on its harbor \$11,600,000.00. Although the harbor is fine and spacious, commerce and shipping have so much increased in recent years that it is to-day inadequate, and needs to be enlarged. Rosario is a modern city, whose buildings respond to the latest style of architecture, and are handsome edifices, private as well as public. Wide boulevards cross the city in all four directions, and the streets are clean, well paved, and straight. It has a beautiful park, that of Independencia, which covers an area of fifty-six acres, and which contains the exposition buildings, where every year is held the Provincial Fair, under the auspices of the Sociedad Rural Santafecina. Besides the exposition buildings, there are, within the park, a race track, two athletic clubs, and a zoological garden. Besides the Parque Independencia, there are seven plazas, namely the Plaza Lopez, on which are situated the city hall and the rather small cathedral, and those named 25 de Mayo, Belgrano, Santa Rosa, San Martin, General Paz, and Barrio Vila. Before the railroad was built, Rosario was the starting point of the stage lines into the interior, the first coach being run in 1854, between it and Cordoba, which was later extended to

Mendoza, Tucuman, and Salta. In 1870, these were done away with, for then the first railroad was opened to Cordoba, which was seven years in building, the first work having begun on April 20, 1863, the President of the republic, Bartholome Mitré, having inaugurated in person the beginning of the work. The city is divided into ten wards, has upwards of 4000 business houses, with 1609 industrial establishments, the most important of which is the Argentine Sugar Refinery. Among the other industries, are large cloth factories, tanneries, and foundries. The brewery is owned by a German named Schlauf, and his output is named Cerveza Leon, or Lion Beer. Much San Carlos, Santa Fé, and Rio Segundo beer is drunk, but Quilmes, Palermo, and Bieckert's have not much of a sale.

A favorite place for the rabble to go Sundays and holidays is Saladillo, about five miles west of the city. The route lies over a dusty turnpike to a straggling place where a few of the citizens have their villas, but a more lonesome place to live in is hard to imagine. There are no trees, and nothing is visible except dusty fields, with a vista of oil tanks and tall factory chimneys in the distance. Here a sluggish stream is dammed up, and an artificial pool with cement sides has been built where the Rosario youth go in swimming in the dirty water, whites and blacks alike. A few cheap saloons grace the neighborhood, and the other attractions consist of a whirligig and a water toboggan. If a person cares to go bathing, he should leave all valuables and his superfluous money behind him in the city, as the doors of the apartments lock only from the inside, and while in the water he is apt to have everything stolen from him. The pool is divided in two parts by a rope, one side of it being deep water, while the other side is shallow. In the former place are attendants in rowboats

whose duty it is to rescue anybody who stands a chance of drowning.

A walk through Rosario's Tenderloin is interesting to anybody who is sociologically inclined, or to the person who is bent on saving souls. It has got everything beaten in vice that I have ever seen, and Butte, El Paso, and New Orleans cannot compare with it. Whole blocks are devoted to it. If anybody thinks the Tenderloin of Panama is something fierce, before he passes judgment he should see Rosario's red light district. The streets are crowded; girls stand in every door coaxing men to come inside. There are dance halls, gambling halls, low-class saloons, moving-picture shows, shooting galleries, barber shops, and billiard rooms galore. One café, the Verdadero Music Hall, which has a seating capacity of 1000 people, entertains the public with a continuous burlesque,—not a vaudeville show, but scantily attired worn-out grisettes who languidly try to perform at a ballet, or sing unintelligible French obscene songs in cracked voices. Each piece meets with applause. The entrance is free, but the management makes up for the gratuity by charging thirty-five cents for a glass of beer. This the laborers readily pay, for shows are expensive in Argentina, and wages are high. They are getting off cheaply, for, if they visited those downtown, like the Café de la Bolsa, for instance, they would be obliged to pay twice as much for a seat alone. There are wooden stalls, painted a light color, above the pit. Here sit prostitutes of all ages, some of whom could pass for the grandmothers of others. The beer hall is a good place to study faces and human nature. The crowd is decidedly Italian, mostly all laborers. A spectacled mechanic may be seated at one table, while at another is a bunch of ruffians wearing the same style of moustache and dress affected by South Europeans.

They pay but little heed to the painted ladies in the boxes; they are there to listen to the songs and to the orchestra, which is excellent. Occasionally a hawker goes between the tables selling cigars. These are also of Italian manufacture, Toscanos. There are many such establishments in Rosario, some being of a higher class than the others. It seems to be the only amusement of the populace, which is largely foreign. The rabble, which to a North American would look ruffianly, composed as it is of the scum of Southern Europe and the dregs of Latin America, compared with that which we meet in the drinking halls in the United States and in Bavaria, is orderly, and the stranger at least has the consolation of knowing that the habitués of these places are not pimps and procurers, which have during the last half dozen years been the curse of our cities. The crowd at the street corner does not jostle you or make vile remarks as you pass, and if you ask a question of one of them, he will invariably take off his hat and answer you as "Señor." In the whole of South America you do not find the street bums and brutal bullies that we encounter a hundred times a day. Most of the large drinking halls give free entertainment of moving-picture shows. The Hotel Savoy does it in the dining-room and in the café, the same picture sufficing for both. The regular cinematograph shows where admission is charged do not do a lucrative business, for there are so many free ones in the city.

Besides the Hotel Savoy there is another swell hotel in Rosario, but in a different part of the town. This is the Hotel Italiano, a new building with a fine restaurant. Besides the hotels I have previously mentioned there are the Gran and the Central. Although Rosario rivals Buenos Aires in hotels, and beats it in cafés, it still more excels it in bars. There is a bar on the Calle San

Martin named the Café Rotisserie, which is one of the most finely fitted up that I have ever seen anywhere, even in the United States, although I don't imagine the amount expended on it would be a drop in the bucket compared to Foucar's or the Mecca in Cincinnati or the Brevoort in Chicago. It took my fancy because it was tasteful. All the furniture is of dark mahogany with glass-topped tables. The chairs have arms and are low and broad. On the partition posts that divide the room into many small compartments where people can converse with one another without the conversation being general, are brass bowls, and the walls are hung with tapestry of an olive green color.

Through a letter of introduction, I met a German, Herr Walter Teich, of the firm of Gasser and Schweitzer, exporters of Bolivian goods with headquarters at Santa Cruz, Bolivia. He was very optimistic about the future growth of Rosario, and said that in time it and Bahia Blanca were destined to be two of South America's greatest cities. The harbor of Rosario was built by a wealthy French syndicate, but like all large French undertakings in foreign countries, they made a mess of things, for they had bitten off a larger slice than they could swallow. They received a concession from the Argentine government but it would have been better for Rosario if a British or a German firm had taken it over. The Santa Fé Railroad is a French company, and the time required to freight goods over it from the Bolivian frontier to Rosario is often two months; and often half of the goods are stolen before they reach their destination. The English company, the Central Argentine, delivers goods in from eighteen to nineteen days, with no shortage. The French syndicate that has the shipping concession in Rosario harbor is apt to notify the shipper several months after-

wards, and claim that a mistake had been made in the amount paid it as commission on the bill of lading, and demand more money. Herr Teich thought that in ten years Rosario would have a population of 750,000 people, though I think that this is very optimistic.

I drove out to Independencia Park. The way lies up the Calle Cordoba, past the Courthouse, which is one of the largest buildings in South America. It is a long building facing the whole side of a plaza, and from its center rises a tall tower. Beyond this, on the Calle Córdoba, and on the broad Boulevard Oroño, on which I turned, is the main residential section of the city. These streets are lined with large trees, which makes them very pleasant, while Oroño has a parkway in the center. The mansions are stupendous and superb, showing the great wealth of the inhabitants. This part of the city is a veritable garden. The other broad avenues of the city, which are lined with trees, have a rather desolate appearance, for they are new streets, and the trees haven't had time enough to reach the shade-giving size. The breadth of the new streets, combined with the lowness of the houses and the lack of shade, is the general rule for the thoroughfares in the outskirts of any South American city. In ten years' time, the new streets of Rosario will have a different aspect. Then the trees will have grown up, and the low houses that are a characteristic of the outskirts will have been demolished to give place to modern ones, such as are to be found on the Calle Cordoba. Independencia Park is modelled somewhat after the lines of Palermo Park in Buenos Aires, and contains winding roads and little lakes. There are two cafés, one perched on an artificial hill, and from their terraces free moving-picture shows are given, light being thrown on canvas hung in the open between two poles. This park begins

to get animated only after 11 o'clock at night, at which time the populace turn out to enjoy themselves until two o'clock in the morning.

Rosario is the best laid out of all Argentine cities. In Buenos Aires, some of the streets are narrow and crooked; here all are broad and straight. The main shopping streets are Cordoba and San Martin. Then come Santa Fé and Entre Rios. San Martin is the banking street, and on it, not far from the center of the town, is the market, one of the most up-to-date in existence. It covers a whole square, and in shape is like the Tacon Market in Havana, though modern in every respect. Its mosaic floor is partitioned off into broad aisles. Around the sides of the interior, runs a gallery where wares are also for sale. It has a high interior, is well ventilated, and has electric fans.

There has recently been opened a new railroad from Rosario to Puerto Belgrano, which is the military port for Bahia Blanca. It runs through the western part of the province of Buenos Aires, which is a territory three quarters the size of Texas, and will open up a great stretch of wheat country. As I intended going to Bahia Blanca, I decided to go this way, so as to see the great republic from a longitudinal point of view, having already seen it from a latitudinal one. I therefore bought a ticket over this line, which cost approximately \$18.00 with sleeping-car accommodations, and left the wooden shed, which serves as its depot in Rosario, at four o'clock one afternoon. The railroad, which is broad gauge, belongs to a French company, the Jesuits having the controlling stock. A former company obtained a concession from the government to build this road, and work started from both ends. When a quarter of the distance had already been built from both starting places, the money gave out,



and the road was taken over by Jesuit priests, they forming a stock company of it and completing it. It is sadly mismanaged, and the probable outcome will be that it will be bought by the Southern Railroad Company, who has already offered \$17,600,000 for it. It would give this company an entrance into Rosario, which it has long endeavored to obtain. The name of the railroad at present is the Ferrocarril de Rosario a Puerto Belgrano. The coaches, purchased second hand, are old and dirty, while the service is a disgrace. In fact, all of the rolling stock is in poor condition. A great deal of money has been expended in the building of depots and freight sheds, although the depots at Rosario and at Puerto Belgrano, the termini, are among the poorest on the road, while they should be the best. Every little station has a fine brick depot, well finished in the interior, and of solid construction.

The trip to Almirante Solier, a few miles this side of Bahia Blanca, was dusty in the extreme. Flies and cockroaches abounded in the weather-beaten boards of the old coach. The heat was intense, with no breath of air. I removed my coat, but was promptly requested to put it on again as it was against the rules of the company to ride so negligé. The cooking at the table d'hôte was like the world over where the cuisine is French, above reproach. The personnel were French and the roadmaster was one of the most villainous-looking specimens of French manhood that could be imagined. A giant in stature and strength, with little eyes like a pig, and a Garibaldi cut of beard, both my neighbor at the table d'hôte and myself thought he would be a bad customer to meet in the dark. As soon as the train started he, in company with several French officials of the line, started to get drunk on vermouth, absinthe, beer, and cordials, and wound up

with champagne. At San Gregorio, where a stop was made for about twenty minutes, they wound up the *chiavari* by drinking a couple of quarts of cognac at the station buffet, and had the politeness to invite myself and an Englishman to join them. We ordered beer, but when our backs were turned they poured half of the contents of a tumbler of brandy into our glasses, thinking it would be a good joke to get us full. I pretended to drink it, but turned around and spit the contents down the neck of my shirt. The Englishman, a New Zealander, was more accustomed to the fiery liquid than I, and drank his with one gulp. This New Zealander had come to Argentina nine years previously, and had gone home seven times on short visits. He was a staunch Britisher, and a hater of Australians, whom he thought some day would try to free themselves from the imperial yoke. He likewise had no use for the United States, which he claimed was trying to "hog" the British from their rights on the Panama Canal.

Soon after leaving Rosario, we entered probably the largest cornfield in the world. It is over a hundred miles long. Although owned by many individual landlords, it is practically one field, for the only dividing lines are the township and section roads. Land here is worth \$80.00 an acre. It rents for \$6.00 an acre, and is mostly let out to Italians from Rosario, who during the summer months live on it with their families. This is said to be the finest land in the country. Only two towns of size are passed during the entire twenty-two hours' trip, San Gregorio, which is reached about 9.30 P.M., and Colonel Suarez, at 6.15 the next morning. During the night, we ran over, at different intervals, five skunks. I know this to be true for I smelled that pleasant odor that same number of times. When I awoke the next morning

prior to the arrival of the train at Colonel Suarez, I saw that the nature of the country had changed. It was one vast, treeless, sparsely settled plain, the great pampas of the geographies. The drier places were given over entirely to the growing of wheat, which had already been harvested and whose broad acres of stubble disappeared at the base of the low-lying hills on the western horizon. In the moister places, depressions among the hills, long-horned fat oxen roamed the land in herds, the country having the same character as that of central North Dakota. The soil is much lighter here than near Rosario, so but little corn is grown, and that which is to be seen is a month behind that of Rosario owing to the colder climatic conditions. At every wayside station, in great piles, are sacks laden with wheat to be sent to the great elevators at Buenos Aires, La Plata, and Bahia Blanca to find its way to foreign lands. Passing a station named Pringles, an oasis in the plain, we enter the hills; the vista is the same except that on the summits of the hills nothing grows, for large limestone rocks jut their apexes out through the crust of earth like new teeth pushing through the gums. The station where we change cars for Bahia Blanca is Almirante Solier, one of the depots for the small city of Puerto Belgrano, the other station being named Puerto Militar, for here are the Argentine navy yards. The French syndicate has huge elevators there. A drive across the dusty Grecian landscape of the straggling and dismal-looking town brings us to the depot of the Southern Railroad, where there is a few minutes' wait before the train leaves for Bahia Blanca, a dozen miles away.

Bahia Blanca, meaning White Bay, is an old settlement like Rosario, but dates its prosperity to the past fifteen years. Thirteen years ago it had but 12,000 inhabitants. To-day it boasts of 45,000, and is still rapidly growing.

Its main industry is the exportation of wheat, having recently wrested that honor from Buenos Aires and Odessa. It lies 600 miles southwest of Buenos Aires in the province of that name, and is connected with the capital of the republic by three different lines of the Southern Railroad; with Neuquen in Patagonia by the same railroad; with Mendoza by the Argentine Pacific, and with Rosario by the Rosario a Puerto Belgrano. It has a deep-water harbor a couple of miles distant, the seaport town going by the ridiculous name for a city of Ingeniero White, which in English means Engineer White, named after the man who laid it out. Bahia Blanca is but a few hours' ride from Patagonia, which when settled will be another great wheat-producing country; thereby enhancing the growth of the city still more. The climate of the city is cool and windy, with a paucity of rainfall.

The new depot is a long, modern structure, with underground passages to reach the platforms. From it to the Hotel Sud-Americano, which is the best in the town, is a good mile. I noticed that the building going on was of the Buenos Aires and Rosario style, with the omnipresent domes. The older Argentine towns don't have this characteristic, which gives to the three here mentioned cities their originality of architecture. Bahia Blanca also has electric cars on its principal streets. As I rode to the hotel I was not favorably impressed with the place. The streets seemed too wide; there were not many people about; the buildings were all cream color and the surrounding low hills seemed desolate. Yet it is one of the most important towns of the country. A fine municipal theater has just been completed, but is, as yet, not open to the public. The plaza has the area of four city blocks, but on account of its size and the smallness of the trees with which it is planted, it seems forlorn. There is abso-

lutely nothing to interest the tourist, but if the visitor is a manufacturer, the docks, grain elevators, and railroad shops are worth seeing. The city hall, recently completed, with a high domed tower, faces the Plaza Rivadavia and is far the most imposing as well as the most beautiful building in the city. Seen from the distance above the low house tops of the city, it recalls to one's mind a miniature of the great city hall of Philadelphia, although this aspect changes when one is in close proximity to it. The shape of the tower causes this impression.

For the greater part of the day, the streets seem emptied of people, but during the later hours of the morning and the afternoon, there is plenty of stir, with numbers of automobiles on the street corners. The best-to-do people congregate at the Club Argentino, a fine new building, or at the café of the Gran Hotel Central. Calle O'Higgins, and Calle Chiclana, its intersector, are the most important of the business streets, and, from the nature of the buildings on these, for two short blocks only, it would not be a great strain on one's imagination to imagine oneself in a fine big city. The rest of the city, though far from being squalid, is dirty and poor. The laboring classes, mostly Basques and southern Italians appear to be of the vagabond type. They are unshaven and wear bandanas around their necks, and caps, and trousers turned up at the bottom. As in most new towns the element is a rough one. I saw the inhabitants pushing and jostling one another, and scowling and grumbling at all who did the same thing to them. The land is so sandy that nothing to amount to anything can be grown in the neighborhood, and there are windmills galore. All of the inhabitants are engaged in some sort of occupation, except the fisheries line. Like Genoa, the sea is without fish, the hills are without grass, and the women are without charm.

There is not a residence that can be called fine in the whole place. One of these days, Bahia Blanca will be a large city, though it is doubtful if it will ever be a pretty place. The Hotel Sud-Americano is not bad, and is an asset to the city, though its location is not central. It is on the North American lines, although its bedrooms have no running water. It possesses an elevator, comfortable parlors and lounging-rooms, a good dining-room, and is well furnished.

Bahia Blanca was founded, in 1828, by Colonel Estomba, who here, between two rivulets that flow into the sea at this point, erected a fort against the attacks of roving Indians. In 1869, the population had grown to 1472, while in 1881 it numbered 3201 inhabitants. There is a brewery in the city, that of San Martin.

The Southern Railroad has the most mileage and is the best paying one in all South America. It has a monopoly of track in southern Argentina and strikes the richest grain belts. Its service is supposed to be the best in the republic. The shortest time made between Bahia Blanca and Buenos Aires is fourteen hours and thirty-eight minutes. This express train leaves Bahia Blanca at 6.40 P. M. and arrives at Buenos Aires the next morning at 9.18, at the depot on Plaza Constitucion. It was dark when leaving Bahia Blanca. Stops of a few minutes' each were made at Pringles and at Olavarria. There were three other men besides myself sleeping in the stateroom, and, during the night, one man groaned so loudly in his sleep that the rest of us turned the lights on, thinking he was dying. The next morning found us in a rich farming country, but, about an hour's ride from the capital, we had a head-on collision with a freight train which killed the engineer, fireman, mail clerk, and brakeman, besides injuring a half a score of passengers. We

had to wait until another train came out from the city, to which we were transferred after waiting half of the day. One of the wrecking crew got under the boiler of the damaged engine. While there a valve became unloosened, and the boiling water poured out onto him, scalding him, burning all the flesh from his bones. His cries as he died were agonizing and pitiful.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ARGENTINE STATISTICS

**A**RGENTINA lies at the southern end of South America, stretching from north to south between twenty-one and one half degrees to fifty-four degrees and fifty-two minutes latitude south, or over thirty-three degrees along the meridians; and from east to west between fifty-two and seventy-four degrees longitude west, or over twenty-two degrees along the parallels. It is bounded on the north by Bolivia and Paraguay, on the east by Brazil and Uruguay, and on the west by Chile. Its western boundary measures 3000 miles, its northern one 1000 miles; the eastern river boundaries 750 miles, and the coast line of the river Plate estuary and the Atlantic Ocean 1625 miles, making its entire circumference 6375 miles. The total area of the republic is 1,845,344 square miles. This surface is six times that of France or Germany, ten times that of Great Britain or Italy, and six times that of Spain. The total population of the republic at its last census, in 1909, was 5,884,295, but, at the present day 1914, it is possible that it numbers in the neighborhood of 7,000,000 inhabitants, 1,500,000 of whom live in Buenos Aires.

It consists of fourteen provinces and nine territories called *Gobernaciones*, with a district set apart for Buenos



Aires similar to the District of Columbia which is the federal capital. The names of these provinces with their population were in the year of the census as follows:

	<i>Population</i>
Province of Buenos Aires	1,340,418
“ Santa Fé	779,010
“ Cordoba	452,621
“ Entre Rios	399,951
“ Corrientes	313,076
“ Tucuman	288,607
“ Santiago del Estero	189,843
“ Mendoza	163,288
“ Salta	144,762
“ San Luis	106,418
“ San Juan	106,031
“ Catamarca	102,513
“ La Rioja	88,502
“ Jujuy	58,842

That of the territories was in the same year 1909:

Gobernacion of Pampa	47,645
“ Misiones	39,210
“ Neuquen	28,040
“ Chaco	24,957
“ Río Negro	24,035
“ Chubut	13,685
“ Formosa	9,811
“ Santa Cruz	4,901
“ Los Andes	4,000
“ Tierra del Fuego	1,708
Federal District	<u>1,156,421</u>
Total	5,884,295

The Gobernacion de los Andes was created since then from parts of the provinces of Jujuy, Salta, and Catamarca, and its 4000 inhabitants are reckoned in with the population of the three mentioned provinces.

The population of the republic is largely urban. One fourth of the inhabitants live in Buenos Aires and in Rosario while one half live in the other cities, leaving only about one fourth of the entire population in the country and small places. Besides the two large cities already mentioned, the only other large town is Cordoba, which now has a population of over 100,000 inhabitants. The immigration statistics between the years 1857 and 1908 have been compiled and show the following nationalities: Italians, 1,799,423; Spaniards, 795,243; French, 188,316; English, 42,765; Austro-Hungarians, 57,249; Germans, 40,655; Swiss, 28,344; Belgians, 20,668; other nationalities, 205,793, forming a total of 3,178,456 immigrants. During the last few years, there has been quite a Jewish influx from Russia, come hither to escape the persecutions, and many Turks and Syrians who came to escape military service during the wars. The Jews are the amœba of all the immigrants, and though they are tolerated they are not welcomed. The republic has established at Buenos Aires a great detention home for foreign immigrants. They are brought there upon landing, and are taken in sight-seeing cars around the city, and housed and clothed until time has come to ship them into the provinces, where they are given employment on the railroad construction and other menial labor jobs. This free employment agency of the immigration bureau has so far had a beneficial effect, for the native Argentino will not work and the landholders and business men have to rely solely upon foreign labor, which, during the year 1912, was at a standstill owing to the great number of Italians returning home to participate in the Tripolitan activities. This agency realizes only too well that the two largest cities are

becoming populated at the expense of the country at large and are endeavoring at the present time to ship immigrants as far away from these cities as possible, and especially to the most arid lands of the republic, in order to bring them to a good state of cultivation. Many are sent to Mendoza and San Juan to be employed in the viticulture industry, such as they have been accustomed to at home, while others are sent to Neuquen and Catamarca to develop unproductive land.

Fortunately, from the ethnical composition of its population, Argentina need not fear the struggles and race hatreds that are felt in other countries—the United States, for instance—and which give rise to deep antagonism. Here are few Indians, no negroes nor Turanians. The Indians have been converted to Christianity in accordance with the humanitarian principles of the constitution, their numbers have been decimated by tuberculosis and alcoholism, both of which follow in the wake of conversion, while others have become laborers. The negro race fought side by side with the whites during the War of Liberation, and their blood flowed as freely, but they are now gone, victims of the inexorable biological principle which dooms inferior races to disappear. The same thing is now in process in Brazil, but there they have to confront a mightier proposition on account of the great numbers in that republic, on account of its being the last civilized nation in the world to abolish slavery. The yellow races of the Orient have not yet begun to clamor at Argentina's door, and it must remain closed to them because the constitution imposes on Congress the obligation of encouraging the immigration of the white race as opposed to the colored ones. The groundwork of the population is European, as may be seen from the data on immigration.

Here are mingled all the civilized nations of the world. There was no racial nor antipathal antagonism until the Russian Jews first came there, and even so it is not so pronounced as in many other countries. Sarmiento, a former President, said, in speaking of Argentina: "Here you have a whole America, with tongues, rivers, and lands, for everybody." The basic code grants to everybody access to all public positions and professorships. The ethnical composition of the population, the spirit of the legislation, and the hospitality of the people allow the humblest inhabitant, like a drop of water in the depth of the ocean, to rise to the surface and sparkle through his own efforts in the clear sunshine. Admitting that Argentina has the same average potentiality for producing food and other resources for sustaining human life, and that its soil possesses a similar wealth of material, adapted for industrial purposes, as that of Germany, it follows that in the republic there is room for one hundred millions more besides those people already in the country to prosper and to enjoy life.

As to climate, Argentina belongs, with the exception of a small tropical and subtropical strip, to the north, essentially to the temperate zone. On account of its configuration, it stretches from north to south over thirty-four degrees of latitude, which in itself goes to show that the climatic differences between the component parts of the territory must be considerable. Within the territorial limits are found the well-defined differences pertaining to the great climatological divisions already given, with a corresponding variety of subdivisions, according to the intensity of the atmospheric influences which characterize the general classifications of the climates of the world. With a latitude extending from two degrees north of the Tropic of Capricorn to the regions of the republic situated

in the neighborhood of the Antarctic Circle, the amplitude of solar climate must be considerable. The variation is represented by the mean isotherm seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit, which passes through the north, to that of forty-one degrees Fahrenheit, which passes through Tierra del Fuego. Therefore, in the thirty-three degrees of latitude there is a variation of thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit, which decreases one degree in temperature to each degree in latitude as we go southward. The variations of physical or geographical climate along the same parallel of latitude throughout the whole republic are as pronounced as, or more so than, that of the solar climate in a north to south direction to the farthest extent, inasmuch as that on the ever-increasing heights from east to west, from sea level on the low-lying coast lands to the snow-covered peaks of the Andes, the temperature falls rapidly as one approaches the inland plains or ascends the foothills of the mountain chains, and as for atmospheric precipitation and humidity, the variations in the mean range of the different regions are of greater amplitude, in proportion, than those of the temperature.

Excepting the narrow strip to the north of the Tropic of Capricorn, and the treeless islands of the Antarctic Circle, the whole territory of the republic is situated within the aforesaid temperate zone. Yet owing to the hypsometric differences, the conditions of soil and climate are so varied in character that there is hardly any vegetable product which may not be profitably grown in one or other suitable region. The two chief elements of climate are the temperature and rainfall, for on them depend the quality and abundance of vegetation, and on the latter, in turn, the growth of animal life. The following is a table of the mean average temperature, and average annual

rainfall, the observations taken in the following cities and in order from north to south:

	<i>Mean annual temperature Degrees Fahrenheit</i>	<i>Mean annual rainfall by inches</i>	<i>No. of days on which rain fell</i>
Salta	63.6	22.4	...
Tucuman	66.3	37.9	64
Corrientes	70.6	50.7	49
Santiago del Estero	70.7	19.	65
La Rioja	67.9	11.6	63
Cordoba	62.3	25.9	75
Mendoza	60.8	6.4	...
Rosario	63.5	38.3	77
Buenos Aires	62.9	34.9	69
Bahia Blanca	59.5	19.	53
Chubut	55.8	8.1	...
Ushuaia	42.8	22.9	156

By this table it can be seen that the farther north one goes, the greater volume of water falls at each rainfall, while the farther south one goes, as at Ushuaia, for instance, though there were over twice as many rainy days as in the other cities mentioned, the precipitation at each individual rain was small. There the amount of precipitation was less than one sixth of an inch to each rain, while in Corrientes it was more than an inch. La Rioja and Mendoza, owing to their proximity to the Andes and the natural aridness of the soil, have a slight rainfall, though that of La Rioja is greater because it is nearer the tropics. Their location in South America can be compared with Reno or Baker City in North America. In the Gobernacion de los Andes it seldom rains, which condition is prevalent in certain parts of Patagonia owing to the desert. This is the case in all treeless districts.

Argentina, by means of its physical contour, offers an immense field for agriculture on a vast scale, as well as

for the pastoral industry and rural economy. It is on record that in Argentina there are three distinct agricultural zones: 1. The Northern, which is north of the provinces of Santa Fé and Entre Rios. 2. The Central, which beginning on its borders stretches away to the south of Buenos Aires province and the Pampa territory, including a portion of the Gobernaciones of Neuquen and Rio Negro. 3. The Southern, starting from the confines of the central and extending to Tierra del Fuego. The first zone is characterized by its warm climate with a regular rainfall in its eastern part, and less on its western side. The climate of the central zone is temperate, with a regular recurring rainfall in the eastern part, but a very scanty one on the other side, where long periods of drought follow quickly on each other, as in Mendoza, San Luis, and Neuquen. In the southern zone, the rainfall is slighter, and the climate more severe, excepting however in the western part, and in the far south, which comes under the rainy belt. Here the mountains are less high and the clouds rising in Chile break over them. This is what was formerly known as Patagonia, and is inhabited by semi-savage Indians of giant stature.

After repeated experiments a series in the natural selection of the crops grown has been evolved; these are distributed more or less in the following order: Cereals such as wheat, barley, oats, maize, canary seed, are grown especially in the region formed by the provinces of Buenos Aires, Santa Fé, Entre Rios, Cordoba, and the Gobernacion of the Pampas, which is the cereal zone par excellence. However, the maize crop covers a greater extent of territory—it is grown successfully throughout the greater part of the central and northern districts of the country. Rice likewise can be grown in the latter two districts—it is also being tried successfully in the provinces of Tucumán.

man, San Juan, Mendoza, Salta, La Rioja, and Jujuy, and on the other hand Corrientes, Formosa, Chaco, and Misiones are admirably adapted for rice growing, although but little is produced there. The cultivation of oleaginous plants, such as the castor bean, sesame, and the poppy, can be carried on under favorable conditions in the northern zone, whereas flax, colza, and rape flourish in the central zone. Sugar cane is grown in Tucuman, and Santiago del Estero, and the northern parts of Santa Fé, Chaco, and Formosa. The vine is chiefly cultivated in the provinces of Mendoza and San Juan, where the climate and soil are favorable, and where irrigation is practiced regularly by means of canals; the central region might also produce grapes for wine-making and the table, although they would be inferior to those of Mendoza. The vine flourishes moreover in Catamarca, Salta, and Entre Rios. In order to convey an idea of the remarkable progress made in later years, by agriculture in Argentina, it is sufficient to say that in 1907-1908, the last reliable statistics, the area harvested was 17,682,000 hectares, an increase of 261 per cent. over 1895. Among the cereals, wheat occupies the first place, with fifty-one per cent. of all the grain raised in the republic. In the provinces of Santa Fé and Entre Rios wheat has fallen off during late years on account of its place being given over to corn in the first-mentioned, and to stock raising in the last-mentioned, province. On the other hand it has increased remarkably in the provinces farther south. In the last fourteen years the province of Buenos Aires has shown a gain of 430 per cent., while that of Cordoba has increased 330 per cent. in the same period. There is a manifest tendency to extend the wheat-sown area towards the south, where more favorable conditions of soil and climate prevail, besides bringing it in closer prox-



imity to the shipping ports. Maize or corn can be grown all over the republic from Chubut to Jujuy, but those provinces excel which are well watered, such as Santa Fé, Buenos Aires, and portions of Cordoba in the neighborhood of the river bottoms. As to the yield of wheat per acre, this is below that of Hungary and the United States, but is ahead of Russia. In 1910, there were in Argentina, 29,116,635 cattle, 7,531,376 horses, 465,037 mules, 285,088 asses, 67,211,754 sheep, 3,945,086 goats, and 1,403,591 swine, making a total of over fifteen times as many live stock as there were inhabitants. The total value of live stock in 1895 was \$378,926,803 against \$651,764,187 in 1910. A comparison of the principal countries of the world is as follows:

	<i>Cattle</i>	<i>Horses</i>	<i>Sheep</i>	<i>Swine</i>	<i>Total</i>
United States	69,438,758	21,216,888	61,837,112	64,694,222	217,186,980
East Indies	91,700,000	1,300,000	18,000,000	.....	111,000,000
Russia	34,000,000	22,600,000	42,900,000	11,200,000	110,700,000
Argentina	29,116,625	7,531,376	67,211,754	1,403,501	105,263,256
Australia	9,349,409	1,765,186	83,687,655	813,569	95,615,819
Germany	20,600,000	4,300,000	7,700,000	22,100,000	54,700,000
France	14,000,000	3,200,000	17,500,000	7,000,000	41,700,000
Great Britain	7,000,000	1,600,000	25,400,000	2,300,000	36,300,000
Austria	9,500,000	1,700,000	2,600,000	4,700,000	18,500,000
Cape Colony	2,000,000	300,000	11,800,000	400,000	14,500,000
Canada	5,576,571	1,577,493	2,353,828	2,510,239	11,818,131

Thus of all the great stock-producing countries in the world Argentina ranks fourth.

An important industry is sugar planting and refining. The number of sugar mills is thirty-one, with an investment of \$43,000,000, including the large refinery at Rosario, which is valued at \$4,200,000. In 1904 the output exceeded the demand, and 17,311 tons were exported,

and in 1905, 2199 tons were exported, but in subsequent years production decreased, and sugar had to be imported from foreign markets—1280 tons in 1906, 11,576 in 1907, 41,488 in 1908, 54,113 in 1909, 71,624 in 1910, 74,327 in 1911, 105,001 in 1912, and 126,292 in 1913. The sugar output in tons by years is:

1904.....	128,104	1909.....	176,888
1905.....	137,343	1910.....	214,020
1906.....	116,287	1911.....	204,545
1907.....	119,445	1912.....	205,691
1908.....	161,688	1913.....	187,503

<i>Wine industry</i>	<i>Number of vineyards</i>	<i>Capital invested</i>	<i>Output in hectoliters</i>
Mendoza	910	\$34,500,000	2,300,000
San Juan	326	9,000,000	600,000
La Rioja	539	1,300,000	65,000
Salta	77	1,200,000	60,000
Entre Rios	274	1,000,000	40,000
Cordoba	414	950,000	38,000
Buenos Aires	407	875,000	35,000
Catamarca	146	450,000	30,000
Jujuy	4	12,000	3,000
Totals	3097	\$49,287,000	3,171,000

**POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.** The form of government is federal, republican, and representative. The autonomous states, called provinces, have each their own constitution so adapted to the national constitution that it differs from it in no single point of view. The constitution of the provinces guarantees the administration of justice, municipal government, and primary education in each. They elect their own governors, legislators, and other provincial functionaries, without any intervention on the part of the federal government. The political and administrative difficulties which may crop up between the provinces are decided by the Supreme Court of Fed-

eral Justice. The provincial governors are declared by the national constitution to be the natural agents of the federal government and as such are entrusted with the enforcement of the laws of the state. The federal government is vested in three powers:—legislative, executive, and judicial. A Congress formed by two chambers—one of Representatives and the other of Senators—is invested with the legislative power of the nation. Each province as well as the capital of the republic has its Representatives, elected by the people and by the majority of votes, there being a Representative for every 33,000 people or fraction thereof not less than the half.

Each province and the capital are represented in the Senate by two Senators elected by the respective legislative chambers by a majority of votes. Initiatory legislation belongs indiscriminately to either of the Houses of Congress; it is introduced in the form of bills by one member or by the executive, save those laws which are the exclusive concern of one or other of the Houses.

For the presidential election, each province and the capital appoints by direct vote a number of electors equal to double the number of Representatives and Senators sitting in Congress. Those electors, among whom there are no Representatives or Senators, or any official paid by the state, meet in the provincial capitals four months before the presidential period expires, and vote by means of two separate papers, one with the name of the presidential candidate, and the other with that for vice-president. The scrutiny is carried out in Congress together with the proclamation of the President and the Vice-President, if there is an absolute majority of votes in favor of any of the candidates for their respective posts. In the contrary event, Congress, in accordance with the principles laid down by the constitution to this effect, elects to these

posts, separately, two of those candidates whose names have been inscribed on the lists.

The executive power is invested in the President and eight ministers, secretaries of state, responsible for the acts authorized by their signatures. They consist of Ministers of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs and Worship, of Finance, of Justice and Public Instruction, of Public Works, of Agriculture, of War, and of Marine.

The judicial power is invested in the Supreme Court of Federal Justice, consisting of five ministers, and a solicitor-general, who are appointed by the President of the republic with the unanimous accord of the Senate. The Federal Court of Appeals in the capital, and several federal judges in civil and commercial causes residing in the capital and in the provinces, are also invested with judicial power.

The present chief executive is rather a weak ruler. His name is Roque Saenz Pena, and he is a great friend of the Jesuits. He has invited many of these to come to Argentina from France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal, of which the masses do not approve. As an intellectual man he has no par, for he is exceedingly learned and brilliant, but, being afflicted with an illness, he is unfitted to assume the reins of office. As Argentina has now no troublesome times, he can fill the position, which I doubt if he could do if the affairs of the country were turbulent. He does not care much for the honor of being President, and spends most of his time at his summer residence at Tigre or at the *estancia* of his friend, Dr. Anchorena, near Mar del Plata. He has diabetes, and a recent rumor spread that he had resigned, which was welcomed by the populace, for Argentina needs a stronger ruler. She does not need another Rosas, nor does she need a Figueroa Alcorta. This man, predecessor to Saenz Pena, stole about \$20,000,000 while in office, and now resides in luxury in Paris. All Argentina

wants is a hard worker, like the deposed Guillermo Billinghurst of Peru, who managed the country as he would manage his own business, for its best.

Argentina's navy is good, but the men know nothing about the water nor about the machinery of the warships, as they are by nature farmers. The army is far from being on a firm basis like that of Chile; the fat soldiers prefer to amuse themselves sitting in the shade of an *ombu* tree sipping vermouth and sleeping rather than to endure the hardships of the rugged Chileans. Argentina is trying to obtain an aeroplane corps in connection with her army. Funds are short, so the War Department has issued stamps with no postage value selling for five *centavos* each, to be affixed on the letters with other postage to collect funds. It has offered a premium of a nickel medal with the subscriber's name engraved on it to the purchaser of every fifty of these stamps, a silver one to the purchaser of one hundred, and a golden one to the purchaser of two hundred and fifty stamps. These stamps have no monetary value, but the government makes its money on the difference between that taken in, and the value of the medal. Everybody is trying to buy a medal, so the War Department is making a nice profit out of the stamps.

The Argentinians welcome American goods, which would find an easier sale if they were sold according to the metric system. The American manufacturers are to blame that no more of their goods are sold there. A well-known story goes to explain this fact:—An American salesman, representing a well-known collar house, returned home disgusted because he didn't make a single sale during his entire trip. When asked about his failure, he replied that he could have sold any amount of goods if his house would have changed the numbers on the collars to those desired for South American trade. Collars size sixteen

and a half would be numbered forty-one, and so forth, according to the metric scale. His house couldn't see things that way, for it didn't understand why a collar size sixteen and a half, marked sixteen and a half for North American trade, should be marked forty-one for South American. It was totally ignorant of anything metrical, so a French concern got the inside track and sold the same customers inferior grades of collars, numbered to please the purchaser. Many Americans think, "Well, if I had enough money, I would go to the Argentine Republic, and have an easy time of it." No foreigner has any right there that cannot talk Spanish, although Italian will carry one in most places. English isn't understood as much there as Spanish is home, and judging from the numerous American bums there, people stranded, and out of work, it is because they made the old mistake that thousands do of going to the country knowing no other language than their own. The high scale of wages paid is a great incentive and inducement for the immigrant, but he should understand that the cost of living is proportionately high. Some of the wages paid are, by the month, working day of eight hours:

Tailors cutters .....	\$250.00	Bakers, assistant.....	\$ 50.00
"    finishers.....	60.00	"    oven master.....	60.00
Shoemaker in shoe factory .	90.00	Potter.....	100.00
Bakers, master kneader...	70.00	Glassworker, mechanic..	200.00
"    kneader.....	65.00	"    ordinary...	110.00

Carpenters get \$5.50 a day of eight to nine hours and ordinary labor is about \$2.50 a day for the most menial jobs.

The northernmost province of Argentina is Jujuy, with a population in 1909 of 58,842, which now (1914) is estimated at 65,000. Next to Tucuman it is the smallest in the republic. Its altitude above sea level

is between 5000 and 10,000 feet and it adjoins Bolivia, with which it carries on a lively trade in cattle. It has the wet and the dry seasons, the latter from April to October, and its bleak hills when cultivated produce good fruit, peaches being the most favored. Along the river bottoms are woods and thickets. Here sugar cane can be grown. In the mountains are valuable mineral deposits, little exploited as yet, although there are gold mines in operation. The only stream that can properly be called a river is the Grande, the source of the San Francisco, farther down called the Bermejo, which flows into the Paraguay at the town of Bermejo. There are many aborigines in the province who live in great filth and poverty. The towns are of no importance, Jujuy, the capital, being the largest, a dirty place of 12,000 inhabitants, in the southern part of the province. It is on the Central Northern Railroad, which extends as far as La Quiaca, the northernmost town in the republic, on the Bolivian frontier, whence there is a stage line to Tupiza, Bolivia. The climate is hot, with cold nights.

South and east of Jujuy is the province of Salta, with an area of 78,209 square miles, and a population (1914) of 165,085. It has all the varieties of climate from the hot lowlands to mountain peaks 14,000 feet high. In this province are grown sugar cane, rice, corn, wheat, and all the cereals common to the tropical and temperate zones. Coffee is also cultivated. In live stock there are said to be 600,000 cattle, 400,000 sheep, 225,000 goats, 100,000 horses, and 45,000 mules and asses. Its mines contain gold, copper, iron, tin, ocher, silver, lead, and bismuth. There are also oil fields. Its capital city, Salta, is a proud and handsome place of 30,000 inhabitants and is noted for the wealth of its people. It is one of the best built up towns of the republic, enjoys

a good climate, has creosote wooden blocks for pavement, and, though absolutely modern, retains more relics of the colonial period in architecture than any city in Argentina. It is to its country in architecture and lore what Potosi is to Bolivia, and Lima to Peru. It is not on a main line of railroad, but on a branch of the Central Northern Railroad which runs from the junction of General Guimes. There are, save it, no towns of importance in the whole province. At the station of Rosario de la Frontera in the southern part, is the thermal establishment of Dr. Palau with a sanatorium and mineral springs, whose waters are well known throughout the republic, and are drunk in all the principal hotels and on the tables of the epicures.

East of the northern part of the province of Salta and directly south of Paraguay is the Gobernacion of Formosa with 67,041 square miles and a population of 9811, mostly Indians and the white inhabitants of the small city of Formosa, the capital, which lies on the Paraguay River. The entire territory is a part of the Chaco, a district of forests, jungles, and swamp, much resembling physically the everglades of Florida or the Okefinokee. A railroad is being constructed across it latitudinally which in time will bring its resources nearer to the open market.

West of Salta is the Gobernacion de los Andes, a bleak and barren forbidding waste of land comprising the mountain peaks of the Andes with an approximate area of 40,563 square miles and an estimated population of between 3000 and 4000. It contains several large salt lakes and deposits of borax. Most of the territory is unexplored, and it is the largest area in the Andes about which nothing is known. There is no vegetation, and the inhabitants cluster in the little town of San Antonio de las Cruces, the capital, and in three other small settlements.

The Gobernacion del Chaco, whose northern limits



reach nearly as far north as those of Los Andes, although it is far distant to the east of it, has an area of 85,397 square miles and a population (1909) of 24,957. It, like Formosa, is entirely *chaco*, although not so swampy and easier to cultivate. The climate is hot and malarial. The only town is Resistencia, with quite a few small settlements on the railroad that runs to Santa Fé.

The Gobernacion of Misiones, so called from the early Jesuit missions established here, has 18,268 square miles, and an estimated population of 50,000. It has made wonderful progress during the past ten years, and the time is not far off when it will be admitted as a province. The settlers are fast coming in with a goodly number of Germans and other North Europeans. The whole area is very fertile, and the climate healthy. *Yerba maté* and cattle are the chief industries. Of late years, many tourists have visited the territory on their way to the falls of Yguassu and the ruins of San Ignacio. The capital is Posadas with 8827 inhabitants. Domingo Barthe is contemplating building an \$800,000 hotel there. Although there are many settlements, the only other one worthy of mention is Apostoles.

Santiago del Estero, often abbreviated to Santiago, is a large province of 89,678 square miles, with a population, in 1914, of 285,244. The climate is hot and dry which makes irrigation necessary, as the rainfall is but slight. The northern part is *chaco*, which here is a wilderness of brush and has not the verdure and trees of that which is in the Chaco and Formosa Gobernaciones. There are great salt marshes in Santiago del Estero called the Salinas Grandes, which are the haunts of wild fowl. Two rivers traverse it, the Salado and the Dulce, and it is between these that the most thickly settled parts lie, for they are connected by irrigating canals. The prov-

ince is a great stock country, cattle and sheep being the leaders in that line, while in the north lumbering is carried on to a minor extent. The trees, which are small, are made into charcoal, which is one of the most extensive industries. Flax, corn, and sugar cane are also grown. The capital city is named Santiago del Estero, and is an uninteresting town of 22,000 inhabitants with low, commonplace buildings. It is the only place of importance.

Directly ~~east~~<sup>west</sup> of Santiago del Estero, is the smallest and most thickly settled province of the entire republic, Tucuman. It is about the size of Maryland, with an estimated population of 380,000, one fifth of which lives in the capital, and the rest scattered through the small cities and towns throughout the province. In the War of Liberation, Tucuman played an important part, and with what are now the provinces of Catamarca and Santiago del Estero proclaimed itself a republic, with Araoz as President; a reign of anarchy took place and there was a revolution in which he was caught by the revolutionist Lopez and shot, the latter assuming the curule chair. La Madrid overthrew him and was proclaimed chief executive in his stead. There were now twelve years of continuous strife between ambitious military leaders, Lopez again assuming power, to be followed by Quiroga, Heredia, Ibarra, and Moldes. Heredia finally won out; and, for a time, the republic enjoyed prosperity, and the cultivation of sugar cane was inaugurated. Rosas, President of the Argentine Confederation, and Heredia formed an alliance and made war with Bolivia. Each was ambitious of honors, which caused a split up, and a vote was taken whether Tucuman should enter the Confederation; this was carried. In 1845, the first census was taken, and the province of Tucuman had at that time 57,876 inhabitants and 8036 houses; in 1858, it had increased to

83,000; in 1869, to 108,000; in 1909, to 288,607, while, at the present day, the estimated population is 380,000.

The chief industry is sugar, most of the lands of the province being given up to the production of it, which in late years has taken a slight slump owing to the establishment of grain crops. There were but thirteen sugar mills in 1850, while, to-day, there are over 800. Up to the time that the railroad put the province into connection with Cordoba and the outside world, sugar was manufactured by the most primitive methods, but, after that, the facilities for importing modern machinery drove the small operators to the wall, and decreased the number of mills then extant, but the capitalization of the larger ones who managed to hold their heads above the water was augmented. Warlike Tucuman is a mercantile emporium, likened unto a beehive, the admiration of the natives and the strangers. Its crops represent an annual value of \$50,000,000; its waste land is a plantation, its dryness, a freshness, its monotony, liveliness, and its arid regions an enchantment. The country was originally poor with little vegetation, but a trip to it will show what man has done to reclaim wastes into a garden.

The capital, Tucuman, is called the Garden of Argentina. West of it rises the majestic peak of Aconquija with its summit crowned with eternal snow. The city, the name of which originated from the Indian cacique, Tucuma, of the Calchaqui tribe, has a population of 75,000 against 49,000 in 1900. It is fifth in size in Argentina, being exceeded only by Buenos Aires, Rosario, Cordoba, and La Plata, but for its size it is just as lively as its larger sisters. It is modern in every way, with its suburban lines of railway, belt lines, electric cars, industrious suburbs, up-to-date stores, and street bustle.

There is a whole bunch of small cities and villages in

the province, noticeable among which are La Madrid, Concepcion, Villa Quinteros, Civil Pozas, and Pacara. The summer of 1913 witnessed an epidemic of bubonic plague in the province, it being especially severe in La Madrid and a neighboring town of Villa Alberdi.

West and south of Tucuman, is the large province of Catamarca, a high country, the greater part of which is arid or semi-arid. It comprises the peaks of the Andes with their foothills, on which abounds a cactus wilderness. It hasn't been entirely explored, but of its mineral wealth it is sufficient to say that so far as is known it is the richest province of the republic in this line. The Mejicano mine has beds of gold, silver, and copper, while that of Restauradora has both silver and copper. The district of Capillitas is the richest and produces monthly 250 tons of mineral. There is but little stock raising but there are grain ranches which remind one of those of eastern Oregon. Some of the land in this province is the cheapest in the whole country, and inducements are offered for settlers to enter. The province formerly belonged to Tucuman, but, after a split up, it joined the Confederation. The estimated population is 126,000 mostly in the neighborhood of the capital and in the valleys around Valle Viejo, Piedra Blanca, and Andalgalá. The snow-capped Aconquija is visible from almost every corner of the province; the southern part is given up to the great salt waste, named Salinas Grandes; the rivers are small, but are turbulent, and most of them lose themselves in underground channels.

The capital, San Fernando del Valle de Catamarca, but commonly known as Catamarca, is a severe and austere place of 18,000 inhabitants who are noted for their culture. In this respect, it and its province stand alone, for this is the only part of the republic where the

word "illiteracy" is unknown. It is a town of schools, and colleges, and newspapers. The view of the distant mountains is magnificent. The other towns of the province, all on the railroads, are Recreo, Andalgalá, Tinogasta, and Chumbicha. Tinogasta is the starting-point for the trail across the Andes to Antofagasta in Chile.

Next in the southward line comes Corrientes, the city of the same name of which I have described. The province is but a trifle smaller than Michigan with an area of 54,299 square miles and a population, in 1914, of 363,858. It has 461 miles of railroad including the stretch of thirty-five kilometers built by Dodero last year out of the capital which connects it with San Luis del Palmar. The products are fruits, predominantly the orange, dyewoods, tobacco, cattle, charcoal, leather. Many of the inhabitants have leprosy tendencies. The capital city is famed for its stately churches. The other towns of importance are Mercedes, an orange-exporting town; Monte Caseros, another citrus town and headquarters of the Northeastern Argentine Railroad, containing the car shops; Goya, a leper-infested place on the Paraná; Paso de los Libres, on the Uruguay, whence one can take a ferry to Uruguayana in Brazil; and Curuzu Cuatia, another orange town.

East of Corrientes, is the wonderful province of Santa Fé, my favorite spot in the whole country and already described. It has about a million inhabitants. Besides the cities of Rosario and Santa Fé, the other towns are very numerous. The third city of the province is Villa Casilda. Where it now stands, thirty years ago there was nothing visible to the eye but the vast prairie. A Spaniard, Don Carlos Casado de Alisal, settled here, prospered, and founded a town, which is destined at some future time to be one of the large towns of the republic. After his pre-

mature death, his successor in the grain business, Antonio S. Maza, carried out his intentions in the building of a city, so that to-day the Santafecinos have something to be justly proud of. It lies directly west of Rosario on the Argentine Central Railroad but one and one half hours' ride, and boasts of a population of 25,000. The fourth town in the province is Esperanza, a short distance out of Santa Fé on the railroad from that city to Cordoba. Other towns are Reconquista, Vera, San Cristobal, San Javier, Soledad, San Justo, Tostado, Lapelada, Humboldt, Pilar, Rafaela, Sastre, Gomez, General Roca, Correa, San Urbano, and Rufino.

La Rioja has an area of 61,413 square miles, being a trifle larger than Georgia, and contains an estimated population of 90,000. It had 88,502 in 1909, but, on account of the aridity of its soil, it is doubtful if there has been any increase worth mentioning. It is the poorest province of the whole republic. The western part has wide valleys among the stony mountains while the eastern part is a great sandy waste with a dismal appearance and very hot, dry climate. Its principal productions pertain to the mineral kingdom, silver and copper being the staples. Agriculture plays but a small rôle on account of the character of the soil and the climate being opposed to it, although the grapevine has been successfully grown in some localities. The Bermejo River rises in the mountains of the province, but except for that water is scarce. The capital, La Rioja, is a squalid place of 12,000 inhabitants, and presents a tumble-down appearance. The only other two places worthy of a name on the map are Santa Rosa de Patquia and Chilecito.

East of the southern part of La Rioja, and directly west of Santa Fé, is Cordoba, with 109,131 square miles and an estimated population of 635,000. A century

ago the territory included in the whole province today contained only 40,000 inhabitants of Spanish blood as there were no aborigines settled in this great stretch of land. In 1852, the population had risen to 110,000; in 1869 to 210,000; in 1890, to 326,000. It is divided into twenty-five departments which are similar to our counties, which in order of population are: City of Cordoba, pop. 110,000; San Justo, pop. 55,000; Rio Cuarto, pop. 50,000; Union, pop. 45,000; Juarez Celman, pop. 35,000; Tercero Abajo, pop. 32,000; Rio Segundo, pop. 28,000; Rio Primero, pop. 28,000; Cruz del Eje, pop. 23,000; San Javier, pop. 19,000; Tercero Arriba, pop. 18,000; Colon, pop. 17,000; San Alberto, pop. 16,000; Tolumba, pop. 14,000; Ischilin, pop. 14,000; Calamuchita, pop. 13,000; Santa Maria, pop. 12,000; Punilla, pop. 11,000; Totoral, pop. 11,000; General Roca, pop. 10,000; Pocho, pop. 10,000; Minas, pop. 9000; Rio Seco, pop. 8000, and Sobremonte, pop. 7000. It is the greatest stock-raising province in the republic, and also produces a lot of grain, which, however, does not get as good a yield to the hectare as farther south, and is also apt to be of an inferior quality on account of the drought and heat of the country. The province was naturally arid, but was traversed by four streams of quite a volume which have been tapped, and irrigation ditches made to lead from them; by this means what was formerly a desolate waste has been converted into a productive land. The mountains, which in Cordoba never attain any great height, are like those of southern California as far as vegetation is concerned, covered with mesquite and sage, with a few oaks and laurels, of the manzanita variety.

Cordoba has made wonderful strides during the past few decades.

The city of Cordoba, which is called by the Argentinos

the Rome of the New World, on account of its churches and cloisters, is an ancient city of 110,000 inhabitants, and is the third in size in the republic. It boasts of having the oldest university in the New World, which is, however, a questioned point, as Lima, in Peru, also lays claim to the same honor. Suffice it to say that Cordoba is and always has been the seat of learning of southern South America, and among the men who were graduated from there was Dr. Francia, the famous dictator of Paraguay. Cordoba is a great seat of learning, mostly along the secular line, but it is also a great railroad center and a great distributing point like Dallas, Texas. It is situated on the Rio Primero, which flows through high banks to the Mar Chiquita, a shallow lake of fresh water, and the haunt of myriads of water fowl. The rivers in the province are all named numerically, such as *segundo*, *tercero*, *cuarto*, and *quinto*, meaning second, third, fourth, and fifth, which is a good scheme; they begin this arithmetical progression starting from the north and going southward.

A few miles out of Cordoba, in an easterly direction, on a river of the same name, is the town of Rio Segundo with its brewery, which is said to be one of the largest in the republic, that of the Cerveceria Argentina at Quilmes being the only larger one. The river rises in the low mountains back of the city of Cordoba, which are named the Sierra de Cordoba. A summer resort is at Alta Gracia in these mountains, and, next to Mar del Plata, it is the favorite retreat of the wealthy Porteños (inhabitants of Buenos Aires) in the hot season.

The second city of Cordoba province is Villa Maria, a railroad center near the geographical center of the province, on the Santa Fé Railroad, the Buenos Aires Railroad, the Pacific Railroad, and on two lines of the Argentine Central. Another town is San Francisco on the main line



of the Cordoba Central between Cordoba and Santa Fé. Other places of importance are Rio Cuarto, La Carlota, and Vicuna Mackenna.

Directly north of Mendoza, and south and west of La Rioja, is the wine-growing province of San Juan, which, together with its sister province of Mendoza, has long been looked upon by Chile with envious eyes. Though one of the farthest distant and hardest of access of any of the provinces of the great southern republic, San Juan is one of the most progressive and has showed great development during recent years, although it is the only province of the entire republic that has lost in population. In 1909 the population was 106,031 and in 1914 it was 98,898, due to the fact that a large Italian immigration which formerly worked the vineyards returned home to fight the Turks. Returning after the war, they settled in the state of São Paulo, Brazil, where the terrain and climate are more like what they were accustomed to at home. The area of San Juan province measures 54,760 square miles, and like the western part of Mendoza it is rocky. It comprises part of the eastern slopes of the Andes, and at its southwestern extremity, the volcano Aconcagua, the highest mountain of South America, marks the boundary between it, Chile, and Mendoza. Other lofty Andine peaks that mark the Chilean frontier with that of San Juan are Mercedario, Blanco, Negro, Leon, and Potro. The principal pass, in these mountains is that of Los Patos, 13,425 feet high, over which Cabot, one of San Martin's lieutenants, marched across to Chile during the War of Liberation and came out at the port of Coquimbo. The rivers are mountain torrents, jumping in a mad race down the gorges of the Andes, and are finally gobbled up and harnessed, forming canals and irrigation ditches for the cultivation of the vine. The principal worry of the inhabitants is the lack

of water, and to this effect a large canal is being dug across San Juan and Mendoza provinces with an outlet in the Atlantic Ocean near Rawson in Patagonia. This is called the 25 de Mayo canal, and will open up a large area of land that needs only irrigation to make it fruitful. The rainfall is slight, and is invariably thunderstorms that break over the mountains, swelling the streams, making them impassable at times, and washing out bridges. The highest reaches of the mountains are covered with eternal snows. The eastern confines are sandy, saline, and are sparsely settled.

There are only three rivers worthy of the appellation, the San Juan, the Jachel, and the Bermejo. The Desaguadero Creek rises in Lake Huanacache, which teems with small fish and is the retreat of aquatic birds. The climate is dry and healthy, with an excessive heat in spring but cool in the winter, at which time the broad vineyards are frequently covered with a mantle of snow. The winds are strong and chill. San Juan is the healthiest province of Argentina, with no particular disease common to it as in most localities. The only epidemic is a rare occurrence of scarlet fever, while in the higher altitudes, as all over the world, a bad cold is apt to turn into pneumonia. Goiter, prevalent in Mendoza, is here unknown; this is an antithesis to the theory that goiter is always present where the Lombardy poplar is the most common tree. The mines of the province contain gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, sulphur, salt, and there are quarries of limestone, black marble, granite, and kaolin. There are 150 gold mines, 71 of mixed gold and silver, 838 silver, 7 of mixed gold, silver, and copper, 23 copper, and 22 coal mines. In the city of San Juan there is a cement factory. The railroads are the Argentine Pacific, which runs to Mendoza, and the Northern Argentine Railroad, which runs to Cordoba.

The capital city is San Juan with 17,000 inhabitants. It is an old place, founded in 1561, by Don Juan Jofre y Mallea, but its growth dates back only two decades. It is lively, up-to-date, and as far as appearance goes absolutely modern, with an excellent theater.

Mendoza province, famed for wine, earthquakes, and goiter is, withal, especially in the neighborhood of Mendoza city, a pleasant spot to live in, and, next to Santa Fé, the place I most enjoy in the whole country. It has an area of 91,486 square miles and has a population (1909) of 163,288 inhabitants, most of whom live not far distant from the capital. The northern and eastern parts are dry and dusty, while the western limits are wild and grand mountain ranges, the high Andes. Besides viticulture, stock raising enjoys a place among its industries. A recent census of the same gave 329,998 head of cattle, 290,123 of sheep, 131,858 horses, 205,427 goats, 28,360 mules, and 25,351 hogs, with a total value of \$14,283,389.00. Gold, silver, copper, iron, marble, petroleum, and coal are found in the mountains. It is also noted for the mineral waters that are to be met with at different sections of the country, most notable among which is that of Villavicencio, which is the most palatable of all the waters of the republic. The other waters are Puente del Inca, Capi, Challao, Borbollon, and Lunlunta. The capital is Mendoza, already described. It has suburban lines of steam railroad which connect the leading vineyards with the city. The only other place of importance is the small city of La Paz, midway between it and San Luis, capital of the San Luis province.

Directly east of Mendoza is the prairie province of San Luis, with a population of 106,418, according to the census of 1909. A few decades ago it was much of a desert, but cultivation and pasturing have rewarded the

labor of man, so that to-day it is one of the greatest stock-raising provinces of the entire republic. It has a dry and hot climate, and is dusty in the summer when no rain falls. Rainfall is slight, and there is no abundance of water, thus giving it an appearance like eastern Wyoming. The capital is San Luis, a city of 23,000 inhabitants, modern and attractive. It boasts of the best depot on the Ferrocarril Pacifico, that at Buenos Aires not being as handsome. Three lines of this railroad traverse the province although the capital city is only on one line. There is another branch line of the same system which runs northward from Villa Mercedes, the second town in size, and the Central Argentine also makes that place one of its termini. The new railroad which will shortly be built from Mendoza to Rosario will cross the center of the province, and at the present time the Western Railroad has its terminus at Bagual, the third place of importance.

Entre Rios, so called from its situation between the Paraná and the Uruguay rivers, is the best watered province of all Argentina and its soil is among the most fertile. Besides the streams mentioned, there is another navigable one named the Gualeguay. Then there are rivers such as the Paraná Guazu, the Richuela Victoria, and the Nogaya. It much resembles physically the country at the mouth of the Danube or the Nile delta. The area of Entre Rios is 47,346 square miles, or approximately the size of the State of New York, and its population numbers about 450,000, although the population of five years ago was 399,951. The density per square mile varies greatly, the thickest settled portions being farthest to the west although the greatest mileage of railroads lies east of the center of the province. In the department of Gualeguaychu on the eastern boundary the density of population is but 5.32 to the square mile, while in the depart-

ment of Paraná the density reaches 26.80 to the square mile. There is but one main railroad system in the province, the Entre Rios Railroad, which is narrow gauge. Its trains connect with the car ferry at Ibicuy and the traveler can easily go from Buenos Aires to all parts of the province without the irksomeness of changing cars. The whole country is a plain, the northern part having a slightly higher elevation than the southern part which ends in marshes at the conjunction of the two rivers. Entre Rios is a great stock country, and by the census of 1908 it was found to contain 3,145,659 cattle, 647,175 horses, 7,005,469 sheep, and 81,109 hogs. One of the chief industries are the *saladerios* or meat-canning plants to be met with all along the rivers. This industry was first inaugurated in this section by Liebig, who has his big beef-canning establishment at Fray Bentos on the Uruguayan shore across the river from Gualeguaychu. To the north, in the slightly rolling country, clumps of trees are to be met. Besides Paraná and Concordia the next town of importance is Concepcion del Uruguay, commonly known as Concepcion. Then comes Gualeguaychu. Other towns are Victoria, Gualeguay, La Paz, Diamante, Basovilbaso, Tala, Nogaya, and Medanos.

By far the most important, and also the largest, of the provinces, with its capital at La Plata and its whole territory traversed with railroads nearly parallel to each other and all running in the direction of Buenos Aires, is the province of Buenos Aires. Its population is about a million and a half, and its size nearly that of Texas, which goes to show that it is thinly inhabited. Such is the case, for the western part is a large prairie and low barren hills with outcrops of limestone at their summits where houses are rarely seen. That part is dry and uninteresting. The eastern part is prodigiously fertile, made so by the labor

of the human race, and it is there that the population of the province is centered. Farmers don't live in the country to the extent that they do in the United States. They prefer to live in the villages and daily go out to their holdings. The population is urban. The eastern section is well watered and rainfall is ample. The villages are pleasant, and nearly every one has the habitation of a local *estanciero* who is the seigneur of the region which he lives in. Highly educated and intellectual, he prefers to remain on his *hacienda* in the company of a coterie of friends that he has invited out from the city to spend the time with him, and enjoys from his laborers a respect that is akin to homage. Buenos Aires province is the richest in the republic and formerly had as a capital the city of the same name, but when the population so increased that a division was necessary, and when Congress voted to have a federal capital in Argentina, La Plata was created, and has had a rapid growth, which I think has reached its highest point for some time to come, although many lines of ocean-going vessels anchor in its artificial harbor instead of that of the capital, which is only twenty-five miles distant.

The system of the Southern Railroad, which is said to be the best managed and has the greatest mileage of any in South America, is confined nearly entirely to this province, although it has spurs running into the Gobernaciones of the Pampa, Rio Negro, and Neuquen. There is only one railroad that crosses the province in its entire sectional length from north to south, and that is the one from Rosario to Puerto Belgrano. All railroads radiate from Buenos Aires from northwest to southeast at many acute angles, many being parallel to one another. Three other roads, confined nearly entirely to the province, are the Western Railroad, the Buenos Aires Central, and the

Province of Buenos Aires Railroad. It is a good thing that there are so many railroads in the country, for the wagon roads are poor, being but straight lines, with no well-defined track, stretching across the prairies to the distant horizon and beyond. This great plain is an expanse of solitude. Picture a perfectly flat country of waving grass, somewhat scorched by the hot midday sun, stretching away as far as an eye can see; in the broad acres a herd of cattle grazing, but with no other live thing visible, unless it is a rabbit that scurries into its warren startled at seeing a human being; in the far distance a clump of tall poplar trees with the white outlines of a farmhouse with a windmill, and you have a view of the greater part of the province. Electric roads haven't contributed much yet to the modernity and progress of the country. The only one worth mentioning is that which connects the federal capital with the suburban town of Quilmes, about ten miles distant; another one is being contemplated to Tigre, about twenty miles away. They are badly needed, but, as in Europe, electricity hasn't achieved the importance that it has in the United States.

La Plata, with its 95,000 inhabitants, is the metropolis of the province. Bahia Blanca comes next. Pergamino is third with a population of 40,000 souls. It is a railroad center in the northern part, nearer to Rosario than to Buenos Aires. The fourth town is Chivilcoy, on a branch line off the Western Railroad about three hours out of Buenos Aires. It has 35,000 people. Other towns of importance are Lincoln, Bolivar, Salto, Mercedes, Saladillo, Las Flores, with a fine church, and Olivarria in the center of a grain district. The other smaller cities are Moreno, Lujan, on the river of the same name, Zarate, with its *saladerio* and paper factory, Capilla del Señor, with its gruesome cemetery, San Nicolas, population

30,000, Junin, Chacabuco, Baradero, and San Pedro, the two last mentioned being Paraná River ports, Villegas, Timote, and Colonel Suarez, all grain-distributing towns, 9 de Julio, Bragado, Suipacha, Cañuelas, Quilmes, with its brewery, 25 de Mayo, Mariscal Paz, Ferrari, Altamirano, Dolores, Maipu, General Alvear, Saavedra, Ayacucho, Tandil, with its famous rocking stone, Mar del Plata, the most fashionable summer resort on the southern continent, Tres Arroyas, Loberia, Necochea, Pringles, Rauch, and Colonel Dorrego.

What used to be called the Pampa Central, but what is now the Gobernacion de Pampa, is situated directly west of Buenos Aires, and directly south of Cordoba and San Luis provinces. It has an area of 91,179 square miles and, in 1909, its population was 47,645. It is a dry, semi-arid country, with wheat the principal staple of production. Its population is scattered and lives in hamlets. Physically it resembles southern Idaho. The chief grievance seems to be a growth or subsoil named the *tosca* through which water cannot penetrate and give sufficient nourishment to the crops. This is the case in San Luis, Neuquen, Rio Negro, and parts of Mendoza and Buenos Aires. A few inches underneath the top layer of soil lies a substance of mossy formation, vegetable, nearly as hard as stone, named the *tosca*, which has to be done away with before crops can be produced. As the process is extremely expensive, farming cannot be carried on successfully. In the valleys watered by the Curaco and the Colorado, tufts of high grass with spiny shoots from which grow white feathery bunches are found. This is the Pampas Grass, which adorns many a lawn in California, but which is here found in its native state. The capital of Pampa is Toay with 4000 inhabitants. The only other mentionable towns are Pico, Victorica, Catrilo, and General Acha.



Southwest of Pampa, and south of Mendoza, part of which formerly went under the geographical division of Patagonia, is the desolate Gobernacion of Neuquen, an unwatered waste, and its capital a village of the same name lying on the Limay at its junction with the Neuquen, forming the Colorado, and connected with Bahia Blanca by rail. Neuquen has an area of 69,536 square miles, and a population, in 1909, of 28,040. An exception to its desert area is the country in the neighborhood of Lake Nahuelhuapi in its southwestern extremity. A bridge 750 meters long, and owned by the Southern Railroad, crosses the Limay at the capital. The village is but a clump of white one-storey houses planted in the solitude of the desert, with a main street flanked by two rows of stunted tamarind trees which leads to a chalet, the residence of the governor.

The southern part of Argentina, known as Patagonia, and the home of giant Indian tribes, is divided into the three Gobernaciones of Rio Negro, Chubut, and Santa Cruz. Rio Negro boasts of an area of 109,184 square miles and a population of 24,035 souls; Chubut, 151,274 square miles and 13,685 population; while Santa Cruz has 176,719 square miles and 4901 inhabitants. Including Neuquen, Patagonia, therefore, has an area of 506,713 square miles, with a total population of 70,661. Viedma is the seat of government of Rio Negro at the mouth of the Rio Negro and across the river from Carmen de Patagones in the Buenos Aires province whence leads a wagon road from Bahia Blanca. From San Antonio on a gulf of the same name, a railroad runs to Corral Chico which will in time be extended to San Carlos de Bariloche on Lake Nahuelhuapi. Rawson, the capital of Chubut, with 4000 inhabitants, and its nearby sister Puerto Madryn on the Golfo Nuevo, have recently come into prominence by the

discovery of oil fields in the neighborhood and a short railroad has been extended into the interior. At Commodoro Rivadavia, a port farther south, another railroad has been built inward to the hamlet of Colonel Sarmiento on Lake Colhue. Much farther to the south, in the Gobernacion of Santa Cruz is the small lumbering town of Santa Cruz de Patagones with a sawmill. Still farther south is the small capital named Gallegos, on the same latitude with the Falkland Islands, fifty-two degrees south. A telegraph line connects Bahia Blanca with Tierra del Fuego. The northern part of Patagonia is desert, and the home of nomad tribes who capture the ostrich by means of a rawhide lasso from whose ends dangle three balls filled with stones or iron. They throw this around the necks of the birds when galloping at full speed, the balls and rawhide entwining themselves around the necks of the birds and bringing them down. In the northern valley, fruit trees can be grown, but all that is needed is a population. In the south, the mountains come down to the ocean, barren frowning peaks of solid rock, whose ravines are filled with timber and débris. The settlers are fishermen and sailors, with a great number of escaped convicts who lead a reckless, lawless life and who haven't had the sagacity to choose locations for their settlements that are adapted to agriculture. An English firm in the Santa Cruz territory has prospered by establishing a stock ranch on the bottoms of a river valley. There are a few settlements in these valleys and on the Chilean frontier populated by a north European population. Much of the territory in that locality is heavily wooded and there might be a future in the lumber industry some day.

There is one good pass to Chile at a low elevation of 4,000 feet by the way of the Lake Nahuelhuapi. This lake is 100 miles long and 40 miles broad and contains

in its middle a large island named Victoria. The shores are wooded and green. San Carlos de Bariloche is a German colony, and a lonesome place. The lake is most easily reached by wagon or horseback from Osorno in Chile to its western port, named Puerto Brest. A small steamer plies on it, weather permitting, because at intervals, during a storm, treacherous squalls arise. The lake is dark green and transparent. There is a wooden mole filled in with bowlders and planked over, at San Carlos, which serves as the anchorage. Near it is a gristmill, and then the little town with its German stores and German-speaking population. Both the priest and the preacher are Teutonic as well as all of the inhabitants, except the police, who are Argentinos, and who keep the night noisy by their shrill repetition of their whistles. The beach is strewn with the bones of cows and horses. Victoria Island contains several thousand head of stock and is the abode of woodcutters superintended by a German proprietor. Twenty-five miles away the Prince of Reuss has an estate of 85,000 acres where he can go if he is ever deposed in Germany. Several wealthy Porteños have great tracts of land in this neighborhood, with clear titles, which the impoverished German settlers are unable to obtain for their small holdings, on which they have wasted their youth and energy. In time, a railroad will be built across the pass to Chile connecting San Antonio with Valdivia and Puerto Montt.

The mayor of Bahia Blanca recently made a trip of 750 miles from Bahia Blanca to Rawson in his automobile. It took him five and a half days, and, during the ride, he often went seventy-five miles without seeing a solitary human being, or even a fence around a field. There was not a drop of water to be had and the only thing that reminded him of civilization was the telegraph line that goes to Punta Arenas in Chile.

The Argentine Gobernacion of Tierra del Fuego, a little over one third the size of the Chilean part of the island, contains an area of 13,437 square miles and a population of 1708 inhabitants, most of whom live in the capital, Ushuaia, a convict settlement, and in the only other settlements, Harberton and Mission Salesiana. The natives were formerly supposed to be cannibals, which belief has never been verified. Tierra del Fuego is good pasturage country, and has better possibilities than the Falkland Islands, which teem with bovines and ovines. Off the eastern extremity of Fireland lies the large island of Estados, separated from the mainland by the Straits of Lemaire. The fifty-fifth parallel south marks the southern limit of Argentine dominion.

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## CHAPTER XVII

### MONTEVIDEO

IT is but 120 nautical miles between Buenos Aires and Montivideo, the run generally being made at night, although extra steamers make the trip in the daytime. The two recognized lines are the Mihanovich Steamship Company and a Uruguayan line, the latter sending a boat nightly in each direction, and the former two, one leaving at seven o'clock and the other at ten. The seven o'clock boats arrive at each port the next morning at six o'clock while the ten o'clock ones reach their destination at seven o'clock. During the summer season, when Montevideo is the mecca of surf bathers, extra ten o'clock boats are also run. I think it is advisable for a traveller to take the seven o'clock boats, for by doing so he saves \$1.50 gold for the trip, because on them 15 *pesos* Argentine is charged, while on the later ones 18 *pesos* is the price, a difference of 3 *pesos* or approximately \$1.50 in United States currency. Moreover, on the seven o'clock boats, a dinner is served gratis. Most people making the trip prefer the later ones because they are larger and faster, but at the same time they are liable to be overcrowded. We took one of these, the *Londres*, and I stayed up nearly all night on account of the commotion in the saloon into which our door opened. The lights from one shore or the other are visible the entire trip, although I am told that in daytime land is not visible. An hour and a half after

leaving the Argentine metropolis, the lights of Buenos Aires, Quilmes, and La Plata, which at first appeared well defined from one another, seemed like one, although the



**Street Scene, La Plata**

distance from Buenos Aires to La Plata is an hour's ride by train. It takes an interminably long time to get out of range of the lights of the Argentine cities, and no sooner does the flare over them disappear than that over Montevideo begins to show up.



Montevideo, the name being a corruption of the words *monte veo*, is the capital and only large city of Uruguay. When the first ship skirted the Uruguayan coast, a sailor



**Botanical Gardens, La Plata**

in the lookout, seeing far ahead of him the hill that marks the entrance of the harbor, yelled out in Spanish to his shipmates, "I see a mountain." Thus the city received its name. Many foreigners make the mistake of pronouncing the name of the city with the accent on its penultima, "e".

Each syllable should be pronounced alike, with no distinction made as onto which syllable the accent falls. Uruguayans never speak of their fatherland as Uruguay; they speak of it as the Republica Oriental, and on their money and postage stamps the word Uruguay never appears without the prefix Republica Oriental del. The meaning of this is, "Republic east of the Uruguay," Uruguay being



City Hall, La Plata

the name of the river. It is so called so as not to confuse it with Argentina which is the republic lying west of the same river. Ask a Uruguayan what nationality he belongs to, and he will throw out his chest and answer: "*Soy Oriental,*" the same way as we would say "I am an American." The country was in early days known as the Banda Oriental, the same way as Argentina was known as the Confederacion Argentina. The Uruguayan is very proud and looks upon the Argentino with contempt; in a like manner Montevideo is very jealous of the great

strides that Buenos Aires has made, and its inhabitants speak ill of the Porteños, as the inhabitants of the South American metropolis are called.



**Monument to Sarmiento, La Plata**

The Cerro, a hill 493 feet high, marks the entrance to Montevideo's magnificent harbor, and is crowned by a prison which was formerly a Spanish fortress, and a lighthouse, whose brilliant revolving beacon is a guiding mark for ships many miles out at sea. The last census of

Montevideo was taken in 1897, at which time the population amounted to 297,000. It has grown rapidly and to-day numbers at least 400,000 souls, exclusive of its numerous suburbs. It is one of the world's greatest shipping ports, more vessels anchoring in its harbor than in the congested one of Buenos Aires, but, though it is thoroughly up-to-date, and possesses many fine and noble



Park Scene, La Plata

edifices, its general appearance is sleepy and dull. It is more apt to impress the stranger in this way who has just arrived from Buenos Aires, for here is none of the gayety of that great metropolis. Although nearly every street has a trolley line, and although the display in the store windows differs none from that in other cities of its size, the inhabitants take it easy, killing time by reading newspapers on the benches in the plazas and by gossiping with friends at street corners. They will sit at tables on the sidewalk under the spread of awnings, playing cards, and drinking

champagne cocktails, a favorite beverage. Everybody one meets seems to have money, so it is not surprising that they can indulge in this luxury.



**Park Scene, La Plata**

Although Uruguay in its foreign debt owes nearly every country under the sun, it has attained the ideal in the monetary system. It has no gold, yet one of its *pesos* is worth \$1.04 in United States currency. A British sovereign is worth only four *pesos* and seventy *centesimos*

Uruguayan against \$4.866 in our money. The silver currency is in pieces of twenty and fifty *centesimos* and one *peso*, the latter piece being smaller than the American dollar, while the paper currency runs from fifty *centesimos* upwards. This monetary utopia has attracted many foreigners, and of the total population of Montevideo, one fourth are alien born, the Italians predominating.



**Park Scene, La Plata**

There are a few North American negroes settled there, who prefer it to the United States because they are allowed to mix with the whites on equal terms, and enjoy other liberties that society forbids in the nation they emigrated from. Although there is plenty of money in circulation it is only for those who work, consequently the class of people that are characterized by the epithet of adventurers are in a minimum, and those that occasionally happen to stop off find living by their wits exceedingly difficult, and, attracted by the nearby limelight of Buenos Aires, they

make their sojourn in Montevideo as brief as possible, and move on to the Argentine metropolis or to Rosario. There is but little manufacturing, nearly all the business appertaining to the seafaring occupation, which has considerably increased in the last fifteen years. Not all steamers rounding Cape Horn or passing through the



**General View of Montevideo**

Straits of Magellan make Buenos Aires a port of call, but they all stop at Montevideo, which is the greatest coal- ing station in South America. The harbor is wonderful, being nearly landlocked, but it has the disadvantage of being shallow so that the steamers of deep draught anchor outside of the breakwater. Outside of the breakwater, the water is generally smooth, and it is seldom that a person will get a ducking in going in a rowboat to any of the large steamers anchored beyond it. When a south-

easter blows, the vessels come nearer land and anchor just inside of it where the water is always calm. The water is fresh, it still being the Rio de la Plata, and is brownish; when a southeaster blows, the salt water of the ocean predominates and the color changes to green. Like all seaport towns, there is a great number of sailors' dives



**Calle 25 de Mayo, Montevideo**

along the water front, nearly all being tough and catering to the babel of riffraff of all corners of the world.

The houses, pavement, public buildings, and ground are dun colored, offering no contrast to each other and giving the new arrival the impression of somberness. The public buildings and many private ones are built on ancient architectural lines, Greek or Roman, very severe like the older type of United States government buildings, yet roomy and appropriate for their purposes. Many public



buildings somewhat resemble the War Department at Washington though on a smaller scale, the capitol building and the president's residence especially so. Some of the

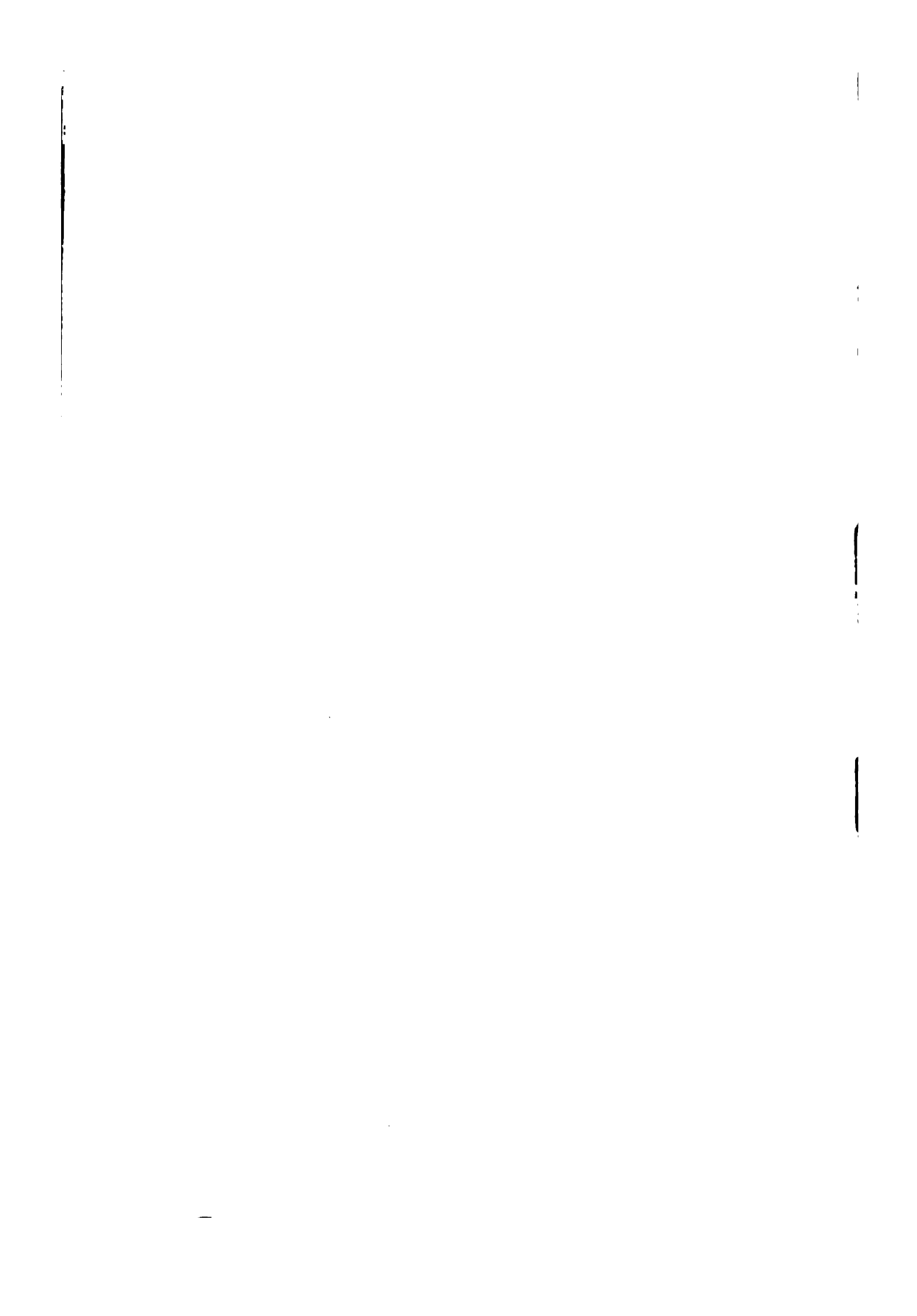


**Statue on Calle Agraciada, Montevideo**

older buildings are but two storeys high, with great colonnades, but this last feature of ornamentation is not carried out on nearly as large a scale as at Asuncion. The streets, all of which are broad, are paved with cobblestones. This is a pavement that will wear well, besides



**Life Insurance Company Building, Montevideo**



being the strongest, but it is exceedingly uncomfortable to ride over, and presents a cheerless appearance. At the present writing there is a movement to repave all of the



**Street Scene, Montevideo. Laying of Car Track**

streets in the older parts of the city with asphalt, which, though it will be more expensive in the long run, will greatly ease the comfort of locomotion by vehicle. All of the streets are lined with young sycamores whose verdant foliage gives to the city a rustic appearance, which, on



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There are many plazas in the city, which are generally empty in the daytime. It is only after dark that they begin to liven up, especially when music is being played in them. The trees that fill them, and also those in the Parque Urbano, are small and stunted owing to the ocean winds that are constantly blowing. To see the big trees in all their magnificence one must go at least a few miles



**Portales, Montevideo, Looking towards Solis Theatre**

inland, to the Prado for instance, where the violence of the coast winds is somewhat diminished. The Plaza Zabala in the older part of the city has some trees of good size, but they have attained their growth on account of tall buildings in the neighborhood which have acted as a shield to them. The climate is cool and breezy in summer, and in winter it sometimes gets quite cold, but with no snow. In the summer I was obliged to sleep with several blankets on my bed, and then I was none too warm. The South Americans are great on metaphors, invariably of

the exaggerated type; thus the inhabitants of Montevideo are wont to call their city the American Ostend on account of the surf bathing, and the country the Siberia of



**Street Scene, Montevideo**

South America on account of its coolness as when compared to Buenos Aires. The heat is never excessive and it is advisable to don one's heavy underwear when coming from Brazil or Argentina, and keep it on until one becomes accustomed to the great change of climate.



Montevideo is famous locally as a great bathing place, but, to tell the truth, there is but little of that sport going on. There are fine beaches of sand such as Pocitos and Ramirez,



**Calle Sarandi, Montevideo**

but the summer visitors, mostly from Buenos Aires, delight to walk up and down the *corso*, or to watch the play of the breakers from the security of some hotel sun parlor. The natives do not abhor water like the Argentinos, but they rarely go swimming, because the water is too cold

for keen enjoyment. The watering places are the great Sunday afternoon rendezvous of all classes of society, garbed as richly as their means will permit.

In Montevideo, there are no decent hotels, so the traveler who wishes to secure comfort in such establishments had better exclude the Uruguayan capital from his



**Calle Sarandi, Montevideo**

or her itinerary; the city is likewise no place for a "high old time," as nothing sporty is going on except gambling. In this line it is a rival of Monte Carlo. The best hotel is the Lanata, owned by two Italians. It is centrally situated on the Plaza Constitucion (also called Plaza Matriz) opposite to the cathedral and capitol building, but is old-fashioned, has only cold running water and no bathrooms. There are also the hotels, Oriental, Globe, Florida Palace, Splendid, Barcelona, and Gatti, of these mentioned

the Oriental being the best, but very poorly located near the harbor in the heart of the district given up to steamship agencies. The Florida Palace caters to Brazilians, as its landlord is of that country, and as no color line is drawn among its guests, the newcomer is apt to find himself seated at table next to people of ebony hue, a great



**Plaza Independencia, Montevideo, during Military Review  
March 9th, 1913**

many Brazilians having this shade of pigment in their epidermis. The Barcelona and Gatti cater to natives, and as the majority of South Americans have never entered the portals of a really first-class hotel, one may judge them by the native standard, which is much inferior to the North American and European. The Parque Hotel, several miles from the retail district, and too far away from the center of life to be of any advantage to the stranger bent on sight-seeing, has the reputation of being

the best in the city, but to my notion it is the worst. The service is poor, as well as the rooms, which are small and without bath. The beds remind one of the cots that one sees in the ward room of a hospital, and when a guest leaves, the windows are closed and the room is never aired out until another guest takes possession, which, after the



**Plaza Saganche, Montevideo**

main rush of the summer season, is apt to be a long time. In the dining-room, the guests are half starved, and what is served up is of the poorest variety. It is the property of an Italian-born citizen of the United States, Mr. Edward Avello, but is left to be managed by a fat Frenchman who is the limit, and whose ears I soundly boxed after giving him a few kicks in the fleshy part of his anatomy for insulting treatment. The case was as follows:

Although I had wired from Buenos Aires for a good

room, I was shown into a cubbyhole opening onto the roof and which stank from lack of fresh air. I expostulated, but in vain, having been told that all the other rooms were occupied. The next day I found this to be a lie, and asked the manager for a better room; this was refused me, he saying that if such a room was good enough for him, it



**Plaza Independencia, Montevideo**

was good enough for the guests. I then asked for my bill, which was brought me, I being charged for two days in full, while in reality I had only been there one day and three hours. I then asked him if it was his custom to soak everybody in a like manner, and he replied that it was done all over the world. I denied it, saying that it was not done in North America. He answered saying that I was not in North America but in South America. I supposed that settled it, but a few minutes later he started anew, harp-

ing on the same tune to me in the presence of other guests. It angered me so I gave him a slap on the side of his face. He emitted a bellow and fumbled around with a key to unlock a drawer, evidently to pull out a revolver, but I, anticipating his tactics, seized him by the nape of the neck and gave him a shove. As he fell over an office chair I ad-



Calle Piedras, Montevideo

ministered him a few kicks on that part of his body that a person is accustomed to sit on. I at once left and installed myself in the Lanata, sending a porter for my belongings. I later had occasion to interview Mr. Avello, and reported the manager. I am told that the latter was discharged on account of this fracas. This Parque Hotel is closed during the winter months, but during the "season" it is a great money-maker. The house took in \$500,000.00 in three months from its gambling tables, and the

day before I arrived one man after losing \$10,000.00 at roulette, won \$25,000.00 in three hours. Under the same management is the summer hotel at Piriapolis, a few hours distant from Montevideo, by train.

The Hotel Pocitos, at Pocitos, a suburb of Montevideo, yet included in the city limits, is a summer hotel only. I



Calle 25 de Mayo, Montevideo

should prefer it to any in the city for a prolonged stay, but for a short visit it is too far from the centers of interest. It runs principally to dining-rooms and cafés. Many wealthy Argentinos take rooms here for the season, and with the formal promenades, excellent music, fine view of the ocean, and the concourse of luxurious touring cars, they have everything to be desired from a social point of view. There are labor unions in Uruguay as well as in the United States, and a few weeks before my arrival, be-

cause the management of the Hotel Pocitos employed a non-union force of domestics, the waiters' union caused a lighted bomb to be placed behind the laundry door with intentions of wrecking the building. It failed to do so, since the composition of the bomb was the work of a novice, but it was powerful enough to blow the arm off



**Solis Theatre, Montevideo**

from a young servant girl who had the misfortune to be passing by at the time that it exploded. Several arrests were made, but the police were unable to find the guilty person or persons.

Entering Montevideo harbor, a large square building is seen on the water front, with a tower rising from each corner. An ordinary observer would naturally suppose that it was a custom-house, and failing in that guess take it to be a marine hospital. It is neither, for it is the old



university, a most curious spot for the location of an institution of its kind, right on the water front, amidst the docks and ship chandlers' warehouses. When its capacity became too small to house the increased branches of education, it was turned into a meteorological station, and is to-day the largest one in the world. The university



**Plaza Matriz, Montevideo**

was moved up to a more favorable location on a beautiful tree-lined avenue, the Paseo de Julio, and is a fine large building copied in architecture somewhat after the University of Vienna. As the standard of scholarship is very high, and the enrollment is the largest of any in South America, another university building with a multicolored tile roof has been erected directly behind this one, while different faculties have been built in the newer parts of the city. The medical school and chemical laboratory are

ornate structures, both covering much ground, the former being built on the same lines as the university, while the latter is castellated.

On the Plaza Constitucion, directly across from my window in the Hotel Lanata, is the capitol, which also serves as the city hall. It has an austere front, and is



**New University, Montevideo**

amply large enough for its demands. Erected in 1810, it could be passed off for new if given a fresh coat of kalsomine. As Argentina is building a new capitol at Buenos Aires, Uruguay doesn't intend to let herself be outdone, and at the present time buildings are being razed and ground is being cleared for the erection of a structure that it is said will outdo the new building across the river La Plata. It is going to be a reproduction of the Reichstag in Vienna. Among the large buildings of the city are the

Naval School, the various high and grammar schools, barracks, and different departments of education, yet the city is sadly lacking in necessary municipal and government buildings. The president's palace, built in Spanish colonial times, is like an old barn, though of Roman style; the post-office is inadequate, although it has that of Buenos



**Calle 18 de Julio, Montevideo**

Aires beaten; the court-house, custom-house, and hospitals are much too small. The Montevideans are never in a hurry to replace their old landmarks; the only way in which new ones will ever be built, will be on account of the collapse of the old ones through age, or else through jealousy of Buenos Aires. Montevideo doesn't like to take the initiative. It follows suit, but makes the old buildings give as much service as is possible. The Plaza Independencia should by virtue of size and location be



**International Loan Association Building, Montevideo**



the most prominent plaza in the city; yet it plays only second fiddle to the Plaza Constitucion because the edifices around the latter are modern, while the colonnaded buildings around the former are on the verge of ruin from antiquity and revolutions. Down in the old part of the city, on a hill above the shipping district, is the Plaza Zabala, where large trees grow. It is a veritable loafers' part. An Italian has built himself a palace here, which is considered by the inhabitants as a freak place for a residence. It may be so, yet it is in a quiet location and near to business.

The cathedral is a fine, stately, aristocratic old building, quaint, and dark brown with two towers surmounted by mosaic cupolas, and with a low dome rising over its center. Its interior, though far from being luxurious, is costly and in good taste. I entered it when Lent was in full swing, and all the holy pictures, altar, and crucifixes were draped in crêpe of black and purple. From the rotunda two large gilded suns on a sky-blue background, the national emblem of Uruguay, greet the stranger. There are four of these, but only two can be seen from the main aisle. The remaining two are visible from the apse. To the right of the cathedral proper, is a small chapel with an image of the virgin lighted by the sun's rays streaming through yellow glass in its dome. Unlike as in most cathedrals on the South American continent, the people one meets here are bent on sight-seeing and not on divine meditation; they are continuously walking its broad aisles and observing the pictures that adorn the walls. There is much more lack of restraint here than in most temples of reverence. The inhabitants are justly proud of this building and act as if it were a part of themselves. They have its facsimile engraved on the three *peso* stamp of the country, the most valuable one of the series.

While everything in Buenos Aires is either de Mayo, or

San Martin, in Montevideo everything is either de Julio or Artigas. One of the principal business streets is nevertheless named 25 de Mayo, yet the boulevard that takes the place of the Porteño Avenida 25 de Mayo is here the Paseo 18 de Julio. While every Argentine town has a statue to San Martin, the Uruguayan ones have statues to Artigas, a bandit revolutionist of Francia's period, and a great popular hero to the Orientales. His favorite means of diversion was to sew up his captive enemies in the hides of oxen and roast them alive. His martial physiognomy is printed on the currency and stamps of the realm. The broad boulevard that encircles Montevideo is named Artigas. Sarandi is the main street, and besides 25 de Mayo the other ones of importance are Washington, Rincon, Cerrito, Piedras, and Andes. It is a great relief to hear streets with other nomenclatures than Entre Rios, Cordoba, Sarmienta, and Rivadavia, which are the main ones in most Argentine towns. The Montevideo streets differ none from those of any large city, and a stranger walking along Calle Sarandi could easily imagine himself to be walking down a thoroughfare in Dresden or in Milan. Although small buildings are the rule, some of the mercantile firms are housed in elegant and commodious establishments. The city is very hilly, although there are but very few steep streets; the eminences and depressions are more of a rolling kind, falling off steeply to the river, which is across the town from the harbor. The main and old part of Montevideo is built on a tongue of land which divides the La Plata from the harbor, and is the hilliest part. From the steamer deck, house appears to rise above house, with the high pointed steeple of a Gothic church crowning the eminence. Across the harbor on another promontory is the Cerro, and from that around

the broad harbor to the old town is one continuous row of houses. It is on the water front at the head of the harbor that is situated the antique, shed-like railroad station, entered by only two lines of track, which outside of the city limits diverge into many.

The Montevideans are of purer blood than the Porteños (inhabitants of Buenos Aires), though they speak the same dialect of Spanish. The men are lean, swarthy, and less officious than their brethren across the La Plata. Up to six years ago, Uruguay, like Paraguay, was a hotbed of revolutions, but now that it is temporarily over this business the country is on the verge of prosperity although in debt. Foreign ideas are coming in, and although Uruguay, on account of her small size, will never become a world power, she will be able to hold her own with any country her size, if peace continues. The native drink is called a San Martin. It is made of gin, vermouth, gum syrup, angostura and orange bitters. The next popular beverage is the champagne cocktail, and although the latter costs thirty cents a throw, it is remarkable how many are downed. There are two breweries, the Montevideana and the Uruguaya, both of which make a good beer, far better than any to be obtained in Argentina. One would suppose that in a city which with suburbs numbers nearly a half of a million inhabitants, with a country behind it with as many more people, two breweries would be insufficient to meet the demands of the people. Such is not the case, for the Oriental is not a beer-drinking personage and prefers his cocktail. Those who do not drink cocktails drink red wine, and on every road leading out of the city are innumerable *fondas* where the peasants repair every Sunday to fill up. The Montevidean is not as temperate as the inhabitant of Buenos Aires, and on holidays many drunks are seen staggering along the sidewalks.



There is a tenderloin and red light district, but not so filthy as that of Rosario. It is on the water front about a stone's throw from the Plaza Constitucion, and thither the drunks head for. Very wisely, the police department built its second ward station here, and has three policemen patrol every block on account of the tough characters that are constantly loitering in the vicinity. In cut, the police uniform is the same as that in Buenos Aires, but instead of being clad entirely in blue, their trousers and helmets are white. They mind their business better than those of Buenos Aires and are not constantly on the lookout for children of twelve years old to arrest like those in the Argentine metropolis. Many of the police are native negroes, descendants of the Brazilians, especially those on duty in the suburban districts. The force is efficient, as there is occasionally much crime in Montevideo, and nearly all the criminals are finally caught. The criminal refugees of Buenos Aires have made Montevideo their port of entry, escaping from the minions of Argentine law, and often commit horrible murders in the Uruguayan metropolis. With very few exceptions, they are always apprehended, for Montevideo is no easy city to escape from. All the police have to do is to watch the steamers and the trains and scour the city, for there is no other town in the republic, on account of the small population, but where a stranger would attract attention. The police are also great grafters. If they catch a man wanted for some petty crime, they are apt to take him to some dark alley and induce him to bribe them to allow him his liberty.

There is an American negro in Montevideo, Charles Simmons by name, champion pugilist of Uruguay and "mixologist" at the Bar Americano on the Calle Andes. Some time ago he saw an Uruguayan insulting some Eng-

lishmen on the Plaza Matriz, and interfered in their behalf. He got a bat in the jaw for his pains, and was about to be assaulted with an automobile crank by the chauffeur of the man who batted him, when it occurred to him to clean up his assailants. He put them both to rout, and as they ran, gave them some parting kicks. The police interfered and he told them that they would get the same if they would not leave him alone, but if they wanted him to go to the station he would go peaceably. After a half an hour, he came out laden with cigars and cigarettes, after having rendered his version of the affair. The chief of police presented him with these weeds and gave him his liberty because he was an American citizen, although a negro. There are quite a few North Americans in Montevideo, although they are mostly of foreign birth or parentage, speak English with an accent, and would never pass for North Americans at home. Among these is a Mexican-born citizen of the United States, Mr. Guiol, who opened a billiard hall, taking a wealthy Argentino as partner and then cheating him out of his share in the business. I was formerly acquainted with a former United States vice-consul at Montevideo, and while there looked him up, only to find out that he had been gone for several years. I was not surprised at this, for he was a peculiar fellow and not the kind that Uncle Sam wants for his diplomatic corps. When I knew him, he used to make the rounds of the barber shops at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with a paper bag, into which he would put hair that he scraped from the floor. What he used to do with it, I do not know, but imagine that if he continued those tricks while consul, he couldn't last very long at the job.

There was no uniformity in the plan of laying out the original streets of Montevideo. This was evidently due to the hilly character of the place. Streets diverge at

all angles and it is comparatively easy for a stranger to get mixed up. I got turned around a few times and I have always prided myself on my bump of direction. The newer streets are laid out so as to intersect each other at right angles, forming square blocks of the same size, but this modernizing will avail but little, for, immediately outside of the city limits, are innumerable villages set down all over the map in haphazard fashion, with their crooked streets lined with solid buildings. When the natural growth of the city reaches these villages, which will be in the near future, the straight plan will have to give way again to that of streets running in all directions. There are no palatial residences as in Buenos Aires, yet there are many fine houses set back from the roads in gardens of flowering trees and shrubs. The Argentine Legation on the broad and beautiful Calle Agraciada is a peculiar house with a three-steeped façade somewhat like the old French cathedral at New Orleans.

Many of the wealthy Montevideans do not live in the city proper, but on small farms in the outskirts whence they are able to get into the town by trolley cars or automobiles, as many of the roads are impassable for wheeled vehicles propelled by horses. There is a beautiful park named the Prado directly beyond the northern city limits and reached by a drive through an avenue of stately and superb eucalyptus trees, dark, shady, and aromatic. This passes the race track and the Botanical Gardens. The Prado is not as large as Palermo Park, but is much more beautiful, with ancient trees and verdant grass. In its center is a white marble restaurant and coffee-house, a favorite rendezvous for society in the late hours of the afternoon. There are many automobiles in the Uruguayan capital, but most of them are of the ultra expensive type, the average of good ones to be seen there being higher than

in any city I have ever been in except Rio de Janeiro. There was a nice Bayard touring car in front of the Hotel Lanata, whose owner and chauffeur was a Catalan. My wife and I used to hire it occasionally and take trips into the country. A trip into the Uruguayan country is not to be forgotten on account of the wonderful horticultural and pastoral beauty of the remarkably rich, fertile, and thickly settled landscape. It is nothing like Argentina. There the land is flat and treeless; here it is hilly, with patches of woods intermingled with great vineyards, the vines purple with ripening grapes. Broad avenues of eucalypti run in all directions, while in the neighborhood of streams are thickets of willows. The farmhouses, instead of being unsightly buildings of rough red brick, are here plastered over, and the roofs, not flat like those in Argentina, are pitched. There are huge wine cellars half hidden from the road amidst the bowers of trees, while on the open fields are met with great brick windmills with long sweeping arms, as in Holland. A favorite residence for the wealthy people is at Colon, a town about ten miles from the business section of Montevideo. The road skirts the Prado, passes by the Artillery Barracks, and by many turns and windings runs through the country to Sayago, a pleasant village. Colon is a fine little city with a Catholic college and a nice plaza. Beyond it are the villas of the rich set back from the road in the woods. The trees grow well and are a great protection to the *estancias* from the destructive winds. A little stream winds its course down the valley to the left of the road and is crossed by many rustic bridges from which people fish. There is also an outdoor beer-garden on its banks which is a cool retreat on warm days. The electric car runs out this far and then stops.

The President of the republic, Señor Batlle, lives in a

village to the right named Piedras Blancas, in a mansion set back from the road and always guarded by a detachment of soldiers. From remarks gleaned from people with



**Uruguayan Roadside Scene**

whom I have conversed, the present incumbent of office is not a popular man. Since an attempt was made to assassinate him a year previous, he has been afraid to live in the city. The people claim that they are overtaxed, and are indignant; they also claim that a clique runs the

governing of the country, composed of the ringleaders Batlle and Williman. The term of office is four years, and was once before served by Batlle; he was succeeded by



Village of Sayago, Uruguay

Williman, and in turn succeeded Williman. As Batlle's term will shortly expire, Williman's friends are aspiring to put that gentleman on the presidential chair. Thus it looks as if it were previously arranged for one to succeed the other to eternity. Williman, when not president, is

professor of chemistry in the University of Montevideo, and Batlle is professor of economics in the same institution. Batlle obtains his prestige by playing to the laboring class, which is the most numerous, thereby insuring himself of the position, much to the distaste of the aristocrats and men of wealth. He propounds socialistic theories, and to show the rabble that he is "common" like them, his



Montevideo Harbor from Villa del Cerro

popular pastime is to get beastly intoxicated, and in that condition stagger to the Plaza Independencia where he ensconces himself on a public bench and falls asleep with the admiring riffraff looking on. His servants finding him in that condition lead him home. "That is the kind of man we want," say the rabble, "he is like one of us, and does everything openly." Señor Batlle is then elected president by a large vote, and about, to retire, proposes Williman's name. In stature, Batlle is a giant; he is of Catalonian descent, his father having settled in Montevideo when a child.

Near Montevideo, is the famous mineral spring of Matutina, whose water when bottled has a wide sale. It is a bicarbonate water of the Apollonaris order, but not so strong, and more palatable. A beverage of the same nature, whose sale is even wider, is Salus, brought in bulk from the fountain of Salus in the department of Minas and bottled at Montevideo. A very interesting ride over roads



Villa del Cerro, Uruguay

lined with a poorer type of buildings is that from Montevideo to Villa del Cerro. It winds around the harbor and often fine vistas of the city across the water, of the harbor, and of the hinterland can be had. The road runs to the northern city limits and spans the Miguelete Creek. Then it turns west by a cemetery in the suburb of Campos Eliseos and descends a long hill, at the foot of which is the Pantanoso Creek, with large meat-packing factories. In front of one of these, is an equestrian statue of the founder dressed in gaucho costume, with a bas-relief of



bulls, steers, and cows chiseled into the stone base. The squalid city of Villa del Cerro is reached, and we climb the steep road which runs up the hill from the harbor, and which afterwards in broad zigzags winds its way upwards to the fortress which crowns the 148-meter hill. We passed a group of prisoners near the fort, desperate characters serving long sentences for murder, employed in re-



Villa del Cerro, Uruguay

pairing the road in charge of armed guards. The latter warned us not to approach the fort, and when we descended from the motor car to take in the view of the distant city we were politely requested to descend the hill by a different route, as some of the prisoners might seize the opportunity the diversion of an automobile presented and make their escape. It is an excellent view with the city stretching around the harbor and back into the hills, with its suburbs losing themselves in groves on the hillsides. Behind the Cerro in a valley watered by the silvery winding Panta-

noso, is rich rolling pastureland, with pieces of timberland at various intervals.

I have tried to compare Montevideo with Santiago. All geographies speak of Santiago as the third city in South America. In 1897, it had Montevideo beaten in population by 29,000 people. That was fourteen years ago. In Santiago, many houses are to let; Montevideo has



**Plaza Independencia, Montevideo**

grown rapidly and is still doing so. With suburbs I think that Montevideo is much larger than Santiago at the present time, although the Chilean capital is a livelier place, its business section is better built up, and it has much more of a metropolitan air. Santiago compares well with any European capital of moderate size; Montevideo is dull and sleepy, with low buildings. Though Santiago is more compact, has better buildings, and is a greater railroad center, at the same time, considering the great distance one can travel in Montevideo on streets lined with buildings,

the much larger retail section, the crowds on all the streets, the heavy traffic and manufacturing, it is evident that Montevideo is the larger. For years, Montevideo was the fourth city in South America, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and Santiago being larger. Santiago has dropped into fifth place and Montevideo remains fourth



**Eucalyptus Avenue at the Prado, Montevideo**

because a town nobody ever paid any attention to has quietly grown up and now ranks third, São Paulo in Brazil. Montevideo is not as fine a city as Santiago but its suburbs are an earthly paradise as far as beauty goes. The only drawback to that part of Uruguay is that one sometimes suffers from the cold. It is high time that these suburbs became incorporated with the city. Buenos Aires would have long ago taken them in if they had been as adjacent to that city as they are to the Uruguayan

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metropolis. It is one continuous town from the city proper to Villa del Cerro, yet one crosses the line that defines the limits halfway there. On the return from the station we saw several men being taken to the police station. The town is a harbor of refuge for the lowest criminals of the other republics in its proximity, burglars,



**Bridge at Colon, Uruguay**

thieves, and murderers, and never in my life have I seen anywhere such tough-looking characters as I met on the streets of Montevideo, unless it was Constantinople. The Montevideans frankly acknowledge it, but claim that these all hail from Buenos Aires.

I visited four cemeteries, the General, the Buceo, the Ensanche, and the Campos Eliseos. They are nothing like Argentine cemeteries, for the people here do not build many tombs or mausoleums above the ground. They are

vaults but the bodies are placed in the ground with the slabs lying directly above the apertures. Behind these slabs, in many cases, when they are not in the interior of a vault, rise monuments of unsurpassable sculpture, being sculptured in Italy and brought to Montevideo. In the *Cementerio General*, are many monuments of people shot to death in the various wars and revolutions with martial



**Roadside Scene in Uruguay**

bas-reliefs depicting battle scenes. The cypress-bordered paths are shady, and flowers bloom in profusion. The *Buceo* is a new one and not well filled with tombstones, so the economical caretakers grow pumpkins, lettuce, and spinach in the vacant spaces. The location of the *Buceo* is good but is marred because its eastern end adjoins the public dumping ground. The stench is insufferable, and I thought that I was in the proximity of unburied corpses until, by chance, I looked down the hill and saw the bones and hides of quadrupeds sizzling in the sun.

Although the weather of Montevideo is by no means warm, and people shiver under winter overcoats, amaryllis and pink lilies grace the lawns the year round, and the roses in the rose garden across the Miguelete Creek from the Prado are always in bloom and are fragrant. My wife picked one, and was caught in the act by an ancient custodian of the place not many rods distant from a



Country Landscape, Uruguay

policeman, whom he hailed. Luckily we had our motor car handy, otherwise she might have been caught if she had attempted to get away on foot. A wealthy resident has a private zoölogical garden, which is named Villa Dolores, and charges twenty *centesimos* for entrance fee. It is well kept up, but is devoid of interest on account of the limited species of mammals. There are many papier-mâché castles, grottoes, and turrets; there are ponds where aquatic fowl sport, but the feature of the place is a burial ground for animals. Above the remains of each

dead animal in a private cemetery of their own is a monument with the sculptured likeness of the defunct. There are monuments to dogs, to a lion, to a parrot, and to rabbits; even a pet snake was remembered after death. Not far from Villa Dolores and Buceo is the small city of La Union. It is inland a couple of miles and is reached by a pleasant ride through fertile country. It is a dirty place of one-storey houses, is connected by an electric car line with Montevideo, and has three liquor factories. Shortly beyond it, and reached by another avenue, is the race track, and still farther, Piedra Blanca the summer home of Battle, at the end of a long avenue at the entrance of which is an iron gate.

Though it does not rain much in summer, a thunderstorm, coming up from the river La Plata, makes the inhabitants run indoors. The lightning with its radium-like flashes, and the sharp, clear intonations of thunder, frighten even the most ancient inhabitants. The Montevideans don't wait for the drops to fall before they take to cover; at the first flash of lightning they run in all directions, mainly to get away from the plazas, as the trees are an attraction to the electrical fluid. So suddenly do the drops follow the warning of the first distant lightning that if a person is a couple of blocks away from home, he had better "beat it" or the rain will overtake him.

On March 13, 1913, there occurred towards midnight a terrific and violent cyclone which though of short duration did great damage, causing great loss of life and destruction of property. Never in the annals of the country was there such a deluge of rain in so short a time. It came on suddenly, with precipitate violence, at 11.15 P.M., and, for upwards of an hour, so frequent were the flashes of lightning that it was like a great illumination. Though the fuses of electric lights were blown out all over the city,

so brilliant was the display that a person could see as well as in the daytime. The rain, which was very fine, fell in such quantities that in a few minutes the water had risen to above the high curbs of the streets, and the wind was so violent that the trees in the Plaza Matriz broke and fell to the ground. The excavations in the Calle Sarandi for the laying of new street car tracks filled up so as to discontinue work there for a week. Every animal that was out-of-doors in the city, and in La Union, where the havoc was the greatest, was killed, and two pet sheep that children used to drive to a cart in the Plaza Saganche were found dead the next day. In Parque Urbano the cyclone was bad, and a lady who was a guest at the Parque Hotel was so frightened that she died of heart disease.

In the Plaza Independencia, beneath a colonnade, and but a stone's throw from the Solis Theater, is a small unpretentious café. It would not compare favorably at home with a second-class barroom, yet it is the rendezvous of professors, artists, and geniuses. Besides vermouth, not many alcoholic drinks are sold there, black coffee taking the lead, and the clients are waited upon by a prematurely old and decrepit waiter who is so slow that it is an interminable age before your order comes, if perchance he has not forgotten it. The attraction is an automatic Hupfeld orchestrion which plays three violins at the same time, and of which there are only two in South America, the mate to it being in Buenos Aires. The proprietor, whose means amount to an excess of \$200,000, prefers to stand behind the bar cleaning the cups and rinsing the glasses rather than to enjoy life elsewhere. There I became acquainted with an Italian from Verona, Spoverini by name, who had been in the country for five years. He could talk Latin, but was a professor of music.



In the following June he was to marry a woman who had \$40,000. "I suppose then that you will return to Italy to spend the rest of your life in ease?" I queried. "Not I," was the quick rejoinder. "Here I am earning \$450.00 a month by singing and by instruction. Back there I would be a prodigy if I made that many *lira*. As I talk Latin, I am in great demand at Catholic funerals, where I sing in it. This is the country for me. There is easy money here." This seems to be the consensus of opinion of Horace Moore, colored, who, by being a chauffeur on a taxi, soon accumulated enough money on tips to be the proud possessor of a Benz touring car. Now he is on "easy street," and says he will never return to Baltimore. Foreigners in Montevideo who have been in the United States like it better than Uruguay, but the wages in the latter country are better and living is cheaper. I was told in Buenos Aires that expenses were a third again as high in Montevideo as in the Argentine capital. This is not true; Montevideo is half again as cheap as Buenos Aires, and is not expensive at all according to modern monetary standards. One can live better and cheaper in Uruguay than in the United States of America, and their money is better than ours. Clothes are cheaper, rent is cheaper, and food is cheaper. There are a few articles more expensive but not many. Shoes and beer appear in this category. Cigars may appear dearer but they are not. A North American may think that a man is an unmitigated spendthrift who spends thirty-five cents and even fifty cents for a cigar. Yet that is the class of cigars that even the clerks and floorwalkers in the department stores in Montevideo smoke. A man up home who smokes a twenty-five cent Hoyo de Monterey cigar thinks he is splurging himself to do so, yet that in Montevideo is a coachman's smoke; the reason that cigars

appear high is because the dealers keep no inferior articles. All are imported, for there is no tobacco raised in the country to amount to anything.

One of the best out-of-door palm gardens in the city is that in connection with the Uruguay Brewery on the Calle Yatay near the Plaza Sarandi. As to size and custom of serving beer it is much like the Hofbrauhaus in Munich. In order to enjoy oneself there, even sometimes in summer, it is necessary to sit with an overcoat on. As soon as you are seated, a servant places in front of you a large schuper of beer to the tune of six cents while in the other hop and malt emporiums the customer pays four cents more for a smaller glass of an inferior beverage.

The girls of Montevideo are nearly all handsome, with good figures, but are inclined to use them to advantage by being wayward. They are extremely passionate and look seductively at every good-looking man they chance to meet. The nigger girls also try to captivate the men, regardless of the color, and one chocolate-colored wench accosted me a couple of times on the street. Montevideo is an extremely immoral city, although it is more clandestine in its immorality than Rosario. Seduction is the chief topic of conversation with the male population, and from their talk I imagine a good amount of it is constantly going on. There is no color line, and it is perfectly natural to see a white man walking down the street, accompanied by a woman as dark as Erebus. There are many native negroes, descendants of the Brazilians who once occupied Uruguay with a military force, and they occupy all stations of life. They have but few of the brutal traits of the North American nigger, and are considered a law-abiding class. Many are on the police force. It is not enough that half of the stores sell lottery tickets, but the riffraff of the town enter the best restaurants and cafés, making

life unbearable to the person who cares to enjoy a quiet meal in a quiet corner. It is not uncommon for a person to be disturbed half a dozen times in the course of a repast by these odious fellows. The shoe shiners also make the rounds of the eating houses with their kits, soliciting trade while the customer dines. There are few illiterates in Montevideo, which is in great contrast with the number in the other cities of the southern continent. The standard of education is high, and the University of Montevideo excels in law. Mr. Sariol, manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, whose head office for the La Plata region is at Buenos Aires, told me that he had less trouble with debtors to his firm in the Republica Oriental than in Argentina, and that when payments were due they promptly came around. The two different electric car companies in Montevideo are rivals and so numerous are the tracks that it is a matter of ease to get from any point to any other point of the city and to most of the suburbs. These suburbs, which not far in the future will all be included within the city limits of the capital, are La Union, Maronas, Ituzaingo, Cerrito, Prado, Campos Eliseos, Nuevo Paris, Victoria, Villa del Cerro, Belveder, Pueblo de Maronas, and Sayago. They are in the same police district with the capital, but politically have their own government. In the middle of the harbor, is an island named Libertad on which is a fortress. Everybody in the city is accommodating and polite to the stranger, and in a short time he will feel as much at home here as in the Chilean and Paraguayan towns. Ships sail every day for Europe, a fact which should lessen one's lonesomeness when one begins to think how far away from home he is.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### SANTOS. SÃO PAULO. GOYAZ

THERE are numerous ways of making the trip from Montevideo to Rio de Janeiro, but the most comfortable and direct is to take the steamer. Many companies have vessels that ply between these ports, and there is scarcely a day that passes but that it is possible to sail. The running time is three days, most steamers stopping at Santos en route. Another way is to go by steamer to Santos, then take the railroad to São Paulo, and thence to Rio de Janeiro by rail. Santos is two and one half days from Montevideo by steamer. A third way is to take a coasting vessel to Paranagua, and thence by rail to Curityba. From Curityba one can continue by rail to Ponta Grossa and to São Paulo. One can also take a steamer of the Lloyd Brasileiro to Porto Alegre, and make the remainder of the journey by rail, changing cars several times, or, if a water trip of a little over a day is sufficient, disembark at Rio Grande do Sul, and go by rail to Cacequy, thence all the way to Rio, changing cars many times. A sixth way is to make the entire trip by rail, which, though a most beautiful trip, has its discomforts, like passing the nights at dirty native hotels. The all-rail trip consumes eight days, although the actual running time is only 108 hours and 9

minutes, approximately four and one-half days. This road was completed in 1910, and the first North American having the distinction to make this trip was Mr. W. C. Brown, a United States army officer. The passenger train leaves Montevideo at night over the Uruguay Central Railroad, and arrives the following afternoon at the frontier town of Rivera, where baggage is taken by wagon to the adjacent Brazilian town of Santa Anna do Livramento. Here the night is spent, and the next day the traveler proceeds as far as Santa Maria da Bocca do Monte, a nice place at the foot of the mountains. At Cacequy, which is reached at noon, a branch line runs to Rio Grande do Sul, and at Santa Maria another one runs to Porto Alegre.

The country traversed has been one of rolling hills, grazing land, with occasional patches of timber. It continues this way until leaving Paso Fundo, one day's stage farther than Santa Maria, where the country becomes mountainous and continues so all the way to Rio de Janeiro. Leaving Paso Fundo, one enters a forest of pines, which is not left until Ponta Grossa is reached, at which place the coffee plantations appear. The fare for the whole trip is \$62.47 United States currency, exclusive of meals, lodging in the country hotels over night, and sleeping-car accommodations, when the latter are obtainable. Lower berths are \$16.00 extra, comprising the three nights spent in them. I did not make this trip but obtained my statistics from the Uruguayan Railways folder. I intend to go over this line as soon as the spur is finished that will connect La Quiaca, Argentina, with Tupiza, Bolivia; then by boarding a train at Victoria, Brazil, I shall be able to make an all-rail trip to Antofagasta or Arica in Chile, the only place where it will be necessary for me to leave the cars being between Salto, Uruguay, and Concordia, Argentina, where the Uruguay

River will be crossed by ferryboat, unless the Farquhar Syndicate will have its bridge built by then. From Victoria one can go to Rio de Janeiro, thence to São Paulo, thence to Uruguayana, in Brazil, thence to Salto, Uruguay, Concordia, Argentina, to Buenos Aires, or Zarate, thence to Rosario, Cordoba, Tucuman to Tupiza, Bolivia, thence to Uyuni, where one will have the choice of going direct to Antofagasta or farther north to Arica via Viacha.

At Montevideo, I made a mistake again in buying a passage to Santos by the ——— Company's steamer ———. I did this because I would otherwise have had to wait in the Uruguayan metropolis a week longer in order to secure accommodation on a first-class vessel, for the daily ones were small coasting steamers touching at all the ports, and were small and filthy. The ——— Company's horrible ocean leviathan this time was the foul and dirty tub ———, which was coaling in Montevideo harbor. Boarding it, we found that the bulk of the passengers were steerage, the few first-class ones being drunken Englishmen of the lower orders. It was such a vile den that my wife and I decided to leave the ship and remain an extra week in Montevideo, rather than to sail on that tub, so after much difficulty, we hired a launch and had our baggage taken back to the dock. It had cost me £16 for the two tickets, which after considerable palavering was refunded to me by the agents of the company. With that, plus an extra five dollars, I purchased two tickets on the *Re Vittorio* of the Navigazione Generale Italiano, sailing a week later.

This ship, I found to be excellent, most modernly equipped, and containing every possible device for the comfort of the passengers, most of whom embarked at

Montevideo on their way to Europe. The *Re Vittorio* is a steamer of over 8000 tons and has two sister ships, the *Principe Umberto* and the *Reina Elena*, and makes the trip from Santos to Genoa, stopping at Dakar, in fourteen days. The ship is ornately furnished, though overdone, with light furniture and upholstery, white, and adapted to the warm climes, through whose latitudes it passes. Twelve hours after leaving Montevideo, the sand beaches and eucalyptus trees of the Uruguayan *littoral* became invisible in the distance and the ship put out to the open sea. The water was very rough, the prevailing winds having stirred up the sea to such an extent that but few of the many first-class passengers felt disposed to come into the dining-room at mealtime. At noon on the second day out, land was again seen when we passed the island of Desterro.

The approach to Santos is beautiful. High, wooded, green islands dot the bay. On the mainland is a sandy strand, with brilliantly painted villas forming a contrast which is harmonious to the emerald vegetation of the tropical jungle beyond. A barrack is seen, but no other large buildings are visible, and, just when the passengers begin to wonder where the town is, a small sluggish river appears behind the point of a hill to the right, and up this the steamer plies, so near the shore that conversation is possible with the natives, who are in a state of semi-attire. A bend in the river to the left now shows us the wharves of the city in the distance, its roadstead full of ships and above it on a hill a fort. Two tall wireless telegraph poles stand on each bank while on shore on an eminence a large white building which I was told is a hospital is prominent. Up and down the sluggish stream, motor boats and launches scurry past, the brilliant green and yellow flag of the country flying from their sterns. Be-

hind the whole scene, and on all sides but one, where the land is flat, high mountains come down nearly to the water's edge.

Santos has the name of being one of the hottest and most unhealthy places in all Brazil. I can readily believe it, for the day I landed, the heat was terrific, though it was not the close, dense atmosphere of Asuncion or Corrientes. The flat land is swampy, and from it rise the fetid odors of decaying vegetation, while along the ocean strand, but two miles from the city, the warm breezes from the land strike the coolness of the water, forming vapors which rise fog-like, the carriers of a fever which chills one's very marrow. Occasionally yellow fever strikes the city, reaping a large toll of life. Mariners have told me that, a few years ago, when an unusually severe epidemic of the dreaded *vomilo* was rife, whole ships' crews died off, and the vessels would remain in the river for months until new crews could be brought from Europe to take them out. Yet Santos is a charming place, and a person who misses a stopover on his way to São Paulo has failed to see a most interesting and instructive city. It is the world's greatest coffee port, most all of Brazil's entire production going through its harbor. There are streets whose buildings are all coffee warehouses, and the aroma of the bean is omnipresent, exuding its pleasant scent in the air. Passing by an open door of a warehouse or by an archway leading into a courtyard, the pedestrian sees bags upon bags of the green article ready for shipment to foreign ports. All this coffee is grown in the mountains from three to ten hours beyond São Paulo, and is shipped directly through to Santos, where it is loaded on boats to take it away.

Santos has a population of 35,000 inhabitants, but looks considerably larger, and, for its size, is a lively and animated



city. The business section is over a mile from the docks of the large passenger steamers, and can be reached by electric street cars or by automobiles, the latter vehicles being very much in evidence in all Brazilian towns, no matter how rough and hilly the roads are. The architecture is very different from that of the Spanish-American cities, for the roofs of the houses rise to a point over the center from all four sides. The façades and sides of many residences and stores are of multicolored porcelain tiles, shades of blue predominating, rose tint ranking as a second, and greens as third. This is the inherited art of Lisbon, a characteristic of the Portuguese settlers. In Argentina, most of the roofs are flat, and the exteriors of the dwellings are plainness incarnate. Many of the Brazilian buildings have balconies and jalousies, while the walls are apt to be painted some bright color. Unlike the Argentine cities, the stranger in Brazil does not meet with any structures of cheap brick, left unplastered, with large rents where the mortar should be. The common brick buildings here are well mortared between the cracks, for instance the power-houses of the São Paulo Railroad, and give one an impression of northern countries. In Santos, one sees stores of Bradford red brick with stone trimmings, not unlike some of the bank buildings of the Ontario towns.

The main streets of Santos are narrow, asphalted, and busy. They are crooked, and a vista down some of them is like the main street of Bremen, Germany, on account of the architecture of the business houses. Much German is heard spoken, some English, but after the native language, Portuguese, Italian predominates. The stores are small as in Europe, and the window displays are essentially European. There is bustle everywhere. Shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon, the thoroughfares are crowded; nobody is walking. All are standing

still, looking at the doors of the buildings. This is because the hour is approaching when the business houses open for the afternoon, and those who are occupied elsewhere like to get there early. I didn't know anything about the Hotel Sportsman, which is considered the best in the city, but from the outside the impression that it makes is not prepossessing. It is three storeys high, and exceedingly narrow, the whole ground floor being given up to dining-room and saloon, through which the guests have to pass to reach their rooms. The other hotel, known by the patriotic appellation of Washington, is a mess. It is owned by an Italian who speaks English, and who has a vile, greasy, and sensuous-looking, hippopotamus-figured Brazilian wife, whose vocation appears to be that of cashier. They are assisted by a middle-aged scum of Leghorn, or some other dirty Italian town, whose only object in life is to look pretty. Attired immaculately in a double-breasted suit of blue serge, with clean white yachting cap and shoes, one would expect this courier to be the whole show. He comes in only when it is leaving time, and then only with an outstretched hand for a tip. The room was clean, but had the door knob broken off on the inside, so it took all one's force with a handkerchief wrapped around one's hand to get a good enough hold on it to open the door. In due justice to the hotel, I must state that everything was clean. Bed, linen, room, rugs, toilet, floor, tablecloth, and dishes were dirt-free, though it was impossible to keep the victuals fly-free, as these insects have in Brazil a paradisaical utopia. The food was of negative quality as far as savor went. When I came to settle, I had to pay for each article separately, at Ritz-Carlton prices. I was told that the menu lasts only until one o'clock at noon, and after that each article is extra. We stopped at the Washington only eight hours, and when the

bill was presented I was overawed to see that it amounted to twenty-seven *milreis*, equivalent to \$9.00 United States currency. This was just a preamble and a feeler to the exorbitant prices that are everywhere in vogue in the United States of Brazil. After dinner, I went to the custom-house, and not being conversant with Portuguese, boarded the wrong electric car and was carried to a different part of the town than the one I wanted to reach. Trying to find my way back, I perspired so that I became wringing wet, and the beer which I imbibed at various saloons en route only increased my *chaleur*. The custom-house at Santos outrivals that of Hoboken as to bribing, for the officials won't touch anything nor pass anything duty free without a coin slipped unceremoniously into their hands. The babel of niggers and white porters alike clamoring for tips as they place your trunks on the dray is likened unto the biblical "chewing the rag" during the construction of the Tower of Babel.

When I returned to the hotel, my wife was on the verge of hysterics. Inquiring the cause, she informed me that during my absence the occupant of the adjoining room had died of cholera, and the partition being thin, she heard his agonizing groans and screams before he succumbed. After that all was quiet save the running of the servants in the hall who carried the corpse to some other part of the hotel. This fact was substantiated by the dandified courier, who had once had the cholera and recovered, and who made a grimace while describing the pains. I decided to vacate the Washington for a more sanitary spot, as I feared that we might be clapped into a pesthouse if we remained, so seizing our valises, I went across the street to a barber shop, run by a Paraguayan, consequently conversant with the Spanish language, as I didn't care to

trust the Italian landlord for information, and inquired where I could find lodgings besides the Washington or the Sportsman. He referred me to the Hotel des Plages, under French management, on the beach, two miles away, and of easy access to the city by street cars which run at frequent intervals. My wife waited in front of the barber shop while I returned and paid my exorbitant bill. I hailed a passing automobile and we hied to the Des Plages.

A straight and long street leads to the ocean. The residences are set back from the street in enclosed gardens, and at the gate posts of the garden walls are set stone lions, griffins, and other allegorical characters. The beach, fine and hard, is the mecca for motorists. Villas line the shore and are the summer abodes of the rich Santistas, who prefer the unhealthy vapors of the strand to the torrid heat of the oven-like city. Many fishermen are to be seen pulling in seines, while naked children paddle in the surf. The municipality is beautifying this beach by building little parklike plots of ground where each sewer empties its refuse into the bay. The road that skirts it is being broadened and curbed. There are two small islands near the shore rising abruptly to quite a height, and can be reached by wading out to them. One is connected to the beach by a causeway, and at the base of a high hill, nestling amidst a clump of tropical trees, is a farmhouse, white, with a red tiled roof. On the steep slopes of the island, fat cattle are seen grazing. The Hotel des Plages, though mediocre, is scrupulously clean and the cooking is perfection. Fresh caught fish and a *gigot* of mutton would appease the appetite of the most pronounced epicure after the apology for the repast we indulged in at the Washington. The hostelry, which does a thriving trade in the summer season from rich Paulistas who repair thither for sea

bathing, was nearly empty, for the clientèle had already returned to their inland homes. It is owned by a thrifty Auvergne widow, and managed by her and her two sons, young men who haven't the energy of their mother and whose pastime seems to be playing dominoes and flirting with the little scullery maid on the back steps. Our room, though it lacked the luxury of running water, was large, airy, and breezy, and faced the ocean. In front of it was a balcony where we often repaired to watch with our spyglass the steamers passing back and forth, trying to discern their names painted on their bows. We remained in Santos five days, and although the time often hung heavy on our hands for want of anything to do, it was with regret that we left the little city with its aromatic scents, cholera, and quaint old church.

The trip to São Paulo takes two hours and costs five *milreis* (\$1.67) first class. The first spadeful of dirt on the construction of the road was shovelled out May 15, 1860, the Emperor Dom Pedro I. officiating, and three years later it was completed. It is said to be one of the greatest engineering tasks in the world, but, although the scenery is picturesque, there are in South America many more railroads where the scenic grandeur of beauty is far superior. There are more beautiful railroad trips in Brazil, that from Paranagua to Curityba, that from São Paulo to Rio, and that from Rio to Petropolis surpassing it, but as to the roadbed, the money spent on it, and the rolling stock, the São Paulo Railroad stands alone. It is double tracked, ascends the mountains by means of an electric motor, and has many switchbacks blasted out of the solid rock. Over a certain earning, the Brazilian government makes the company put the surplus back into the improvement of the road, so that now it is one of the most complete roads in South America. The

station in Santos is large, and is generally crowded. Passengers arriving less than half an hour before the departure of the trains are apt to find all the available places taken, so it is advisable to go early. We found this to be the case when we arrived there, but, owing to the great surplus number of passengers, two extra coaches were added, thus enabling us to procure seats.

For some time after leaving Santos, swampy lowlands, watered by many sluggish brooks, are crossed, native houses of wood built on brick stilts appearing in the jungle clearings. A narrow valley is entered, and, at a huge brick power-house, an electric engine is attached to our train. Part of the train is uncoupled and the engine pulls the first part up a long hill. It is scarcely hidden from view around a curve, when another electric engine is hooked onto our part, which was the central one, we being pushed instead of being pulled up. A third electric engine pushes the third part up, and in this manner we go in three sections up the steep incline, past great power-houses, until we reach the summit at the town of Alto da Serra, where are located the car shops. The electric engines are released, and we are one train again, being pulled by locomotive all the way down to São Paulo. We had ascended the right slope of the valley and had passed but few settlements. About midway up, we entered the clouds, which greatly impaired the view; nevertheless I felt angry with some of the occupants of the car for going to sleep, and not trying to look out to see if they could see anything. They had undoubtedly made this trip so many times that it was a chestnut to them, but I, to whom everything was new and wonderful, couldn't appreciate what their feelings might be in this matter. At Alto da Serra, we came out of the clouds, and steamed through a very thickly settled country with hilltop vil-

lages, while here and there a whitewashed church with a sky-blue cupola could be seen through the groves of cypress and pine, standing out prominently on an eminence of reddish soil. It was a beautiful pastoral country, but none of the famous coffee plantations that I imagined to be in this neighborhood were visible. I met an American engineer on this train who had a grievance, probably imaginary, against the United States consul at Santos. He said that the consul was a numskull, didn't fill his bill, and suspected him of grafting.

I did not think that there would be much difficulty in procuring a room in São Paulo, as heretofore I had experienced no obstacles of this sort in any of the South American towns; but, when we arrived at the Sportsman, which belongs to the Ritz-Carlton syndicate, and which had been recommended to us, we found that it was filled up, and the manager was of the opinion that all the others were filled up as well, though he was accommodating enough to give me the names of the other hotels. There were no special "doings" in the city, but São Paulo is a busy place, and the adequateness in hotels has not grown in proportion to the size of the city. It is always well to telegraph for rooms in advance in Brazil, for they are generally filled. We were lucky enough to get a room at the Grande, through the kindness of the proprietress. It had taken us a long time to get there, as the chauffeur, a mere boy, had run shy of oil to light his automobile lights with, and had to stop every time a policeman admonished him to light the dry wick which would always go out again before he had gone a few rods. It was already dark; we were feeling tired and peevish and to be informed wherever we went that there was no more room in the hotels made us cranky, so we decided to try just one more place, and in case of refusal sleep the night on the depot benches

or take the next train to Rio de Janeiro, if our baggage had already come from Santos. I didn't believe that it had, as there was no baggage car on the train by which I arrived, and having heard many stories of the delinquencies of the expedition of baggage on Brazilian trains, came to the conclusion that we were in for a most uncomfortable night of it. Picture yourself arriving at a strange town at night, in a country where you knew no word of the language spoken, hungry, tired, and dirty, accompanied by a lady feeling the same way as you, with your undergarments soaking with perspiration and your collar wilted till it could be rolled double, and you have an idea of the way I felt when I made my first appearance in São Paulo. At the Grande, we were told the same story, and were about to return to our automobile in disgust, when the proprietress, a pleasant and elderly French lady, appeared upon the scene and said that she would find a place for us, especially since there was a lady in the party. She informed me that if it had been two men she would have refused us, but since I had my wife along she would give us what she had.

São Paulo is pronounced San Paulo and the inhabitants call themselves Paulistas. Twenty years ago the geographies never mentioned the city. Then, besides Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco were spoken of as the large cities of Brazil, with Para slightly inferior. São Paulo and Ouro Preto were printed in darker type on the maps than the numerous villages. I remember well of having looked up the population of these two cities twenty-two years ago. São Paulo had 20,000 people and Ouro Preto 25,000. To-day, Ouro Preto can boast of scarcely 10,000 inhabitants, while the population of São Paulo exceeds 400,000 and it is the busiest place in all South America, and for its size I have seen none in the



whole world that can compare with it in life and commerce. Montevideo has a larger area, but its houses are low.

The houses of São Paulo are high like those in Italian cities, and seethe with people like an ant hill. Like Rome, it is built on seven hills, and like Italian cities of size, a twenty minutes' walk, will bring a person to open fields, although suburbs compactly built dot the landscape in all directions. It is a town on the build, and has the appearance of a place half finished. Everywhere edifices are springing up, like mushrooms in a meadow after a rain. It is an old place, but its growth is quite recent, and it is predicted that in ten years it will have 700,000 people. The rapid growth of Detroit is slow in comparison with that of São Paulo. It has gained 300 per cent. in the last ten years. There are over 150,000 Italians in the city and the German population is also large. To every newspaper printed in the Portuguese language, two are printed in Italian. The city is so hilly, that, with the exception of the main residence street, the Avenida Paulista, there is scarcely a street that runs four blocks in a straight line. It is a city of ravines, with steep ascents and descents and suburbs straggling along the crests of the hills and along the railroad lines in the valleys. There are no large department stores and retail houses, but the tall buildings have small stores on the ground floor. A few mammoth department stores are in process of erection on the street that parallels the ravine which divides the city, but it will be some time before they are completed. The architecture of São Paulo is that of a northern climate and has nothing in common with the squatness of the Argentine towns nor of the bungalow type of the Brazilian *littoral*. The railroad station, owned by the São Paulo Railroad, and the largest and best in South America, is not new, but is the

most modern in appearance in South America. It is a large red brick building with a tall clock tower, and is entered by the Central Railroad as well. It is too small



Street Scene, São Paulo

for the enormous traffic, and a still larger one is being contemplated. A suburban station, that of Braz, is also a large one, but it also is too small. The trains enter the Central Station at a lower level than the street, and to get to them it is necessary to descend a long flight of steps

leading from the interior. This depot is over a mile from the main business houses, but since it has been built, a small nucleus has been built around it, consisting of small



**Street Scene, São Paulo**

hotels, barber shops, billiard rooms, saloons, postal card stores, and steamship agencies. Across the street from it, to the north, is a large park, called the Jardim da Luz, which my wife calls the loafers' park, owing to the great number of Knights of the Road that wear out the patches

of their tattered garments by holding down the benches. Montevideo has also its loafers' park, the Plaza Zabala. Detroit has one, the Grand Circus Park, but excepting



**Street in São Paulo near the Railroad Station**

these three cities no others of my acquaintance have parks patronized nearly solely by loafers and drunks. São Paulo is quite a town for saloons, and the racket starts about seven o'clock in the morning. These thirst-quenching establishments are nearly all owned by Ital-

ians and have marble counters and dispensing apparatus similar to our soda fountains. All manner of drinks, soft and hard, are sold at exorbitant prices. In the front



**Street in São Paulo near the Railroad Station**

of these establishments are fruit stands while their rear is given up to a limited number of small iron- or marble-topped tables for the clients to sit at while they imbibe drinks. Most Paulistas prefer to drink standing.

On a side hill, leading to a market in course of construc-

tion, is a street solely devoted to the sale of shoes; on another, leading to a ravine, is one given over entirely to the sale of men's outside garments, and needless to say the Hebrew is here in his element. The main street is named Rua São Bento, and is barely wide enough for one car track besides the narrow sidewalk. For a few blocks it is quite straight. Here are the principal stores,



Street in São Paulo

but it is only a question of time when the parallel street lower down, on which now are the houses of prostitution, will be the main one, as these brothels are being torn down to make way for new buildings. A high bridge spans the ravine and brings up at a parkway in front of one of the largest and most appropriate theaters that I have ever seen. This is owned by the municipality, and is brand new, of brick stuccoed over and painted a dull shade of bister. It was not the season for the opera, so one side of it was converted into a café to make running

expenses during the closed period. Outside of this theater is a place devoted to automobiles, most of which are taxis. This was quite a novelty, for in most cities of a hilly nature that I have visited, take for instance Vienna, automobiles are for hire at a given rate, as the taximeter has no system when hills have to be climbed.



**Vista of Older Portion of São Paulo, Looking up Ravine  
that Divides City**

The main *corso* for automobiles is an avenue on the heights above the town, the Avenida Paulista, where the homes of the wealthy are located. There is nothing wonderful about this street except that it runs the greatest number of blocks without a curve of any in the city, and from it vistas in two directions are seen, the one to the north embracing the city, and that to the south the rolling hills and cultivated fields interspersed with small villages in the distance. Houses are rapidly springing up on the

south side, and the beautiful panorama will soon be a remembrance only. Many of the wealthy residents are now building their mansions in a few streets in the western end of the city lower down. The pretty part of the town is now in a section named Hygienopolis. Here live the Paulista aristocracy, mostly Italians and *nouveaux riches*. The streets of this section are steep and paved with



**Magnificent Municipal Theater of São Paulo**

cobblestones. The mansions and villas are set back from the road, generally on terraces. The main avenues of Hygienopolis terminate suddenly at a ravine, beyond which, on the high hills, a new subdivision company is building a boulevard which will soon be lined with houses.

Everything is expensive in São Paulo. Car fare is 200 *milreis* or 6 $\frac{2}{3}$  cents, a small glass of beer is 10 cents, while a large one is 20 cents. A shave costs 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  cents, while a pencil costs 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents. It is the most expensive town in Brazil, with the possible exception of Bello Horizonte, in



Minas Geraes; but everybody has money. Laborers are paid \$2.50 and up for a day of eight hours, and skilled labor is in proportionately high demand, North American



**Rua São Bento, Main Street of São Paulo**

especially. There should be an immigration besides Italians, for skilled laborers and mechanics of other countries are badly wanted, and it has been proved in São Paulo that various companies have obtained better results with them than with Italian mechanics. There are a few breweries

in São Paulo and one in Santos, the Cervejaria Santista, but the most popular beer drunk is the Antartica Paulista. Don't drink the beer of the Germania brewery for it will make you sick. On a height overlooking a valley, the Antartica company has a large beer garden amid cedar trees, where society, mostly feminine, with a bevy of infants, adjourns on pleasant afternoons to enjoy elixir of hops and ham sandwiches. From the number of automobiles pulled up in front of the so-called chalet, the stranger realizes that this garden is the *chose d'être* for the gilded ones of the city.

Land sharks and real estate agents are much in evidence, and numerous are the displays of bungalows and elaborate plats of subdivisions on display in the windows on the principal thoroughfares. Next most conspicuous in the selling line, are lottery tickets, but their sale is conducted on a much better organized line than in Argentina and Uruguay. They are not sold in every barber shop and cigar store as in Argentina. Here lottery is a national and a state institution, and stores given solely up to their sale are to be found scattered all over the city. Here, alone, they are sold, and the stranger has the satisfaction of not being bothered by urchins peddling them at the restaurants during meal time. Although the drawings are large, there is not a vast number of small winners. The lucky man wins a large sum. A French company has been organized to gamble on the numbers of the lottery, and nearly as much interest is taken in this as in the purchase of tickets. For a small sum of money, they give odds that the holder of a ticket is within a certain number of points away from the winning number. Also, if you are willing to bet that the winning number is within certain specified numbers they will give you odds that it is not. For instance if there are 20,000 tickets issued, and

you bet that the winning number is between numbers 6500 and 7500, they will give you a ten to one shot that it is not.

The policemen of São Paulo look their part more than



Street in São Paulo

any force to be found elsewhere in South America. They are all large men, and their uniform is dark blue with red trimmings. They wear a visored cap, like a fireman's. They wear belts, from which are suspended a black ammunition bag and an automatic revolver. They are said to be

very efficient. Military parades are frequent, and every night at six o'clock when the guard is changed, the soldiers march down the main streets to the tune of



Street in São Paulo

martial music, many negro faces being seen among the ranks.

About five miles out of the city, is a place no stranger should miss, Butantan, the home of the cure for snake bite. To get there, the visitor had better hire an automobile,

for the street car only runs as far as Pinheiros ("The Pines"), about two miles out. The roads are steep and are apt to be muddy, the brilliant red clayey soil of the country sticking to the automobile tires, and often forcing the passengers to descend to help push the car out of a rut. As far as being miserable, the roads around São Paulo have no par, yet the traffic is immensely heavy, and many vehicles are to be met with, mostly with mule propellers. These mule-power machines are the only ones that are suitable in southern Brazil, besides the automobile, for the horses cannot stand the heavy toil up and down hill under the broiling sun. The road to Butantan leaves the Avenida Paulista shortly beyond the Hospital da Isolamento, or pesthouse, with its gruesome morgue and morbid cemetery. From its junction, it descends a mile-long hill, and then runs over a mile-long embankment to the miserable village of Pinheiros with its porcelain tiled huts and quaint mission-like church whose blue dome is a landmark.

In attempting to make the descent, the crank shaft of the machine had been twisted so that, in order to start the automobile after reaching the village, we were obliged to borrow from the road-house proprietor at Pinheiros a green pole that he was accustomed to use in keeping his front door shut at night. The road house was a single-storey building of brick, plastered over and painted yellow, with white trimmings. The pitched roof was of tile. The interior attracted attention, as being typical of a Brazilian wayside saloon, such as are to be found in all parts of the country. In Argentina the road house is unknown, but in Brazil it is a factor in the social life of the rural districts. The main room, of medium size, was blue with tobacco smoke and filled with crude tables and chairs. The floor was bare and unpolished, harmonizing

with the furniture, which was in the natural shape in which it left the factory, destitute of shellac and varnish. A few nearly empty flat-bottomed bottles, with long necks resembling Chianti bottles, and some thick-glassed goblets stood on the clothless table. About a dozen bearded men, strong and sinewy, and half clad, cracked coarse jokes and spoke maudlin sentences as they guzzled the intoxicating native wine, while a thin, dried-up woman, to whose skirts clung brats with running noses who were munching mangoes, was persuading her inebriated husband to return home. One may find the same types of humanity patronizing the Portuguese saloons in the Santa Clara Valley in California, drinking a similar wine, which in some localities of the United States of America is called "Portugee red"; similar types of bearded saloon habitués are also to be found in the upper reaches of the Val Telina and its feeders in northern Lombardy.

By our combined efforts the chauffeur and myself soon got the car in working condition and we set out past the blue-cupolaed church for the remaining two miles to Butantan. We crossed a small river over a new iron bridge near the hamlet of São Carlos, and after traversing a level cultivated country where hedges took the place of fences, ascended a tree-bordered road that ended at a large cream-colored building on the hillside. This was the institute where experiments are made and serum is manufactured for snake bite. We passed many pedestrians who were anxious to see the snakes in the serpentorium. A doctor, himself named Brazil, is in charge of the place, and by first studying the effect of snake bite on birds and animals, eventually discovered a serum that is beneficial to human beings who have been bitten. Serum is here manufactured of different strengths, administered according to the virulence of the venom which has been

inoculated into the veins of the patient, as the bites of some poisonous snakes are more dangerous than those of other species. The serum is injected under the collar-blade and is a sure cure if taken immediately. All drug stores in the Southern Cross Republic carry a stock of this or similar serum, manufactured elsewhere, so if the patient, when bitten, is in the neighborhood of one of these drug stores he is sure to come out all right. India, Martinique, Dominica, St. Lucia, and the western States of the Union would profit by this lesson set by Brazil. In another building, near this institution, is a hospital for snake-bite patients. In front of the laboratories, are three enclosed ponds with islands on which are beehive-shaped huts with holes in their sides at their bases, large enough to thrust one's arm in. This enclosure is named the serpentorium, and is filled with all the known varieties of snake indigenous to Brazil, many of which have peculiar markings. One species of these reptiles took my fancy. It is a thin, red snake with white and black stripes circling its body and named a coral snake. Many frogs swim in the ponds, and bask in the sun, but different from the North American variety, bronze green in color, and I noticed one big fellow that would fill a hat. A tall swarthy mulatto was walking around inside of the paling, with a hooked stick looking for dead reptilia. To the great interest of a crowd of onlookers, who had walked out from São Paulo, he would grab a venomous living snake in his hands, and with a good hold on its tail, he would make a swinging motion as if to throw it on the spectators, who would recoil backwards every time he pretended to throw the snake at them. The more the people laughed at this free exhibition the bolder he became, and, finally, let a certain large reptile bite him, and hung writhing serpents around his neck. This vaudeville

attraction drew such a large crowd that it attracted the attention of Dr. Brazil, who was watching the performance from a laboratory window. The man of science walked out of the institute, and down to the serpentorium, where he quickly put a stop to the sideshow. I was informed that the mulatto employee had been bitten so many times and treated so often that he was now immune to the bites, and could handle any serpent with impunity. Snakes are very numerous in Brazil, nearly all belonging to the poisonous variety, but the natives pay no more attention to them than we would to a stick lying in the road. They make no attempt to kill them, and wander through the thick virgin jungles fearlessly. On our return to the city, we saw coiled around a fence rail a huge snake of the boa family, which unwound itself and crawled slothfully away at the approach of the automobile. Though not poisonous, they are the most dangerous, for they are without fear, and the unwary person or animal who approaches near enough to one is apt to meet a painful death by having all his bones crushed in the coils of one of these monsters. While hunting in the Orinoco delta some years before, I had met one of them. It had its eyes fastened on me and under its gaze I was held spellbound for a few seconds. As it slowly stretched its neck in my direction from a tree trunk, I recovered my presence of mind long enough to fire a shell from my shotgun at it. Before the smoke had time to clear away I turned around and ran at top speed to my rowboat on the river, too frightened to look around to see whether I had hit it or not. The adventure scared me so that I didn't trust myself to go into the jungle again for several days.

The greatest place of interest in São Paulo is the State Museum of Ypiranga, open to the public on Thursday and Sunday afternoons. It is situated on a hill about



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three miles from the center of São Paulo. On this hill, Brazil declared her independence from Portugal and the museum is a monument to it. From it, the view is superb in all directions. Without obstruction, the visitor can look across to the wooded hills on the north side of the valley. No greater contrast of color can be had, for the soil is brick red, the fields verdant green, while in the valley nestle villages of pure white. The museum of Ypiranga is a large building of Roman architecture, and contains a good collection of fishes, insects, mammals, and minerals peculiar to Brazil with special reference to the state of São Paulo. A most interesting display is a reproduction of diamonds in their natural sizes as found in the republic. The largest diamond found in the country was picked up by a negro, and is now in the possession of royalty. Another remarkably fine diamond was found by a negress within the limits of the federal capital, Rio de Janeiro, who sold it for five *milreis* (\$1.67). The purchaser, an Englishman, sold it for \$40,000 to a local dealer, who sold it to an Amsterdam firm for double that amount. The latter made a large profit by it, and to-day it is one of the collection of the crown jewels of the House of Austria.

The six principal railroad systems in the state of São Paulo are the Paulista, the Mogyana, the São Paulo, the Central, the Sorocabana, and the Northwestern, but, of these, the two of prime importance are the Paulista and the Mogyana, for they strike the heart of the coffee country, with numerous antennæ shooting out in all directions. They are great rivals. At first the Paulista company had things their own way, but the Mogyana extended its lines and also struck some of the territory formerly covered by the Paulista and now has the greatest mileage, besides having the distinction of giving access

to the newest and richest lands. We took the train to Campinas, which was one of the first towns in the coffee region and the seat of the car shops of the São Paulo Railroad. It was for a long time the chief town of the coffee country but has recently been succeeded in this line by Riberão Preto, Mogyimir, Santa Cruz, and Casa Branca. Campinas lies two hours inland and about 100 kilometers northwest of São Paulo and is a pleasant place of 25,000 inhabitants, with clean streets and white-washed houses. For miles and miles around, the sloping hills are given over exclusively to coffee trees planted in symmetrical rows, the brilliant red of the unripe berries making a vivid contrast with the rich green of the bush-like trees. Not far from Campinas, is the settlement of Villa Americana, settled by Georgians after the Civil War. They were not as good colonizers as the Germans, Italians, and Poles and have gotten into a poverty-stricken rut, the better-to-do of the one-time settlers having long since returned to the United States. From Campinas, through Mogyimir, Santa Cruz, and São Simão to Riberão Preto, the railroad continues for 250 kilometers through land once a grassy and bushy wilderness, which now has reached the acme of cultivation by means of Italian laborers, to Riberão Preto, the new coffee center and junction with the line to the Goyaz state, which has its present terminus at Catalão, and which is to be pushed on across the great Goyaz plateau to the Tocantins River, with a spur extending to Goyaz City. Riberão Preto is a lively place with its modern stores, hotels, saloons, banks, and warehouses, and is a great railroad center of local importance. It boasts of the shops of the Mogyana Railroad.

Wishing to see some of the interior of the country, we rose early one morning from my bed at the Hotel Cruzeiro do Sul at Riberão Preto and walked to the railroad station,

from which the train left at 6.20 A.M. The depot was crowded and a gang of Italian laborers, newly arrived, were in one corner of the waiting room and on the platform, marshaled by an official of a labor agency of São Paulo who was going to escort them to Araguary, where they would be put to work on the new railroad that was under construction from there northwards. I bought tickets to Araguary to the tune of 40 *milreis* (\$13.33) and ensconced myself in the rear seat of the smoking car. There were two other coaches on the train, and long before the train pulled out it was filled. At Batataes, which we reached two hours later, we had left the last vestige of the coffee country behind us, and were running slowly over a grassy country, a sort of plateau with here and there vast thickets of low underbrush. Fat cattle grazed on the plains, and, in clearings in the intermittent jungles, were the white one-roomed houses of the settlers. The farm wagons passing on the crossroads were drawn by bullocks, and what horses we saw were mounted by riders. About each squalid farmhouse were black pigs, which roamed at leisure among the bevy of children which seemed to be the legacy of each small proprietor. Even though there were vast expanses of wilderness, it was an old settled country, as could be seen by the tumble-down nature of the habitations. At Franca, which we reached at ten o'clock, there was half an hour's halt for breakfast at the depot restaurant, or at a rival dining hall across the street where an enterprising Chinaman had opened up, and was indicating the way to his place by ringing a gong. He had employed a couple of natives to pass around cards to the passengers, eulogizing the repast which was ready to be served at his establishment.

Franca has several thousand inhabitants, and is pleasantly situated on the hillside at an altitude of 3120 feet

above sea level. It is famed locally as a health resort. The depot itself is not at the city, but the latter is visible and is reached by cabs, many of which are drawn up at the platform. Leaving Franca, the scenery became wilder, with more woods and cultivation scantier. The hills assumed the proportions of mountains, but the view in all directions was impaired by low-lying patches of clouds which hovered about the broad summits. At 11.30 A.M. the hamlet of Indaiá was reached, which is the summit of the range that divides the valleys of the rivers Sapucahy Mirim and the Grande. The landscape had become quite wild, the now heavily wooded hills being indented with ravines, through which rushed torrential streams, some of fair size. At Rifaina, which we reached at about one o'clock in the afternoon, we had descended to the valley bottom of the Rio Grande, a wide stream which forms the boundary of the states of São Paulo and Rio Grande. All along this river valley, are seen conical limestone hills with curvilinear backs and whose sides towards the river are terraced by the erosion of the water. The railroad makes a wide bend and follows the course of the Rio Grande downstream, having crossed to its left bank. At 1.42 P.M., a stop was made at the station for the town of Sacramento, which lies some distance to the right on a tributary of the Rio Grande. The country had become a vast pasture, and although there were occasional patches of land given up to cultivation, it evidently hadn't proved a success. At five o'clock the city of Uberaba, the metropolis of the western part of the state of Minas Geraes, is reached and the train continues no farther the same day. Traffic doesn't warrant through trains as yet. This same train returns to Ribeirão Preto, at 6.15 P.M., reaching its destination early the next morning. The train which arrived from Catalão a few minutes before we reached Uberaba

lies there over night, and returns to Catalão the next morning.

The city of Uberaba lies in the upper reaches of a valley a few hundred feet below the railroad station, in a sort of a pocket. The air, which was brisk and refreshing at the depot, is, in the city, somewhat stifling, although the altitude of the place is nearly 3000 feet. Uberaba is a busy place of about 14,000 people, electric lighted, with paved streets and a neat theater. It is located at the intersection of several trails into the interior, and is a famous mart. It is an old place, and although its population hasn't increased as it should in a city of its location mainly due to the large death rate of its inhabitants from syphilis, it is thoroughly up to date, as was evidenced by the number of automobiles to be seen in front of the stores. Most of these were of American manufacture, the Ford and the Jackson being preëminent. The streets were crowded, and filled with horses and mules, all heavily laden with merchandise from distant parts. There is no manufacturing at Uberaba, but there is talk of starting a powder factory there. When I arrived at the Hotel Metropole, I was told that there was a train made up at Franca which ran to Catalão direct, leaving at 1.10 in the morning and I was advised to take it, as the train leaving at 8 A.M. was a freight train and wouldn't reach Catalão until the next night. I was tired from the long day's journey and as soon as possible after supper retired to sleep a few hours, leaving a call for midnight. My wife had a slight fever when she reached Uberaba and I was undecided what to do, but fortunately it was only caused by the excessive heat of the train and her temperature soon was normal again. She wanted to take the night train, as riding would be cooler then. The train was half an hour late, and when it reached Uberaba

most of the passengers descended, so that we were fortunate enough to have plenty of room to ourselves. We reached Araguary at 6.25 A.M. where there was an hour's stop for breakfast. This town was for long the terminus of the railroad and had the reputation of being very tough. Its population numbered 8000. A short stroll showed it to be a very dirty place and not worth visiting. An hour after leaving Araguary we reached the Paranahyba River. We had to descend and take a ferry-boat to its north bank where a train was in waiting to take us to Catalão. On this side, the country is hilly and reminds one of the Iron Range between Ironwood, Michigan, and Mellen, Wisconsin. There were great cuts through the rocks for the railroad which had cost much time and labor, but now that these obstacles were done away with, it was easy running up the slight grade to Catalão, which town we reached about 10 A.M. There is a fairly good tavern in the place, kept by a German who has bottled Muenchener beer in stock. Catalão has about 5000 people, although it looks larger and is a better and cleaner town than Araguary. It has electric lights and paved streets. Here is a large freight depot from which goods shipped overland from Goyaz reach the outside world, and extensive shops of the railroad, which will be continued to the Tocantins River.

The state of Goyaz has an area of 467,067 square miles and a population of 250,000. Before the emancipation of the slaves, it had 400,000 people. It was then in a much better state of cultivation than now, and a great highroad once ran between Goyaz city and Rio de Janeiro, kept up in good shape by prison labor. This highroad has now fallen into neglect, although it is practically the only means of communication with the interior. The new railroad will follow this highway as nearly as



possible. Stagecoaches leave for Goyazcity twice weekly, taking eight days for the trip, with stops for the night at settlements where horses are changed. These stages are run by a liveryman in Catalão, and often private carriages can be had to take one there and return to the tune of 45 *milreis* a day (\$15.00), including cost of driver and food for horses. The food and lodging for the jehu is extra, about \$3.00 a day, and he expects at least \$2.00 a day tip including the time that he spends at Goyaz. Though this is not an economical way of traveling, it is the most comfortable, and the most satisfactory, as well as the quickest, for then you have the whole carriage to yourself. I reckoned that the journey from Catalão to Goyaz would cost me \$320.00 exclusive of my stay at Goyaz, and as my wife and I were bent on seeing the Brazilian hinterland, we made arrangements with the German hotel proprietor at Catalão to arrange with the liveryman to have us make the trip in this manner. He soon came back and told me that he would let me know definitely that afternoon, for a French commercial traveler representing a wine house of Bordeaux had spoken for the only available horses in advance, but would not decide as to using them till 3 P.M. He intended going only as far as Bomfim, the third stage beyond Catalão, but was beginning to get disgusted with the contemplated journey and had thoughts of backing out of it. This 3 P.M. turned out to be 5 P.M. and great was our delight when the proprietor knocked at the door, bringing along with him a businesslike looking Brazilian who was the liveryman. The latter at once told us that his best horses and carriage were at our disposal as the Frenchman had given up the trip, and that he would send along his most trusted driver, Hermes Azevedo, provided that I left with the hotel proprietor as security 360,000 *reis* (\$120.00). This was entirely satisfactory,

and when I handed over the money he politely bowed himself out of the room with the Portuguese equivalent of, "May God protect us." Not knowing how long we should be away from São Paulo, we had taken a steamer trunk along with us, and this we arranged to leave at the hotel in Catalão until we returned.

About eight o'clock the next morning, we had left the damp streets of Catalao behind us, and were running over a wide wagon road past dilapidated ancient *fazendas* up the gradual grade of the great Goyaz plateau. Although the habitations were not frequent, there was much traffic, both by wagons and heavily laden mules. At intervals, Italian laborers were met, grading the future railroad, while in some isolated spots were surveyors with their instruments. There were also many pedestrians, nearly all going in the direction of Catalão, but these became fewer the greater the distance we put the city behind us. A slight rain had fallen the night before, but so strong was the sun that this had rapidly dried up and the road was dusty. The soil was of a rich reddish brown, differing from that of São Paulo state by not having so much clay in its composition. The woods we drove by were thickets but the trees were smaller than those farther south. About one o'clock we forded a broad and shallow stream, the Verissimo. About one hundred yards to the left of us there stood in midstream two great stone arches, the ruins of a pristine bridge built, so Hermes told us, in the reign of the Emperor João. Entre Rios, a town of 1000 people, and a very squalid looking place, was reached at dusk. There was no hotel in the place but the driver told us that he thought he could find us passable lodgings, at the same time eulogizing the better accommodations that I should be able to find at the end of next day's stage, Santa Cruz, and still better ones at Bomfim.

He stopped in front of a whitewashed wayside inn, on which the owner's name was written with light blue paint on the exterior, and calling out the owner bade us wait until he returned and then he would see what he could do for us. The owner's wife, a woman still young, though faded, ushered us into a rather dirty cell of a room, the walls of which were adorned with crucifixes and holy pictures, and told us to make ourselves at home. We did so and sat mutely for what seemed to be an interminably long time without the jehu, Hermes, reappearing; tired of waiting we finally walked out into the broad street. A German was passing by, and seeing two foreigners stopped and scanned us with surprise. Guessing our nationality, he finally walked up to us and asked us in perfect English if we were having a hard time getting accommodations. I explained our predicament, whereupon he told us that he would be delighted if we would walk over to the lodging house of the railroad employees, where he said he could obtain for us good accommodations, though primitive.

There is no railroad as yet into Entre Rios, but by the end of the year it is expected that it will be finished and be well on its way to Santa Cruz. At Bomfim, work is started, and by the end of 1915 the Goyaz line will be completed to Pyrenopolis. This he explained to me, en route to the lodging. The latter is a cheaply constructed latticed wooden building built on stilts, but kept scrupulously clean and well scrubbed. There is a large dining-room for the officials and a reading-room as well, from which open about ten small bedrooms, each containing an iron bedstead, washstand, dressing case, and a couple of chairs. The laborers live in a large boarding-house in the neighborhood in which is a cantina. They spend their leisure hours playing cards, playing the guitar, and writing letters to their relatives in Italy. The German was the

local manager and had been in the United States twice, once for six years, and was well acquainted with the country. The cooking was done by natives and although none too savory was well cooked and clean. After a walk up the single street of the town, we returned to the lodging, and I was soon sound asleep.

Hermes, who the night before had been unable to find anything more suitable than the place he brought us to, seemed to be in exuberant spirits that we had fared so well, and promised us that we would get better accommodations at Santa Cruz, where he said there was a good inn. This the German, Herr Boehm, seconded, and said that the only other places en route where the accommodations would be poor were at Anias and Ouro Fino. He said that it would be unnecessary to spend the night at Ouro Fino, for, if we left Jaragua tolerably early on the last day of the journey, we should be able to make Goyaz the same night. He gave me a letter of introduction to the Italian vice-consul at Goyaz, who he said was a friend of his, and would do everything to make it pleasant for us during our stay there. He said to be sure and stop off with him at Entre Rios on our return, and wished us godspeed.

Goyaz is an old settled state and I was surprised to meet the number of farmhouses in a country that I had hitherto supposed to be uncivilized. The farms were of the poorest description, and the anæmic inhabitants lived in the most abject poverty. No attempt was made at cultivation save an occasional clearing of a few square rods around the hovels, and these ran rank to weeds. The men were narrow chested, thin, and emaciated, with parchment-colored skin and the whites of the eyes yellow. Some had their hands and faces covered with sores, and a few were affected with leprosy. The women were equally

as poor off physically, and most were afflicted with goiter, the growth on some attaining such a size that the face was barely visible. This disease was not so prevalent among the men, although the proportion of the male sex afflicted with it was large. The noses of the people were small and slightly *retroussé*, but in all other particulars their features were angular, with prominent Adam's apples. They never cut their hair, and rarely shaved. The slightest movement seemed to be an exertion, but when aroused they were capable of quick action. Their staring eyes seemed to spring out of their sockets. Dull, sullen, and morose appearing, as if life seemed a burden, when spoken to this race was most charmingly polite, affable, and considerate. They seemed to realize that theirs was a life of drudgery and were reconciled to the fact without trying to better their condition. All carried a knife or revolver as if in fear of their nearest neighbor, but far from being bloodthirsty or ruffianly, their temperaments were docile and sentimental. Many were born musicians, and on their crude home-made instruments could play melodies charming, though sad. The underlying causes of their misfortunes are syphilis and miscegenation. Inter-marriage with blacks and with native races has lessened their intellect, and the King's Scourge has debilitated them physically. This latter disease is shockingly prevalent in all Brazil, and has undermined the physical and mental powers of the majority of the inhabitants of the rural districts. Morals are very lax, and modesty is unknown. There are no doctors in Goyaz state outside of the towns, and the sick have no proper attention.

Hermes, our driver, called these rustics barbarians, and whenever he stopped to water the horses, or to ask any of them a question, he did it with bullying brutality. He

had served in the navy, had been to Lisbon on a man-of-war, had seen Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, besides having tended bar in São Paulo, so considered himself a man of culture above associating with the poor white trash of Goyaz. He could talk Spanish and knew a few words of French which he pronounced execrably, and was incessantly telling us in Spanish of the wonders he had seen in his travels. In the over-night stopping places, he would imbibe too much brandy, and would then throw into the street a few coppers for the poverty-stricken wretches to scramble and grovel in the dirt for, saying that he wouldn't hand the "dogs" anything for fear of contagion. On one occasion my wife gave an elderly native a *milreis* ( $33\frac{1}{2}$  cents), who was so jubilated that he got on his knees and tried to kiss her hand. This prospective contact so enraged Hermes that he threatened to beat the senile old fellow with the horsewhip to teach him a lesson of decorum towards his superiors, and it was with great difficulty that I persuaded him not to inflict a severe chastisement on the septuagenarian.

At Entre Rios, where we got a change of horses, one of the latter was rather highly tempered, and for the first few miles out shied at every conceivable object, oftentimes threatening to spill us in the road. In the evening shortly before reaching Santa Cruz we crossed the Corumba River, which had so swollen with recent rains that we were obliged to ascend it for half a mile before striking a ford. In the middle of the stream, on a sand bar, the horse started balking, and we came very nearly being stranded on the shallow island. Santa Cruz is a fair-sized place with two or three pretentious streets for a funereal town of 3000 people. The room at the only tavern of the place where we were to repose for the night opened onto a garden by means of a large arch, unenclosed.

This garden was surrounded on one side by a high wall; on another by the sides of the parish church, while the third and fourth sides were built up to a convent and country hotel respectively. The only other guests were some Italian surveyors of the new railroad who spent the greater part of the night quarreling over a game of dominoes. The landlord professed atheism but there was a holy procession of some priests and parishioners in front of the tavern that night and he was one of the first to kneel down, make the sign of the cross, and pray when it went by. Atheism seems to be the popular outward belief in rural Brazil, but I found that it is only skin deep, and that the most pronounced of these infidels is always ready to cross himself at anything of a religious nature if he thinks nobody is looking. The only intellectual men of the towns are the priests, and a few merchants who have been to Rio de Janeiro or beyond.

From Santa Cruz to Bomfim, the road wends its way steadily upward on the great plateau, attaining at the latter place an altitude of 2737 feet. The country is grassy with no forests, the trees met with being of the shrub variety. However, on the plains a species of palm is met with, much resembling a palmetto and called the "burity" palm. An intoxicant is made by cutting a hole into its trunk, and drawing off the sap through hollow reed pipes into a bucket. This is allowed to ferment, and mixed with water and sugar creates a drink that gives the imbiber a homicidal mania. Continued use of it will destroy the optic nerve or result in insanity, or both.

Bomfim (pronounced Bonfin) is a nice place and boasts of 5000 inhabitants and a fine church, tall, slender, and graceful, with a cupolaed spire. It faces a grassy plaza, and, as I was taking a view of the surroundings, a Cadillac touring car full of people pulled up and its occupants did

the same. The advent of this automobile drew a great concourse of people, 95 % of whom had never seen a horseless or muleless carriage before. It was owned by a count who lived in Rio de Janeiro, who was using this means of seeing his native land. The natives grabbed hold of the wheels, and clambered all over it, while the older inhabitants stood back at a safe distance and crossed themselves. The owner tooted the horn, and the unsophisticated mob fell all over themselves in attempting to get out of the way. The leading barber of the town, who had the local reputation of being well versed on everything modern, boldly approached it, and in a loud voice encouraging the natives not to be frightened, started to explain to the awe-stricken crowds the mechanism of the machine, and how it was run. He had the audacity to grab hold of the rubber pouch and toot the horn, much to the pride of the citizens. This act I believe greatly increased his popularity, for the same evening when I dropped into his shop for a shave, I found that it was impossible for me to get one owing to the bunch that filled the room, listening to him discourse on automobiles. He went so far as to tell his listeners that he would purchase one as soon as he had saved up enough money. When I reached Bomfim nearly a fortnight later on my return trip, I was informed that his popularity on account of his audacious act of tooting the horn had so swelled his head that he had got drunk and had remained in that condition until he had spent most of his savings, and therefore was in no financial condition to invest in a motor car. Bomfim has a few poorly paved streets and a two-storey whitewashed hotel, which isn't at all bad. This hotel, named the Rio de Janeiro, has a large dining-room for high-class guests, with portraits of Dom Pedro and the Princess Isabel on the wall, and a small plain dining-room with a bar at one



side for the peasant clientèle. The former is patronized by strangers, by the priests, merchants, and the local-officials, who congregate here after the meal hours are over to read the newspapers and discuss the latest politics.

Next to Goyaz and Catalão, Bomfim is the most important town in the state, and the neighboring *fazendeiros* do a good business in cattle and horse trading. The stores are good and the streets are lighted with old-fashioned petroleum lamps set on the street corners. It is an incorporated city. The next stage on the journey, that to Antas, was a short one, and as there is no inn there, we decided to make a late start. We left about 11 A.M. with a new change of horses and arrived just as darkness was setting in. We were told that, at Antas, the village priest would take us in for a small consideration. This we found untrue, because when we came to settle with him the next morning, he even charged us with the candle with which he supplied us, and which we didn't burn more than ten minutes. The ride all that day had been over the treeless grassy plateau, with the heat intolerable and the dust terrific. A few hours after leaving Antas, we again crossed the Corumba, which here was very narrow and shallow and was divided into several branches. The dark green vegetation along the river bank was a relief after having seen nothing but prairie since leaving Bomfim. The road now began to ascend, and in the blue hazy distance ahead of us could be seen the serrated summits of a mountain range which goes by the ridiculous name of the Pyrenees. Some early explorer had likened their miniature contour to that of his native mountains in Spain. Several hamlets are passed, where the leprous inhabitants are called *pintos*, from their whitish spots of the dread disease. The country becomes very hilly, and woods again appear. An occasional cloud hung over the

summits of the range, which in the distance is beautiful. The land is now slightly better cultivated, and a ranch is met where the owner has made an unsuccessful attempt at growing coffee. It was night when we reached Pyrenopolis, the chief town of that section, nestling charmingly at the foot of a mountain 4501 feet high.

Pyrenopolis has nearly 5000 inhabitants and was in imperial days famous as a health resort. There is a sulphurous spring near by said to be good for rheumatism. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, once had a grandiose idea of building here the future capital of Brazil, which air castle blew up when he was banished into exile. His idea was that Rio was too unhealthy and too easy of capture for a hostile nation. Here in a salubrious climate near the clouds, and too far in the interior to be accessible to invasion, he thought that the administrative center of the empire should be. From Pyrenopolis two other roads diverge, one to the neighboring town of Corumba, and one eastward to Formosa and to the states of Minas Geraes and Bahia. Pyrenopolis lies at an altitude of 2405 feet.

We had been driving in a northwesterly direction, but here the road to Goyaz takes a sharp turn and runs the rest of the stretch due west. The stage from Pyrenopolis to Jaragua is a long one, and follows, for the greater part, the south bank of the Almas River, past several settlements. There are on this stretch, many crosses, both of iron and wood, which denote where a man has met with a violent or natural death. If a man should be struck by lightning a cross is put up; if he is seized with apoplexy and dies, a cross is erected on the spot where he succumbed. If a man dies with a bite of a poisonous snake or is murdered by a bandit, a cross bears testimony of the fact. In Jaragua, we obtained lodging in a private house, that

of a druggist. We were bitten by insects and kept awake by the babel of crying infants. The horses were poor that we got at Jaragua and by the time that we reached the east fork of the Uruba we knew that it would be impossible for us to make Goyaz the same night, so decided to stop at Ouro Fino. There is much placer mining in the creeks that are tributaries to the Uruba, hence the village receives its name. The trip is across comparatively level land with great ravines opening up to the south of us, whose sides are thickly timbered with hard wood.

Ouro Fino consists of about thirty houses at an altitude of 2177 feet. I should have rather sat up all night than to have stopped at the wretched inn, so applied at the priest's house to see if he would take us in. At first he was reluctant to do so, but, after promising him a sum equivalent to \$4.00, he sullenly agreed, and told us to make ourselves comfortable. He clapped his hands, and a hideous hunchback entered. After giving this deformity some orders, he excused himself, and came back some time afterwards followed by the hunchback who carried in a large tureen of bean soup in which were steaming potatoes, noodles, and bacon. The whole mess was dirty and unsavory, but after the hot and tiresome trip it was a godsend. The priest had no spare beds, but there were two couches in a side room on which we lay with our clothes on. He and the hunchback evidently occupied the next room, for I could hear them conversing until late in the night. They got into an argument and quarreled about something, and from the very few words that I could by this time understand, I conjectured that we were the subject of the conversation. Our sleep was not refreshing, for not a breath of air was stirring, and the night was sultry, although it was far from being as hot as

Asuncion or Corrientes. My wife had a slight recurrence of fever the next day, and I became alarmed, as typhoid is prevalent in all Brazil, except Rio de Janeiro. I was anxious to make an early start for I was told that in Goyaz there were good doctors and a tolerable hospital. We made the trip to Goyaz in nine full hours. It had taken nine hours to reach Ouro Fino from Jaragua, so Herr Boehm in Entre Rios was misinformed or had forgotten the distance when he said one could reach Goyaz from Jaragua in a day. Shortly after leaving Ouro Fino we crossed the main stream of the Uruba, which was very broad, but not two feet deep in its deepest place. The valley of this river is remarkable. Here are met with the same terraced hills with rounded backs that one sees at Rifaino on the Rio Grande. To the left of us, and to the north, are forested mountains, while to the south, are treeless, grassy hills. This Uruba River is the main feeder of the Tocantins, and from here with a canoe one could go downstream to Para on the Amazonian delta. Pyrenopolis is on the watershed from which streams flow both north and south, and since leaving there we had been on the slopes of the Amazon basin.

After crossing the Uruba, we began to ascend in easy gradients to a pass, on the farther side of which lay the valley of the Vermelho River. A miserable habitation here and there and an ox cart heavily loaded down going in the same direction that we were taking testified that we were approaching the capital. The summit reached, a wonderful and picturesque view greets the eye. To the south and north of us rise high mountains, their slopes on this side destitute of vegetation, while from their sides rise sheer palisades of gray granite rock. Huge boulders are everywhere, even on the road. Deep down in a wide valley in front of us and in the distance the myriads of

white houses of Goyaz dazzle in the sunlight. The road descends very steeply in sharp curves, its sides near the crystalline mountain brook supported by hewn stones, fallen into decay. This highway was once paved to the top of the pass, but since the time when labor was free no repairs have been made, and it would have been better if left untouched by the hands of men, for where large flagstones used to be are large holes. Serpents basking in the sun on the stones timidly crawl away at the advent of the vehicles. Farmhouses, more pretentious than those met with on any stage of the trip, are abundant, and, instead of cattle browsing in the fields, are the horses for which Goyaz is famous throughout all Brazil.

Goyaz city is an extremely dull and dead, but withal a pleasant place of 12,000 inhabitants. Its present business depression and decay does not date back thirty years, at which time it was the center of the stock raising country of the republic. Its present lethargic conditions are due to the opening up of the State of Rio Grande do Sul which has usurped stock industry, and by its lack of accession to the open markets. The advent of the railroad will greatly benefit the large state, which is admirably adapted for grazing and agriculture. Seen from the highroad and from the church of Santa Barbara on a hill above the city, Goyaz appears to be a place of considerable size, and it is not until one arrives at the town proper that this illusion is dispelled. There is but one real street in the city; all the others are mere lanes ending nowhere, and, with the exception of the plaza, and main street, which are compactly lined with buildings, the houses are set down in haphazard fashion all over the landscape. There are a few buildings that at one time were fine, but years of misuse have rendered them simulacrums of their past. The palace of the presidente, as the governor is called,

the prison, library, barracks, courthouse, cathedral, and several churches are the only edifices over two stories high. Most of the houses are whitewashed; the others are painted light shades of blue, salmon, rose, and yellow. Porcelain tiles, which decorate the exteriors in the *littoral* towns, are conspicuously absent. There are four or five hotels, but all of the most nondescript kind; the stranger is expected to take lodging in a rooming house or with a private family, and eat in a wine shop or second-class restaurant, for there is no decent one.

I had Hermes drive to the principal square of the city and inquire for the dwelling of Signor Giulini, the Italian vice-consul, who was manager of the hide-exporting firm of Fratelli Bandiera with headquarters in Turin. He presently returned and pointed out to me a warehouse on the main street and but a stone's throw from where I was. Several beggars promptly offered me their assistance to find him, but this was unnecessary for the gentleman in question had seen us drive in, and out of curiosity stood watching us from the doorstep. I walked up to him, and after greeting him handed him my credentials. Signor Giulini, a little man, with a heavy dark Van Dyke beard and carefully trimmed moustaches, was politeness personified; with profuse handshakings and apologies for not being able to offer us better accommodations he led us down a back street to his villa, one of the best in the city, and surrounded by a low wall enclosing a garden, and made us acquainted with his Brazilian wife and children. He said that he was honored to have us, and for us to feel like members of the family. The conversation was carried on in French. Of this language, his wife, a pleasant but thin little woman with large, soft dark eyes, knew but a few words, her linguistic accomplishment being confined solely to Portuguese. As it was closing time for his

warehouse he told me that his wife would make everything ready for us, while he would hurry to his place of business and close up. The garden of his villa contained a rare collection of native plants and trees, in which Signora Giuliani took great pride. Although we spoke a language she didn't understand, partly by motions and partly by speech, for the Romance languages have the advantage of having many words in common, we were soon carrying on an intelligent conversation. She showed us where the day before the gardener had killed a poisonous snake beneath an orange tree. I asked her if the wall was built to keep the snakes out, but she replied that in Brazil there were no walls deep enough to prevent the serpents from crawling under. There were not many snakes in the neighborhood compared with those of other places, she told me, on account of the frequent droughts and the lack of forests on the hills. Although Goyaz state to our northern ideas teemed with reptiles, to the Brazilian mind it is a snakeless paradise.

Signor Giuliani was intending to go to Italy the next month to spend a long-anticipated vacation, and was going to take his wife and two children, who had never been out of Brazil, with him on the trip. His wife he told me was a native of Campinas near São Paulo and had been educated in a convent in the latter city. She had lived in Rio de Janeiro for three years and knew her country fairly well. There was an organ in the villa, and she could play it well. Although she had two female servants she insisted on doing most of the cooking and housework herself. This last quality is the greatest asset of the Brazilian woman. The husband is frequently lazy, unfaithful, and dissipated, but it is rare to meet in the whole country a woman who is not a genuine worker, doing three times her share of the work. It is the only

country that I have ever visited where I think woman suffrage would be a benefit, and of all Brazil, this is especially true in Goyaz.

After supper, which consisted of seven courses, Signor Giulini invited me to the club, where he introduced me to at least twoscore of his friends. I was presented with a complimentary entrance ticket and was told to come as often as I liked. This club is patronized by the merchants, clerks, and officials, both military and civil, who go there to drink, gamble, and talk politics. There were two billiard tables, several card tables, a brand new roulette table, and a bar. Nobody was playing billiards, and roulette seemed to be the chief attraction. The members made a rule that nothing over a *milreis* could be played, while in reality the players generally bet only 200 *reis* (6½ cents) on the numbers. Most of these I afterwards found out were clerks who couldn't even afford to lose anything; the more stable and intellectual of the members didn't play but sat around discussing prices on cattle, horses, and the like. It was a genuine surprise to see the number of members who appeared there in tuxedos. I didn't suppose, from the funereal and poverty-stricken looks of the city, that anybody possessed such an article, unless it was the Presidente or Signor Giulini.

I found out during my stay that Goyaz is a very dressy place, and prides itself on being so. The unkempt and commonplace-looking clerk that one sees unpacking boxes behind the stores, goes to his room as soon as work is over, washes up, and changes his clothes. There are two or three *patresfamilias* of the old school who never appear at their evening meal without a tuxedo on. The second night of my sojourn, there was a ball in the residence of the Presidente. I was given an invitation through the kindness of my host, but was told that it would be a full-



dress affair. My wife had no party dress and I had only one suit of clothes with me, the one I had on. I told Giulini my condition, whereupon he said that he thought he could fix it up all right. A neighbor of his had died a few months ago and as the defunct had been a man about my size, and had possessed a dress suit, he thought he could borrow it from his widow. Great was his chagrin, however, when his wife returned from the widow's house, stating that the man had been buried in it. Giulini hit upon another expedient. The military commandant, Senhor Valles da Lima, would be present at the ball, but he would be in full military dress, and therefore unable to wear his dress suit. He would try to borrow it, and went in person to see about making the arrangements, as the Colonel was of about my avoirdupois. He soon came back saying that everything was satisfactory and sent a servant after the dress suit. Fifteen minutes later the Colonel appeared in person, a stout, rotund figure, considerably shorter than I, and I couldn't see how his clothes would fit me. After the usual flowery polite greeting and exchange of compliments so common in Brazil he asked me to try it on, which I did. I found out that by lengthening the suspenders and by drawing up the strap at the back of the vest it would make a passable fit, although too roomy. The Colonel sized me up and waddled around me, feeling of the shoulder pads, and pulling at the coat tails like a tailor trying a suit on a prospective customer, and when finished with scrutinizing me, remarked that the fit was excellent. Although I couldn't talk Portuguese and the Colonel knew no other language he fired speech at me regardless of the fact that I scarcely understood a word of the colloquy, always trying to impress upon me the fact that the suit had cost him 360 *milreis* and that he had bought it in Rio de Janeiro. He said that he had worn it at a ball

in the President's palace before he held the high military rank that he did now. I answered back through Giulini as interpreter that he was conferring upon me an honor that I would never forget. The conceited Colonel thanked me, and gave me to understand that it was not often that he favored anybody in a like manner, but since I was a friend of Signor Giulini's it would be all right. That night, at the ball, da Lima told nearly everybody, even the Presidente, that it was his suit I was wearing, saying that it fitted me well enough so that I could pass for his twin brother, and after having imbibed about a gallon of rum punch, he gave me several elephantine slaps on the back and kept harping on how well the suit fitted me.

There was a good military band in Goyaz, and it stationed itself in the garden of the palace (which in a North American city would only be a good-sized residence). The rooms were all cleared of the furniture and the ladies sat around the walls in chairs borrowed from the courthouse, fanning themselves. All wore low-neck dresses, with their arms bare to the shoulder. By letting out some of the seams of the dress, Signora Giulini managed to make a lilac-colored silk gown fit my wife, who although she felt feverish didn't want to miss the event which was always the notable one of the year in Goyaz. The army officers were conspicuous in dress uniform with much gold braid and epaulettes. As a rule there is no barrier to color in the hotels and clubs, and many of the officials are negroes or negroids, but here, to my surprise, nobody was present that looked as if he had a blend of blood other than Caucasian. I met the Presidente, an old and small man, with gray moustache and goatee, who was refined and cultured and had once been Minister to Spain. The men instead of sitting around the ballroom strolled about the garden, and looked in at the dancers through the open

windows, regaling themselves heavily from the punch bowl, which was on a table on the verandah in charge of dusky attendants. A few armed policemen patrolled the sidewalk in front of the palace, and beyond their pale a gang of street urchins and loafers had gathered out of curiosity. As I found dancing difficult, and speech more so, I joined the group of men on the porch, who asked me the most absurd questions.

"How much money have you?" one officer asked me.

"Does the United States contemplate waging war on Argentina?" was another question.

"I would like to see the United States make war with Argentina," another said; "theirs is a country of misgovernment and deplorable institutions. The United States may take Argentina, but it could never take Brazil. Brazil is the strongest and richest country on earth. It would whip England, France, and the United States together."

"Yes, it could whip the whole world together. Brazil for the Brazilians," echoed the chorus.

"Your Roosevelt was a great President, but your country needs a man like Fonseca. With him at the head, the United States might make nearly as strong a country as Brazil." Such was the inane remark of the Judge of the Supreme Court of the state of Goyaz.

My wife afterwards told me that the conversation of the women was equally as foolish. Their subjects ran to adultery, reproduction, scandals, and amours, which they discussed with frank openness, although in the presence of men their remarks were very guarded and prudish.

I asked Giulini how he came to be Italian vice-consul, as there were but about twenty Italians in Goyaz city. "There never has been a consulate here until recently and now it only pays me 1000 lire a year (\$200.00). Most of

the laborers on the Goyaz railroad are Italians, as the natives are not overfond of manual labor. They need a consulate and as the terminus is constantly changing it would be useless to establish one at Catalão or at Entre Rios. Goyaz city in time will be a great commercial metropolis, for, as soon as the railroad comes here, it will be extended to Cuyaba, the capital of Matto Grosso. Once that Italians are in a country they are established for good, although they constantly go back to the old country to spend their vacations. None of us expects to remain here until the last days of his life, but conditions are better for living than at home. I think the Italian government did a wise thing by establishing a consulate here, although there is at present nothing to do in that line, as you can see by the small salary I am getting. Just wait a few years and there will be a remarkable change here."

An Italian firm is about to install electric lights in the city, which is lit by petroleum lamps the same as Bomfim. The streets are paved, but grass grows between the stones. In many places, the stones are out, and have never been replaced. There is no sewerage system, and the inhabitants throw all the slops out of their windows on the sidewalk or else into the garden. There are no public toilets, and, after nightfall, the street is used as a water-closet by both sexes. On the broad treeless plaza horses roam at will, grazing the close-cropped grass.

We remained in Goyaz three and a half days, leaving there on the morning of the fifth day after we arrived, having put in three whole days, and parts of two others. As we didn't care to stop again over night at the priest's house at Ouro Fino, nor at the druggist's at Jaragua, or at Antas, we purchased some blankets and a couple of pillows, determining to sleep out-of-doors during those stages, if

the weather permitted. It takes considerably longer time traveling to Ouro Fino from Goyaz than from in the opposite direction and it was supper time when we reached the placer settlement. We went again to the priest's for supper, who was much surprised when we told him that we were pushing on the same evening. He was perturbed about losing the prospective \$4.00, but he made up for it by charging us \$3.00 for a tureen of soup similar to the one we had on our outward journey. We camped out that night on the left bank of the east fork of the Uruba on the sandy beach. Hermes tethered the horses on the high bank and slept there. At each stage, we would get the same horses that we had left, returning them to their owners in each successive village. The second night we slept out in the open by the roadside about midway between Jaragua and Pyrenopolis, and reached that town at noon, having had an early start. It was just as well that we did so, for a thunderstorm had for a long time been brewing, and no sooner had we reached the ancient colonnaded hotel than it came down upon us with all its tropical force, deluging everything. Hermes took advantage of it by getting beastly drunk, and quarreling with the hotel servants, whom he called "dogs." He took a crust of dry bread and throwing it on the floor under the table told the peon to go and eat it. There were intermittent showers all night, and when we awoke the next morning the prospects were for a continued spell of bad weather. We were anxious to get away, and so was Hermes, who had slept off his debauch, and was now in a sullen mood. The sun finally came out, but as we were about to set out, the unpleasant news was brought to us that the road to Antas was impassable, on account of the swelling of some streams, and to reach it we should have to make a detour, and go by the way of Corumba. We were also informed that

there was a group of American engineers at Corumba who were surveying a route to the Tocantins. Corumba lies about ten miles due east of Pyrenopolis, and, from a bend of the hill, it is visible, its church spire dominating the landscape. We left for the place in the afternoon, as Antas was too far away to make on the same day, and reached it a few hours afterwards. We found on our arrival that the engineers, who were mounted on mules, had already set out for Bomfim in the morning. The inn at Corumba was fair, and we slept in our own blankets on a reed mattress on the floor. The next day's stage to Antas was a gradual descent, and, shortly before reaching the town, we forded the swollen Corumba River at its widest and shallowest part. Farther up, where we had forded it on our outward journey, it was now impassable, for the volume of water had risen considerably during the last two days, and two oxen had drowned while attempting to make the crossing. Against our will we were again obliged to put up at the house of the parish priest who had charged us for the use of the candle on our outward trip, as the ground was too wet to spread our blankets on. Settling with him the next morning he omitted to charge for the candle. Face-tiously I inquired if he hadn't made a mistake by the omission. "No, I have been paid for that candle enough already, and it is not yet burned down. Three other parties have lighted the same room since your departure," he answered. The stage from Bomfim to Santa Cruz, the longest of the whole trip, was not made on the return journey in one day. One of the horses that we had got at Santa Cruz and had driven to Bomfim was kicked by a mule while in the stable at the latter town, and went so lame that we made little progress, and were obliged to pass the night at the settlement of Santa Rita da Bomfim, a cluster of huts on the plateau halfway

between the two places. We arrived there about sundown and were served with our evening meal on a wooden table at the side of a farmhouse underneath the spreading shade of a tropical tree, with whose name I am unfamiliar. There is no twilight in the tropics, and before we had finished eating, the hostess had to bring out a candle that we might see the food. There were no rooms for transients at Santa Rita, but we were told that we could spread our blankets on a platform of wood which rose about four feet from the ground, and which had a canopy of thatch about five feet above it, supported by four poles, one at each corner.

We retired early, but could not sleep on account of the grunting and squealing of pigs who had also retired for the night under our platform. This noise over, a few native musicians began to make the tranquillity hideous by starting up a tune on some native instruments in an orange grove across the highway. From the laughter and ribald jokes issuing from that direction, together with the numerous lamps and lanterns that were visible, I imagined that there was a carousal going on. Presently I heard female tones and scolding, mingled with many guffaws. Slipping on my shoes I walked over to the grove and was well repaid by the visit. A Brazilian peasants' duel, indigenous alone to the country, was going on.

It had happened that a certain damsel had a suitor, who had been looked upon favorably until another man appeared on the scene, who had promptly won the maiden's heart. There had been an open-air dance in progress and the newer rival had danced too many times with the fair lady, according to the other fellow's notion. The latter challenged him to a fight, which the other promptly accepted, and they were now having it out with the whole party as onlookers. Each of the combatants

had a razor-shaped knife tied to the top of his forehead by means of thongs running around his neck. They stood facing each other about fifteen feet away and would describe broad circles trying to avoid each other and waiting for the proper moment for each one to rush in at the other head first like an angry ram. The object was to cut one another with these knives, but they had to do it by means of butting one another with their heads. The circle gradually narrowed down until they were within a yard of each other and several times they ran head first at one another, but without effect, owing to the dodging game. This process kept up for about fifteen minutes with no one having any advantage until the shorter of the two made a wild rush at his adversary, who was a tall slim fellow. The tall fellow side-stepped and with lightning-like rapidity followed the shorter man up, and before he could turn around to make another rush, he bumped him underneath the collar-blade and cut a wide gash in his carcass. With a profane bellow the latter attempted to turn around, but the tall man was there with the goods and gave him another bump, cutting his face most terribly. Blood spurted from a severed vein and made the clothing of both gory. The tall man was closing in with attempts to sever his adversary's jugular vein, but the short man realizing it ran back a few steps and drawing from his belt a dagger, which the code of honor forbade, made a rush at the tall fellow and stabbed him twice in his right side. The first time it penetrated up to the hilt, but withdrawing it and stabbing him the second time, it struck a rib and broke off short. He then took to the country, the tall fellow pursuing him. Running, the short man disengaged the blade from his hair and threw it at his pursuer, falling short of the mark. The tall man, who, at his opponent's treachery, had also drawn his dagger, nearly caught the



smaller man, but, bleeding internally from a puncture of his lungs, suddenly collapsed, before he was out of the range of light caused by the lanterns. He was picked up and carried to a nearby hut. When we left the next morning he was still alive although little hope was held out for his recovery. Santa Cruz, Entre Rios, where I put in another night at the railroad officials' lodging-house with Herr Boehm, and Catalão were all reached in good time. I settled with the liveryman the remainder of the cash I owed him, and took the train for the south. The trip had cost us 1260 *milreis* or \$420.00 and had lasted twenty-one days.

We left Catalão the next morning after our arrival, on a freight train at 3.30 A.M., arriving at Araguay at 7.30. Here we changed cars and went direct to Riberão Preto, arriving there at 5 A.M. the next morning. There was a sleeping car on this train belonging to one of the superintendents of the railroad, and he was kind enough to sell us a compartment. Returning to São Paulo from Riberão Preto, we took the Paulista Railroad. We had but one hour in Riberão Preto. The Paulista follows the east fork of the Rio Pardo until its union with the west fork, up the valley of which it ascends until it reaches the town of Araraquara, another seat of the coffee industry, at 10.47 A.M. San Carlos, a large town, is reached at 12.21, and Rio Claro at 2.36 P.M. Ten minutes is allowed for lunch, and we arrived at the station of Cordeiro at 3.05. From here on, the train is an express, only two stops being made, one at Campinas at 4:30 and the other at Jundiahy at 5.35. São Paulo is reached at 6.40. We stayed only one day at São Paulo after our return, and left the next night for Rio de Janeiro.

The railroad to Rio de Janeiro, the Estrada de Ferro Central do Brazil, is owned by the government. It is

unpopular with the Paulistas, who are scared to ride over it. Accidents have been of frequent occurrence, especially in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro where the ascent is a quick one over sharp curves. In traveling to Rio, the Paulista goes to Santos by rail, and thence to Rio by steamer, the trip taking two hours longer but being considered far safer. The Austro-Americana Steamship Company of Trieste once sold a number of Paulistas tickets from São Paulo to Europe direct. The boat is too large to enter the Santos River so makes its only stop in Brazil at Rio de Janeiro. When the purchasers of the tickets found that in order to make the boat they would have to go to Rio by rail, so great was their fear that they backed out, and demanded a refund of their passage money. In order not to lose by it or to disappoint them, the Austro-Americana was obliged to charter a vessel of the Brazilian Lloyd in Santos and convey the passengers to Rio by means of it.

The train de luxe between São Paulo and Rio which we took leaves the former city at 9.15 P.M. The coaches and sleeping car are facsimiles of the Orient Express, and are luxurious in the extreme. I didn't sleep much, as the towns were of great frequency, and, by the moonlight, I could see that we were passing through a thickly settled mountainous country. It was the night before a church festival, and in some of the towns the exterior of the churches was brilliantly illuminated by rows of electric lights suspended along their outlines. Mogy das Cruzes, Jacarehy, Pindamon-Hangaba, Lorena, and Queluz were passed. At daybreak, we were on the mountain tops, and could look far below on the hills, and onto the distant Atlantic, studded with green conical islands. It takes a long time to enter Rio, much longer than it takes to enter Buenos Aires, and from a distance of fifteen miles in

the country to the city limits, stretches a succession of villages and towns connected with each other with paved streets and trolley car lines. In some places, model villages are being built by speculators.

## CHAPTER XIX

### BRAZIL

THE United States of Brazil has an area larger than the United States of America, exclusive of Alaska. Its population numbers twenty millions and it is the only South American power of first rank, the great nations of the world having embassies here. It comprises twenty-one states, including the federal capital, each of which is represented on the coat of arms of the republic by a star, and the territory of Acre, now in dispute with Peru and Bolivia. It is also the least known and the least developed republic in the Western Hemisphere, and contains untold riches both mineral and vegetable. The settled part, which includes the region directly behind the coast range of mountains in the neighborhood of Rio to the southern confines of the country, is very thickly settled, and in this region more than half of the inhabitants live. They are here mostly engaged in mining and in coffee growing. Another thickly settled region is from Bahia northward five hundred miles, where fruit growing and tobacco culture are carried on profitably. Outside of these two districts, the country is very sparsely settled. The northern part is an impenetrable forest of hard wood with great swamps and many rivers; the central part is a rich high plateau of grasses and wilderness of brush; while the eastern and

southern parts are hilly and mountainous, the highest peak in the republic being over 10,000 feet high. This is Mt. Itatiaia, its summit frequently snow-covered. It lies about 100 miles back from the sea, and where the states of São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Minas Geraes unite. Unlike in Argentina where the railroad systems branch out in all directions from the ports, here, in Brazil, the mountains must first be ascended and the great central plateau reached before this branching out can be done. The Brazilian colors are green and yellow. The army and navy are large, the government is corrupt, politics and graft playing too large a rôle.

From the date of its liberation from Portugal to 1889, Brazil was an empire. The emperor was also King of Portugal and he had moved his court to Rio de Janeiro from Lisbon. Dom Pedro II. was the last Emperor and during his reign the country had reached a high state of prosperity. This was due to slave labor which enriched the landholders and brought much money to the national treasury. By freeing the slaves, Dom Pedro II. incurred the wrath of the landed proprietors and aristocracy. They declared Brazil a republic, overthrew the existing government, and deposed the Emperor, banishing him from the country. It is doubtful if they could have done this if it had not been for the aid of the freedmen, who had been slaves. These were negroes of a low type, and their act of appreciation to the benefactor who had freed them was to depose him. There was a large nobility composed of marquises, counts, and barons, who, though reduced to the rank of ordinary citizens, were allowed to retain their titles until death, when they would become extinct. Many of these are living to-day and they form the cream of Rio's society. This scheme didn't work out any better than the abolishing of nobility in France. Although these

titles were not allowed to become hereditary by the law of the country, they were never suppressed and to-day one sees many young nobles who have inherited the title since the death of their sires. During the twenty-four years that Brazil has been a republic, her history has been clouded by revolutions, intrigue, personal ambitions, and jealousy. A republic in every sense of the word, and with a benignant code of laws, the country has been terribly misgoverned, the appropriations for the betterment of existing conditions having found their way into the pockets of petty officials.

The negro population, naturally lazy, since their liberation have refused to work, preferring to eke out their existence in indolent ease. As these were the laboring classes, Brazil was up against it commercially until the advent of Italian immigration. The white residents have wakened up to the fact that they were better off under the empire, and that as long as there is such a large negro population with equal rights, the prosperity of the nation will always be menaced. They are devising means of extinguishing the race, which will be a gradual process lasting several generations. It is claimed that by no intermarriage with the whites, disease will make great havoc among the blacks, pulmonary trouble and syphilis being the prime factors. Also the negroes are forced into the army in great numbers and sent to the unhealthy places of the interior. During the last decade, Europeans have discovered that Brazil is a nice place to live in, richly endowed by nature, extremely productive, much of it healthy with a good climate, and with better conditions than they have been accustomed to at home. They have emigrated in great numbers, mainly to the state of São Paulo, and the three other states to the south of it. Most of this influx has been Italian and São Paulo city owes its

modern cosmopolitan appearance to the European residents there. The Italians are also pouring into the southern states in Brazil, and will soon outnumber the Germans, who have been established there for generations. The largest German settlements are in the state of Santa Catharina, where they have the large colonies of Blumenau and Joinville. A traveler in this district can go on horseback for several days without hearing a word of any other language but German spoken. These settlers have not intermarried with the natives, but have led ambitionless lives in the back country, seldom emerging. Farther south in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, the Teutonic element is more active. The business of the cities of Pelotas, Rio Grande do Sul, and Porto Alegre is in its hands and it forms the highest and most influential part of the population of these places. Curityba, São Paulo, Santos, Nova Friburgo, Juiz da Fora, and Theresiopolis have many residents from the Vaterland. There are Swiss settlements but no English ones.

The commerce of Brazil is as varied as its industries, but both are but little developed in comparison with the magnitude and resources of the land. The forest land when cleared is suitable to the culture of rice and bananas. In this region there is much rubber. Santa Catharina and Paraná are heavily timbered with pine and Rio Grande do Sul would make an excellent corn and stock country. São Paulo and Minas Geraes are adapted to coffee growing, while Bahia, Sergipe, Alagoas, and Pernambuco could easily supply the world with oranges. There are sugar mills at Campos, in Espirito Santo, and in Pernambuco. The rivers and ocean are filled with fish, while scattered all through the hills and mountains is mineral wealth untold. Cotton and tobacco are two of the leading industries, but there is room for these to be cultivated on a hundred

times greater scale. The great mining state is Minas Geraes, lying directly north of the state of Rio de Janeiro. It is a mountainous and hilly country with a population of 4,500,000; its capital is Bello Horizonte with 30,000 inhabitants and its old capital, Ouro Preto, is a filthy place in a remarkable situation between two high mountains, Caraça and Itaculumi. This is the center of the gold mining industry, with which metal this state is literally paved. Besides the gold there are diamond fields at Diamantina, and iron and manganese deposits. Diamonds are likewise found in the states of Bahia, Goyaz, Rio de Janeiro, Paraná, São Paulo, and Matto Grosso. There are undoubtedly many rich beds as yet undiscovered. Manganese is found in the state of Rio de Janeiro, while in the state of Bahia it and copper are both found. There is marble in São Paulo and in all the states southward of it, Rio Grande do Sul being the leading one in the richness of its quarries, while iron is found throughout the whole length of the coast range. Gold is found in nearly every state of the republic except those to the far north. The trouble of the whole country is that foreign money is needed to open up industries. The natives have money but they are afraid to invest.

Brazil has every variety of climate as well as every variety of disease. They are all present to choose from. From Rio and Minas Geraes southwards the country is healthy and from there northward unhealthy. It snows occasionally in the southern states and on the high mountains of the coast range. In 1913, there was a snowfall of three inches at Curityba, a phenomenon hitherto unknown. In São Paulo it sometimes freezes but very seldom. The farther south and higher up one goes the cooler it becomes, and vice versa. While the southern part is suitable for a European population, the northern



part is fit only for negroes, who form the majority at the two pestilential ports of Bahia and Pernambuco. Strange to say, the blacks are not to be encountered in great numbers north of Pernambuco and at Para they are in no greater proportion to the whole population than at Rio, while Bahia literally seethes with them. In the coast towns of Ceara or Fortaleza and in San Luiz da Maranhão they are in a noticeable minority. South of Rio they are a minimum, although they are to be found in all coast towns as far as the La Plata River.

Some parts of Brazil are quite arid, desert-like in appearance. These are in the eastern extremity and it is believed by meteorologists that the existing conditions are due to the same causes that produce the desert of Sahara. This Brazilian desert is a continuation of the African desert but five days distant. The same climatic conditions that are found in the western protruding part of Africa are duplicated in the eastern and protruding part of Brazil, and the islands that are met in mid-ocean between these protuberances are just as barren as the soil of the two continents nearest to which they are. The two arid states are Ceara and Piauhy. Both are capable of producing good crops if there is a plenty of water, but as the rainfalls are uncertain, they can't be depended upon. This drought generally comes in spells. After several wet years there are several dry years in which everything burns up, and the starving inhabitants are forced to migrate to the towns and to other parts of the country. Ceara City which has a normal population of 40,000 people has been known to house 150,000 inhabitants in drought years. Rain is not always as plentiful in Goyaz and Matto Grosso as it should be, but as a rule there is enough. Besides the coast range which reach their highest altitudes in Minas Geraes, Rio de Janeiro, and

Goyaz, there is also a high range of mountains on the Venezuelan frontier. From Rio northward with the exception of Para yellow fever is prevalent in all the coast towns, Pernambuco especially. Manaus in recent years has been a hotbed for it, but I understand that under the auspices of Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, the man who cleaned up Rio and later Para, it has been stamped out there. People frequently die of it in the best hotels of Bahia and Pernambuco, although it is never so bad in those places as it was in Santos several years ago. Rio was likewise bad. All through Brazil, there is leprosy, especially in São Paulo, Goyaz, and Matto Grosso. Bubonic plague is frequent in Pernambuco, Aracaju, Natal, Ceara, Maceio, and in São Luiz de Maranhão, while malaria is common to the whole country, especially in the Amazon basin. Passengers dying of it will board the river steamers, and lie in their hammocks. As soon as life is extinct, their comrades and the crew will steal every article that they possessed, so that when the ship's officers come around, nothing but the nude body of the deceased remains in the hammock.

One of the pleasant diseases of the tropics is beri-beri, of the same family as elephantiasis and sometimes mistaken for it. It begins with a slight pain and swelling at the instep and ankle. The swelling increases until the extremities acquire an abnormal size, the legs sometimes getting larger around than the body. This disease occurs mainly in the Amazonian basin and takes a long time to come on, sometimes about fifteen months. Its cure is a sudden trip to the coast and a voyage on the ocean if possible, for it is not indigenous to salt water. Many sailors in the Brazilian navy have become afflicted with it while on duty on the Amazon and had to be removed. It is seldom to be met with in towns as far south as Rio,

at which city there is a hospital for it on a hill above the old tunnel connecting Botafogo with Copacabana. I know a Scotchman who was for years chief engineer on a passenger boat that made the Amazonian ports as far up as Iquitos. He said that he was in such constant horror of contracting beri-beri that scarcely a day elapsed that he didn't examine his ankles several times and measure them with a string.

Trachoma and glaucoma are both frequent in São Paulo state. They have been brought in by Italian immigrants. Everywhere that there is a large Italian element in South America many cases of these are to be found. A nauseating disease which in Brazil is unknown is pellagra, so common to the United States and to Argentina. The pest hospitals are Jurujuba in the suburb of São Francisco at Nictheroy for bubonic plague, São Sebastião, Rio, for smallpox, and yellow fever, and São Cristovãl, Rio, for leprosy.

Brazil has a navy large enough to blow all the combined navies of South America out of existence, yet it is very insufficient for its long coastline and great inland water system. Its ships are manned by negroes; there is no discipline; and it frequently occurs that the pay for the crew is so much in arrears, that they mutiny. Like in the navy, the soldiers are negroes and are poorly trained. The Brazilians are good fighters, and under the tutelage of foreign officers should make a good showing, but as it is now, the army is valueless.

Taking the states of Brazil in order from north to south, the most northerly as well as the most westerly one is Amazonas, the largest state of the republic, whose area is 1,850,000 square kilometers. Its greatest breadth from Parintins on the Amazon to the headwaters of the Javary River is 1293 miles and its greatest length from Mt.

Roraima to the Beni River is 1181 miles. Amazonas derives its name from the great river that divides it in nearly equal parts. Amazonas is bounded on the north by British Guiana, Venezuela, and Colombia, on the west by Ecuador and Peru, on the south by Bolivia, the territory of Acre, and the state of Matto Grosso, and on the east by the state of Para. Its great area is one of virgin wilderness and is intersected by numerous large streams, all tributaries to the Amazon. The largest of these is Rio Negro, which flows into the Amazon a few miles below Manaus. The Rio Branco or White River, to distinguish the color of its water from that of the black Rio Negro, is the next largest stream north of the Amazon. The Amazon is a muddy stream of clayish color; the contrast in color with it and the Negro can be seen at Manaus, for the latter stream is nearly jet black from the decaying vegetation in the country through which it flows. The Rio Branco, which is a tributary to this inky stream, is a clear river having its origin in springs in the mountains on the Venezuelan frontier. It makes a great drop in its course, thereby accounting for the clearness of its water. The Janura and the Putomayo, in Brazil named the Ica, likewise flow into the Amazon from a northwesterly direction. The river of greatest importance in South America next to the Amazon, and which is a feeder for the rubber country of southern Amazonas and northern Bolivia, is the Madeira, which flows into the Amazon from a southwesterly direction about one hundred miles below Manaus. The northern part of Amazonas is mountainous, the culminating peak being Roraima, whose cloud-crested broad summit rises to an altitude of 8450 feet above sea level, and forms the boundary of Brazil, Venezuela, and British Guiana.

Manaos, the capital of the state, is a modern and up-to-

date city of 55,000 inhabitants and boasts of an opera house that cost over \$1,000,000. Its streets are paved and it has tram cars. It was long considered one of the most unhealthy towns in South America and had a reputation vying with Guayaquil in that respect. The governor of the state when asked why he didn't do something to stamp out yellow jack answered his interlocutor that the natives never caught it so there was no need of taking any measures against it. Those who came down with the contagion were foreigners and as foreigners were not needed in Manaus, he wouldn't take any steps to check its ravages. Manaus is connected by direct lines of steamers with Europe.

The state directly east of Amazonas and containing the delta of the Amazon River is that of Pará formerly named Gran Pará. It contains an area of 1,250,000 square kilometers and is 898 miles broad by 871 miles long. Its coastline on the Atlantic Ocean measures 600 miles. Near its mouth the broad Amazon divides itself into several channels and one of these forms the great island of Marajó. Although the state of Pará north of the Amazon is well watered, the great rivers are in the southern portion. These, the Tapajós, the Xingú, and the Tocantins, divide this southern portion into three nearly equal parts, the first-mentioned two flowing into the Amazon and the last-mentioned one into the Atlantic Ocean. The state, whose commerce is rubber, is bounded on the north by French Guiana, Dutch Guiana, and British Guiana, on the west by Amazonas, on the south by Matto Grosso, and on the east by Goyaz, Maranhão, and the Atlantic Ocean. Pará, called by the Brazilians Belem (Bethlehem) is the capital city. It lies one hundred miles up the Pará River, which is the mouth of the Tocantins, and has a population of 180,000. It was form-

erly a great commercial town, and although business is good now, it has been somewhat depressed by the rise of Manaus as a seat of the rubber industry. Pará is a pleasant and fairly healthy place though terribly hot and humid and possesses many fine buildings and private residences.

East of Pará is the state of Maranhão. It is not as productive or as fertile as Pará, for the more eastward we go, the more arid the soil, caused from droughts. Although it rains frequently on the seacoast, the eastern and central part of Maranhão is dry. Towards the Pará border where the huge forests are, rubber is found, but its eastern extremities are stretches of treeless hills. The capital is São Luiz, called by North Americans, Maranhão, on Maranhão Island, a dull, funereal town with 32,000 people, and frequently visited by yellow fever and cholera. The only other town of importance is Caxias, connected by rail with Flores on the Parnahyba River, the natural boundary between the states of Maranhão and Piauhý. From Flores an outlet is obtained to the outside world by means of this river.

The state east of Maranhão is Piauhý, which suffers from droughts even worse than the former. Attempts are made at cotton growing along the seacoast, but even here the soil is too sandy and arid. There are no harbors, ships landing at Amarracão, the port of Parnahyba. The capital, Therezina, is reached by boat up the Parnahyba River, about 175 miles from its mouth. It has about 25,000 inhabitants but is a more inferior appearing place than São Luiz. Its streets are ill paved and ill lighted. It is steadily growing, kept up by the cattle industry of the interior.

East of Piauhý is Ceara with 1,000,000 inhabitants and also one of the most arid spots on the east coast of South America excepting Patagonia. Notwithstanding its

physical disadvantages, it has been a very progressive state, and its inhabitants deserve credit in having tried to do everything that was possible to make it prosperous. Its capital, Ceara, formerly called Fortaleza, has 40,000 people, and although not so fine a place as other Brazilian towns of importance is rather up-to-date and well lighted. It has some few shaded avenues and fine public buildings. The government has appropriated money to build a dam, the water to be used for irrigation purposes, but the work has been going on too slow to suit the inhabitants. Cattle raising is the main industry. A railroad runs from Ceara into the center of the state to Quixeramobim, which is projected to extend the rest of the way across to Crato at the southern extremity. Another railroad runs about one hundred miles inland from the port of Camocim to Ipú, in the heart of the cattle raising country.

The state of Rio Grande do Norte, lying on the ocean and directly east of Ceara, is the acme of desert and desolation. It is a state of no verdure, and of sandy stretches throughout its entire area. Its only river of importance, the Rio das Piranhas, is little better than an *arroyo seco* with a small shallow channel in its middle. The Chapada do Apody is a high desert plateau in both the states of Ceara and Rio Grande do Norte and is rich in salt deposits which find their way out through the port of Mossoró, on the small river of the same name. Much of the state of Rio Grande do Norte is similar to the Antofagasta hinterland, though minus the mountains. Salt is the great industry of the state, and keeps up a considerable population which otherwise wouldn't reside there on account of the unfavorable geological conditions. Natal is the capital. It is a town of 10,000 inhabitants on the ocean and is the northern terminus of the Great Western of Brazil Railways Company, by which it is connected by rail

with Pernambuco two hundred miles to the south. A branch line runs from Aldea, a settlement across the bay from Natal, to Ceara-mirim, a town a short distance away in the hills.

Parahyba state is directly south of Rio Grande do Norte and like the latter is a small state, but its climate and terrain are much different. Here the green wooded hills with cocoanut trees and tropical verdure remind one much of the São Paulo coastline. It is pleasant to see so much green after the arid states to the northwest of it. The capital of the state is Parahyba on a bay, of the same name but connected with its seaport, Cabedello, by rail, where the water is deep enough for anchorage of vessels. The industries of the state are sugar cane and tobacco. Coffee can also be grown and attempts are being made for its cultivation. The state has a good future ahead of it and should in time to come be of prominence in the republic.

Directly south of Parahyba is the great and rich state of Pernambuco with a population, mostly colored, of 2,000,000. Its area is 58,650 square miles, or about the size of Georgia, Florida, or Michigan. Its extreme length from east to west is 438 miles and its breadth from north to south is 178 miles. It has 111 miles of coastline. Pernambuco is bounded on the north by the states of Parahyba and Ceara, on the west by Piauhy, and on the south by Bahia and Alagoas. Its eastern limits are formed by the Atlantic Ocean. The whole industry of the state is engrossed in the manufacture of sugar and alcohol, and many railroads lead off from the port to the great plantations in the interior. The climate of the coastal region is hot and moist, with considerable rainfall, which diminishes the farther westward one goes. All of the plantations are in the eastern half of the state, for the



climate and geological conditions of the western part are much like those of Ceara and Piauhy, although not so bad. For half of the length of its southern boundary, runs the Rio São Francisco, which was erroneously likened by the early explorers to the Mississippi.

Pernambuco, the capital, called by the Brazilians Recife, is a fine and prosperous commercial city with 200,000 inhabitants, three fourths of whom are colored. Owing to the filthy and unsanitary conditions in which the blacks live, there are epidemics of yellow fever and bubonic plague at frequent intervals. Yet withal Pernambuco is a pleasant place with its broad avenues and fine mansions and public buildings in the newer parts of the town. The older parts retain much of the characteristics of a Holland town with the numerous bridges spanning the canals and streams which divide the different sections of the city, and the high narrow buildings bear testimony of the Dutch civilization that once flourished there. It is the fourth city of the republic in size and on account of its admirable location as the nearest port of the South American continent to Europe it is bound to thrive. Next to Rio its tonnage is greater than any other Brazilian port. It is protected from the ocean by a reef (*recife* means reef) but the shallowness of the water inside of it makes it impossible for large vessels to go inside. The government is now dredging this basin, and it is expected that shortly large vessels will be able to go up to shore. There is a contemplated project of decreasing the distance to Europe from Brazil by two days. Trains will run to Pernambuco, where vessels may be boarded to take the passenger to the nearest African port. A French company intends building a railroad to the African town, where passengers will again take the train and be carried to Tangier.

Directly south of Pernambuco is the state of Alagoas with 700,000 inhabitants. Next to Sergipe this is the smallest state in the union. Its southern boundary is marked by the great and wide São Francisco River. Near its western limits is the Brazilian Niagara or the Cachoeira do Paulo Affonso, a mighty waterfall. So that the river traffic shall not be interrupted by it a railroad line of one hundred miles has been built around the gorge in which it is situated beginning at Jatobá in Pernambuco and ending at Piranhas in Alagoas. Another railroad connects the capital, Maceio, with Pernambuco. Maceio is a dull tropical place of 30,000 inhabitants on a side hill and is an export place for rum and sugar.

Sergipe, the smallest and least important of all the Brazilian states, lies directly south of Alagoas. Its interior is a primeval wilderness. Its population is estimated at 356,300 and that of its capital, Aracaju, at 10,000. The latter is connected by rail with Socorro, a village twenty miles in the interior and but three miles from Laranjeiras, the second town in size in the state, which boasts the enormous population of 3000 souls.

The state of Bahia, fifth largest in Brazil, is one of the most progressive and active states in the union, endowed with fabulous natural resources such as extensive beds of copper, diamonds, gold, iron, and manganese, and a rich soil upon which can be grown coffee, sugar cane, tobacco, cotton, and fruits, and watered by many streams, the great São Francisco dividing it into two unequal parts, the western one being the smaller. Much of the development of this rich state is due to the railway communications with the interior, not all of which, however, start from the city of Bahia, but from neighboring towns across the bay. The interior is hilly and mountainous, some of the summits reaching an altitude of 4750 feet in the

Serra da Gagau, the Pico dos Almas being the culminating point. Bahia is the third populous of all the Brazilian states, being exceeded only by Minas Geraes and São Paulo. Its present population numbers about 2,500,000. The state is noted for the fine quality of its tobacco, Bahia cigars enjoying the same reputation in South America that the Havana variety does in North America.

The capital of the state, formerly known as São Salvador, is now universally called Bahia. It enjoys a picturesque and prominent position on an eminence in All Saints Bay, and boasts of a cosmopolitan population of 350,000. It is rapidly growing and is a fine city. The older and shipping part of the city is built on the narrow flat land at the foot of hills so precipitous that in order to reach the newer and more aristocratic section elevators similar to the *ascensores* at Valparaiso have to be employed. The height between the higher and lower portions of the city is greater here than at Valparaiso and the ascent in these lifts is much like that from Marseilles to Notre Dame de la Garde. The houses in the old portion are tall and narrow, much resembling those of Pernambuco, while the modern edifices on the hill are massive and broad like those of any European capital. In the upper city is a grand theater, that of São João, the governor's palace, the hotels, and the residences of the opulent. Bahia teems with factories placed all over the tropical landscape, those of the cigar predominating. The city contains a fine public library and is also a seat of learning for all Brazil. Some of the publishing houses excel those of the federal capital. The only drawback to the city is the great number of Ethiopian visages to be met with.

Goyaz, which I have described somewhat, lies directly west of Bahia, and directly west of this lies the second

state in size in Brazil, that of Matto Grosso, the greatest part of it unexplored and containing a heterogenous population of 125,000 whites, Indians, and half-breeds. The products of this state are *yerba maté*, hides, and minerals. The pioneers were prospectors and miners lured thither in search for gold who knew nothing about agriculture. Arrived there it was a difficult task to return, and in such circumstances they settled down and have remained in a state of poverty. The climate has made them lazy and indolent, and they as well as their brethren in Goyaz have showed no aptitude towards progress. It takes twelve days to reach the outposts of Coimbra and Corumba from the nearest Brazilian port on the Atlantic, and many of the soldiers stationed at the forlorn garrisons die of fevers before they have been there long. A great portion of the state is a healthy plateau, but these lands are too inaccessible to be inhabited. The Paraguay River rises from a pond in the fields of the north central part of the state. There is no great altitude forming the watershed of the La Plata and the Amazon basin. The capital city is Cuyaba, a miserable place of 12,000 people, near the center of the state. Not far north of it are the diamond fields with the village of Diamantino (not to be confused with Diamantina in Minas Geraes) as their emporium. Corumba, the only other place of importance, is on the left bank of the Paraguay River near the Bolivian frontier.

The most populous, best developed, healthiest, and richest state in the union is that of Minas Geraes, which lies directly north of that of Rio de Janeiro. It has 4,500,000 inhabitants and is a country of mountains, many of them high. On account of its altitude its climate is most salubrious, and it is claimed that there is scarcely a mineral to be found on the whole continent which is lacking here. Minas differs from the other states in the

fact that its first settlers were adventurers from São Paulo, so its origin was not direct European colonization. Mining has gone on here for ages and some of the towns where the rich lodes have been worked out are nothing but relics of their former greatness. Noticeable among these is Ouro Preto, one-time capital of the state. About fifteen years ago the new capital, Bello Horizonte, was founded and to-day it is a pleasant place of 25,000 inhabitants and is not far distant from the mining operations. Besides an abundance of rare minerals and precious stones, there are found in great quantities, scattered throughout the state, minor gems of importance such as the topaz, amethyst, tourmaline, and aqua marina. Many are the mineral springs, whose waters form the staple beverage in the houses of the rich and in the hotels. These carbonaceous and ferruginous waters belch forth from the rocky ground in fountains at Caxambu, Cambuquiera, and at Lambary in the southwestern part of Minas not far from the Pico do Itatiaia, formerly known as Itatiaiasu. Minas is separated from the coast state of Rio de Janeiro by the lofty barriers of the Mantiqueira Mountains and the river of Parahyba do Sul. In these mountains gold was found in two distinct colors, a dark shade named *ouro preto* and a light shade named *ouro branco*. Minas contains a network of railroads in its southern part, whose antennæ reach the most important mining camps. Coffee culture and agriculture is carried on in the neighborhood of the great *fazendas*, some of which have entire villages under their control. The Rio São Francisco rises in this state and a railroad is being built to connect the capital with the navigable part, which is below the rapids of Pirapora. There are many towns in Minas, some of which a century ago were the most important in the empire, but they have taken a back seat to those that are located

near the seaboard. Among those which were formerly opulent and seats of culture can be mentioned Barbacena, São João del Rei, São José, Curvelho, Moro Velho, Santa Barbara, Rio Branco, Ponte Nova, Juiz da Fora, Lima Duarte, Bom Jardim, and Campanha. Although the labor was formerly done by the blacks, there are to-day few negroes, as that race cannot flourish to perfection in these altitudes. Though leprosy is not as prevalent as in São Paulo, goiter is common and is known as *bocio*.

A small state south and east of Minas is that of Espirito Santo, whose capital is Victoria. Its climate is hot and near the coast insalubrious. This state is of small importance commercially, although it has natural riches in forests and dyewoods, which cover its northern half. Coffee is grown but in a rather haphazard fashion, while in some localities sugar cane is the chief product. The mountains in the interior frequently rise to a height of over 3000 feet, especially in the ranges known as the Serra do Campo and the Serra do Apolinario. Gold is found in Espirito Santo and there are mines at a place named Castello. There is a railroad connection between Victoria and Nictheroy across the bay from Rio and another one is built to Natividade on the Rio Doce which is being built to Diamantina. When completed this will bring the outlet of the diamond fields to Victoria, and then the little city will undoubtedly rise from the lethargy in which it now subsists. The capital has 16,900 inhabitants and is built on a wooded hill on an island of the same name.

The state of Rio de Janeiro should not be confounded with the city of the same name for the latter is not located within its confines. This whole state whose population numbers 1,500,000, is mountainous and is traversed in all directions by railroads, most of which were great feats of engineering. Coffee and sugar growing are the chief means

of livelihood of its inhabitants and although they have fallen into decay by local existing conditions they are still done on quite a scale. The new sugar plantations in Bahia and Pernambuco have usurped this one-time great industry of the state and the beet culture in Europe has taken away much of its export trade. The soil of São Paulo is better adapted to coffee than that of Rio de Janeiro, and being more level can be tilled more cheaply. This reason and also the proximity of the great city of Rio de Janeiro have had a tendency of drawing away labor in that direction. There are no large towns in the state but very many fair-sized ones. Campos on the Rio Parahyba do Sul is the means of the sugar cane belt. It is the largest town, with a population of 78,000 inhabitants. Other towns of importance are Nova Friburgo, Teresopolis, Nictheroy, the capital, with 35,000 inhabitants and noted for its manufacture of munitions of war, Macahé, and Petropolis, the summer capital of Brazil.

The state of São Paulo, described somewhat, has a population of nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants and is increasing in commerce and population faster than any other state in the republic. Its entire area with the exception of the plains near the Paraná River is given up to the production of coffee, which finds its outlet to the outside world through the port of Santos.

South of it lies the state of Paraná, so named from the great river which forms its western boundary, and whose many tributaries drain the state. Its population numbers 350,000 inhabitants, *yerba maté* or Paraguayan tea being the main export, which finds an outlet to the sea at the port of Paranagua, which boasts of a population of 10,000 souls. Most of the state is unexplored and along the railroad line which connects São Paulo with the southern states are great forests of pine. The

capital city is Curityba, a German settlement of 15,000 inhabitants.

Santa Catharina is the state where the Teutonic element predominates. It contains the colonies of Joinville and Blumenau, which the inhabitants of Rio have always felt to be thorns in their sides. They have been imbued with an unholy fear that the Vaterland coveted these lands and if the Teutons continued to propagate would try to seize this section by force. The Germans here haven't had the pushing spirit that characterizes them in North America and elsewhere. Stock raising and *malé* growing are the chief occupations, but lumber in time will play no unimportant part, as the pines are valuable. The capital is Florianopolis, with 16,000 inhabitants, on the island of Desterro. There are but three railroads in the state, one running across its center from north to south, the remaining two being but short railroads that run up from the seacoast. The most northerly of these connects the town of São Francisco with Joinville and Neudorf, and the southern one connects Laguna with some coal mines.

The most southern state of Brazil is that of Rio Grande do Sul, and most of its activity centers on the great saline pond known as the Laguna dos Patos, from the myriads of wild ducks that breed and swim there. Most of the state is undulating somewhat like Uruguay, whose next-door neighbor it is, but the northern part is mountainous. Stock raising and agriculture are the main activities of its 1,200,000 inhabitants, most of whom are of Italian and German antecedents. In the same manner that Santa Catharina is the seat of German colonies, likewise Rio Grande do Sul is that of the Italian ones. The capital city is Pelotas with 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the Rio São Goncalo, an arm of Lake dos Patos. Not far from it at the southern extremity of the lake is the city



of Rio Grande do Sul with 18,000 people. At the upper end of the lake is Porto Alegre with 11,000 people. Railroads connect all these cities with the interior, the Rio Grande and Pelotas line meeting the international line at Cacequy, and the Porto Alegre line joining it at Santa Maria da Bocca do Monte. From either of these two towns the traveler can go north to Curityba, São Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro or south to Santa Anna do Livramento and Montevideo. Another line runs westward from Cacequy to Uruguayana, a small place with 8000 people famous for the battle of the Paraguayan troops with the Brazilians. Uruguayana is connected by rail with Salto, Uruguay, and by ferrying across the Uruguay River at Uruguayana to the Argentine village of Restauracion, a train can be taken either to Buenos Aires or to Asuncion. There are already over 1000 miles of railroad in operation in Rio Grande do Sul, and the state is bound to become on account of its excellent location one of the best in the whole republic.

Several years ago, a bandit rubber king seized a strip of territory in dispute with Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru and made himself king of it, living in regal barbarity amid the natives and renegade vagabonds of the headwaters of the Amazon tributaries in that neighborhood. This country lay directly west of where the new Madeira-Mamore Railroad, 245 miles long, has been completed in Matto Grosso to ship rubber past the cataracts on those rivers. The bandit king having been defeated and put to rout by the Brazilian troops, the Southern Cross Republic has held this country since then in disputed sway. It is named the territory of Acre and is managed by the central government at Rio de Janeiro in much the same manner that Quintana Roo is run by the federal government in Mexico. All the revenue obtained from the produce of Acre finds its way into

the coffers of the federal district and from there a committee is appointed by the chief executive to run its affairs. As Bolivia and Peru still lay claim to this triangular strip of land, whose seat of government is at the hamlet of Acre, the boundaries may eventually be settled by treaty, but now that Brazil which is more powerful has its hands on it, it is doubtful if it will ever let go.

Brazil possesses in midocean two small islands. The smallest and least important is Trinidad, lying about five hundred miles due east of Victoria, and belonging to the state of Espirito Santo. It is a mere rock, uninhabited and the haunt of penguins and other sea fowl. There is no water there nor any lighthouse, and it is only visited by sailing vessels which gather guano.

The other island is Fernando de Noronha, belonging to the state of Rio Grande do Norte, and like that state its soil is sandy and it is destitute of vegetation. It lies about two hundred miles from the coast and was formerly a penal settlement. Water is obtained by wells, and the only inhabitants are the lighthouse keeper and his family. Trinidad is a rock but Fernando de Noronha is a low-lying shoal, about eight miles long by two miles broad.

## CHAPTER XX

### RIO DE JANEIRO

**R**IO DE JANEIRO is a peculiarly built city; it is all ups and downs, and so hot that even in walking a few blocks the pedestrian is sure to get up a good perspiration. It is the federal capital of Brazil, and, like Buenos Aires, comprises in its limits a good bit of unsettled land. There is a state of the name of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, but the city and federal capital should not be confounded with it, as it is not included within the limits of the former, being as much apart from it as the District of Columbia is from Maryland. The population of the city fluctuates according to every census of Buenos Aires. If Buenos Aires had 1,000,000 inhabitants, Rio would claim hers to be 1,100,000, and now the Argentine metropolis says she has 1,400,000. Rio accordingly at the present moment boasts of 1,500,000, which is not true. Buenos Aires is larger than Rio by a great margin, the latter city having no more than a million of inhabitants, 200,000 of which are negroes of all shades. The city is built on every available space of land where it is possible to build, and the reason that the great uninhabited group of wooded mountains which comprises three fourths of its area is not built upon is because they are too steep. In order to obtain more available space, the inhabitants

have begun to dig away the large clayey hills that dot the surface of the flat lands like great warts.

The Bay of Rio de Janeiro, which is landlocked, and the finest in the world, is deep and could easily hold all the combined navies of the world. In the ocean guarding its narrow entrance are a number of small islands, fortified, while from promontory and island in the bay are forts and batteries, those of Villegaignon and Nictheroy being the strongest. The former is near the middle of the entrance and commands the city as well as the narrows. From the narrows the city proper is not seen, as high mountains, one a perpendicular cone named the Sugar Loaf, come down to the water, behind which the city lies, spreading itself along the lower slopes of the mountains, and up every ravine. On every wart-like hill are churches, convents, or barracks.

Rio lacks the commercial activity of Buenos Aires, and it does not possess the fine government buildings, palatial residences, skyscrapers, and great hotels of the Argentine metropolis. Neither has it railroad stations like those of Once and Plaza Constitucion, a subway, and the cafés of Buenos Aires. But in many respects it excels its rival. Buenos Aires has no broad streets like the Avenida Rio Branco. Rio's streets are cleaner, more picturesque, and wider, her municipal buildings are finer, her automobiles are better, her street car service is better, her prices are lower, and her inhabitants are more polite and considerate. To crown all, her scenery and beauty of location far surpasses that of any large city in the world.

North Americans rave about Palm Beach and the Yosemite; Europeans rave about Naples, Taormina, Salzburg, and Constantinople. Rio has the scenery of all of these places combined, though on a much more picturesque and finer scale. In the limits of the federal capital are

climates torrid, temperate, and cool. A half hour's ride by trolley car from the sun-blistered and shadeless Avenida Rio Branco will bring a person to the temperate heights of Silvestre or Tijuca. Higher up in the mountains near the shady glen of the waterfalls of Cascatinha, the traveler will pull his coat collar up around his neck, shiver, and blow his nose. Such quick changes of temperature in a short distance are detrimental to people with pulmonary affectations and rheumatism. Such are advised to keep away from Rio, but to all others, the climate is salubrious. From every mountain spur and hill in the federal capital, the view is superb. A panorama is to be had from every one of them. It is a panorama of parts of the city, mountains, conical hills, red soil, forests, ocean, island-studded bay, and the Organ Mountains to the northwest. From only one peak can a view of the whole city be had at the same time. That is from the needle-like pinnacle of Corcovado, whose perpendicular, precipitous height rises to an altitude of 2288 feet directly above the Botanical Gardens. From the mountains above Alto Boa Vista at an altitude of over three thousand feet, superb views can be had, but they do not include the whole city, owing to part of it being built directly behind the Corcovado range, whose sides are so steep that the proper angle of vision is not to be obtained. Along every mountainside run good roads, and at each cape and promontory are built beautiful villas commanding views of unsurpassable grandeur. Along the avenues by the bay and on that part of the city named Leme, whose sandy beach skirts the ocean, are handsome homes, but by far the best residences are shut away in the stifling, breathless canyon of Larangeiras, where no breath of air nor breeze tends to alleviate the scorching heat.

The residential districts are Alto Boa Vista, Tijuca,

Curvello, Santa Thereza, Laranjeiras, Botafogo, Leme, and Copacabana, while the business districts are the city proper, Lapa, Gloria, and Cattete, all along the lowlands skirting the bay, and running up into the canyons. Tijuca is the part of the city where the waterworks are. It is three quarters of an hour from the Avenida by trolley, and to get there the cars follow the Avenida Mangue, which is in reality two wide streets, bordered by royal palms, with a canal in its middle. From its end one rides a long way over crowded and broad business streets of the poorer class, until the flat country narrows down to a valley, which in turn narrows into a canyon which one ascends. The road becomes very tortuous and winds up the canyon in short curves, nearly looping at times. On both sides are stately trees, and between their luxuriant foliage, views of the distant city, with its towers, domes, and tiled roofs, can be had at every opportunity. As the road gradually ascends, and the hills in the background diminish, more suburbs come in the line of vision until presently one can look over these and see the harbor with its ships and town of Nictheroy on the opposite side of the bay. Above each turn of the road, which frequently runs through great curved cuts, are pleasant houses in gardens, while below along the brook are the hovels of the poor, with their yards full of goats, chickens, squealing pigs, and nigger children. Rich and poor alike have their abode in this vale of beauty. Near the roadside and in a garden of royal palms and fragrant plants are large reservoirs into which the brook jumps, the surplus water being let out in cement pipes to again form a stream and continue in its course. Still higher, and at the saddle of the mountain forming a pass from which one side descends to the city, and the other to the ocean towards the south, is the village of Alto Boa Vista, where the Emperor Dom

Pedro II. had his quinta. This village is in the incorporation of the federal district. It is to my thinking the most beautiful suburb of Rio, with the high mountains on both sides, and between them on the cool and shady roads the white and lemon-colored houses with red tile roofs, and the quiet village with its steepled church. The only objection to it is that it takes too long to get there, and a resident could not enjoy himself unless he had the money to invest in an automobile. Two roads lead into the mountains to the right of the settlement, one passing a waterfall, and the other a lake. They both converge later on and come together at a famous lookout named Excelsior.

The nearest of the roads spans a stream, and follows its right bank up the mountainside through a thick forest of trees belonging to the temperate zone. To the left one may occasionally get a glimpse of the roaring brook as it leaps over the rocks in cascades. Suddenly to the right, great granite boulders are seen and over them falling from a height of 150 feet into a deep pool the beautiful waterfall of Cascatinha. The air is cool and moist, for the sun never penetrates this glen. A German photographer has set up a booth in this neighborhood, and takes pictures of people standing at the brink of the pool at the base of the falls. Many women have allowed themselves to be photographed on this spot, clad only in a chemise, with bare feet and limbs and flowing hair, while others have had their picture taken in a semi-nude attire, all endeavoring to represent woodland sylphs and nymphs. I saw some of these pictures, and many of the women had figures far from being Venus-like. We were going to have our picture taken, but the photographer who ran across the road to a house to get his plates, took such a long time that we didn't wait for him. Ascending the mountain the road runs for a few kilometers farther through beautiful

groves of ash and mahogany, with a carpet of brilliant flowers. The sun penetrated the leaves only enough to make the light take on a yellowish hue. My wife remarked to me that this was surely the Garden of Eden, and I agreed with her. From this grove to the lookout of Excelsior, the red road is very steep and winding, just wide enough for one vehicle, but well laid, and on account of the shade and the moisture is always hard. Excelsior is higher than the summit of Corcovado, but the vista is not so good owing to the high mountains of the Serra da Carioca directly behind it, and on whose slopes Excelsior and Boa Vista both lie, but on different sides. From here only that part of Rio de Janeiro which is the northern section can be seen. Pico do Andarehy, directly above Excelsior to the right and from whose side the Cascatinha falls, is the highest summit within the confines of the federal capital, its altitude measuring 3331 feet above sea level. Above Excelsior to the left, and along whose sides runs the other road from Boa Vista past many charming villas before it enters the primeval forest, is the Pico da Papagaio, 2925 feet high. From one of its ravines gushes a mountain torrent which is dammed and forms a reservoir called by the natives Lagoinha, meaning lake. From Boa Vista splendid views can be had of Gavea, the anvil-shaped peak that is so prominent from ship deck approaching the bay.

Many of Rio's heterogeneous population live above the stores or in the tenements. These are the abodes of the poorer classes, and many families are sometimes crowded into one dwelling house together with chickens, other fowl, and cats. Some of these houses are built on blind alleys, entered from the street through a gate or archway. Their pavement swarms with children, while from the balconies is wafted linen hung out to dry, and from every



door can be seen the scrubbing basin. The ground floors are of tile, while the upper ones are hard wood, generally kept clean. Of the other houses in the city, and those where the wealthier people live, there are two sorts. One is of that kind of residence built up against another with small enclosed back yard as in New York and many other cities. These are mostly in the old downtown districts such as the Rua Senador Dant. The other kind is the villa, or house apart, inhabited by one or more families, and which to-day is the only style of modern residence constructed by those that have means to own one. They are scattered all over the city, in the flat lands, in the ravines, and high up on the mountain slopes. As there is no general residence section as in other cities, people build where it suits them, the heights above the city and Leme on the seashore being the favorite places on account of the coolness. The *patio* system of architecture such as is to be found in all South American cities and to some extent in São Paulo is unknown in Rio de Janeiro. Though there are no houses which can even approach in magnificence, size, luxury, and beauty those of Buenos Aires, Rosario, and Santiago, the residences here are more homelike, artistic, and comfortable, and produce a pleasant effect like those of Montevideo, set back from the streets amidst gardens and arbors, and even more so by the tropical nature of the vegetation which Rio has and which Montevideo lacks.

The heights directly behind the city are called by different names, Curvello being the first one, Santa Thereza the middle one, and Silvestre at the head of the Laranjeiras Canyon the last and highest one. These are probably the most popular residence sections to-day for rich and poor alike, although the highest ground, from which the best views are obtainable, is too expensive for the poor.

Every fifteen minutes, a trolley car leaves the shed on the Largo da Carioca in the center of the city for the ascent. The fare is 600 *reis* (20 cents) for a single fare and 1 *milreis* (33½ cents) for the round trip. The gradient, which for but a short distance is steep, mounts in a curve the side of a wart-like hill, that of São Antonio, until the track is about even with the upper stories of the larger buildings on the Avenida. It then runs on a level stretch but in a broad curve past the roof of the police headquarters to the Aqueduct of Carioca, which is sometimes named the Ponta d'Arcos from its arches. This is the old Jesuit aqueduct built nearly three hundred years ago to bring water to the city from the springs at Silvestre. It has a double tier of arches, one above the other, the top tier being supported by the roof of the bottom one. It is higher than the neighboring buildings on the streets, which run under it, and so when the trolley car passes its entire length on its top the street life can be seen in both directions. This old aqueduct has a kink in its middle and it is thought by many that some day it will collapse at this point. It is so narrow that only one car can traverse it at one time, and an iron shield of netting attached to bars of the same material at intervals has been put up to protect the cars from falling over into the streets below in case of collision. I think it is very inefficacious as the car falling off the aqueduct would snap the wire, bend the bars, and bring them along down with it. It is forbidden to pedestrians to cross on the aqueduct. I tried to do so and had to hang tight against the netting when a car passed. The conductor told the police at the station on the end that I was on the bridge, and they flocked out to grab me when I approached the end. I thought it prudent to double my tracks and get off at the end I started from. They understood my motive and tele-

phoned to the police station at the end from which I had started across it. This station was in charge of a café frappé colored policeman. He also attempted to grab me, but I ran down the cobblestone-paved road that leads back into the city. He took after me for a few yards, but as he was neglecting his post had to desist and return.

Beyond the aqueduct the trolley car track rounds a hill somewhat higher than that of São Antonio, which is named Curvello, on top of which is a fine residence. The northern section of the city, that which contains the Praça da Republica, the main park of Rio, War Department Building, Central Railroad Station, and palm-girted Mangué Canal, now appears. The track gradually ascends as the Curvello hill is skirted, and by the time the station of the same name is reached, the altitude is higher than the highest building of the city, which is the tower of the Central Fire Department on the Praça da Republica. This section of the city has been loudly touted by the real estate agents, who have given the land on the adjoining hill, which one skirts after leaving Curvello station, the name of Parc Royal. Some fine lots have been sold, and at the present time handsome villas are being built there, with their yards graded down to the car tracks in terraces supported by stone walls. From the saddle between the hills of Curvello and Santa Thereza, two views can be had, one to the north, and one to the south with Sugar Loaf and the hills of Babylonia in the background with the Ministry of Agriculture nestling on an indentation of the bay at their feet. A family hotel, whose name of Bella Vista is very appropriate, has been built on the south side of the Curvello hill.

Higher up, and on the slopes of the next hill, named Nova Cintra, 833 feet high, is the settlement of Santa Thereza with its villas, shops, tenements, and Hotel Beau

Sejour. Another car line terminates here, and descends to the city by other streets. A handsome white marble residence, the finest in Rio, has just been completed and is built on a ledge on the top of this hill. Yet with the lovely location of Santa Thereza, it would be too low for me, if I intended making a sojourn for any length of time. From the road at Santa Thereza is seen a road bridge spanning a ravine, and built on a vertical slant, its upper end being at least ten feet higher than its lower one. It was built this way to save cutting a grade in the higher bank, and serves its purpose, probably being the only one in use in a large city. For three kilometers on the road now runs with an almost imperceptible ascent to the Hotel Internacional. On the left side is a high embankment, where pedestrians walk in preference to the granite sidewalk below. The houses are obscured from view by foliage and high stone walls. To the right, the hillside drops nearly precipitously to the ravine heads in which are those parts of the city named Rio Comprido, França, and Bella Vista. In dangerous places, an old stone wall, green with age, protects the traffic from falling down the hill; the leaves of the giant trees are so thick that only an occasional glimpse of the town can be had from between them. At one opening, a large market garden of about twenty acres can be seen, with its great variety of enticing green vegetables. It is the largest truck garden in the country and is owned by a Chinaman. We finally come to a saddle in the hills from which a fine view can be had in all directions, and under which a road is tunneled connecting Rio Comprido with Laranjeiras. From here on we follow the right side of the Prazeres Hill, whose summit is 878 feet above sea level. Years ago the Jesuits built a great flume of stone and mortar to carry water from the hills to the aqueduct. This they

arched over with solid masonry so that it made a continuous wall for several miles. The road crossings were indicated by high pyramidal posts under which the water flowed. As the city council thinks that the road is now too narrow for increased traffic, it is vandally having destroyed one of the finest relics of the first European civilization in Brazil to replace it with a broad cobblestone road. The water has long since been piped to the city, but the old flume still remains in the middle of the road. It is a pity to destroy it because the traffic is light and there are plenty of turning-out places. By the time this goes to print the flume will be a memory of the past. Beyond the Hotel Internacional, the road curves around the slopes of the Corcovado to Silvestre, which is the name of a collection of a few villas and a restaurant, from which through the trees a view can be obtained of Laranjeiras, Cattete, and the fortress of Villegaignon out on the bay. The trolley road terminates here at the station of the incline railroad which runs from Laranjeiras to the summit of Corcovado.

The visitor to Rio should by no means fail to take this ride to the summit of Corcovado. Instead of entering the car at the base of the railroad at Laranjeiras, I would advise him to go to Silvestre by trolley from the Praça da Carioca, and at Silvestre get onto the car of the funicular railroad, for by this route the scenery is better. The incline begins at the ground floor of the ravine at Laranjeiras and in a long steep curve ascends to the head of the ravine and crosses it by an iron bridge to the station of Silvestre. It now enters a cut in the rock and winds along a canyon, crosses another bridge, and after fifteen minutes reaches the Hotel das Panheiras. From here to the summit of the mountain the ascent is very steep but not long. The top of the mountain is 2288 feet higher

than the bay, so that if anything should go wrong with the car that conveys the passengers to the summit they would have a quick panoramic ride back to the city. From the summit, where the car generally waits half of an hour to allow passengers to delectate in one of the grandest and most beautiful panoramas obtainable, can be seen the Lake Rodrigo de Freitas at the foot of the mountain with Ipanema on a sandy strip of beach beyond it, and which separates the lagoon from the ocean. A person can nearly drop a stone down on the Botanical Gardens, while hills like the Sugar Loaf appear small and near at hand. All Rio can be seen except those parts that are hidden away in the valleys of greater mountains, such as Tijuca, Boa Vista, and that section of the city beyond the Pico da Andarahy. One can look over the mountains beyond Nictheroy to the ocean in that direction, and it is from here on a clear day that the Organ Mountains, thirty miles away, appear in all their dolomitic splendor.

There are quite a few higher summits than Corcovado in the federal capital, but none from whose summits such a good view is to be had. The reason is that it rises needle-like to its apex from a low base. To the southwest is seen the flat-topped anvil-like Gavea, higher than the Corcovado, and whose summit has never been scaled owing to its precipitous sides. Andarahy and Papagaio are easy of ascent but so thickly timbered that proper vistas cannot be had. Also, as they do not culminate in a point like Corcovado, in order to obtain all the views the lover of scenery must walk around the summit and look at the country from different points of perspective. The advantage that Corcovado has over these is that from the pavilion on its top views are to be had on all sides. Next to the Corcovado, the best view of the

neighborhood is to be obtained from the summit of the Sugar Loaf. People do not go there for the view alone, but mainly for the thrilling experience of being carried through the void on a car suspended from a cable by pulleys and many feet in the air sheer above the ground.

The Pão d'Assucar, called by the English residents of Rio the Sugar Loaf and by the Teutonic ones the Zucker Hut, rises perpendicularly out of the bay to a precipitous height of 1284 feet, and is one of the sentinels of the city, both from the ocean and from the bay. Unlike all mountains in the federal capital, excepting that part of the Corcovado that drops to Botafogo, and the anvil-like summit of Gavea, it is destitute of vegetation. The reason is that it is nothing more than one great granite rock, whose steepness does not allow any dirt conducive of vegetation to settle on its sides. In some places, as on the Corcovado, the rock is concave so as to overhang. It is much in form like the Pitons that guard the harbor of Castries, St. Lucia, but higher and steeper. Some years ago a British man-of-war was at anchor in Rio de Janeiro. A couple of bluejackets after meeting with great difficulties ascended to the top of the Sugar Loaf and there, at night, planted the Union Jack. The next morning some patriot with a telescope saw it waving in the breeze and reported it to the War Office, which at once set up a howl and ordered the commander of the man-of-war to have it taken down immediately. As the sailors who had planted it were afraid to make the return trip, it remained there until it was blown down by the winds. In the meantime all Rio was wrought up. The next ascent to the summit was made in an aeroplane. Finally, a company built an iron ladder to the summit, and its workmen there built a lookout pavilion. They also did the same thing on a neighboring steep hill, the Penedo da Urco, 715 feet high,

and which has a broad summit. Here they built another pavilion with a refreshment parlor and connected the summits of both these eminences by cables. They then connected the summit of the Penedo da Urco with the flat land at its base behind the Ministry of Agriculture. For three *milreis* (\$1.00) the passenger enters the car at the Exposition Building which is behind the Ministry of Agriculture and is carried in the dangling calipso to the top of the Sugar Loaf, with a few minutes' stop at the top of the Penedo da Urco, where one leaves the first car to enter the final one. The cars run at night and by day, any time anybody cares to go up, but the inhabitants of Rio generally prefer to make the ascent at night, for then they cannot see the void below them, and are not so easily frightened.

In a narrow valley, enclosed by the hills of Mundo Nova and Nova Cintra, is the district named Larangeiras (orangerie) and which extends to Silvestre (woodland) where it abruptly comes to an end at a pocket. This is the residence section of the wealthy Brazilians, and men of prominence in the affairs of their country. It is a hot locality, and for this reason the foreigners and *nouveaux riches* prefer to build their homes in other districts. It is only part of the city where the old aristocracy live side by side together in large square houses set back from the streets in ancient gardens. One street, the Rua Paysandu, is bordered by royal palms throughout its whole length, from where it begins at the bay to its end at Palacio Isabel, a place formerly belonging to the Princess Isabel, daughter of Dom Pedro II. and wife of the Conde d'Eu, but which now is government property. On this street is the Hospital of Misericordia, and for a block nearly every house is the abode of well-known physicians. The Rua Guanabara, at which Paysandu ends, is the main residence



street for the aristocracy. It is only five blocks long and on it are many fine houses, although by no means up to the Argentine scale of magnificence. Here lives the Jefe Politico of Brazil and on it is also located the private residence of President Fonseca. Farther up and on the main artery of Laranjeiras, named the Rua das Laranjeiras, are the hotels Metropole and Palmira and the Portuguese Legation.

Botafogo with its half-moon bay and parkway like the Avenida Beira Mar presents a beautiful scene as seen from the end of its seashore promenade. It is a favorite theme for artists, seen from the neighboring reservoir hill. With its crescent beach, the tasteful buildings which face the Beiramar, its Gothic church, and the needle-like Corcovado rising abruptly above it in the background, it forms a never-to-be-forgotten picture, the likeness of which is sold in all the stationery stores of Rio, and is the most common one of the Brazilian metropolis seen abroad. As it is impossible to take a picture of more than a very small proportion of Rio de Janeiro at the same time, owing to the numerous hills which hide many portions of the city, only the most beautiful parts are known by pictures to those who live abroad. Botafogo, the Botanical Garden, the Avenida Rio Branco, and the bay are the most popular ones. Once in Botafogo, which is a large and thickly settled section, the charm of the place as seen from the photographs is lost. Most of the houses are mediocre and the back streets are lined with second-class stores and shops. A part of Botafogo is named São João Baptista, from a church, convent, and cemetery of the same name. The crescent-shaped beach terminates at each end with two sentinels, the hill of Viuda to the north, 229 feet high, on which is a reservoir, reached by an incline railway, and Pasmado to the south, altitude 195 feet, at whose base is a

Russian kiosk used for a café, a roller-skating rink, and other attractions of light variety. Beyond this hill towards the Ministry of Agriculture is the lunatic asylum with its large garden.

Between Botafogo and the ocean districts of Copacabana and Leme is the hill of São João, 780 feet high and pierced by two tunnels for vehicles, an old one which is short and leads to Copacabana, and a new one, long, which leads to Leme. On the side of the Saudade hill to the right of the old tunnel at its exit is the hospital for beri-beri patients. Copacabana is directly on the ocean, and is the favorite bathing place in the city. It takes an infinitely long time to reach it by trolley car, but once there the visitor is repaid by the cool sea breezes and the magnificent white sandy beach. Ten years ago there were no houses on the ocean side of the mountain except a few hovels near the tunnel entrance. Now, the place with a frontage of a mile and a half is being rapidly built up with most modern types of houses, all comfortable, spacious, and adapted to the location. Owing to the winds from the ocean, trees cannot thrive there, but all the houses have small gardens protected by walls. Real estate is low, which is surprising owing to the popularity of the location. The inhabitants can walk out of their front doors in a bathing suit, cross the Avenida Atlantica, and take a swim. To the south of Copacabana are the unpretentious and lonely suburbs of Igrejinha and Ipanema, the former with a fort; to the north is the new village of Leme, with its rifle range. Leme is nothing more than a continuation of Copacabana, but with a different name. It is the favorite of all Rio's resorts, especially in the evening, when its café's, roller rinks, and restaurants are crowded. A band plays and the avenue in front is lined with automobiles, while the sidewalk in front

of the amusement parlors is so crowded that walking is difficult.

In São Paulo, everything is Paulista. Likewise in Rio de Janeiro, everything is Fluminense, from the Latin word *flumen* meaning river. *Rio* is Portuguese for river. The founders of Rio thought that the large bay was the mouth of a river and from the month in which it was discovered it was named Rio de Janeiro or January River. There is a trolley car system named Fluminense; there is an insurance company of the same name; a bucket shop, club, many saloons, and shops of all kinds in the federal capital and in Nictheroy are named Fluminense. The street-car system literally coins money. All the cars are crowded, and as to frequency in running the service is good, but as in Boston it takes an age to get anywhere by them as they stop at nearly every corner and the tracks are so laid out that in order to go three blocks you will eventually get there after having gone eight. This is done so as not to leave any settled portion off of the line in order to insure the company getting all the available passengers. It is only five blocks from the park named the Passeio Publico near the end of the Avenida Rio Branco to the trolley car waiting-room at the Hotel Avenida, yet by car the distance is eleven blocks, for the tracks turn down a side street when you think that you have just about reached your destination.

There is only one principal business section where the best retail stores are, but every district as in London has its own retail part. There are over twenty of these, and in some such as Cattete, Lapa, and Gloria, the stores are fairly good. Cattete is a business part of the city separated from the downtown part by the hill of Gloria, crowned by a church and convent. It lies on the bay and extends as far back as Laranjeiras. Here is situated

the Hotel dos Estrangeiros, the best in Rio proper, the large Praça Duque de Caxias with a huge square-towered church, and the palace of the president, named the Palacio do Cattete, which is a large three-storied rectangular building, painted white and crowned with many large iron eagles along the cornice. The main street which leads to Rio proper is lined with a good class of stores and is always crowded with people. It is a long street and takes the name of each section through which it passes as do some of the arteries in Vienna. For instance, while in Cattete it is named Rua da Cattete, in Gloria it is named Rua da Gloria, and so forth. There are many good buildings, both public and private, in Gloria and Lapa, besides the stores. The police headquarters at Gloria is a large pink brick building, with gray stone trimmings of the Château d'Anjou style of architecture, and is built on pleasing lines. In Lapa is the office building of the Leopoldine Railway and in course of construction is the palace of the cardinal, a huge white stone building on the Avenida Beiramar across the street from the Passeio Publico. The main street of Lapa is the Avenida Mem de Sa, which runs in a straight line from the bay under the Aqueduct of Carioca to a circle named the Praça do Rio Branco, behind which is the Central Fire Department Building with its tall and slender clock tower.

The Avenida da Rio Branco is the finest street in South America. It is a mile long, runs from one side of the bay to the other, and divides the retail district into two equal parts. It is more North American in appearance than any other street that I have met with in my travels outside of my native land, and is lined from one end to the other with large business houses that remind one of the large stores at home. It is very broad, which fact makes the thoroughfare shadeless, and owing to the excessive

heat of Rio, it is unpleasant to be abroad on it during the early hours of the afternoon. Many people prefer the Avenida de Mayo at Buenos Aires to this great street, but I can see no comparison, as they are entirely different in character. They are both of the same length but that of de Mayo is much narrower and shadier, one point to its advantage if one cares to keep cool. Owing to its narrowness, its buildings do not show up so well as those of the Rio Branco. The Avenida de Mayo is a promenade given up to hotels, cafés, restaurants, and small stores while the Avenida da Rio Branco is essentially a shopping and business street. Here are located large department stores, importing houses, and steamship agencies. The large office building of Guinle & Co. is larger than any building of that nature in Buenos Aires, while such tall buildings of the skyscraper type as that of the *Journal do Brazil* and a new hotel recently completed give it as metropolitan an appearance as can be desired. It is on this street alone that Rio's largest buildings are, and they are so concentrated and uniformly large that their effect is unrivaled in South America. At one end of the Avenida is the Monroe Palace, donated by Andrew Carnegie, and where the Pan-American Congress was held. Though this Monroe Palace is a fine building, its architecture is so absurd for its situation on a business street that a good fire would be of benefit to it. If it were burned to the ground it would relieve Rio of a monstrosity. It is a fancy winged and domed building on curvilinear lines, and would be far more appropriate as an administration building at a state fair. If built at the base of the Penedo da Urco it would harmonize with the Exposition Building there. It is not of any given style of architecture, but it approaches nearer to rococo than any other. Many casinos at the European spas somewhat resemble it in contour.

A few blocks up the street from it is the Opera, the finest in America, and recently completed at a cost of \$5,000,000. It is not as large as the Colon Theater at Buenos Aires or as the Municipal Theater at São Paulo, but is far handsomer than either one of these. It is decadent flamboyant in architecture, and presents a graceful appearance with its slender gray marble pillars. The bases and capitals of these are gilded, and the plinth is of bronze. Instead of being rectangular, its sides bulge out in curves. Behind the Opera is the Naval Club, with its frieze of white marble. Opposite to these buildings are the National Library, School of Fine Arts, and an eight-storey hotel, just completed but not yet opened. Each of these buildings occupies an entire block, the handsomest being the library, light yellow in color with brown trimmings. Other imposing structures on the Avenida da Rio Branco are the Hotel Avenida, with a steepled façade, much resembling a government building but an eyesore on account of its dirty salmon shade, and the Caixa do Conversão on the upper end of the Avenida where a circle is formed at its intersection with the Rua Visconde da Inhuama. To my notion, this Caixa do Conversão is the most aristocratic appearing and finest building in Rio. It is a strong and substantial building of stone and brick on Greco-Roman lines, severe in detail, light yellow, with great marble Ionic pillars supporting a heavy roof.

Outside of the Avenida da Rio Branco the size of the stores is much inferior, and to every large business house that Rio has, Buenos Aires has five. As all Rio de Janeiro's big buildings are centered on one street, those on the side streets are insignificant in size. The retail section of Buenos Aires, where the good shops are, is three times as great as that of the Brazilian metropolis, and traveling salesmen all claim that they can do much more

business in the Argentine metropolis. Notwithstanding this, the stock and display of goods kept by the Rio merchants is far superior and of a greater variety than those to be obtained in Buenos Aires, and are also cheaper. There is nothing that a person cannot buy at Rio and at reasonable prices. It is one of the world's greatest diamond markets and marts for gems, as Brazil is exceedingly rich in this field. Contrary to what one would suppose, precious stones are very expensive in Rio because they are first sent to Europe (Amsterdam and London chiefly) to be cut and are then sent back again. Stones are also cut in Rio and with good results, but most of those in the show counters are of European cut because it seems to be the fashion. Probably nowhere else in the world can be seen so many diamonds, and such good ones. I have seen unshaven and unkempt natives in the coffee houses wearing diamond rings worth at least \$4000 or else diamond studs of supreme value. Emeralds, sapphires, rubies, tourmalines, topazes, aquamarines, hematites, turquoises, amethysts, moonstones, and cat's-eyes are to be seen in the shop windows in profusion, the topaz, Brazil's most common stone, being so cheap that it has scarcely any value.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat of the city, it is impossible even in the largest department stores to buy short underwear. The people wear mostly heavy woolen undergarments, because they absorb the perspiration, thereby preventing prickly heat. In the retail district there are eight narrow streets, the only ones in the city that can properly be called narrow, and it is a comfort to walk on these after having been nearly baked by the sun on the hot Avenida da Rio Branco. Two of these are the principal shopping streets of the city, the Rua Moreira Cezar, but commonly called by its old name the Rua Ouvidor, and the Rua Gonçalves Dias. These are even

narrower than Calle Florida in Buenos Aires, and are always seething with life. On account of their narrowness, vehicles seldom traverse them, and their middle as well as their sidewalks are given up to pedestrians. Crowds are not found on all the Rio business streets like on those of Buenos Aires, but on these two streets and on three blocks of the Avenida, the people delight to congregate, and so densely are these localities filled up in the middle and later hours of the afternoon that walking and pushing one's way through the crowds is accomplished only after considerable difficulty. A nuisance that I observed in Rio Janeiro's streets was furnished by studiously inclined men sauntering leisurely along reading books as they walked, and heedless of where they were going, bumping into people. Beggars are another nuisance, and they are to be found everywhere, epileptic, syphilitic, crippled, blind, and deformed. They loiter on the church steps and in the Rua Alfandega, the Wall Street of Rio.

The automobiles on the streets are even better than those at Montevideo, which is saying much, and they are everywhere. The fine and luxurious touring cars for hire on the Avenida rent for ten *milreis* (\$3.33) an hour, and besides the chauffeur, another man, a mechanic, always goes along with him, occupying the extra front seat. The favorite *corso* for these is the wondrously scenic, beautiful, and coolly refreshing Avenida Beiramar, or ocean drive, an esplanade from which is obtained an everchanging panorama of bay, and mountains, probably unexcelled by any in the world. It is about four miles long and follows the bay from the market place, past the Monroe Palace, Hill of Gloria, Cattete, and Botafogo to the Exposition Building. On this boulevard terrain is expensive, but notwithstanding its elegant situation for residences and imposing buildings, the structures here are inferior to



those in other sections. An automobile omnibus company runs a line of vehicles, similar to those on Fifth Avenue in New York, the length of the Beiramar and down the Avenida, which are much more convenient for the residents of Cattete and Botafogo to reach downtown by than the infinitely slower and more irksome trolley cars. This same company also runs a line to the upper end of Laranjeiras. The west section of the city, which is the large and populous factory district, is reached conveniently by railroad. Every few minutes suburban trains leave the Central Station for the incessant continuation of villages that reach to the thirty-mile-distant *serra*. Real estate and subdivision agents have speculated heavily in that direction and occasionally a suburban town is passed with villas all similar, each in a small garden, with an ornamental railroad station, town hall, and kiosk in a plaza, the masterpiece of some local landscape gardener or architect.

Rio de Janeiro is a poor hotel town, and needs a couple of good ones in the heart of the city. At the present day, that locality boasts of none except the Avenida, which is vile. A couple of good hotel buildings have been built in favorable locations on the Avenida da Rio Branco, one opposite to the Monroe Palace and the other an eight-storey building across the street from the Opera, but as yet their proprietors have found it impossible to lease them on account of the enormous rent desired. The one across from the Opera is one of the finest hotel buildings in South America, and one of the largest, but as its owner wants two *contos* (\$666.67) a day for its lease in order to make interest of six per cent. on his investment, it will probably be a long time before it is rented. In order for the lessee to make a profit at that rate of rent, every room would have to be filled at the rate of fifteen *milreis* (\$5.00)

a day. Moreover the building is built in such a way that it won't be much patronized by local business men, for there is no space for a restaurant opening onto the street, and it is a couple of blocks too far from the center of activity to be a drawing card. A rather formal vestibule and hall would have to be first traversed in order to enter the restaurant.

The Avenida Hotel, the only central one in the city, is a large caravanserai, and its management is not particular about what sort of women its male clientèle bring in as coöccupants of their rooms. It is a huge pile, painted the color of decayed salmon, with two passageways running under it, and intersecting in its middle beneath a glass skylight. In these passages are fruit stands, a hat-cleaning establishment, shoe-shining parlors, and saloons. On the ground floor, with street entrance, is a trolley car waiting-room, restaurant, a coffee house, and a canna dispensary. The rooms are poorly furnished and dirty, while the food served in the dining-room on the second floor rivals that of Memorial Hall at Harvard University for the bumness of the food served. Canna is a rum made from sugar cane and is highly intoxicating, its effects giving the imbibers murderous intentions. The establishment in the Avenida Hotel is patronized mostly by soldiers and niggers. On the Beiramar at Gloria there is a hotel named the Central, chalet-like and said to be good, but the best hotel in the city proper by far is the Hotel dos Estrangeiros on the Praça São José d'Alençar, a square where Botafogo, Cattete, and Laranjeiras all join, and a couple of miles from the so-called four corners of the city, the intersection of Rio Branco and the Ouvidor. This hotel is under native management but with a French cuisine; the whole establishment is kept immaculately clean. The food, service, and attention are said to be better

than at the Internacional at Silvestre and the prices are more reasonable, although the rooms are not as large.

I stopped at the Internacional, and would care to stop at no other place in Rio de Janeiro no matter how elegant a hotel it should possess. I understand that a North American syndicate is about to build on the Beiramar the finest hotel in South America. The food is not excellent at the Internacional, nor is the service aboveboard, and one night at dinner, I saw a drunken waiter spilling pudding sauce all over the floor, but the rooms are good, the prices reasonable, and the location remarkable on account of the view to be had from its windows. The breakfast biscuits were so hard that if dropped they might have been in danger of exploding; the Italian waiters were always quarreling with the German servants, but the guest here never has any anxiety about the heat, and on account of the refreshing breezes he can sleep well. It is under Austrian ownership, its proprietor being Herr Ferdinand Mentges of Vienna, and most of its clientèle are Germans. It is the only hotel in Rio where it is convenient to stop when one is accompanied by a lady. At the other hostelries in Rio, the only thing that a lady can do when she is not out on the street is to sit in her room with no amusement whatsoever; here at the Internacional, with its shady terrace, pleasant walks, bowers, kiosks, and swings, she can knit, sew, read, and gossip, and enjoy the beautiful vista of the valley of Laranjeiras, with Cattete, the bay, Sugar Loaf, and Nictheroy in one direction, and Silvestre and the Corcovado in the other one. In a summer house at the corner of the garden is a huge telescope through which one can see the outgoing and incoming ships so plainly as to be able to read their names. The Internacional has villas and chalets in connection with the establishment for guests when the

main building is filled up. This is generally the case and so popular was it that during the past year an addition and an extra storey had to be added. In connection with the hotel is a vegetable garden and a zigzag walk to the top of the hill of Prazeres, 878 feet above the level of the bay, on which a wooden lookout has been built. In the garden are trees indigenous to Brazil, one of which bears a fruit over 1½ feet long by a foot broad and with a coarse brown warty skin. It is eaten only by negroes, who consider it a delicacy. Lately one of these fell off from the tree onto a guest who was enjoying himself in a swing reading a book. It landed on his head, and so heavy was it that it fractured his skull. Consequently orders have been given to the servants to knock all this species of fruit down before it gets ripe, so as to avoid further mishaps.

From the Internacional, there are paths leading to Laranjeiras, very steep and slippery, and not far off another one, broader, which leads by easy grades to Rio Comprido. All are worth a descent, as they penetrate thick and tropical foliage. It is a pleasant walk by the road to Silvestre to enjoy a refreshing drink beneath the shade of the stately trees on a warm day, but by far the most pleasant walk within easy access of the Hotel Internacional is that from Panheiras to Silvestre. Panheiras is the forested saddle of the mountains between the Corcovado and the Formigo and consists of a hotel and the power-house of the funicular railroad. It is reached by the latter and is a favorite resort of butterfly hunters, the entomological species most in demand being the homerus, a large blue papilio of inordinate beauty. The Hotel das Panheiras is a quiet retreat from the turmoil of the city and is a lovely place for excursionists. The large terrace commands a view of wooded hills and

valleys with the Gavea in the hinterground, and scattered here and there on it are wooden tables, where lovers of outdoor life may enjoy a dinner. From here to Silvestre the path curves around the promontories of the Corcovado under overhanging foliage so thick that the sun never penetrates it to its full extent. It is a most romantic walk, but it is advisable to make a detour around everything stick-



Avenida da Rio Branco, Rio de Janeiro

like that lies on the ground, for it may turn out to be a venomous serpent, and it is best to choose one's steps for fear of treading upon one lying hidden from view by tufts of grass. As my wife and I were one day walking down this path, she gave a yell which so startled me that I impulsively jumped and ran a few yards before regaining my composure. Looking around I saw a vile species of snake, whip-like, about five feet long, black with a yellow belly, making into the brush on the ravine side of the road. On inquiry, I was informed that this variety was poisonous and that after rains they come out of the bushes in great

numbers to bask in the drier spots. They seldom bite a person, for they are as much frightened of a human being as the latter of them, and wriggle off at the approach of anybody. Among the other forest denizens of the federal capital is the marmoset. This little monkey lives among the rocks on the mountainside and feeds on the wild legumes that abound in the woods. It is a wary



Street in Rio de Janeiro

little individual, fleeing at the least unseemly sound. It can occasionally be enticed out of its lair by a person making a smacking noise with his lips. The colored population consider it a rare delicacy, and stewed monkey is the favorite viand of most of the Brazilian descendants of Ham.

Beyond Botafogo and on the western shore of the large, brackish, shallow Lake Rodrigo de Freitas, on whose eastern side, on a narrow sandy strip of land separating it from the ocean, lies the uninteresting section of Ipanema, is that district of Rio de Janeiro named Jardim Botânico,

or Botanical Gardens, with its large cotton mills and electrical works. Several creeks here empty into the lake, on the most western of which, the Rio dos Macacos, lie the Botanical Gardens, at the very foot of Mount Quitambo, and but a stone's throw from the Corcovado. These gardens are over a hundred years old and are the most beautiful, though not the most complete, in the



**Ministry of Agriculture, Rio de Janeiro**

world. No other gardens can hold a candlestick to these as to scenic location, and variety of palms contained therein. They stand in a class by themselves so far superior to all others as to make everything else in this line look ridiculous. They are laid out in symmetrical avenues of the greatest acme of landscape gardening. The main avenue, a quarter of a mile long, is lined with a row of royal palms, each tree being but little over a rod apart from its neighbor. When one tree dies, another is planted in its place, but there have been but few fatalities in this line, with the exception of a few of uniform

height. This magnificent regal avenue ends at a small peristyle from whose floor a flight of a few steps leads to an atrium, the air fragrant with jessamine and roses, and where facing one is the marble statue to Palmira, the Goddess of Palms. The terrain of this terrestrial paradise is not given up to a conglomerate and unsystematic collection of every conceivable shrub and plant, both



Corcovado, Rio de Janeiro, from Exposition Building

indigenous and exotic. It is a velvety carpet of green grass, rather coarse, but sown so thick together as to allow no dirt patches to be visible in the beautiful sward. The shrubs are planted at a great enough distance apart to allow inspection of their contour. In this garden, laid out by the order of John VI., King of Portugal and Emperor of Brazil, no trees or plants are to be found foreign to Brazil except palms and bamboos, both of which are here the specialty. There is a bamboo promenade, where the shoots instead of continuing their total growth skyward, after reaching a height of six feet, shoot their



sprouts off at right angles and make a covering so opaque that even the heaviest rains scarcely penetrate them.

Rio de Janeiro has such a reputation for cleanliness that it is fast becoming world famous in this respect. There is no other city on the entire globe where the streets are so clean. With the exception of it and Montevideo, all other South American cities are dirty, and Washington,



**Avenida Beira Mar, Rio de Janeiro**

which has an ill-deserved reputation of being clean, compared with Rio is the essence of filth. Much of the cleaning process is due to the work of Oswaldo Cruz, former health officer. The city was formerly the hot-bed of epidemics, yellow fever and cholera reaping great harvests. Cruz ordered all rats to be caught, and compelled the people to scrub their floors and wash their roofs. Armed with an entry permit issued by the government, he forced his way into the houses and had them disinfected. The business portion of the city was a network of alleys reeking with garbage and offal. The govern-

ment ordered this part to be torn down and new streets to be put through. The order met with great resistance, and nearly culminated in an uprising. The government



**Rua Paysandu, Rio de Janeiro**

promised to pay to each proprietor the cash value of the demolished buildings, and made good. Now instead of the pestilential, narrow, and ill-ventilated tortuous streets, there stands the proud Avenida da Rio Branco. All the streets were paved and an army of men were kept busy

cleaning up the litter and vermin of centuries. Where before hundreds sometimes died in a day during a yellow-fever epidemic, in these present years the average is only about



**Rua Paysandu, Rio de Janeiro**

three in the whole year. The work of Gorgas in Havana and the Canal Zone is more than laudable; it fired Rio's Health Board with a zealousness never known before in South America, and Cruz accomplished an object that rivals in stupendousness any of the so-called Labors of Hercules.

Notwithstanding the cleanliness of Rio, the rate of mortality is very high, but it is chiefly among the negro population, tuberculosis and syphilis having the greatest percentage of deaths. Bowel troubles come next in line, and then smallpox. Most of Rio's mortality is not from contagion, but from the lack of proper care taken of oneself, and avoidable. That the climate though hot and



**Palacio Isabel, Rio de Janeiro**

moist is healthy and beneficial for persons not troubled with pulmonary complaints is evident from the number of old men to be seen on the streets. It is an old man's paradise and never before have I seen such a proportion of men over sixty years old as is to be seen on an afternoon on the Avenida da Rio Branco. There are many centenarian negroes, some living to be 120 years old and more. The average height of Rio's men is slightly greater than that of the North Americans, and one is surprised in seeing many men that exceed that average. Nearly all are slender and swarthy, and their faces instead of being

reddened by the heat are apt to be tanned and withered. The women, whites and blacks, alike, have good figures, although they have a tendency towards corpulence. One meets on the streets mammoth women, and the chambermaid on my floor at the Internacional, Maria, stood six feet two inches tall and was built in proportion. I saw her, unaided, lift a 200-pound trunk and carry it



Hotel Internacional, Rio do Janeiro

from the hall into my room as if it was a plaything. I also saw her one night with an awful "jag on," after she had been imbibing a mixture of every conceivable drink at the bar of the hotel together with her Lisbon paramour, having taken advantage of the temporary absence of the manager. The women of the aristocracy wear their arms bare to the elbow, with rather low necks to their gowns. Their limbs are finely molded and are like cream-colored marble. There is a large strain of negro blood in the Fluminenses, and it is considered quite fit for a white man to marry a negress, and vice versa, as equality prevails

to a high degree. The true Brazilian of culture looks upon this with odium and abhorrence, but there are many others who have not such a high sense of finesse. The United States of America nearly scandalized the whites of Pernambuco a few years ago when the State Department contemplated sending to that port a negro consul. Even though whites and blacks mix more in Brazil than



Avenida da Rio Branco, Rio de Janeiro

elsewhere, there are lapses of decorum that it is allowed for one race to indulge in but not for both. A negro can walk anywhere he chooses in Rio in shirt sleeves, but if a white man should do so, the blacks would shout at him and hurl legumes at his head.

The inhabitants are inordinately fond of military display, and scarcely a day elapses in which there is not a military parade or pageant in the main streets of the city. These are generally of cavalry, bearing lances, are very long, and as a rule accompanied by several brass bands of good music. The soldiers are mostly negroes,

and it is an odd sight to see riding sometimes **between** two or three cavalrymen, whose skins are as **black as**



**Avenida de Rio Branco, Rio de Janeiro,  
Showing New Hotel Building**

ebony, another cavalryman whose blue eyes and yellow hair and moustache indicate unblemished Teutonic origin. These parades, in order to do the act properly, march through all the business streets of the capital, and every time the standard bearer passes, carrying aloft the green

and yellow national flag, hats are thrown into the air amid the deafening, raucous yells of the multitude.

Rio de Janeiro is not growing fast. It has reached its limit through lack of building space, and in the future its growth will be more in the suburbs. It has not the hustle and bustle of Rosario and São Paulo for its percentage of foreigners in comparison with that of those two cities is small, Germans being the most predominant among its alien inhabitants, and these number only 20,000. Notwithstanding the paucity of foreign residents, Rio is not so dependent on Europe and North America for merchandise as are the cities in the La Plata district, for in the federal capital and near to it are factories for various industries. There are many breweries, nearly all of which brew palatable beer, except that of the Cervejaria Polonia, which in vileness of taste is not far behind that of the La Paz brewery, or that of Backus and Johnston in Lima, and those of Calera and Valdivia in Chile. The Hanseatica and Brahma breweries turn out the best beer in Rio. Taking into consideration the modernity, luxury, and activity of Buenos Aires, Rosario, and São Paulo, the quaintness of La Paz, the reserve of Santiago, and the salubrity of Montevideo, I would far rather reside in Rio de Janeiro than in any other South American city, and if my business were not in the United States of America, would prefer Rio to all cities there, including my home town.



## CHAPTER XXI

NICHEROY. VICTORIA. PETROPOLIS. MINAS TOWNS

**O**F all the dismal holes of human habitation upon this globe, Nictheroy "takes the cake." Compared with it, such a place as Posadas, and the traditional lonesome Argentine town of Goya, are paradises. I have an uncle who says that to live in a place like Romeo, Michigan, is like being buried alive. He should visit Nictheroy for then he would change his mind.

The dirty, filthy, dusty, lonesome, and uninteresting city, the breeding place of cholera and bubonic plague, is the capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro and boasts of a population of 37,000, a match factory, one for munitions of war, a prison for assassins, and a sandy beach full of crabs, which delectate in torturing the feet of bathers. The latter, who are strangers, have been lured to this place with lies about fine surf bathing, and after having had their toes bitten, never return again. If the pavement of the Lima streets is bad, that of Nictheroy is doubly so, and if the dried offal that flies into the corners of the eyes of the visitor to Lima is infectious, that of Nictheroy is even more so.

From the Rio side, Nictheroy appears to be a large place, especially at night when the strand is lighted with electric globes. It also seems to be near at hand, but

both these impressions are dispelled when the traveler takes a trip there. Boats run every fifteen minutes in each direction, the outbound ones leaving the Praia 15 do Novembro. The fare is 400 *reis* (13 cents) for a single trip and the duration of time is half an hour. Arrived at the dock on the opposite side, the city presents a squalid appearance with light dirty yellow calsomined buildings, the only presentable buildings in view being the ferry building and a new post-office in course of construction. The main street skirts the harbor while a few arteries run at right angles to it, on which are located the most pretentious stores. They are those of a nature associated with a small place, and are not contiguous to one another for between them is apt to be sandwiched a vile saloon, of which there are a great plenty in this state capital. Whiskered loafers crowd the curb in front of the refreshment parlors, and make the streets vile with alcoholic expectorations. They exchange drunken remarks in maudlin tones about every woman that passes, and what money they do not spend on native rum, they throw away at craps or lottery. There are a number of nickel-in-the-slot machines of Kalamazoo manufacture, but in these only the infants indulge on their first step towards moral ruin. This game is too tame for the men. They prefer to bet their money on the results of a cock fight which is permitted to be held on the streets. Occasionally on a street corner, a leprous negress stretches forth a rotten paw for alms. This street life coupled with a shipping trade of sugar, railroad repair shops, and villa-bordered streets so quiet that a pin could be heard to drop, a treeless plaza, and a batherless strand is that of Nichteroy. Surmounting the whole of it, the tropical sun beats down on the airless streets with intense heat, while the vista of the pesthouse of São Francisco with its

plain white crosses adds no charm to the scene. Why Nictheroy was made capital of the great state, while charming towns such as Petropolis and Nova Friburgo exist within its confines as well as commercial Campos, I am at a loss to understand, for it certainly is a bum one.

The trolley tracks are of narrow gauge and run in all directions. One line runs through a cut in the hills to the



Church in Nictheroy, Brazil

beach and thence on to the Hospital of São Francisco. On the way a rocky island is seen in the harbor, on whose wooded slopes stands forth in bold relief a whitewashed chapel. In a northerly direction, a long dusty street takes one past the car barns to a square on which a tall and beautiful white church stands out lonely and majestically in a dusty background. From here, an asphalt-paved boulevard with a creek in its middle runs in a straight line by unpretentious villas, the penitentiary, and the ruins of a porcelain factory. The whole background is wooded and mountainous, but the mountains are much

lower than those on the Rio side, and the soil instead of being red like that across the bay is whitish and sandy. The whole landscape has a drier appearance. At Nicthe-



Church in Nictheroy, Brazil

roy besides the forts and arsenal there is nothing, and its inhabitants are in business in Rio.

Two through trains daily leave Nictheroy for Campos, the largest city in the state of Rio de Janeiro, the best one, called the *nocturno*, with sleeping cars, leaving at 9 P.M.,

and the other one, which goes by the name of *expreso* leaving in the morning at 6.30. Although traveling on the *nocturno* is preferable, I desired to see the country so took the *expreso*. We were loath to spend the night in such a wretched place as the state capital so rose from our beds while the night was still dark and took the first electric car to the Largo da Carioca, and as the day was breaking, were on the ferryboat steaming across the bay. The sun was just rising above the low mountains on the eastern side of the bay, casting a roseate tint on the misty mountain crests to our right as the train left the bay behind us and was crawling up a rather broad mountain valley. At Porto das Caxias, which we reached at 7.30, a short stop was allowed for the passengers to descend and buy a cup of coffee and rolls at the depot buffet. As nearly everybody made a rush to the lunch counter, it was impossible to obtain anything without running the risk of getting left, for it seemed that no sooner had the passengers a chance to buy food, than the train whistled again for starting. At Porto das Caxias the broad valley divides and the road over which our train ran branches off to the right, leaving the low mountains to the left. Half an hour later Rio Bonito with coffee plantations and sugar mills was reached and at nine o'clock we halted at the large town of Capivary where fifteen minutes were allowed for the breakfast which was ready to be served. Capivary is an old town with sugar mills and lies south of the track and at some distance away.

From here on the country is as flat as the palm of one's hand and given up extensively to the cultivation of sorghum. A small stream crossed at Capivary drains the land and flows into Lake Juturnahyba a short distance away and visible across the light green waving canefields. The soil is rather sandy and continues so until Macahé

is reached, where we have the first glimpse of the sea. Macahé is an old port of about 15,000 inhabitants, extremely stagnant and once busy, but greatly deteriorated owing to the opening of better sugar fields farther north and also on account of its proximity to Rio de Janeiro. There are many shallow brackish lakes east of Macahé where the cultivation of sugar was once an extensive industry and the plain was drained by means of canals. Many of the pristine sugar mills have fallen into disuse and large chimneys dot the landscape indicating where prosperity once flourished. This plain is an unhealthy region, marshy and malarial, and covered with long grasses and bulrushes. This vast expanse of level land runs as far as Campos, which we reached at 1.30 P.M., and only in the environs of that latter city does the landscape begin to show signs of activity.

Campos, with a population of 75,000 inhabitants, is the greatest sugar center of Brazil, and although new fields have been opened in the state of Pernambuco, it is still in a flourishing condition and is growing. Everywhere in the neighborhood are large usines and great plantations. Campos for its size is the most prosperous city in the country and always has been so. It is admirably situated on the south bank of the Parahyba River and connected by rail to its port, São João da Barra, although much of its shipment of sugar goes out by rail to Nictheroy. Vessels of small draught navigate the river, but are handicapped at times by a sandy bar at the mouth of the river which is constantly shifting. To the southeast is a network of plantations, connected with the city by rail, while another railroad runs along the south bank of the river into the interior as far as São Fidelis. The valley of the Parahyba is very fertile and rich and many fortunes have been made, as can be witnessed by the residences

of the wealthy in the outskirts of the city. The hotel where we stopped was named the Hotel Parahyba and was much better than we expected to find. The streets of the city are more like those of a European city than a Brazilian one, and only in the suburbs is it noticeable that the character is different. There are shady avenues with palm-embowered villas behind stone garden walls, and aromatic shrubs fill the air with fragrance. Campos has every convenience of a modern city, including an excellent tramcar system, and is well lighted with electricity. The streets are broad, and contrary to the Brazilian style are laid out at right angles. There are many foreigners, including a French and a German colony, in whose hands the largest of the mills are. A canal flows through the street which drains the marshes and into it everybody seems to empty their garbage. Yet, withal, it is an extremely cleanly town and the pedestrian's nostrils are not assailed by the vile odors to be met with in most other cities of the republic.

The ride from Campos to Victoria, capital of the state of Espirito Santo, takes about eleven hours by train. There is only one through train in each direction, and those are the *nocturnos*, the one I took being the one that left Nictheroy the previous night. It is provided with a dining car and sleeper and leaves Campos at 7.20 A.M. The broad Parahyba River is crossed on a long iron bridge and comparatively flat country is crossed all the way to the village of Itabapoana, which is reached at 9.07 A.M. Leaving Campos the country had been fairly well settled and given up to the culture of sorghum until the station of Murundu was reached halfway between Campos and Itabapoana. Murundu is the junction of a line leading off into the interior. The hills, which are low and rounded, are heavily timbered with hard wood, while the plains,

where the soil is not cultivated, are marshy and miasmic, unfit for human habitation. The Itabapoana is a muddy stream rising in the Serra da Mantagueira, and is the dividing line between the states of Rio de Janeiro and Espirito Santo. From this river to that of Itapemirim, which is reached at 12.30, the ride is over an uninteresting plateau of mingled jungle and small trees. Here and there can be seen the wooden shack of some settler who is having a hard time to exist, and around whose humble domicile are a few acres of cleared land, on which grazes a mule or an ox. So fertile is the soil that it requires his every effort to keep the weeds and shrubs from coming up again as soon as he has cleared the land.

There is a waterfall at the crossing of the Itapamirim, much like the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, but going to waste uncurbed. There are many such in Brazil, and in the future development of the country electrical power will not be wanting. High mountains wooded with giant trees appear on all sides ahead of us, the predominating altitudes being seen to the left. These are the Serra do Centro, whose culminating apex is 6825 feet above sea level and directly across the river. The railroad crosses a pass at a height of 2080 feet. The whole trip is from now on one of beauty, up and down the valleys and canyons of minor streams which flow directly into the Atlantic. Gorges are crossed on short bridges while below in the rocky chasms, their sides bordered with bay trees and bougainvillea, cascades leap over rocks in a turbulent murmur. There is scarcely a human habitation, for here everything is primeval and hawks and vultures soar above in the sky. Where the canyons broaden out enough to form a pocket in the mountainsides, the terrestrial carpet is gorgeous with pink and purple lilies. From the dark green of the mahogany trees, lianas send



their slender and perpendicularly straight shoots of brilliant yellow to the ground. Variegated orchids blossom in the crotches of the trees, and everywhere is the giant caladium and tall slender plants of canna thickets with small scarlet blossoms. Timid deer and watchful lynxes scamper off at the approach of the train, while a capivary or water-hog, reposing in porcine bliss on the banks of a stream, takes refuge in the water with a heavy splash. After winding around the heads of canyons for what seems to be an interminable time, a watershed is crossed and from the station house of Araguaya a steep descent is made into the basin of the Rio Jucu, which is crossed at a little whitewashed station of the same name. This is a swiftly flowing mountain stream of clear crystalline waters, having originated from fountains among the gneiss-topped Serra do Campo. We pass the large village of Vianna, with its funereal white hovels standing forth in deep contrast with the verdure of the palms that surround them, and after a short run the train pulls up at Porto Velho, or the station for Victoria, which lies on an island of the same name across a bight of the ocean named the Bahia da Victoria.

This city with its population of 16,900 inhabitants is an old place and in former times was larger; like many other towns in Brazil it suffered when the slaves were liberated, for then the planters became impoverished and could not afford to keep up their estates on account of the lazy tendencies of the freed negroes, who emigrated in great numbers to the states farther north, Bahia and Pernambuco. The same conditions existed also in Minas Geraes, where most of the mine labor was Ethiopian, and the black population outnumbered the white. Things have changed for in Minas as well as in Espirito Santo the whites are in a decided majority. Victoria, which seems

like a large and beautiful place when seen from the bay, with terraced houses of white, cream, azure, and salmon tints rising above one another, and stretching for a distance along the hills that dominate the city and on whose sides the place is built, offers a great disappointment the nearer one approaches. The passengers alight on a stone quay and by means of steps descend into launches which are ready to transfer them across the bay. The trip takes about fifteen minutes and in mid-water another town, that of Espirito Santo, the old capital of the province, can be seen on the left bank, near the entrance of the bight. Victoria is well protected from the winds of the Atlantic by the high hills of the island on which it lies, and is accessible for ocean-going steamers, for the government undertook an expensive operation by dredging the sand that had blown in, and by building a mole to prevent more from doing so. If the town was not so hilly, it would be admirably located as a port, but the streets, with the exception of the three or four that skirt the base of the hills, are all uphill or downhill, which makes the pedestrian perspire excessively when he walks about the town.

Groups of loafers and dock wallopers lounge around the quay, eager to earn a *milreis* to spend on rum in the dram shops across the broad and dirty, poorly paved street. A narrow, busy street of tall, balconied houses, but a couple of blocks long, runs off hillward at right angles, and up this the traveler is led to the Hotel de France or to the Hotel dos Estrangeiros, which opens up with its main entrance on a broad plaza, its grass worn off by the tramp of many feet and its walks wet with the accumulation of water from frequent rains. From the numerous warehouses, one might be led to believe that Victoria has a busy trade, but I have been informed that it is only an

import mart, as very little is shipped out. The whole industry of the town and the state of Espirito Santo is coffee, which has taken a back seat on account of the superior article grown under better conditions in São Paulo.

Business is at a standstill but is bound to pick up because of the building of the railroad to connect with Diamantina in Minas Geraes, which is located in the richest mineral district in the republic. So far the rails are laid only as far as Natividade above the waterfall of Escadinhas on the Doce River at the western boundary of the state. When completed, the ore is expected to be shipped out through Victoria. Rambles around the town would be pleasant if the streets were kept in better condition. Few of them are paved, and these so poorly that riding is no comfort, although several of the citizens have automobiles. The top of the hill is crowned by a convent and a castellated barracks, from whose balconies fine views of the cloud-capped mountains can be had at sunset if it is not raining. Victoria is an extremely wet place, in both a natural and an artificial way. It rains frequently, and in some months nearly every day, chiefly towards evening, which is from organic causes, and from the number of dispensaries of liquid refreshment to be found in the city, it is also wet from artificial reasons. There is much drunkenness and very little money in circulation. One of the most obnoxious things to be met with in all Brazil, is the vampire bat, of a ruddy hue, which in Victoria is in its element. It appears in the evenings, rather late, and attacks both man and beast. I saw several hovering around me as I stood on the convent terrace, and the more I tried to beat them off the bolder they became, and did not desist from their sanguinary intentions until I was again under the electric lights of the city. These phyllostomes measure a couple of feet from tip to tip

of their wings and are possessed of small tusk-like teeth, which they imbed in the skin of their victim; they then run the points of their leaf-like noses into the incision to suck the blood. They are sly and alight only on those portions of the anatomies of men and beasts where it is hardest to drive them away. I have seen cattle with hides a mass of sores from the punctures of this species of phlebotomist.

Wishing to return to Rio by a different route, we returned only as far as Campos by the railroad we came over, leaving Porto Velho da Victoria at 10.15 A.M. and arriving at the former city at ten o'clock at night. We had all the next morning to stay in Campos as the train which ascends the valley of the Parahyba does not start until 2.10 P.M., for it waits for the matutinal train from Nictheroy. The whole trip to São Fidelis is not of interest, for nothing is seen except the broad and dirty river on the right side, with fields of cane to one's left. The country abounds in wild birds and small game, myriads of ducks and plover being often seen in the lagoons to the right, and too much engrossed in swimming around to fly away at the approach of the train. The north bank of the Parahyba is higher than the south one, and on its hillsides an occasional settlement with its whitewashed church may be seen. At São Fidelis we cross the river on a new iron bridge, painted red, and find ourselves at the Italian colony of Lucca. The whole neighborhood is settled by Italians, and according to the report of the natives these sons of the land of Dante and Michael Angelo are in ill repute, as most of the crimes in the locality are laid up to them. I think the truth is that they have more brains than the indigent natives, and make a better living, therefore there is the jealousy which an inferior race always shows towards the superior one. At the miserable village

of Tres Irmãos, we left the train. It was 6 o'clock at night and already darkness was setting in with the rapidity that it always does in the tropics. There was nothing to be seen except a long white eating-house belonging to the railroad company, and which was illy lit with kerosene lamps. The train I had just left travels farther on to Padua and to a mining town named Miracema. A branch line diverges at Parãokena, whence a trip may be made to Rio de Janeiro with a few hours' stop at Cysneiros while waiting for the passenger train from the north.

There was no hotel nor house of any size in the hamlet. I desired to get across the river to Portella, but could make nobody understand what I wanted. I tried gesture language but to no avail, and which even made my predicament worse because it collected around me a bunch of ragged urchins who took great delight in my sign language thinking that I was crazy. I went into the eating-house to ask the same question, but had hardly begun when the demure and buxom waitress to whom I had turned gave a giggle and ran out in the kitchen where she exploded with merriment. My wife thinking that I had been attempting to flirt with the girl, for she had seen her giggle, and heard the laughter in the kitchen, came in from the verandah and started upbraiding me, rather loudly. This noise was carried into the scullery, and before many seconds had elapsed, all the menials were taking it in with wide-mouthed amusement. Heads were peering in from all directions, as we afforded the motley crowd much merriment.

During this episode, the side door opened, and there appeared a tall Englishman in white riding breeches, with the omnipresent monocle. He surveyed us in astonishment equal to that of the natives, and after having scrutin-

ized us for a half of a minute, but which rudeness seemed to be of a greater duration of time, he approached us with the customary, "Oh, I say," and then asked us how we happened to be up in such an out-of-the-way place as Tres Irmãos. We told him, and also said that we wanted to get across the river, which here is narrow, to Portella, whose lights we could see on the high banks of the southern slope. The Englishman, whose name was Blackburne, told us that he was superintendent of the branch between Campos and Miracema and that he had accidentally happened in Tres Irmãos on account of a misunderstood order which he had sent out from Pasua. We considered ourselves fortunate in having somebody to talk with, and at that moment I felt more kindly towards the English race than I had ever felt before in all my life. I even tried to forget the episode in the Bar Aleman in Valparaiso. Mr. Blackburne clapped his hands and the same smiling, giggling, lascivious servant girl entered. This time she tried to put on a reserved front, but while he was talking with her in Portuguese, I caught her eyes, and made her laugh and giggle, much to his astonishment; my wife turned around quickly but I pretended to be busy cleaning my finger nails and didn't look up. Blackburne asked us if we had eaten, and upon our replying in the negative he told us what was to be had, and like a gourmand epitomized the epicurean delicacies and specialties of each dish. He also gave orders for us to be shown a room in the rear of the establishment, which he said was reserved for train officials of the Leopoldina Railroad, but since it was unoccupied, we might have it. Imagine our surprise upon entering it, to see in one corner, and screened off from the room with a metal screen, a shower bath.

Tres Irmãos means Three Brothers, but how the settlement received its nomenclature I do not know, be-

cause I forgot to ask. It may have been that in early days three brothers were returning from the interior laden with diamonds or gold dust and were waylaid and slain on the spot. Such facts of no modern importance appeal to the Brazilian mind, which is rich in folk-lore, and many are the places named in such a way. Brazilians are also keen on naming places from allegorical events and legends supposed to have happened years before on the spot, and handed down as hearsay by the Guaranis, as comprising important annals in their mythology. Portella, Mr. Blackburne told us, was just a railroad terminal point of no importance and consisted of a few hovels and a fine church. There was no inn, and we would be obliged to stay at the house of the priest if we went there. He was much in doubt if that saintly man was at home, for there was at this time quite a smallpox scare in Portella, and it was rumored that the priest had diplomatically arranged to take his vacation and go to Cantagallo for a rest, so he would not be obliged to officiate at the services of the dead and ailing who were victims of this scourge. Brazilian law is very strict about vaccination, but it is astonishing how many people come down with smallpox every time there is an epidemic.

At six thirty the next morning, we entered a rowboat that was tied to a post in the river in front of the eating-house and were rowed across the Parahyba to Portella, Mr. Blackburne even coming across with us to see that we made our train. This official was all politeness and hospitality. He had refused to allow us to pay one cent for our lodging and meals at the eating-house, but like most Englishmen he was thinking of himself all the time for he was the first man to leave the boat and the last to get in, and the Parahyba is very treacherous. If any accident of slipping and getting a drenching

should happen, he would be sure of coming out with a dry skin.

We left the station of Portella at 7.30 A.M. and half an hour later reached the city of Itãocara, a romantic and at the same time prosperous looking town in the valley at the foot of some high hills with gneiss tops, in peculiar palisade-like shapes owing to the erosion of the waters in some prehistoric glacial period. Here the train enters the mountains and has a steady climb, winding itself up some of the canyons and around the heads of others. This northern side of the Serra named the Serra da Boa Vista, and which is merely the eastern continuation of the Organ Mountains, is not so thickly wooded as its southern or seaward slopes nor does it rise so abruptly from the lowlands. There were great patches where forest fires had devastated great areas, some as large as one of the North American townships. The settlers burn over the land every two years for pasture. So rapid is the growth of the vegetation, that it would be impossible for cattle to wander unless it is constantly burned down. These fires however dry out the soil and take the strength away from the humus, which can be seen by the nature of the bush or carrasco which springs up where before were giant trees. Carrasco is the native word for a thicket measuring from two to five feet in height, and which is common to a large part of Brazil. Cantagallo, a small city, was reached at 11.30 A.M., and shortly afterwards Cordeiro, which is a railroad junction for Macuco, where we dined. From Cordeiro to Nova Friburgo only one town of importance was passed and that was Bom Jardim (Good Garden), nestling picturesquely on the saddle between two watersheds of tributaries of the Parahyba.

Nova Friburgo, one of the most important places in the state of Rio de Janeiro, was reached about 3 P.M. It was



settled by Swiss immigrants from Fribourg and during imperial times was the seat of a baronetcy. The descendants still assume the title as Barons of Nova Friburgo, although this is against the Brazilian law. The town, which boasts of a population of 8000 inhabitants, with a great many Germans, is next to Petropolis one of the best known spas in the republic. Its streets are well laid out and follow the windings of a mountain stream which is crossed on innumerable bridges, and with the high mountains enclosing it on all sides, it is very much like Carlsbad, even as to the character of the buildings. All of this however is on a smaller scale. The shady glens with the murmur of the mountain brook, and the trees of a temperate zone, with here and there a meadow, remind one of the charming walk from that world-famous spa in Bohemia along the banks of the Tepl to Pirkenhammer. There are good hotels in Nova Friburgo, much frequented by Rio's élite during the hottest months of the year or during the Haut Saison which is in January and February. Many of the woods in the neighborhood are virgin, cool and dark with but little underbrush, while everywhere the peaks of the granite mountains loom up, their summits encircled in white and blue tinted diaphanous clouds. Nova Friburgo lies near the northern summit of the Serra da Boa Vista, and is but three and a half hours from Rio de Janeiro, so a stranger whose time is limited can make the round trip in one day. I left the little European city of Brazil at 6 o'clock the next morning, and at 9.25 found myself again in the miserable burg of Nictheroy.

A visitor to paradise-like Brazil should never leave the country without taking a trip to Petropolis, the loveliest of mountain resorts, with a climate of perpetual spring, and the residence of foreign diplomats and wealthy natives. It is called the summer capital of Brazil, is the fashionable

place of the country, but not one of ostentatious display like Mar del Plata. It is quite a place to sojourn to escape the heat of the city, and here in beautiful gardens surrounded by walls are the villas of the rich, the best architecturally and the pleasantest in all Brazil.

To reach Petropolis, we leave Rio de Janeiro by the Leopoldina Railroad at the station of Praia Formosa. The trip takes two hours, one of which is spent in traversing the nearly uninhabited jungle and marshland that skirts the northwestern side of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. It is a wet swamp of mangrove and miasma with innumerable bayous. It is wet most of the time even in the so-called dry places of sand which act as small islands. In this dreary stretch there are but two towns and they are near to Rio, Bom Successo, a dull village, and Penha. At the last-mentioned place on top of a solitary rock, high and precipitous, is a church whose spires can be seen for miles, a landmark to the country. At Estrella there is a morbid-looking pesthouse painted yellow, built on piles in the swamp. An hour out of Rio, at Inhomirim, we enter the mountains, and our engine is taken off to be replaced by another one, especially designed for mountain climbing, and from here to Alto da Serra, a suburb of Petropolis, and the second town of the same name that I have seen in Brazil, the railroad is rack and pinion with a steep gradient. The passengers sitting backwards nearly slide out of their seats in the ascent, and those riding forwards come near to doing the same thing in the descent. The scenery is wild, forested, and picturesque, and as we ascend the Organ Mountains, the country through which we have just been, unfolds itself in a great panorama, the straight line of the railroad where it pierces the mangrove marshes being the only break in the monotonous green hue of the landscape at our feet. Hills, which

seemed to us high as we traversed the jungle, now have lost their contour so far are we above them, and appear to be part of the flat land that skirts the western shore of the bay. Along the railroad track, white lilies grow in rank profusion, and where a mountain stream falls in cataracts down its stony bed, great-leaved caladiums and brilliant-colored cannas abound in the cool shade by its banks. We cross a few roads, well paved with crushed stone, and also cross ravines with fathomless depths. The bridges of the roads crossing the ravines are of stone, with parapets, and the embankments of the roads are also of stone, green and moss-covered with age. The solidity shows that Brazil is an old settled country, with much more stable institutions than those of the other republics of South America, Argentina for instance. When Argentina built her bridges, if in early days she ever built any, they were of wood; Brazil built hers of stone. When the former country built no roads, and the ranchers drove across the country in any direction they chose, Brazil was taking great pains to lay out good roads, with remarkable engineering, and building stone bridges. Petropolis is about 2600 feet above sea level and the height of the pass at Alto da Serra is given by St. Hilaire who measured it at 3607 feet. It is ten miles from the pass to the level of the plain the way the railroad now runs, but by road it is much longer, and on it the grade is so gradual that when the stage used to run between Rio de Janeiro and Petropolis, it was possible to gallop nearly the whole distance without fatiguing the horses, as new teams were procured at several stations between the two cities.

As we approach the summit of the mountains there is a marked change in the atmosphere, which is cool and breezy and somewhat raw to the person coming from the

hot lands by the sea. Bananas have ceased to grow, and the tropical plants one sees in the gardens are more for ornamentation than for usefulness and are planted by human agency. It is essentially a climate of the temperate zone. We are at the top of the pass, and the Corcovado which to us at Rio de Janeiro seemed high is now a pigmy in the distant mauve haze, and on a clear day from here one can look over its peak to the ocean. The view is most superb after a rain when the air is purified and the distant ocean takes on a dark indigo or Stygian hue of blackness. The summits of the Organ Mountains in front of Petropolis can also be seen from Rio but the domed and dolomitic pinnacles which give the range its nomenclature, the Serra dos Orgãos, appear plum-colored in the morning light. The pass is plainly visible from Rio as well as a huge granite cone that marks its entrance on the left, and over whose bald contour we can see when the gap is attained. The wagon road, the oldest in Brazil and formerly named União e Industria, was for centuries the heaviest trafficked in the new world. It was owned and maintained by the state and over it passed constantly a continuous succession of wagons, coaches, and mule caravans, laden with gold and precious metals galore from Minas on their way to the capital. This Union and Industry extended as far as distant Diamantina, and was the only means of reaching the interior with its populous mining settlements. The advent of the railroad, which made transport much quicker and cheaper, and the absence of sufficient labor to keep the road in repair after the fall of the Empire, have caused it to be in a state of neglect, and although considerably traveled over farther in the interior, it is in a poor state and during periods of unusual humidity nearly impassable in places, where the red clay sticks to the wheels in the same manner that it does in

São Paulo where good roads have never been built. Reaching the suburb of Alto da Serra, which is called by the Germans Oberpfalz, we cross a small mountain stream of crystalline, transparent water, the same one that flows through Petropolis. It does not flow in the direction of Rio for it belongs to the Parahyba watershed and continues its course northward until it empties into the Parahyba opposite to the fever-stricken nest of Entre Rios. It is named the Piabanha, meaning in Guarani a species of little fish, and in many respects reminds one of the Valtelline Adda.

Petropolis is on the other side of the mountains from Rio de Janeiro. As I have mentioned before, it is a residential city for the diplomats and rich; like Newport it is not a hotel city, and what few it possesses are frequented by a clientèle of the highest social orders. The Hotel Rio de Janeiro, across the street from the railroad station, though small is very good and quiet. The Hotel Central is also good, and there are many others, and pensions, but all catering to a family trade. The best restaurant is that of Meyer near the middle of the city. The city has a population of 15,000 inhabitants and is laid out on the style of a European spa more than any city that I have ever visited in America. Captain Richard F. Burton of Mecca fame, who visited it in 1868, likens it unto a tropical Ems, where the valleys are *thäler*, the rills are *bäche*, and the mountains are *gebirge*. It was founded by German colonists in 1844, and the original name given to it was São Pedro da Alcantara. By a royal decree of the Emperor, who made it one of his habitats of summer residence, the name was changed to Petropolis. The population has always been to the core German, although I suppose that the native Brazilians to-day outnumber its Teutonic population. One of the reasons for its cleanly

and modern appearance is the large foreign element who are residents. Petropolis tried to wrest away the capitalship of the state of Rio de Janeiro from Nictheroy and would have done so if it were not for the fact that two other cities tried to do the same thing at the same time, which caused a split in votes, Nictheroy winning out by a large majority. The Petropolitans claim crookedness in the elections by the politicians of Nictheroy. The Campistas or inhabitants of Campos bitterly opposed Petropolis, for if the state senate and congress convened at Nictheroy they would have a chance to be in touch with the amusements of Rio de Janeiro across the bay while the houses were in session. After all, Nictheroy is the best site for the state capital geographically, for it is central and access to it is easy from all parts of the mountainous state. Petropolis lies on a branch line of the Leopoldina railroad and is accessible from Rio de Janeiro only.

Petropolis has broad, tree-lined streets, the foliage spreading luxurious shade. In the middle of the principal ones, banked in with a stone embankment, and spanned every few hundred feet by bridges both for pedestrians and vehicles, flows the gurgling, gravelly Piabanha. The stores are those of a small town and not those of a fashionable one, for the summer residents do all their shopping in Rio. There are many parks and gardens with old and stately trees, and the villas standing back from the roads on slight terraces and elevations though not palatial are large, spacious, and comfortable. They stand in velvety lawns filled with aromatic shrubs. It is always cool in Petropolis. So deep does it lie in the narrow wooded canyons that the sun only appears at any one spot but for a few hours in the course of an entire day. It is also a damp place, for the cold air rising from the tortuous and

babbling Piabanha never emerges from under the canopy of the shade trees that line the avenues, and makes the pavement as moist as if it had been but recently watered by the sprinkling wagon. It rains frequently in the mountains, and owing to the shade and the great forest growth, which here is virgin, the water is long in becoming absorbed. It is a beautiful place, probably the most beautiful one that I have ever visited, but it is not a place for rheumatics.

Cholera and yellow fever which in bygone years were scourges of Brazil, decimating much of the coast towns population, never came to Petropolis. On the street I saw a person afflicted with elephantiasis. It was the first living case that I had ever seen, although I had seen photographs of persons afflicted with this loathsome malady. An old negro was sitting on the sidewalk begging; both of his feet were swollen up to ten times their normal size and were covered with leprous sores.

One of the most beautiful drives or automobile rides in Brazil is that from Petropolis to Cascatinhaes, so named from the great and narrow ribbon-like waterfall that drops into the Piabanha from a neighboring mountain peak. A pleasant way to make this trip is to auto down the valley road by whose side runs the trolley track, and return by another valley on a road high up on the mountainside. Cascatinhaes is a small manufacturing town about seven miles down the Piabanha from Petropolis. It has two cotton mills, each employing 1600 men. These mills are run by the power from three streams which here converge into one. The descent is gradual and is down a valley unparalleled for picturesqueness unless it is by that of the upper reaches of the Inn near Zuoz and Zernetz. The lower one descends into the valley, the higher the great mountains rise from its bed. Their steep sides are

not thickly wooded, patches of "capoeira" or second growth being the only trees that break the monotony of the great upland pastures upon which cattle and sheep browse. The summits are of sheer basaltic rock, some rounded and bald, others palisade-like with a fringe of pines running up the crevices. They are much like the Carinthian Karawanken, although the valley is Upper Bavarian. The road in the neighborhood of the village descends in broad curves, and one can look down upon the place with its white steepled church, and gray factory with clock tower of the same color. A narrow ravine is crossed on a rickety wooden bridge, and the narrow red road, so narrow in places that there is but room for one vehicle, descends to where one fork leads to the village, and the other one rises steeply on the mountainside and curves up above the canyon to Petropolis. This latter road is anything but safe. It is good, and hard, but is used only for equestrians and mule carts. In one spot we had a very close escape from being sent into eternity, for there was a sheer drop of several hundred feet over the precipice to our right. We went so near to the edge that I thought our last day had come. I descended to measure the distance between the outer rim of our tire tracks and the brink of the precipice, and found it to be less than two inches.

On the opposite side of the canyon and near its bottom are many houses, which give the countryside the appearance of a straggling village. It is the straggling part of Cascatinhaes where the laborers live, and is sometimes wiped out by landslides. Up on the mountainside are seen farmhouses with their whitewashed walls, showing plainly in the high distance. It is a beautiful country. At every peasant's house, mongrel, flea-infested curs run about and bark, their hair bristling with rage at the sight



of an automobile. One hybrid between a great Dane and a bulldog had the nerve to attempt jumping into the tonneau as we were making a laborious ascent in our Reo. I planted a couple of revolver bullets into his thick and worthless hide, and the howls of agony he emitted, as he wallowed and rolled around in the red mud trying to bite himself in pain, had any victrola or gramophone beaten that I have ever heard. A few swarthy and bearded denizens of a neighboring country saloon took after the machine, evidently bent on doing me bodily harm, but by flourishing my revolver, I forced them to desist.

After a three days' visit at Petropolis, whose only manufacturing industry consists of the Boemia Brewery, we took the train one morning at eight o'clock and two and a half hours later found us on the north side of the Parahyba River at the fever-stricken town of Entre Rios, the greatest railroad center in Brazil but nothing else. Entre Rios, which derives its name from its peculiar location on a marshy strip of land between the rivers Parahyba and Parahybuna, is and always has been the key to the fabulously wealthy Minas Geraes. It is the last town of the state of Rio de Janeiro and in the early days owed its importance to being the seat of the custom-house between what were then the two provinces. Each province levied its own duties on importations and exportations; the large shipments of gold and the heavy duty thereon gave the place its impetus. It was also the haunt of smugglers and bandits, gentry who always follow in the van of transportation of riches from one country into another. It was also of importance on account of its being the halfway station on the Union and Industry between Petropolis and Juiz de Fora, whose distance apart of two stages was 92 miles. To-day Entre Rios is of importance because from here diverge railroads to Rio de

Janeiro in two different directions, to São Paulo, to most points in the center of Minas, and to the river towns towards the coast. Next to the station at Llai-Llai in Chile, the covered platform at Entre Rios presents the liveliest scene of any that I have seen in South America. Locomotives are hissing in a roundhouse, bells are ringing, and people are bumping into each other trying to get on the right trains. The marsh on which the town is built is from silt of the river, caused by landslides farther up. The neighboring country abounds in mosquitoes and the dreaded *Stegomyia* has been found here; though foreign to the Parahyba valley, it has been brought in, and has thrived, but at the present time there has been no yellow jack at the town in a decade, although malaria prevails the greater part of the year.

We had but half an hour's wait, and left at 11 A.M. for Juiz de Fora over the Central Railroad, arriving at that city at 1.05 in the afternoon. At Serraria, the first station and which we reached after having crossed the Parahybuna River over an iron bridge, we entered the state of Minas Geraes, commonly known as Minas, and continued following the left bank of the river the rest of the way. We ascended the heights but gradually, and the farther we went, the smaller became the river. The country here is more thickly settled than that through which we had passed, and everywhere were cultivated fields of corn and rice and coffee. The tenants were small proprietors with their neat white houses built on elevations. The tropical plants of the coast lands were now disappearing as well as the forests, and the uncultivated places had grown up to "caatinga" or second-growth trees from ten to twenty feet high. This river valley was a century ago the operation field of placer mining, and so thoroughly was this done that there is now little gold left in its bed.

Occasionally a nugget is found, but this has been washed down from the uplands.

Juiz de Fora (meaning Justice of Peace) was formerly named São Antonio da Parahybuna, and boasts of a population of about 12,000 inhabitants, 1000 of which are Germans. It is an old place, clean, with fine houses of rich planters mingled in with the hovels of the poor. The main street of the town is broad and long, and reminds one somewhat of the street that leads from Santos to the ocean, with its villas set back in gardens enclosed with iron fences, with stone lions and dragons crouching on the gate posts, painted wooden mushrooms in the gardens, and fantastic fountains. The Hotel Central, where we stopped, had rather an unprepossessing exterior, but in equipment and service there was not much lacking. Its dining-room opened onto a garden filled with orange trees, and in it was a cage of native birds with rich red and black plumage, much resembling the redbirds of North Carolina, but with longer tails. I had imagined Juiz de Fora was a larger place, with more sights of interest, and confess that I was somewhat disappointed after walking a mile down the long shady street that constitutes the best part of the town to find out there was nothing more of interest, unless it was the Gothic church on the hillside, from which ascended a winding path with ten small whitewashed shrines called the Monte Calvario to a larger shrine at the summit.

The next morning at six o'clock we left Justice of Peace on our journey northward. The train was a mixed one with freight and passenger cars combined and was filled as usual, but we were fortunate enough to get good seats. No sooner had we started than a tall and lanky individual who much resembled a stage villain in the melodramas, and who sat opposite to us, rolled up his

sleeve, and taking from his pocket a morphine syringe, gave himself a shot in the arm. Two young ruffianly looking fellows who had turned around to watch him now said something to him that I could not understand, whereupon he wiped off the point of the instrument and handed it to them. Both took a shot in the arm, and returned it to him. I had never seen the thing done so openly in my life before, and had no idea that the Brazilians were addicted to that vice. I had previously supposed that it was a European and a North American refinement. It is 63 miles to Barbacena, which place we reached at 11.15 A.M. after having made a stop of forty minutes at Palmira for breakfast. The railroad track ascended the valley, and at each successive stage the vegetation became more sparse and the habitations of men fewer. There were no more coffee plantations, but in their stead the ground was covered with a network of vines, some like the morning glory, with white blossoms, and others tragacanth like the wild cucumber. There were thickets of wild fuchsia, and an occasional yucca-like plant with great stalks of white flowers. The deep red soil was very muddy and dew glistened from the caatinga. Presently came into view the Mantiqueira Range, the highest in Brazil, whose culminating peak at the southwestern corner of the state is the highest mountain in South America outside of the Andes, Itatiaia, formerly known as Itatiaiossu. This great range begins at the state of São Paulo and runs in a northeasterly direction, keeping at an average of two hundred miles from the seacoast until it breaks up in the state of Pernambuco. High up among the greatest altitudes are the mining towns of Ouro Preto, Morro Velho, Marianna, and Diamantina. It is the great mineral range of Brazil, and probably nowhere else on earth can be found such a conglomeration and mixture of precious metals and stones.

It is as if the treasures of the universe were rained down. Every known mineral with the possible exception of radium has been found in the bowels or on the surface of the Mantiqueira, and I am not at all sure but what this element is also present. Even valueless gems such as topazes, garnets, and amethysts are found and also a black oxide of iron whose concentrated crystal is a favorite button for the shirt waists of Rio's females. This Mantiqueira is a frowning, forbidding range as seen from the distance, with the capoeira so large and old that it is often mistaken for the virgin forest. Storms frequently rise and the intonations of thunder are like those of the Titicaca basin. It was formerly the home of brigands who held forth in the fastnesses of its granite domes and sallied out to plunder an ore caravan on its way to the coast. As we approach, the uninviting aspect changes, and what at first seemed to be one vast mountain chain is now a succession of chains with all the contours of the Maritime Range, palisades, domes, sugar loafs, and needles. Rocks abound in the open fields or campos, green in color, while some of the strata of the summits are of red sandstone.

At Palmira, which was reached at 8.15 A.M., and which contains a railroad repair shop, a wagon road leads over the mountains to the small city of Lima Duarte, the ancient seat of a count of the same name. Alighting upon the platform of the eating-house, the change in the temperature and atmosphere was very evident; a light breeze was blowing, and felt exhilarating after the hot ride in the train. Palmira contains a few old manor houses and plantations, well kept up, but never visited by their owner, who lives in Rio. There are signs of viticulture around the village, but the grapes, instead of running on trellises as in New York State or being propped up as in

California, are here allowed to straggle and creep along the ground, or else are permitted to climb poles such as the hops do in Bohemia. They are dark blue in color, and sour. At João Ayres, 3629 feet above sea level, we reach the top of the pass and descend to Barbacena, one of the oldest and most important towns in Minas.

To-day Barbacena possesses a population of 10,000 inhabitants, although a half a century ago it was still larger. Like most of the Minas towns on the Central Railroad, it is only a shadow of its past. These old towns were the seats of the mining industry before the advent of modern machinery and accessibility with the outside world, and would be live wires to-day if the opening up of the country had not pushed the prospector farther inland to new fields. Minas is a living example of this. Each new field to which the people flock is farther inland, so they pass up sections still rich in hopes of lighting on something still richer. The center of the mining to-day is from Diamantina northwards, even extending into the state of Pernambuco way to the north, while at the present writing, the interior of the state of Bahia is the hotbed for miners. The Maritime Range has been skimmed over and left, as is the Mantiqueira. There are places unexplored by man in his search for lucre not far from the city of Rio de Janeiro. The virgin forests denote this, and nowhere else in Brazil unless it is in the Amazonian watershed can such virgin forests be found as exist in the states of Rio de Janeiro and Espirito Santo. According to the geological formation of the republic, there is every evidence that coal is present in large quantities between the Mantiqueira and the sea but the people have been too eager in the search for gold to give this any attention. Agriculture will never take the forward stride that it should in Minas, nor will schools and education

flourish in proportion to the present-day standards until mining is on its ebb. Imagine children on the streets of Ouro Preto shooting craps with turquoises and topazes in place of marbles, and you have the base of the whole system—the Mineiro is always looking for something bigger in the mineral line and will always do so, unless it shall in some future generation be absolutely proven to him that the natural resources of the soil are exhausted.

Barbacena is a hilltop town, with arteries of the main street, Rua do Rosario, shooting out like antennæ down the sides into the country, one of which leads to the railroad station. It is a place of one-time fine mansions, now in decay since the impoverishment of their owners by the emancipation of the slaves. The city hall with tower rising from the middle of its façade, police station, and jail are the largest buildings in town—except of course the Catholic seminary, which adjoins the Matriz or principal church. It has a few good hotels and many saloons at whose portals loiter the omnipresent whiskered loafers. I entered the cool interior of the Matriz for pious meditation and caught a hard cold for my religious zeal. Hardly had I seated myself than I began sneezing, and I carried the after effects of my piety for at least two weeks until it was scorched out of me in Rio. Barbacena was formerly the junction point for the road which led off to São João del Rey, a century ago the largest city of Minas and now said to have a population of 25,000 inhabitants. It was an easy day's drive, but the steam horse now pulls the train there and a few hundred miles still farther on, by branching off at Sitio, the first station of importance before Barbacena.

We remained in Barbacena for three and three quarters hours, when we went to the station and took the express

train with its Pullman cars to Bello Horizonte. This train left Rio at 6.00 that same morning and was filled with politicians who were returning from the federal capital where they had been attending Congress, and now made the air ring with their sentiments. One of them was a candidate for the Presidency, and was cocksure that he would be elected. I saw him a few months later in Barce-



**View of Part of Barbacena from the Valley**

lona in Spain, and in the meantime he had quit the race, although he told me that he had not finished his political career as he was intending to run again in the future. The ride from here on was across plateaus and down broad valleys, on whose slopes were usines and smelters belching out smoke. At Lafayette which we reached at 4.35 we had a ten minutes' wait while the engine was changed, and an hour later we arrived at the junction named Burnier, which consists of a large railroad station and where a train was in waiting to convey the passengers eastward bound to Ouro Preto and to Marianna, the seat of the



bishopric. Sabara, a town on a hill, was reached at 8.20 P.M. but it was too dark to see anything, although I was told that the place was quite interesting and well worth a few hours' visit. From here to Bello Horizonte, the new capital of Minas, is a ride of but half an hour over a short but steep range of mountains.

Ouro Preto was for years the capital of Minas, but when its prosperity declined its population likewise decreased, and cities in new mining fields sprang up which eclipsed it. Off the main line of railroad, set in a narrow valley with no commerce and manufacture, it became so dull that the state senators and representatives loathed to convene there. For a great state like Minas, the most populous in Brazil, and exceeded in the United States in population only by three, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and with an area equivalent to California, Ouro Preto was a disgrace for a capital, so it was almost unanimously voted to move it. Barbacena, Juiz de Fora, Diamantina, São João del Rey, and Curvello all put in bids, but owing to their absurd locations, equally as absurd as that of Ouro Preto, they were rejected. The state Congress decided not to make any mining camp a capital on account of its possible deterioration so they all decided to build a new town on the plain watered by the tributaries of the Rio São Francisco and this they named Bello Horizonte.

Bello Horizonte is scarcely twenty years old and was laid out from the plans drawn by a young draughtsman from Ouro Preto in a very spirited contest. The name is certainly appropriate, for in the west, to the north, and to the south one can look out across the wide horizon to the distant saw-like peaks of the Mantiqueira looming up blue and plum colored in the far distance, and when the setting sun sinks behind the summits the whole sky is resplendent with hues from the deepest red to the most

delicate shade of lavender. Only in the east is the word Beautiful Horizon unappropriate, for huge granite cones in the near vicinity block the line of vision. The city, which houses a population of 35,000 inhabitants, is laid out on a grand and elaborate scale, with avenues intersecting each other in the same fashion of Washington and La Plata. Room was allowed for a metropolis of 350,000 people and the great wide avenues, asphalt paved or macadamized, and bordered with rows of trees still in their juvenude, are despairingly forlorn and lonesome on account of the houseless lots which flank them. It is like St. Petersburg a city of magnificent distances, and to get from the city hall to the railroad station, from the railroad station to the post-office, and from the post-office to the hotels, a cab must be taken. Not only are the streets clean, well laid out, and new, but the buildings which front them are likewise so. Both public and private they are laid out on a large scale and are the zenith of modern architecture.

The Praça Liberdade, the central square of the city, is a great sun-beaten piece of ground, laid out like an Italian garden, with artificial fountains, and sown to green grass and flowers. The trees are so young that they afford no shade, thereby giving it a lonesome appearance. The large buildings that face it are those of the government, the congressional buildings, three storeys high, of stone, massive and of Renaissance style of architecture. The most tasteful is the post-office, far from the commercial center of the city and facing a broad avenue on a triangular plot of ground directly behind the Public Gardens. It is a rectangular edifice, two storeys high, gray with white stone trimmings, elegant, with great triple windows, those on the top floor being rounded. Its façade possesses three small balconies in front of upper-

storey windows, marble steps and piers adorned with medallions. The posterior corners are surmounted with small cupolas. It is doubtful if Bello Horizonte will ever be the large city of its plans; its increase will be slow, but far from the enervating heat of the lowlands high up in the cloud level, with a clear diaphanous atmosphere, it is an admirable location for a state capital, and would be a good one for a national capital, set back as it is in an inaccessible position to an invading army.

We left Bello Horizonte one morning at six o'clock and three hours later found us at Burnier, the station for Ouro Preto. We had about half an hour's wait in the crowded depot of the junction town before the local left which brought us in two hours more to one of the world's greatest mining camps of bygone days. The highly interesting ride as we wound around the sides of the mountains with the valleys full of farmhouses disclosed fuming smelters, furnaces, usines, and all of the impedimenta, movable and immovable, pertaining to mining, in the valley bottom and high up on the mountainsides. The heavy opaque air was by turns black and white with smoke, which hovered cloudlike about the hill crests and rendered difficult the penetration of the rays of the sun.

Ouro Preto, formerly Villa Rica of mining and Tiradentes fame, is to-day but a relic of her pristine greatness. What Potosi was to the Spaniards, Ouro Preto was to the Portuguese, and for centuries the highroad to Minas was worn down by the continuous procession of countless carts filled with bullion on its way to Rio and across the seas. A town of once 60,000 people, it boasts of scarcely 10,000 to-day, lazy, somnolent, idlers and loafers who inqurate the pavement with garbage in front of the noble mansions of a century ago, and expectorate on the marble gate posts of the ancient barons. The engraved escutcheons

of nobility, the iron bars on the balconies, and the neglected gardens surrounded by crumbling walls, the abodes of serpents and bats, bear heartrending evidence of the decay that the town has undergone. The decline of Potosi and the neglect of Cuernavaca are mild compared with that which has fallen to the lot of the city of Black Gold.

The city was founded by Paulista adventurers in 1711 and named Villa Rica on account of the rich placer deposits found in the creek bottoms. In 1823 it was raised to the rank of a city and made the capital of Minas. Later it was rechristened Ouro Preto. There are two colors of gold found in the vicinity, one light and named Ouro Branco or yellow gold, and the other dark, due to certain oxides of iron found in combination with it, and named Ouro Preto or Black Gold. Much of this latter was discovered here, hence the name. The situation of the city is unique. Surrounded on all sides by high mountains denuded of trees and possessing but very scanty vegetation and hideous with the great pits and holes bored and blasted into them through mining operations, is a pocket of a few hundred acres fed by the Marianna River, which emerges through a great fissure in the rocks. It is claimed that this pocket is the crater of an extinct volcano. The soil is flavous and sandy. Into this pocket jut promontories at all angles, and upon their slopes and points are clusters of houses, tall and white and rising above one another tier upon tier. From all these clusters streets diverge and connect with a great long hilly street, the Rua São José, which is the main one of Ouro Preto. The town is nothing but a great mining camp. In early days it was discovered that after heavy rains, the pocket bottom was covered with gold nuggets. This brought adventurers in great numbers and as long as this cornucopia lasted there was money for all; it was

no uncommon sight to see the whole populace of the city crawling around the river bed on hands and knees seeking the precious lucre. Through some unaccountable reason, all of a sudden no more nuggets appeared, and great holes were blasted out of the mountainside for gold-bearing quartz. These companies who operated extensively all went broke, and many fortunes were lost.



Partial View of Ouro Preto, Brazil

Great hotels were built to house the strangers, palaces were erected, and the balls at the homes of the government officials rivaled those of Rio and Lisbon. When the ore was exhausted, the inhabitants moved away, and the decadence dates from the Inconfidencia or the Rebellion of Tiradentes in 1789. The Rev. R. Walsh, author of *Notices of Brazil*, and who visited Ouro Preto in 1828, speaks of it as a ghost of its former self and already on its downward way. Capt. Richard F. Burton, who visited it in 1867, says that it was not as bad as Walsh depicts it, but a very poor apology for a provincial capital. It

picked up afterwards, but again sank back into a cataclysmal abyss. Although gold mining is on the wane, it is supposed that there are very valuable iron deposits in the neighborhood for the streets of the city are literally paved with it. It is a common saying that Minas is paved with iron and gold. **The nature of the soil, its color, and the fragments of ferruginous combinations found everywhere indicate that the environs are very rich.**

The long and narrow Rua São José presents an interesting spectacle to the stranger. The pavement is of small pebbles, so sharp that it hurts one's feet to walk upon them; the sidewalks are so narrow that one has to take the middle of the road and carefully measure one's steps so as not to tread upon some offal or garbage. The stores and shops, devoid of signs, do not indicate their nature, and to find the one sought necessitates a person sometimes entering several before finding the right one. The muleteer is much in evidence, his beasts bearing baskets of fagots on their backs to be sold for lighting fires. Cows are milked on the streets and the white foaming liquid sold to the purchaser, who stands by, pail in hand.

On one of the main squares of the city is an ancient square building with a tower rising from its center and whose entrance is approached by a double flight of banistered steps of stone. This is used as a city hall but is popularly known as the Casa Tiradentes on account of the meetings of the revolutionary organization that met here in 1789. This Tiradentes was a dentist by profession (*tira* meaning pull, and *dentes*, teeth, or the Toothpuller), born in Ouro Preto in 1757. His right name was Joaquim José da Silva Xavier, and he had a commission as lieutenant of artillery. Taking as an example the War of Independence in North America, he undertook to do the

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